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Ben Stolberg, whose recent "Gene Talmadge—The Buzz Windrip of Georgia" created a furor in the deep South, does next in his character studies John L. Lewis, which will be followed by the La Follettes.

Courageous Articles

Stuart Chase recently visited the Tennessee Valley to study TVA projects. In several articles he will try to strike a trial balance of achievement.

Roger Baldwin and Corliss Lamont present an article which the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* declined to print because it might offend Harvard conservatives who would then refuse to contribute to the Harvard Tercentenary Fund.

Louis Adamic has gone on dozens of fact-searching expeditions in areas of oppression abroad and at home but never before to California where he is now investigating politics and labor. The first article in his series was recently published under the title "Harry Bridges: Rank-and-File Leader."

Other articles are scheduled for early publication.

Outstanding Writers

Frequent articles appear over the signature of Louis Fischer who writes from the Soviet Union, M. W. Fodor from Austria, Harold J. Laski from Great Britain, Robert Dell from Geneva, and M. A. Ravage from Paris.

To supplement the body features, each week Heywood Broun comments on current affairs which interest him, Oswald Garrison Villard writes on Issues and Men, Paul W. Ward on the Week in Washington, Joseph Wood Krutch and others on the Theatre, the Arts and Literature, "reaching as high a level as literary criticism can hope to reach."

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With the Readers



FOR a long time we have had a bug in our ear. We have felt that the good old U. S. A. needs not only a good five cent cigar, but a humorous weekly. Some day a magazine, deflating stuffed war shirts with belly laughs, will be a reality. Meanwhile we get our daily laugh from the war makers' press.

THE New York Times correspondent, Herbert L. Matthews, cables from Addis Ababa: "The first preoccupation of the Italians was to restore order, and this can be said to be already accomplished, although a shot or two can be heard every now and then." Those weren't shots! Those were natives, shooting firecrackers, celebrating "Roman peace."

OR take the May Day parade. We saw a demonstration never before equalled in Manhattan. To the left of us and to the right of us, men, women and children paraded with banners, slogans, effigies, bands; shouting, playing, singing "stop war and Fascism!" An inspiring spectacle.

AN early edition of the *World Telegram* gave an estimate of 300,000 marchers. Maybe that figure didn't fit the space requirements of the last edition. We bought it and the official estimate was now 27,000. That's the "respectable" press.

TALKING about to the left of us and to the right of us, reminds us of two items we just received about the new FIGHT.

RICHARD L. G. DEVERALL, editor of the Catholic magazine, *The Christian Front*, writes: "Allow me to congratulate you on FIGHT as a full sized magazine . . . you certainly have done a fine job, and I trust that you'll march forward to bigger and better results than ever before."

AND the *Sunday Worker* said editorially: "The *Sunday Worker*, being still young, and having received praise from many quarters, is cocky. But not too cocky to give credit to another publication when it's due. We tip our hats to FIGHT, the magazine of the American League Against War and Fascism. It is not merely a matter of a spiel about a 'worthy cause' . . . those people are putting out a publication 'that's got everything'. It is a pleasure indeed to greet this brother-in-arms in the fight against war and Fascism."

WE received a kind note—with a brick in it—from Mr. Frank Siebel of San Francisco. He likes especially the articles on steel, Haymarket, and the Sylvia Townsend Warner story in the May FIGHT. But he notes a "high falutin tone, which may be O. K. for New Yorkers and ministers but not for a common ordinary machinist . . . I like a little rougher stuff, less genteel . . . less polite, a little bit more of the salt of the earth, a little. . ."

WE won't print the rest. We get you, Brother Siebel. But look around you some time and maybe you'll find some fighting ministers who are not exactly what we would call "genteel".

GENTEEL letters or letters with bricks in them—we like letters. We like all kinds of letters, from all sorts of people, letters about beans (see page 25), lathes, pulpits, battleships, and hyacinths. We'll print them all (don't take us too literally).



At the Henri Barbusse Memorial Committee dinner, New York City. Left to right: Heywood Brown, Harry F. Ward, John L. Lewis

IN THIS ISSUE

June, 1936

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 8

The Female of the Species	5
<i>By Bishop Francis J. McConnell</i>	
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SIEGEL	
Cheap Labor	7
<i>By Helen Buckler</i> ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. BRAVER-MANN	
Kirche, Kuche, Kinder	8
<i>By Dorothy Douglas</i> ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF DEHN	
"She'll Work for Almost Nothing"	10
<i>By Marion Cuthbert</i> ILLUSTRATED BY M. PASS	
"Liberty, We Love You!"	13
<i>By William Gropper</i>	
Parade	15
<i>By Helen Long</i> ILLUSTRATED BY PEGGY BACON	
They Also Serve	16
<i>By Ruth Crawford</i> ILLUSTRATED BY AD REINHARDT	
Class of 1936	21
<i>By Paul Reid</i>	
Mussolini Muscles In	22
<i>By Johannes Steel</i>	

DEPARTMENTS

Radio	12	Letters	25
Movies	14	Building the League	27
Books	18	Youth Notes	28
Wall Street	20	Oh, Say Can You See? ..	31

JOSEPH PASS, Editor

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140

The Contributors



BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL, whose article opens this issue, is Methodist Resident Bishop of the New York area, president of the Methodist Federation of Social Service and co-author of the Methodist Social Creed. Bishop of Mexico during the years of the revolution, 1912-16, chairman of the Commission of Inquiry of the Inter-Church World Movement, editor of that commission's *Report of the Steel Strike of 1919*, head of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America from 1928 to 1932, author of 17 books, Bishop McConnell has given distinguished service to the progressive church movement.

WILLIAM SIEGEL, Illustrator of Bishop McConnell's article, has illustrated, among many other books, *History of Youth*, *The Road to Cathay*, and *Our Revolutionary Ancestors*.

HELEN BUCKLER has served on the editorial staffs of *The Nation* and the *Paris Times*. Her talent for depicting the socio-economic scene is known by readers of *Pictorial Review*, *McCall's*, *Scribner's*, *Good Housekeeping*, etc., etc.

DOROTHY DOUGLAS is Professor of Economics at Smith College.

ADOLF DEHN, who illustrates Mrs. Douglas' article, has works on permanent exhibition at the Metropolitan and Brooklyn Museums, The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Albertina Museum in Vienna.

MARION CUTHBERT is National Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. From 1927 to 1930 she was Dean of Women at Talladega University, Alabama. She has contributed to many magazines and is the author of three books, *Juliette Derricotte*, *April Grasses*, and *We Sing America*, a children's book.

WILLIAM GROPPER, young veteran black and white artist, is hard at work on a new book. It's to be called *Born to Live*, and is slated for fall publication.

PEGGY BACON is renowned for her penetrating caricatures of famous people, illustrations, as well as for her many books. She is represented in many museums and collections, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Art Institute of Chicago, Dartmouth College, etc., etc.

RUTH CRAWFORD'S story is part of an unpublished novel. Her essay, *The Jersey Devil Came*, published in *Scribner's*, is part of a collection of narratives of contemporary American life in the book titled *Life in the United States*. She has also contributed to *Today* and has worked for the United Feature Syndicate.

JOHANNES STEEL, Foreign Editor of the *New York Post*, is author of *The Second World War*, and *Hitler as Frankenstein*. He has contributed to many publications, including *Current History*, *Esquire*, and *The Nation*.

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THIS woman's issue and its editor owe much to the tireless cooperation of Dorothy McConnell, Secretary of the Women's Section of the American League Against War and Fascism.

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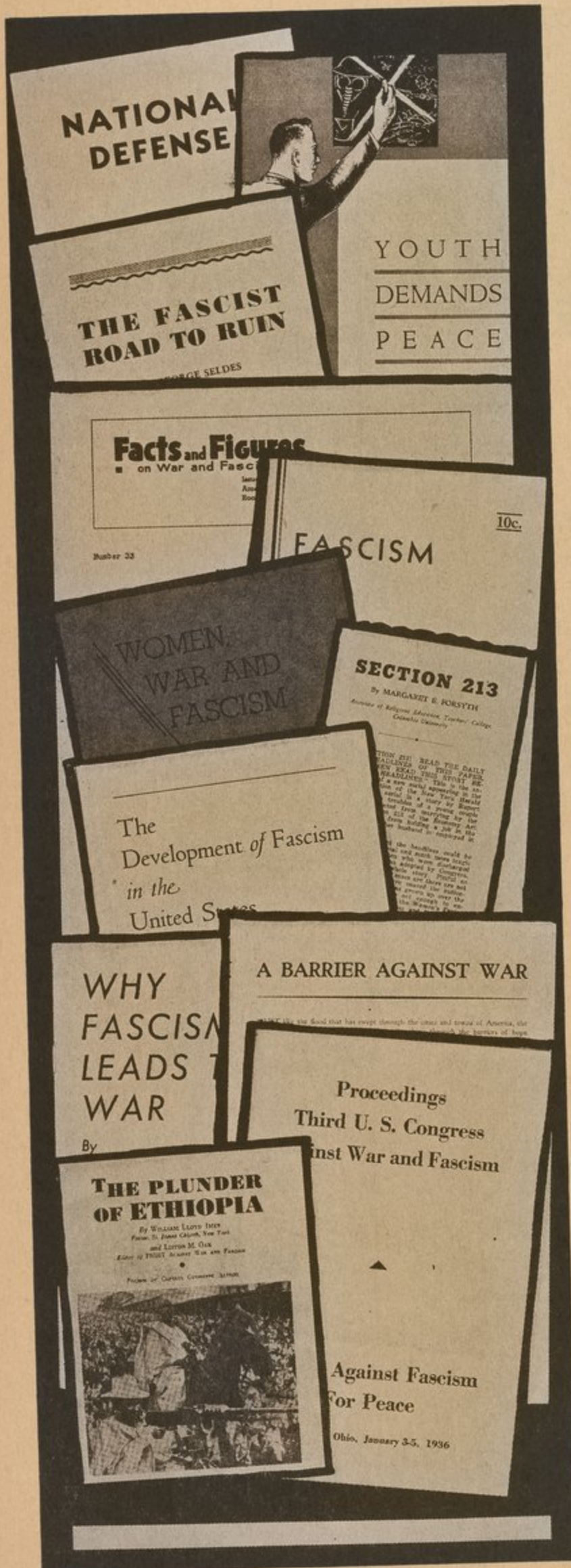
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The Fight

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

June, 1936

SIDNEY AND BEATRICE WEBB once declared, with present-day war systems chiefly in mind, that a visitor from Mars might be pardoned for concluding that the earth is the lunatic asylum of the solar system. A hundred and fifty years ago Thomas Jefferson made substantially the same comment on the war policies of nations. In these judgments almost any ordinary intelligence would concur today.

If war is lunacy, the question as to how women can best contribute to the peace cause must take into consideration the forms of craziness that women seem peculiarly qualified to contribute to war causes. During war times women are just as idiotic as men. Let me give an instance or two. During the World War I was somewhat familiar with conditions in a great state university in the West, a co-educational institution. In the fateful days just before the United States entered the conflict, a veritable pro-war obsession seized the women students, who made it especially hot for men who dared ask what it was all about. After war was declared, the men who showed any lukewarmness at all were treated with the forms of contempt and scorn in administering which the women showed superior skill. The president of the university, himself in favor of this nation's entering the War, said to me that the conduct of the women was a reflection upon any school professing to teach good sense, not to say reason and wisdom. In 1914-15 England relied upon the manifested favor and disfavor of the women to compel men to enlist before conscription went into effect. The result was that any man who appeared in civilian dress, even though he might be engaged in essentially war services, was likely to be hooted as a "white feather." The women may not have known it, but they were tools in the hands of the militarists, to win recruits.

All that I mean is that in shaping pro-war public opinion, women play a great, though at times questionable, part. Inasmuch as war is the expression of public sentiment, it will be a fine thing, if before proposed war hereafter, women learn to use the instruments of reason and good sense in behalf, not of peace necessarily, but of whatever policy they advocate. If good sense can get into the debate, the advo-



During war times women are just as idiotic as men

The Female of the Species

What part did women play in the World War? And what part can women play to stay the next war?

By Bishop Francis J. McConnell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

cates of peace have not much to fear.

If it is replied to all this that men are fools as great as, or greater than, the women, the appropriate rejoinder is—all the more reason why women should try to act sensibly.

After having said these rather rough things about women, may I say that when women do give themselves to peace propaganda they have a certain terrific effectiveness. Call it a propensity to blurt out what happens to be in their minds, or what you will,—the propensity is of astonishing value. We can judge the force of some utterances by the uproar they call forth. It will be recalled that in the course of the War that was to make the world safe for democracy, Jane Addams came out with the forthright statement that the soldiers about to go to the top in battle-charges were served with rations of rum. Can those of us who remember those days ever forget the horrified



It costs from 10 to 15 thousand men dead in fields of battle to train a major-general in field practice

outrage of the militarists at this utterance? Miss Addams was called a liar by the more strenuous patriots and a dupe and a fool by the more charitable. I can hear now the excited accents of a distinguished ecclesiastic who avowed that this sort of speech was just what to expect from an unmarried woman, though the ecclesiastic did not attempt to initiate us into the processes of his logic.

Now the accusation of Miss Addams was not so dreadfully serious in itself. Anybody who has ever been around soldiers much knows that total abstainers are seldom in the majority among them, and anyone who knows anything about ordinary human nature knows that a man going to almost certain death can hardly be blamed for taking anything that will nerve him in a crisis. What then was the offense in the statement of Miss Addams? Well, the people "back home" were being given to understand that the soldiers were battling in no man's land under

the inspiration of lofty ideals,—that the World War was different from any other war in the course of human history,—that it was a noble expression of the most spiritual conception, and that therefore it was blasphemy even to mention rum as a stimulus to the fighting. All of which was bunk. The offense of Miss Addams was in puncturing a wind-bag, with quite feminine directness. It is doubtful if a man would have had nerve enough to speak up as Miss Addams spoke.

Woman As An Intellectual Force

Returning now to the part of women in helping shape the public sentiment which makes and unmakes national policies, we may well note the fact that if intellectual equipment is to count in producing public opinions we shall have to depend upon women. For it is a matter of sheer statistics that women do the bulk of the serious reading in the United States. The men do not read much, outside of the professional groups. I happen to be a clergyman. It is often said that if a man wishes to speak in terms of cogent literary form,—with at least occasional reference to the greater books of the past and present,—he must have an audience of men. There can be no more complete mistake than this. If a clergyman has a talent for the emotional, especially of the type we call sob-stuff, he will find that the chances are that the stuff will go better with men than with women. To be sure there are light headed women in almost any audience, but not many in any audience brought together with a serious purpose. Whatever the reason, whether it be that the earning of the daily bread tires out the minds of men, or that men have less leisure for worth-while reading than women, there is good ground for the conclusion that whatever more distinctly intellectual force is brought to play upon war-and-peace policies will have to be brought by women. There is reason to believe that, in this country at least, the women as a group are now the conservators of the intellectual values as far as the masses in society are concerned.

"Not a Dainty Task"

Perhaps all this sounds as if I meant that women are to help in the peace cause by distinctly feminine group activities. All such activities are so much net gain, but inasmuch as about all the worth-while achievements in human society are wrought out by men and women together, so likewise the peace conquests will have to be won by men and women together. It is not a dainty task. It calls for frank facing of all the present-day social forces which make for war,—and the spectacle is not all pleasant,—especially when we look at the war-like dangers in the modern economic system, the possible outcomes of jingoistic diplomacy,—the masquerade of pugnacious

impulses which parade as the highest patriotism,—the moral cowardice which talks about manifest destiny and the sacredness of constitutions when nationalism becomes selfish,—and all the rest of the sordid stuff. It is a commonplace observation concerning human nature that groups of persons, any one of whom may as an individual be called sane, will, under war-stimulus, act as groups in a fashion that can only be called social insanity. Over against this we have to put a developed social sanity.

It certainly never could be charged that in the last war women showed any unwillingness to face desperate situations—especially those of them who went out to help in the unimaginable wretchedness of after-the-battle conditions in France. To one who has any imagination at all it is just as serious to grapple with the sordidness and selfishness and moral squalor of the working of the anti-peace forces long before the war breaks out.

War in Peace Time

A statesman of nearly a hundred years ago told the world that war is a continuation of policies in out-breaking violence which have been going along without violence in the national life,—the policies, except for the violence, being the same in peace and war. There is altogether too much ground for this judgment. The helplessness of many of us in the grasp of the industrial system is as complete as the helplessness of a private soldier in war. The turning away from the deadly consequences of the inability of groups to get along together without frightful human waste, and talking of highly refined ideals is not the best way to help the cause of peace. In some ways women are the most complete realists. They should not cease to be realistic as they seek to do away with war.

In all such discussions as this, I repeat that we come at last to the point where we speak not as men or women but as human beings. There is a plane of sensibleness in which men and women can meet just as human beings. When we reach that plane the simple question as to whether we can act like human beings becomes of high importance. This question of course is not always, or often, uppermost in the militaristic mind—probably because that mind is not pre-eminently human itself—but I am not writing under the delusion that the militaristic mind will ever see what I am writing.

Warming Up a Major-General

Speaking just as a human being, without any militaristic or super-patriotic aims in mind, what are we to think of the way the militarists give themselves away when they talk about war? For example let us turn to Pringle's *Life of Theodore Roosevelt* where the author touches upon the disappointment of Roosevelt in not being



The women may not have known it, but they were tools in the hands of the militarists, to win recruits

sent abroad as a major-general at the head of United States troops in the World War. According to a documented interview between Field Marshal Joffre and Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, Joffre protested against the sending of Roosevelt to France because, according to this admittedly high expert in war, it costs from ten to fifteen thousand men dead in fields of battle to train a major-general in field practice. Presumably many of my readers would be willing to die for a noble cause but how many would be willing to die just to warm up a major-general? It was to the credit of the humanity of Joffre that he opposed such a course. What about the system, however, that can pour out human life in battlefields just to educate generals? We must admit that we have to find out successful generals by the method of trial and error. If we could estimate the errors aright, assess them at their true values in human terms, we

(Continued on page 25)

Are women going to continue willingly to be the cheap labor behind the lines that makes possible the ghastly slaughter of modern war, the years of grinding depression that inevitably follow, the loss of liberties and human dignities?

Cheap Labor

By Helen Buckler

ILLUSTRATED BY B. G. BRAVER-MANN

IT IS not too long ago for us to remember the great satisfaction the feminists took during the years of the War in women's apparent proof of their usefulness in industry. It was a proof, they exultingly said, that was made for all time. Nothing was too hard, nothing was too intricate for women to do and do well, sometimes even better than men.

In a factory in Zanesville, Ohio, we may recall that in 1917 Pauline Goldmark reported: "The majority of women at this plant are engaged in hard labor, such as loading scrap iron, wheeling iron castings in wheelbarrows, etc. The women loading scrap and sorting the same, work out in the yards with no protection from the intense rays of the sun or weather. These women wear overalls and wide-brimmed hats. They hand the iron up from the ground to others in the cars who place it." The feminists were immensely proud in those days of women's place in the sun—and in the wind and rain.

Working Women

Everyone remembers how women ran elevators and streetcars (twelve, fourteen and fifteen hours a day), how they took men's places in logging camps and saw mills. By January, 1918, a total of 1,266,000 women were engaged in war industries. Over 100,000 women were making munitions (and being poisoned by chemicals and sometimes blown up), 80,000 were in commerce, 125,000 in food, drugs, spice and tobacco, 275,000 in textiles, 212,000 in clothing, 600,000 in manufacture of general equipment, 100,000 of these last making bolts, rivets and running drill presses and working in machine shops. Whereas in 1914 only one woman had been employed in the airplane plants, by 1918 there were over 6,000 women in this new industry. Where in January, 1918, there were 60,000 women on the railroads, ten short months later there were 100,000. Still and all it was not enough. Three months before the armistice was signed, the War Labor Board was talking in terms of conscripting women for labor.

Of the quality of women's work, no better testimony exists than that given

by a man, David S. Earl, at the New England Manufacturers' Conference in 1917:

We placed seventy-five women in different departments under men instructors and in two weeks' time they could handle the machines alone. We have found them more adept at learning and far better producers than men. At the present time we have women working on the bevel-gear generators. . . . We find no choice between married and unmarried women when it comes to work, attendance and disposition.

And after that climactic statement, Mr. Earl added:

The first women we put on were started at the same rate of wages that we paid boys. As some of the women were far in advance of the men in production, I *assume* (italics ours) they will be given due consideration when they reach (by a series of raises) the wage limit paid to men.

At last! That equality of the sexes for which the good suffragettes had struggled so long. Equality of opportunity and equality of reward. The data seemed to back Dr. Anna Center Schneiderman in her study for Columbia University on *The Influence of the World War on Women in Industry*:

It was women's entrance into some of the basic industries necessary for the carrying on of the war that demonstrated to the nation the importance of women's work . . . the war has produced a new attitude of mind toward the desirability of a greater variety of occupations for women in industry as well as the professions. It opened up new trades, new professions hitherto not even invaded by the most daring women . . . special legislation for women was greatly accelerated. The laws on the statute books of the various states from 1914 to 1920 are a good indication of the fact.

Harsh Reality

That was the pleasant picture sixteen short years ago. But even then, a discerning eye might have seen other and contradictory factors. Mr. Earl's magnanimous *assumption* that women would eventually reach the wage limit paid to men proved to be no more than an assumption. The harsh reality, even in those halcyon days, as Grace Hutchins, author of *Women and War* and of *Women Who Work*, points out, was that women never, with one or two minor exceptions, reached the wages paid to men. And when they came to exchange their hard-earned

(Continued on page 25)



It is the total income, not of women, not of men, but of all the working people together, that determines the degree of health and happiness in the country

Kirche, Küche, Kinder

Church, Kitchen, Children — Hitler's publicized slogan made for the women of Germany. The author analyzes what has happened in Nazi land to German women and how they are faring under that slogan

By Dorothy Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF DEHN

"I KNOW the Fascists are dictatorial, but haven't they accomplished a good deal for the people at home?" So a person may question who completely misunderstands what Fascism is and what it does to the mass of a population. It would be well for women especially to clear away some of these misconceptions.

That Fascism is a "dictatorship" is perhaps the least important thing we can say about it. That only means that it is an extreme form of rule. The real question is, Who rules here and to what end? By its fruits Fascism has proved itself to be the rule of the most reactionary, stultifying and economically oppressive elements of our civilization.

In no sphere is this more evident than in the Fascist's treatment of the "woman question." In Germany where the Nazis have been fully entrenched now for three years, both preaching and practise can give us a foretaste of

what it would feel like to be a woman under Fascism.

"Taught to Despise Me"

On the preaching side, it is to the Nazi leaders we must listen first, to hear what gospel they bring to the women of their country. *Das Deutsche Frauenwerk, Die Frau im Dritten Reich* and many other publications are there to enlighten us. When a woman writes in these publications she speaks in true Nazi style:

Women of the past, liberal epoch, even those who had been privileged to live through the mystery of motherhood, were blind. . . . They fought and secured for us higher schools. . . . But since the Revolution of 1933 . . . we have learned to listen to the voice of our blood, learned to sense by feeling with our instinct things which are not to be grasped by the intellect. Today . . . our fetters have fallen from us. We know that we will never strive to rival man.

In Bismarck's day, the male writers for women assure us, women knew their place and were happy. Today



The ancient German heaven of the gods always lets the goddesses join the gods in consultation

they must find their way back to it. "There was once a time in Germany, before the last fifty years, when woman's place, her special duties, were unquestioned. Her life's course was well ordered . . . without problems. The woman of today must find her way painfully back."

If only we could have, added to this, some word from the masses of German women themselves. If we could have some picture in their own words of how the increasing contumely of woman's position in her own home and among her own children has felt. "My own sons are taught to despise me," said one German mother as her little boys came home from school and would no longer obey her because she was a woman. But that story will never be told until the regime that oppresses these masses has been broken down.

What Every Girl Is Taught

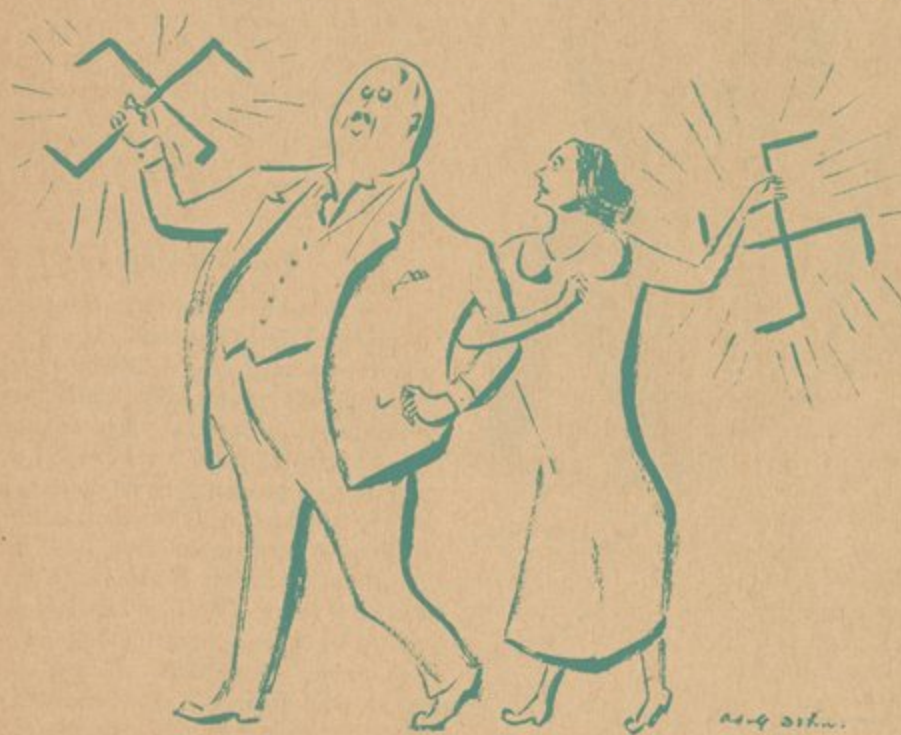
In order to guide her back to the blessed era of fifty years ago, how is the little girl to be educated? First

and foremost, in her feminine mission, the duty of sacrifice.

The little girl must be taught that her highest happiness is to bear soldiers for her country and to obey the men who operate it. Next to that, she must be taught subordination to all her immediate superiors including the entire male sex. And finally, she too is given someone to be superior to in her turn—in fact generically to hate and despise with all her being—the "dirty Jew."

A good part of every little girl's education must be devoted to "race purity." "Young girls must be educated to simplicity, severity, a sense of duty, subordination, domestic thoroughness and an absolutely solid world-view . . . for the anchorage of family life." "The main emphasis must be laid on physical development . . . last of all on the training of intellectual powers. The goal of feminine education has unalterably to be that of the coming mother."

This last quotation is from Hitler himself, and in the latest edition of his *Mein Kampf*, we get this further



In the Aryan, Hitler recognizes the only civilization-creating race on earth

thought on feminine education and Jew-baiting: "The young girl is to recognize her knight. If physical beauty were not thrust completely into the background . . . the seduction of hundreds of thousands of our German girls by crooked-legged repulsive Jewish bank-clerks would not be possible."

As to the maiden's recognition that her race is the only one that is sacred and that it is its mission to conquer the rest of the world, has not Hitler explained, "A crossing of two not equally high beings . . . contradicts the desire of Nature. . . . Nature wishes that the stronger should reign"? To which the official Nazi woman's journal adds: "In the Aryan, Hitler recognizes the only civilization-creating race on earth. Beside it are culture-carrying nations, to whom it brings science, art, technology, and whom it rules until such time as it dies off through blood-mixing." ("Bastardizing" is the less polite term that Hitler uses himself.)

The New Culture

What is the nature of this "culture" that the maiden is to transmit unsullied through her knight to future generations of little Aryans? Hero tales, fables and folklore, we are told, the more mystical the better, provided they be bold. For the rest, woman must "be-soul" family life—with table decorations!

"In the house," we read, "woman reigns. . . . The cosiness of the home, the beauty of appropriate furnishings in form and color, the decoration of the table, the creating of the family festival are her affair." Is there indeed bread on that workingclass table today? And also butter? Then omit the decorations and cut out the festival: this is cause for rejoicing enough. "For that all her womanly ingenuity must be mobilized." It must be in-



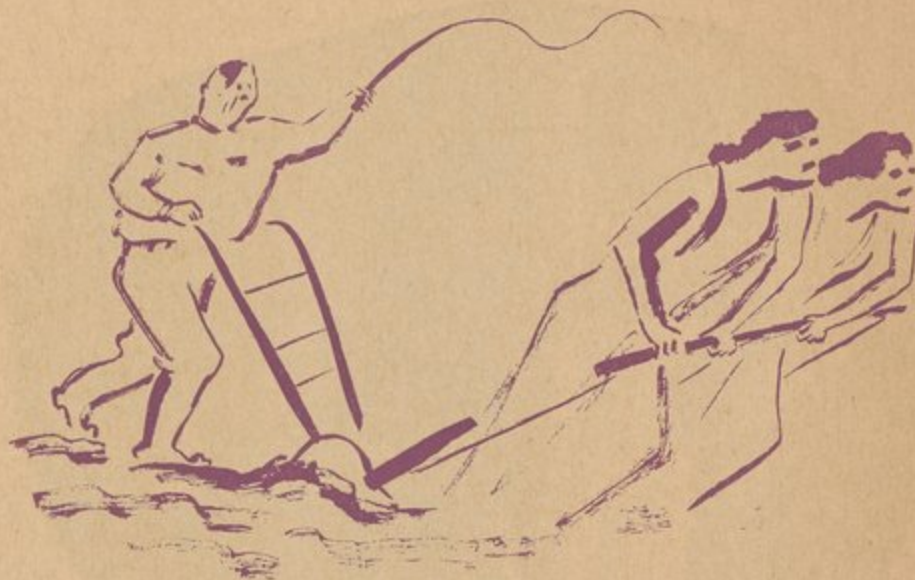
The goal of feminine education has unalterably to be that of the coming mother

deed, if the *Winter Hilfe*—charity relief—has not come through, and if the compulsory insurance money that her husband has been paying out these many years continues to be drafted off for other government purposes, and if her grown daughter continues to be out of a job because the government has decreed that unmarried young people under 25 must be removed from their posts, and the daughter oddly enough does not take kindly to the offer to earn her keep doing "free" work for a distant farmer . . . And what is this troublesome news that the cousins who were to have come to the city this winter and help them out a bit with the board money are now tied to their native village because of the law forbidding any who have worked on the soil in the past three years from being hired in industry? That must make the landlords laugh! And the joke about "hereditary peasants"—so that the other cousins, who owned their bit of land, now cannot raise a mortgage on it or divide it among their children but must let it go intact to one heir and let the others go to work as hired hands. Yes, there are plenty of problems for woman's ingenuity in the New Germany. . . .

Honor and Pay

But let us see further what the Nazi magazines say. How about this matter of jobs for girls? What kinds are available, or rather what kinds are "suitable" for a feminine nature? Well, as we have suggested before, domestic service for a wealthier woman is the most "suitable" of all. It need not be paid. Indeed if it carries no pay but only the honor of "apprenticeship" with it, together with an 11-hour day, it is best of all. One wonders who writes these articles in the woman's press, and who are those who subsequently frame the laws governing all these matters of apprenticeship and "honorable" service and "joy-through-work" clubs, and "confidential councils" in the factories—where the employer is "Leader" and nominates his employees' representatives himself? Best of all, who thought of the device of "labor trustees," appointed by the government, whose duty it is to hear labor cases and to punish those who bring "frivolous" complaints against their employers? Domestic service is considered a form of "spiritual motherhood," and so, peculiarly blessed. Besides, it sets free the physical mothers (who can afford it) for the higher life. "For the physical mother must preserve the holy calm of the wife (*heilige Ruhe des Weibes*) for her children, her husband and her whole household, and dare not through outward work let herself be all worn to a frazzle" (*zerfasern und zersplittern*).

Besides domestic service, labor on the land is peculiarly commendable. And here, too, the less pay the more honor, in theory. Young women who



Labor on the land is particularly commendable

have been driven from the better-paying jobs (typing is peculiarly a man's occupation) may refresh themselves by some wholesome toil with the spade and barrow; and if this should incidentally enable some debt-encumbered Junker estate to pay its taxes once more and enable its owner to buy the motor-car so highly recommended by *Der Fuehrer* at the latest automobile show, (All Germany, he said, should become motor-minded), why that may be cause for yet more national rejoicing. Even the married woman may look forward, if she lives in the country, to an indefinite future of field labor. Indeed this may be the one place where nursery schools are excusable! In general, we read, children should, returning to the tradition of the good old days, no longer be "stuffed" into kindergartens and pre-school groups. But this return may take time "and there will always be special cases—harvest-time on the land, for example—where such institutions must remain."

Other occupations suitable to woman's feminine nature are the preparing of hides, and work in tobacco, paper, and textile factories—the lowest-paid forms of labor for large bodies of workers.

The Soul and Dirty Work

Professional work, on the other hand, is thoroughly unwomanly—particularly in its higher reaches. A teacher in an elementary school—yes, perhaps,—but a principal even of an all-girls' school—no. By the end of 1933 there was not a single woman principal in the whole city of Hamburg. Trained nursing—yes, of course, that is permissible, provided it is not too intellectualized. Men are made to be doctors, women to love the sick and obey their orders. Or, putting it more poetically, in Nazi terminology, "If in the treatment of the sick, man's is the intellectual task, so there speaks at the sickbed in woman, the heart. . . ."

Following out this dictum of the heart, we were told last year that only

75 women students were to be allowed to study medicine in German universities, and that all married women physicians were to be barred from practising. As the official Nazi medical journal put it: "A female physician is a double-sexed being, to be rejected by the sound natural instinct of the people."

Following out the same line of thought, we were informed by newspaper headlines as long ago as 1934 that the Nazis had "succeeded" in greatly reducing the number of boys and girls who were obtaining a higher education, and that the success in the reduction of girls had been particularly marked—only one-fifteenth as many of them as of the boys were going on for advanced work. And more recently we hear of similar "success" in the reduction of elementary school years.

One final word, in regard to the political role of women. In the past, German women took a leading part in various reforms—social work, temperance, the treatment of sex delinquency, the setting up of legal aid societies, and especially in the movement against the regulation (read: permission) and licensing of prostitutes. "The sad thing is that each of these reforms was reached only after struggle, not automatically as a simple onward-developing process. This had a bad effect upon woman's nature."

The Ancient Heaven of the Gods

Today, the young woman is to stay home until these combative tendencies in her nature are past. The desirable thing would be to wait until well after childbearing age is over. Indeed that was the custom in the good old days of German mythology. "For the young *hausfrau* and mother, it is a duty to fill her own family circle with light and warmth. It is only after her children are grown and have left home, as a rule, that she steps out—a fully ripe personality. She is then many times older than the political man. . . .

This is substantiated by German tra-

(Continued on page 29)



A gay party . . . they must stay to serve and clean up

"She'll Work for Almost Nothing"

A boast often heard in bridge table talk about household help and really too true. Here the National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. tells the story of millions of Negro women . . . cook . . . maid . . . nurse . . . laundry woman

By Marion Cuthbert

ILLUSTRATED BY M. PASS

THE FIRST people to feel the press of an incoming movement are those who are farthest away from the center. Negroes in the United States live on the rim of society. How many citizens of the United States, Americans who can muster a fine indignation against the "un-American" excesses of the Nazis, are actively aware of the plight of our own oppressed minorities? It takes a more skillful discriminator of Fascist trends than most Americans, it takes Adolf Hitler, to remind us of the similarity of the positions of German Jew and American Negro. Hitler uses this analogy to justify his methods. The Negro's view is different. After all, the man with black skin was directly experiencing "Fascist methods" in America at a time when most Americans were suffering their first vicarious horrors at tales of the anti-Jewish drive in Germany.

Like the Jews, the Negroes have long known persecutions. But there is a new movement now—with a difference. It is not the sporadic outburst of racial antagonism. It seems planned and with a purpose. It followed immediately on the heels of the depression. It spread to all sections of the country.

Plowed Under

In the south, where the Negro walked warily even when most at home, the feeling of apprehension has grown. The Negro on the farm had a brief flare of hope at the announcement of the New Deal farm relief measures, but he soon made a disillusioning discovery. The money for cotton plowed under did not go to the poor sharecropper and tenant farmer. It went to the white landlord. And what of the "free Negro" in the cities, who sells his services to the employer

of his choice, just like the white man? Well, the maxim "whites come first" has no strange sound to his ears, but he is coming to understand its fullest meaning. Many jobs, once filled by Negroes, are now held by white men.

The reader may say here, "But if the Negro is losing his security, so is the white worker." The case is not so simple. The Negro realizes that his white employer is beginning to fear him, most of all to fear the possibility of his joining with the white workers for the protection of common interests. But a fearful man is a man whose hand reaches nervously for the rope and the shot gun. Yes, the white employer is growing panicky. Therefore he is more than ever determined that the Negro shall be kept under in the fields, in the factories, in the courts. The Negro knows this. It increases his apprehension.

But what of the North, where there are no signs of segregated schools, no separate bus seats, no "No colored allowed" signs? Was the Harlem riot in March 1935 the brief flare of race riot? It provided the match that lighted the fuse, to be sure. But the powder for that explosion was the discrimination that had been directed against the Negro during the depression.

"First come first served." But the whites come first in the allotment of the northern relief funds just as they did in the South. Insufficient relief, exorbitant rents, hunger, combined into the T.N.T. that made March 1935 possible. And the northern police admirably demonstrated their solidarity with their comrades from Dixie—they responded with police cars and night sticks.

The Negroes must be kept under. If they are kept well under they make good servants. They can be used for

cheap labor. They can be used to bolster up the falling profits of industry and by their labor pay the investor. But to be an asset they must be kept under.

Persecution affects all Negroes. But the worst position is reserved for the Negro woman.

What groups does a Fascist state oppress? Labor, racial minorities, and women. What then is the case of the Negro woman? She works, she is black, and—she is a woman. Exploitable on three counts by the forces of reaction, what has been her fate during the last few years?

It is well known that the percentage of women workers in the Negro population is twice as great as that in the white. And since most Negro workers are in domestic service, let us look particularly at this group.

A Survey

Mr. John P. Davis, of the Joint Committee on National Recovery, made a survey of the present economic position of the Negro woman worker. Here are his findings:

"Many of us are sentimental enough to believe," says Mr. Davis, "that freedom of the serf was accomplished by the signing of the Magna Charta; and the liberation of the slave by the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. But serfdom of cook and maid, of long hours, low wages, and intolerable working conditions is still the lot of most Negro women workers. Conditions have grown worse. In 1920 one of every two Negro women who worked was classed as a domestic. But in 1930 two out of every three Negro women were so classified. Already industry, toward which Negro women had looked, was closing its doors upon them and turning them back into the servant class.

"And what are the labor conditions of these women? These women work 70 and 80 hours a week. If their employer wishes to have a gay party until one or two o'clock at night, they must stay to serve and clean up, with no pay for the extra time and no excuse accepted for failure to be at work in time to get the breakfast the next morning. If they 'sleep in', there is usually the necessity for sharing quarters with another servant or minor children. They have no time to call their own. If a household servant stays at home, she must leave so early and return so late that no time remains for her own household duties or for personal recreation. And if she objects to these intolerable conditions she is told that there are numbers of women on relief rolls anxious for the chance to take her job. And indeed there are.

Wages

"But what of the wages of these household serfs? Three out of every four Negro women employed as domestics in private families are in the Southern states. There are no available figures on weekly wage rates. In Atlanta, Georgia, the Young Men's Christian Association estimates the usual rates to be \$2.50 a week. An employment agency in the same city which caters to the better families gives an average of \$4.50 weekly for the applicants whom they place. In 33 northern counties in Mississippi a survey by the Joint Committee showed wages of Negro domestics usually to amount to less than \$2.00 a week. Even as far north as Washington, D. C. \$5.00 a week is considered a good average weekly wage for domestics. Even in northern and mid-western urban centers wages are not much better. Yet housewives continue to complain of the

incompetency and irresponsibility of servants to whom they pay such starvation wages.

"Negro women, burdened under such economic conditions, can hardly be expected to contribute much to racial improvement. Their problem is not theirs alone. In New York and one or two other centers, Negro domestics have begun to organize themselves into unions to bargain collectively with employers. Strong unions of domestic workers who will refuse to work at low standards of labor and pay can do much to improve the situation. . ."

White Domestic Workers

Strong unions of domestic workers who will refuse to work at low standards of labor and pay can do much to improve the situation! But how are these unions to be organized? Will the Negro worker be best served by a Negro union? Should the white worker stake her chances of betterment on a white union?

In the past few years of the depression more and more white girls, formerly employed in factories, found themselves facing domestic service or unemployment. An employee in a state labor employment office reported the other day that almost the only calls that came into her office were for domestic servants. In order to get former factory girls off the unemployed rolls, many states have started training schools for domestic service.

The effect on the Negro woman of the state training of white domestic help is patent. In the North, white workers are provided for the housewife who has a traditional prejudice against Negro servants. In the South, where Negro workers have always been pre-

ferred, the Negro's job will be affected no less. Domestic service offers no exception to the principle mentioned above, "Whites come first." If there is great unemployment the white worker must take precedence over the Negro worker. Already white help is in kitchens which have been occupied by Negroes for generations.

Obviously then, the black domestic worker's security is affected by the influx of white labor. It would seem that this fact would put the two groups at loggerheads with each other. Why should the Negro bother about the white worker who takes her job? And the white worker—isn't her wage scale higher than the Negro's? How can the Negro's plight touch her?

Division of Forces

In the answer to the second question especially lies the best reason why Negro and white domestic workers, far from profiting by mutual isolation, cannot afford to be disunited. Of course Negro labor is cheaper than white labor. Therefore white labor must make the problem of Negro advancement its problem. The cheapest labor on the market sets the wage standard. Certainly white labor is replacing Negro labor. Therefore both white and Negro labor must join together to guarantee the security of both. Neither group will find any aid in Fascist forces who would like nothing better than to see them continue working against each other's interest. That alone ought to

make the two groups suspicious. Let them wonder why it is that the white employer is so anxious to set white worker against Negro worker.

Nothing delights the Fascist forces more than the present antagonism between white and Negro women. White women on the farms and in the factories, leading the same weary lives of toil as Negro women workers, refuse to recognize the bonds that draw them together. White women have listened too long to the rulers who say, "The blacks shall be forever our servants."

"Do not notice the slavery we impose upon you," the white woman is told by her exploiters. "See how much greater is the slavery we have imposed upon black women. You, white woman, may be a teacher at a pitifully low wage. You must watch your pennies carefully to make both ends meet. But see, for a pittance, a black woman will come to wash your clothing. You, white woman, may be the wife of a tenant farmer. But see, they have whipped and driven those blacks, your neighbors, off the land. You still remain on yours."

These persuasive arguments cause the white woman to say with resignation, "They are worse off than we are." She must recognize that in that very fact lies a white woman's peril.

Dependent on Each Other

If there is to be a Fascist state in America, there must be a quantity of cheap labor to exploit. If a Fascist

state comes, the working white woman will lose the few rights she has gained. If the Negro woman is worse off than the white working woman she can be used to lower the white woman's wages. She has already been so used in domestic service and factory work in the South.

Moreover, a Fascist state requires a divided mass of workers—divided so that they cannot join to resist a system that exploits them mercilessly. If the Fascists foster well the race antagonism between white and Negro women they will have gone a long way toward achieving the split in the ranks of the working population necessary for their success.

White and black domestic workers are dependent on each other. They do not dare—for their mutual protection—to consider themselves organized if one is organized without the other. Difficult as such organization is, it must be achieved if there is to be any protection against the growing Fascism. And it is just as well for the white worker to remember that railroading women into domestic service is a major concern in the economic program of Fascist Germany. What are the chances for strong unions in a Fascist state? None.

Many people feel that the part of the Fascist program affecting women can not be initiated here, because of the chivalry toward women peculiar to American men. It is true that America has accorded to some of its women folk and to the concept of "Womanhood" a veneration which at some times sloughs off into sickly sentimentality. But there is distinct evidence that an idolatrous flattery of the "hand that rocks the cradle" has no basis in a deep-seated recognition of the equality of the sexes. Such flattery can too easily take the form of speeches like "Why should women compete with men? She has her own inimitable talents." The tragic implications of such reasoning are being worked out in the New Germany. There is no guarantee that the freedom of even the more favored American women will persist.

If the American woman is wise she will avoid that pitfall which trapped masculine labor, and her sisters in Fascist countries. She will avoid that division between groups whose interests are identical.

Wisdom for the American woman demands that all women, regardless of race, unite not merely for the freedom of women but for the freedom of mankind. There is no excellence of degree in bondage.



Serfdom of cook and maid, of long hours, low wages, and intolerable working conditions is still the lot of most Negro women workers

Radio

THE INCOME of the National Broadcasting Company reached new heights in March to the tune of \$3,036,353 and the morale of its employees plunged to the lowest depths immediately thereafter, when officials announced a drive to cut its budget \$1,000,000 per year, and without ceremony fired 150 of its employees.

First to go were twenty-five of the most talented and charming girls in



New York who for years had served as hostesses at the polished reception desks of Radio City. These girls had been one of the largest factors in building up good will for the radio company, and many of them were capable of filling in as pianists or singers in an emergency. Yet they were eliminated without a qualm and their places filled by NBC's staff of page boys who are now expected to man the reception desks in addition to their multitudinous other duties.

Nor did the axe stop there. Hostesses at the Company's Chicago offices were the next to go, after which salesmen, publicity writers, pages and even scrubwomen, to the number of about 100 were bounced. At that point the entire working force became so jittery that the pruning process was slowed down for a while.

Latest reports are that one of the New York hostesses has found a job with an advertising agency. The others are still making the rounds of employment agencies.

Columbia's income also hit a new high of \$2,172,382 for March. The system "retaliated" by discharging Courtney Savage, head of the script department; Dwight Cook, producer; and Shirley Ward, casting director.

It is rumored that these "resignations" were accepted because CBS fared rather badly in the recent awards of the Women's National Radio Committee. This committee held that the saccharine children's program *Wilderness Road*, was the only broadcast on its schedule of which CBS was entitled to boast.

NBC received awards for the excellence of its *Cities Service* program, Rudy Vallee's *Varieties* and *American Town Meeting of the Air*.

It is interesting to note that the Women's National Radio Committee,

which, by the way is the meal ticket of one Louella Lauden, with whom it is essential to be friends if an award is sought, could find no program of serious music worth recommending on any of the networks. The General Motors series, which received the award last year, was said to have fallen far below its previous standard.

Radio's Who Is Who

A NUMBER of radio's foremost news commentators recently were asked whom they considered the outstanding figures in the world today. Here are the answers of some of them:

Boake Carter, who performs for Philco Radio from Philadelphia over CBS: "Mussolini, Ghandi and Montague Norman."

Edwin C. Hill, who is sponsored by the munitions-making Remington Rand



over NBC: "With the exception of Mussolini, there are none."

Frederic William Wile, who discusses the political situation in Washington for CBS: "Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt."

H. V. Kaltenborn, who *Edits the News* each week from New York for CBS: "If I could be someone other than myself I would be in some moods Mahatma Ghandi; in others, Mussolini."

Laddie Seaman, the seventeen-year-old commentator on *News of Youth* over CBS, follows in the footsteps of his Fascist-inclined elders by selecting: "Roosevelt, Hitler, Mussolini."

Robert Trout, Columbia's "Presidential Announcer" is the only one of the clan who makes any effort to pick outstanding figures in various walks of life. His list is: "Roosevelt, Mussolini, Stalin, Einstein, Paderewski, Freud."

Lowell Thomas didn't answer the query, but his bias in favor of Mussolini is too well known to need further verification.

Here are a few more interesting items about these men who sway the opinions of millions upon millions of radio listeners. Hill considers life largely a matter of chance, is deeply superstitious and would prefer to live in Italy. Wile says that his pet hates are "pacifism, uplifters and earnest workers." He was a spy during the

World War. When Kaltenborn graduated from Harvard his class chipped in and presented him with a gold-framed mirror tagged "Kaltenborn's Best Friend."

Air Notes

IN deepest contrast with NBC's highhanded discharge of its office workers is the victory won by 8,000 members of the United Electrical, Radio, and Television Workers of America after negotiations with the



Philco Radio Company at Philadelphia. The union obtained a closed shop agreement and decided improvement in working conditions. In New York the Radio and Concert Singers' Union is making a drive for members among radio specialists, while the New York Musicians' Union recently secured a renewal of its year-by-year agreement with the networks. Sustaining salary still remains at \$100 per week, but the new pact promises that a staff man may not be employed more than five hours out of eight hours per day.

William Randolph Hearst's proposed radio network seems to be hitting one snag after another. Prospects for a New York State chain have completely evaporated and now the Federal Communications Commission is reported to be considering an investigation of the publisher's "air raids" in the Southwest. No action has been taken on Hearst's petition to take over four stations in Texas and Oklahoma, but it is predicted in Washington that a broad public hearing will be ordered on the question, despite the fact that Elliot Roosevelt, the President's son, is head of Hearst Radio.

Birds of a feather: Rufus Dawes, brother of Charles G. Dawes and the man who engineered the deal by which

Chicago school teachers were robbed of most of their salaries for years, will broadcast a review of the week's events regularly on the Affiliated Network organized by Samuel Insull, one-time utility magnate.

Eddie Cantor's \$5,000 Peace Prize Essay Contest probably kept us out of war for about ten minutes (reading time). The first winner stole his essay from a New Jersey professor who should have known better. The idea was to preserve peace by lowering tariffs. When the plagiarism was discovered, the scholarship was transferred to a Boy Scout who wrote that more free junkets to Europe for American youth would build up enough international good will to make war impossible.

But before you chop up your radio as a purveyor of nothing but twaddle, consider the address by Joseph Lash,

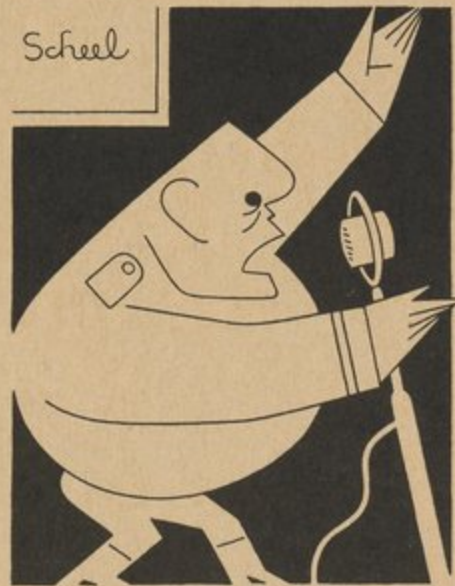


national secretary of the American Student Union, carried over CBS in connection with the recent anti-war strike of 500,000 high school and college students. Mr. Lash said:

Schools, not battleships, is the cry of the American student. Having learned the lesson that there is no neutrality as long as our traders are not neutral, our strike is a petition for the passage of genuine neutrality legislation—no loans, no credits, no supplies to belligerents, no discretionary powers in the hands of the President. If an embargo is to be lifted, let it be at the demand of the people of the nation.

We realize that the billion-dollar armament budget, that the United States maneuvers in the Orient and South America, mean war. We will not support that war. We declare that we will not support any war. Our strike today is proof that we mean business when we affirm the Oxford Pledge. To resist a war requires solidarity. It requires unity. That is the function of a strike. It is a dress rehearsal of the action we will take to carry out the Oxford Pledge in a war crisis.

—GEORGE SCOTT



Mussolini: "Now civilization is safe!"



“Liberty, We Love You!”

By William Gropper

Movies

IT IS high time that we come of age in our efforts to combat the jingoistic and the Fascist themes in motion pictures. Heretofore the forces in American life which oppose war and Fascism have been fighting the cinematic expression of those evils in a sporadic, and in the case of the MGM boycott attempt to force production of *It Can't Happen Here*, a quixotic manner.

Hollywood heard our voices in outcry against such obnoxious atrocities as *Red Salute* and *Riffraff*. The film industry is conscious that there is a broad and militant opposition to the cheap exploitation of patriotism and the blatant libels of the American workers and farmers.

But thus far we have been locking the door after the horse was stolen. That is not enough. We must carry our fight through the very gates of Hollywood. We must sing our protests to the tune of the cash register, the only conscience that the film industry knows.

How are we to do this? There is only one method that has thus far proved effective in penetrating the thick shell of the movie industry: the policy established by the Legion of Decency to force the removal of insinuating obscenity from the screen.

We must unite the widely scattered anti-war and anti-Fascist interests into a legion of socially-minded picture fans, a league for screen sanity, to encourage the profitable exhibition of fair motion

pictures and to do all that is possible to make the showing of the obnoxious films a highly unprofitable venture.

Fortunately a move has been made in this direction. The Film Alliance has taken the lead in performing this all-important function. A meeting is being held in New York this month to discuss plans for the encouragement of the production of *It Can't Happen Here*, and to establish an office in Hollywood to speak for the millions of Americans who shudder with us when an evening's entertainment is ruined by the careless inconsideration, or as it sometimes happens, the calculated propaganda of an institution, a public utility, which we support.

See our next issue for future developments. Meanwhile, please write to the motion picture editor of THE FIGHT and tell him the views of its readers and the organizations with which they are affiliated.

Newsreels

MARCH OF TIME'S current issue did an eminently fair job of its chapter on the Veterans of Future War, finishing off with some vivid pictures of the horrors of the conflict which we hope the young men, and their auxiliary, the Future Gold Star Mothers, are trying to avoid. On the same program at the Center Theater (New York) a Pathe newsreel gave Harry Bridges, West Coast labor leader, a chance to present the long-

shoreman's side of the story. True, the company waited until the dispute was settled, but the unbiased presentation of a labor leader was gratifying. Paramount's shots of the students' peace demonstration at Columbia University were also done without the tongue-in-the-cheek treatment that one would expect. We shall not soon forget the grim determination on the splendid faces of those Future Gold Star mothers.

On the other side of the picture, we did not relish Paramount's shot of an April Fool's Day statue coming to life stunt in a Berlin museum. Even *Variety* called it a "plant," a term applied to publicity tie-ups with newsreel companies. Nor did we care for Pathe's treatment of the labor dispute incidents in its 25-year revue of newsreel. The difference between those clips, originally shown last year, and the Bridges reel, is significant of some advance. In this resume we felt that Pathe did not devote enough time to the deadly parallel between 1914 and today. Pathe gave credit to Henry Ford for putting America on wheels, but neglected to show the forces that put us on the financial skids in 1929.

Your newsreel commentator has not yet completely recovered from one shock. We sat up in our seat when a newsreel voice described Mussolini's boy soldiers as "pathetic." But you could have knocked us over with a feather when we found out it was Hearst newsreel. We hope this report does not cause a shake-up in the Hearst newsreel staff.

Shorts

THE resentment against war propaganda emanating from Hollywood is spreading. From Sydney, Australia, *Variety* reports in its own jargon, "recent influx of pix has shown the inner workings of the American navy, army, aviation and police department with so much similarity and flag-waving that the critics have commenced to pan these pix in no uncertain manner. The majority of the critics declare that producers should turn out films with an international appeal, and any such propaganda should only be used in home consumption." The New Zealand Government is taking steps to bar such propaganda films. The potential importance of such action can best be estimated when it is realized that the profits of many films depend on their foreign exhibition. If similar sentiment

FIGHT RECOMMENDS:

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town—Amusing and intelligent with a liberal dash of social satire. Gary Cooper starred, Frank Capra direction.

Things to Come—For its picture of the horrors of war but not for Wells's technocratic philosophy.

The Great Ziegfeld—If you like musical films and have plenty of time.

Desire—Gary Cooper again, this time with Marlene Dietrich in a sophisticated treatment of a jewel theft yarn.

Previously recommended:

These Three, *The Milky Way*, *Modern Times*, *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, *The Country Doctor* and *The Ghost Goes West*.

is expressed strongly enough in other parts of the globe as well, the fight against Hollywood's jingoes will be well on the way to victory.

Another item of interest comes from Minneapolis. A motion picture exhibitor there, being sued for breach of contract because he refused to take several German pictures contracted for before the Hitler regime, claimed that to show the films would engender bad will against his theater and that the late Mayor Bainbridge had ordered him not to show the pictures for fear of creating a disturbance. In New York, the 55th Street Playhouse has decided not to show any more German films as the result of the protests of customers and the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League.

We Await

WE look forward with great interest to Warner's production of a film devoted to the Veterans of Future Wars. This is a surprising studio, turning out a terrible stock company picture one day and a "Louis Pasteur" film the next. Also to be shown soon by this company is *Green Pastures*.

We await with apprehension *Navy Born* (Republic), showing what fun it is to be in the Navy Air Corps; *Great Guns* (MGM), with a title that tells the story; *Road to Glory* (20th Century-Fox) which shows how nice it is to die for France; and *Suzy* (MGM) which may also turn into a pro-war picture although the book was hardly that.

In closing, we should like to call to your attention that Irwin Shaw, author of the bitter anti-war play, *Bury the Dead*, has been hired by RKO to adapt a football story.

—ROBERT SHAW



Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"

Parades

Millie loved them, and especially one in which her father marched

By Helen Long

ILLUSTRATED BY PEGGY BACON

IF THERE was one thing above all else Millie liked it was a parade. She even liked funeral parades when the band played the dirge and the men walked slow and solemn. But this parade—this parade surpassed all parades that had ever taken place.

The avenue was a gay flutter of flags and the band instruments shone like the purest silver. The men stepped smartly and held themselves stiff and straight. The music went into Millie's own back bone and stiffened her narrow shoulders so that she was straight with her head up and her chin in. She felt like crying—but she really did not know why.

The men were going to war. It was a war to kill Germans. Germans were bad. There was a man who lived on the block who was a German. Yes, and the kids hung signs on his door and threw rotten tomatoes in his window.

It made old lady Gracciano mad because one of the tomatoes missed and went kerplunk into her window. Oh what a yelling! And what an excitement!

This war was fun.

First there was poppa. He had been sitting around for days, since he got off the job, with nothing much to do. And Millie's momma got sore. But when he came home and said he was going to war momma cried and wailed and the neighbors came in and gave Millie's poppa a back slapping and two bottles of wine. Then poppa went away.

But today he was back. He was walking along the Avenue and looking like a young man—like Tony who kept the fruit stand. And everyone was terribly proud in all the block. They had all turned out to see poppa march off to war.

Millie skipped excitedly. She really did not find her poppa at first. Many, many men went by. It was odd how they looked alike now. Everybody wearing the same kind of uniform makes everybody look alike.

Then she saw him.

"Look!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. "Look! It's poppa," and poppa heard. She could tell by his

grin. He was walking right beside Tony. Gee! It was good if poppa was going off to war he should go with Tony. Tony was a good guy. He used to give Millie oranges sometimes for nothing if she came around Saturday nights.

It was swell to know two people who were going to war!

THE parade was over, the men were off and nothing was left on the Avenue but torn balloons and bits of paper. But it had been a good day and a day that Millie would never forget. She practised saying it to herself.

"I'll never forget when my poppa went to war."

It gave her a rich, satisfied feeling.

After the men had gone the neighborhood did not slip back into its old rhythm. Sure, the kids still went to school and played cops and thieves after school but everyone was waiting for something. Millie knew what it was, too. They were waiting for poppa to come home from war.

They did not have much money now. Mrs. Chiesa, Millie's mother, began to look for work.

"They say you can get work, good work too, now for women," the neighbors told her. "We'll keep an eye on Millie. Don't you worry about Millie."

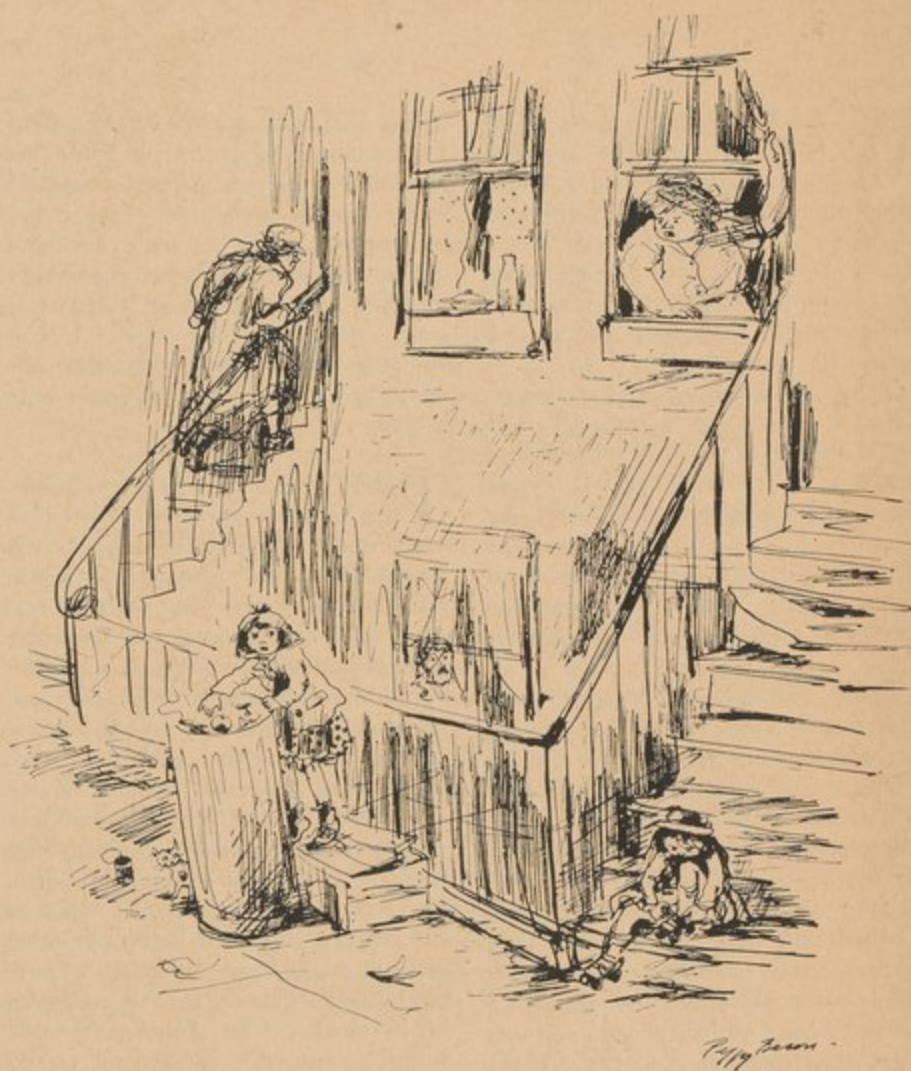
"I don't know," Mrs. Chiesa said, "seems wrong some way. I never worked since I got married but anyway we can't live on poppa's money. It ain't enough. And Millie's got to have shoes. And there's the rent and all."

"Sure! Sure! why don't you try the street cars. They want people like you. All you got to do is ring up fares. Better have a go now before some other soldier's wife gets in first."

The days were long without momma. She left before Millie was up and she was too tired to talk much when she came home at night.

"Millie," she'd say, "unlace my shoes will you? And, for God's sake, be easy when you take them off."

Of course, Millie's poppa and Tony



She saw it—round, golden, untouched in the can outside the door. She pounced. She got it. Her momma should have her orange

weren't the only ones who went to war. As time went on all the men began to go so that pretty soon there weren't any men left except the old men who sat around on the doorsteps. There were some young ones who didn't go. They were the ones who found notes under their doors in the morning and feathers stuck in their mailboxes in the hall where all the neighbors could see.

"Yea! Yea!" Millie yelled as she passed them on the way to the push carts. "Yea! Yea! Yellow dog!"

It grew tiresome after awhile and she forgot to yell.

THIS war was taking an awfully long time. By and by letters began to come home. Millie's mother read them after she came home at night. She read them while her feet were soaking in the hot water and tears would roll down her face.

"What is it, Momma?" Millie asked. "Is poppa sick, maybe?"

"No! No! It's just he's got a wish to see you and the mud's awful bad over there."

"Do they have mud in wars?"

"Sure, that's all they got, I guess. He's got a terrible wish to see you."

The next time a band came down the Avenue Millie didn't run like she used to.

"Someway I don't care so much about parades, anymore," she said.

She knew her momma was scared. She knew she was by the way she was afraid to open letters or look in the papers. It made Millie scared too. And someway it was connected with parades.

The days dragged on and Millie's momma got whiter and whiter and her legs had big blue veins on them when she soaked them in the water at night. At school they were still talking about killing the Germans but Millie did not want her poppa to be killing Germans anymore. She wanted him home so momma wouldn't have to stand in the street cars all day and so she would not be scared any more, at all.

One day she burned up in the classroom. It was during flag salute day.

"I don't care who wins this war," she said loud and with her face red as red. "I don't care. I want my poppa home."

Gee, the teacher got mad!

"You're a very naughty little girl, Millie Chiesa," she said, "and you can go right down to the principal's room."

"I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!" she said all the way down and when she came to the door of the office she marched straight past it and went home.

(Continued on page 26)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHEN young boys in khaki told their mothers goodbye they assured them that there was nothing to worry about; the war would be over before they could get across. In their hearts, though, those first volunteers hoped that the war would last at least long enough for them to be in one battle.

There was furious excitement everywhere, involving everyone. The women organized into canteen units and waited at the railroad stations to serve coffee and sandwiches to the boys going through. The soldiers were going east but still there was a carnival air about it all. There were parades; there was martial music. Flags were out.

At the Fair grounds the town belles offered their kisses, in public ceremony, to the volunteers.

There were meetings. They flocked to lecture halls to hear men talk; Irish, English and Canadians spared from the trenches long enough to tell America how much her boys were needed. The churches were thrown open to the soldiers. The preachers repeated the words after Wilson, "Our quarrel is not with the German people," as they preached sermons about Christ in khaki. The houses in Jefferson Street were thrown open to parties for the soldiers. This was a war for democracy and democracy began at home.

And a day was set aside for the burning of the books. Libraries were ransacked. School children gathered them up and carried them to a pile in the school yards. At night they were burned and made a righteous fire. Dog-eared grammars, which children used, lay under leather-bound copies of Goethe. That night the leaves of both curled in the heat of the fire and were nothing more than smoke lost in the October air. The poignant beauty of "Immensee" burned in a fierce red flame along with the others in that pile. This was revenge.

Pete Pfenninghausen's wife, who heard about the burning from a German friend who had children in school, was frightened. Suppose the neighbors should come some night and find Pete reading that book of his. Suppose. Ach, it was a foolishness being so stubborn like Pete. Why didn't he buy a Liberty bond as the Americans wanted him to do? He had the money. It was so little to do and then they would let him alone. Then the men would stop coming in the evenings; then the neighbors would speak to her again; and the children would stop writing words on the sidewalk. For so little they could be let alone; it was such a foolishness of Pete. Now what if they should come and find him reading that book of his?

So she took the book and carried it out to the water-closet built in one

corner of the coal shed. She thought first of dropping it into the hole, but decided against it. Pete would be mad. So she stood on the seat and reached as high as she could, laying it in the crossbeam. She saw the spiders scurrying over the boards. That was good. Soon their webs would hide it and it could stay there until after the war was over. Then Pete could have it again.

THAT night when Pete came home, she waited fearfully. She even hoped one of the Socialists would come in and talk to him; otherwise he would ask for his book. But supper was over; the wood, the coal and the water were in and still no one had come. She saw him go into the sitting room, pick up his pipe which was on the arm of his big leather chair and fill it with fine tobacco from the humidior on top of the oak buffet. When she saw him walk toward the table where he kept his book, she hurried out of the kitchen. She walked down the board walk to the water-closet. She knew no other place to go, and she was afraid of him. She stayed there trying to make up her mind what to do; if she had thought to bring a light with her she would climb up and get the book and throw it down the hole. He must not have it.

She heard the back door open and heard him call. Still she waited. She heard him start down the board walk; so she answered his call.

He waited for her outside the kitchen door. In the reflection from the lamp in the kitchen he looked at her.

"Bist du krank?" (*Are you sick?*)

"Nein! Nein!"

"Denn, was ist los?" (*Then what is wrong?*)

He held the door open for her and she walked in. She was scarcely across the threshold of the sitting room door when he asked where she had put the book when she had cleaned.

"Which book?" she asked, stalling for time.

"Mein Buch. Mein Buch. *Das Kapital*, wo ist es?" (*My book. My book. "Capital," where is it?*)

She looked away.

"Wo ist es?" he asked, sharply.

She started to cry.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and asked again, "Wo ist es?"

He shook her, repeating his question. "Ich habe es gebrennt." (*I burned it.*)

He released her and looked at her in unbelief. "Du hast es gebrennt?" (*You have burned it?*)

FOR the first time in her life she faced his anger and repeated her lie. She thought for a minute he was going to strike her, but instead he turned and walked out of the house.

She ran to the door and called after him. His name carried far through the frost-clear night but he did not return to her until she heard the chimes of their clock strike the small hours of the morning. But if he had never come back she would not have had it in her heart to be sorry. They would kill him; they would hang him and burn him if they found him with that book. Such a stubbornness was a foolishness. Maybe the war would not last long and then he could have his book back again. He would not search for it, she knew; he would believe she had burned it, for she had never told him a lie.

THE women at the stamping mill stopped making pots and pans; they made helmets by the thousands. They worked over time. So did the women at the overall factory where Myrtle sewed from early morning until late at night, on heavy khaki uniforms. No one complained; no one asked for higher wages, because they were working with the tangibles of war. Their work kept men warm and kept men safe.

But the miners—belligerent lot that they were—threatened to strike. The press allied itself solidly against them. It was true they had their grievances. The price of coal was exorbitant; the black gold of Indiana was making new millionaires. Yet there was no work for the miners.

A coal famine threatened the country; the operators got exorbitant prices for what was mined. The country was frightened. Yet every miner knew the fear was needless. At the railroad crossings they watched trains going by using coal cars for the hauling of sedans and limousines to those who stayed at home and grew prosperous on the profits of the war. They knew the seriousness of the situation and they threatened to strike.

Shubert was sent in to direct them, to plead their case before the public and to organize them. The Home Guards heard of his arrival. They expanded their chests. At last they had something worthy of their patriotism. The zest was beginning to wear off their search for school teachers who were not 100 per cent American, and German-Americans who were not singing hymns of hate against their Fatherland. Shubert was a real enemy, striking the soldiers in the back by causing trouble among the miners.

Although warned by the Home Guards that he had better make himself scarce, Shubert refused to leave. He worked cautiously, keeping his whereabouts a secret. He knew any one caught harboring him would be held equally guilty. He stayed away from Myrtle's; he stayed away from his old friends. He slept in a little



They Also

A story of what happens to a man who dares to stand up when a country is

By Ruth Crawford

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPH



so Serve

What happens to
dare to think
country is at war

Crawford

BY AD REINHARDT



unheated room over a store until it was locked against him. When he found the owner he was answered by a shrug of the shoulders.

"Them Home Guards done been here and what kin I do?" he asked. "Me, I got my business and my family to think of, ain't I?"

Shubert looked understandingly at him. Of course, he could not be blamed.

"Where are my things?"

"They took everything."

Shubert inventoried his few possessions. No, they had found nothing. He had no lists, except those in his head. He had no addresses; he long ago had resorted to the grapevine system of communication with the miners. He had a few books and pamphlets and some government publications containing coal statistics. Relieved, he turned into the night, walking the streets and planning. This action on their part forced him to action; he would call the miners together on the morrow.

HE walked the streets. He gave little thought to where he would spend the night, but instinctively headed for the railroad tracks. He would find a box car.

The siding was clear, so he started up the tracks. He saw a man coming toward him, looming like a giant. Shubert noticed that he had a dinner bucket under his arm. That reassured him. A workman; so there was no need to run.

As they came closer together, Shubert recognized him and was glad. It was Pfenninghausen. How good to see him!

And Pfenninghausen recognized him, too, and greeted him heartily. They fell into step going Pfenninghausen's way. He was on his way home from the rolling mill; he had been working over time.

It was Shubert's turn to make an explanation of his own presence. He dropped his voice and explained what had happened to him.

Pfenninghausen swore.

"Vell, you com mit me, Mein Freund. Coffee, hein? Und a fetter bett, ja?"

Shubert protested, but Pfenninghausen was insistent.

As they turned into the vacant lot next to Pfenninghausen's cottage, to follow the path across it which led to the back door, they passed a young boy who looked at them closely. Pfenninghausen swore, but said no more until they were out of hearing. Then he swore again, "Always dem Boy Scouts. Always dem Boy Scouts. They give a man no peace."

Shubert became apprehensive. Suppose the boy recognized him? It was all that would be needed. And it

would do Pfenninghausen no good to be sheltering him. He drew back but the German grabbed him by the arm.

"Nein. Nein, mein Freund."

Shubert relaxed when inside the house. This was good. The kitchen was warm and filled with the odor of cooking.

"Hasenpfeffer," said Pete as they sat down at the table. He looked at the big platter piled high with rabbit. He helped Shubert to a great portion of it. His wife brought them coffee and filled their huge thick cups. They ate with relish.

And after the meal they went into the sitting room and smoked. There was a victrola there, and Shubert played the old records on it. *Liebestraum, Caprice Viennese, Eroica*. Shubert changed the records. Pete looked on beaming.

"Das ist sehr gut, Mein Freund," he said. (*This is very good, my friend.*)

Shubert smiled and nodded. *Sehr gut! Sehr gut!*

Suddenly they were startled by a loud knocking at the door and the sound of voices. Shubert lifted the needle from the record, turned off the machine, and followed Pete to the front door. When it was open and Shubert saw the crowd with the men of the Home Guard in front, he was afraid. His being here would get Pete in trouble.

So he stepped out of the door, onto the porch. Two men immediately seized him by the arms and pulled him down the steps. The crowd shouted.

"That's him. That's him."

"Did they get the Heinie, too?"

"That's him. That's him."

They threw a rope over Shubert's head and started out. But they soon halted, for there was excitement in the rear.

"Look out. He's got a gun. Look out."

They saw Pete jump down from the porch and land in the midst of the guardsmen. They saw him lash out with his mighty fists. Shubert yelled, "Stop it, Pete! Stop it, Pete!"

But it was of no use. Surrounded on all sides Pete fought on. A blow here, a blow there, but there were too many of them. The crowd was yelling, "Kill him. Kill him." Revolvers were drawn but there was no chance to fire. The melee was his only protection.

"Tackle him. Tackle him."

So while he fought off the crowd in front, his legs were kicked out from under him. He fell with a crash, knocking two others down with him. The crowd stood around kicking him. There was an awful moment of agony when he felt a heel gouge his eye.

Two guardsmen had Shubert's arms pinioned behind him. They held him as they shouted orders to move on.

Then, at the head of a screaming cursing procession they led him through the streets. Doors opened at the terrifying racket. People ran out and joined the mob.

"They're goin' to hang him."

"They're goin' to hang him."

They got him down to a vacant lot by the railroad tracks. The crossing light lit the field. They led him to a pile of railroad ties and made him mount them. They stood around and taunted him.

"Make him kiss the flag, the traitor. Make him kiss the flag."

"We ain't got none."

"Get one."

A boy broke from the crowd and ran to a neighboring house. He returned with a flag and handed it to the guardsmen's leader. He mounted the pile and stood alongside of Shubert, who stood there defiantly, his hands tied behind his back, the halter of the rope around his neck. The guardsman could scarcely make himself heard above the crowd which was shouting its instructions. He said something about men who went around stabbing the soldiers in the back. And he asked, "Does Highland have a place for traitors?"

"No. No."

"Make him kiss the flag. Make him kiss the flag."

The flag was handed to the guardsman who held it before Shubert who recoiled from it. His action angered the crowd still more.

"Killing's too good for him."

Again they held the flag to him. He looked over the crowd. There was a tense moment of decision. The crowd waited. Shubert's mouth twisted contemptuously. Then he bowed his head and touched the muslin held to him.

The crowd was silent. It was let down. It was at a loss what to do next, until some one shouted, "Ride him out of town." Word was passed to the leaders that there was a flat car down the tracks. They headed that way, still pulling Shubert along. They got to the siding and hoisted him up. They stood around listening to speeches from the guardsmen until the engine switched in and pulled out.

"Better jump off when you get over the river."

"We'll use that rope the next time," they yelled as the train pulled out.

SHUBERT lay back exhausted. He knew he would have to jump the train as soon as he could and get back. He wondered what had happened to Pete, what they had done with him. He would have to get back. But now he must do something, else he would freeze. The wind was icy as the train whipped its way across the river and over the prairie. He thought he would freeze.

Books

American Fascist

IMPERIAL HEARST: A SOCIAL BIOGRAPHY, by Ferdinand Lundberg; with a preface by Charles A. Beard; 406 pages; Equinox Cooperative Press; \$2.75.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG dedicates his *Imperial Hearst* to Heywood Broun and the American Newspaper Guild. Editor & Publisher, Guild enemy No. 1, damns Guildsman Lundberg's book as "a perfect demonstration of the thinking and writing fostered by the Guild's leadership as an ideal technique for purifying the news that the American public gets from its newspapers."

Those words appear to this writer fair terms of praise.

For instance: Here is an avalanche of cold, bitter facts, documented every paragraph of the way, which historian Charles A. Beard in the preface calls "authentic and indubitable." These facts have nothing to do with Hearst's personal life; they do not plumb his psychological processes. They are related to the broad social picture—to financial, political, social cause and effect. That is why the book is fresh and valuable.

Vigorously and dramatically, and often entertainingly, these facts make clear what Hearst, the publisher, has done and how he has done it. Fact-packed chapters show Hearst blackmailing the Southern Pacific Railway, whipping up the Spanish-American war, pointing the way to the McKinley assassination, stealing, buying, forging documents that precipitate international enmities, introducing gangster methods in Chicago, providing slave labor conditions in his Homestake and Cerro de Pasco mines, breaking the San Francisco general strike, accepting \$400,000 a year from Hitler, attacking labor and education, and finally and inevitably emerging in our period as the "keystone of American Fascism, the integrating point in a structure around which political reaction is attempting to develop a movement which, if it succeeds, will tragically dupe America."

Lundberg did not prove that Hearst blew up the Maine, and I think his emphasis on that possibility is a weak point. It is enough for him to have exposed, step by step, the journalistic means by which Hearst has fomented situations which need only a spark to burst into war, violence, terror.

Hearst emerges from these pages not

as a capricious, romantic, adventurous, irresponsible playboy, a rich man's son grown old; not as a tottering madman; but as one of the most powerful political figures in the nation. "His power today is infinitely greater . . . because he is receiving financial and industrial approval which has undoubtedly induced most of the non-Hearst newspapers to permit him to proceed without that sort of criticism published by the pro-Roosevelt New York Post."

Hearst, and his deeds, do not die here; his empire does not crumble. In spite of such "romantic surmises," Lundberg sees Hearst's power endure

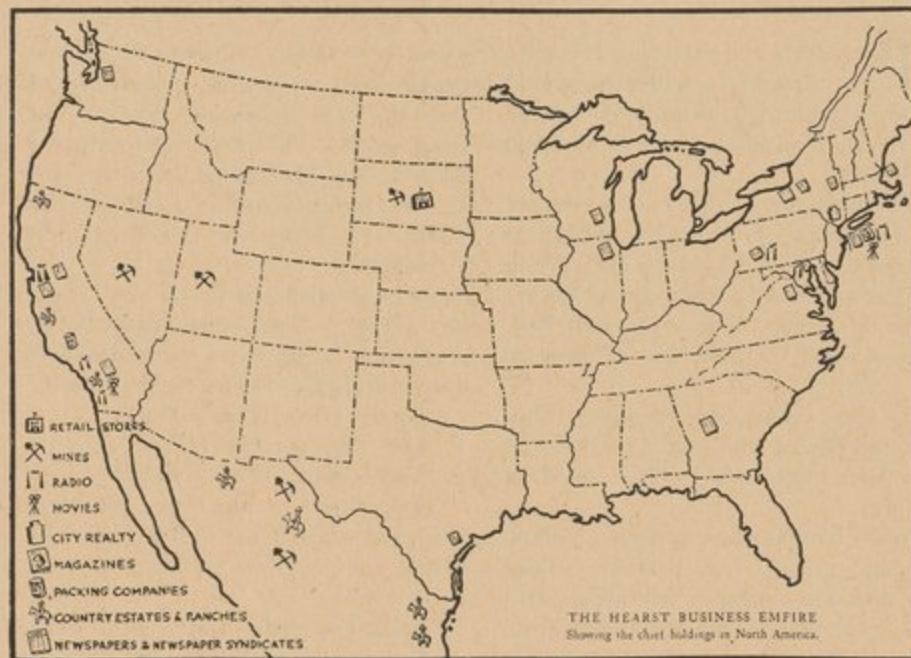
can mind. He could, more truthfully than any other man, say, "The American mentality is my mentality." This is not because Hearst has become "the voice of the people" . . . it has been because adequate, widespread, and popularized criticism of his innumerable deceptions has been lacking. Time and again . . . he has been able to make America accept his deceptions and his debaucheries of its political institutions . . . Basically, Hearst's power stems from the ignorance of his audience, and this ignorance in turn is fostered by fundamental economic forces in American society. . . .

There is now only one way of combating the Hearst influence. . . . It is by vigorous and unending effort. A large section of Hearst's audience, paralyzed by long exposure to the Hearst method, cannot be budged. But

material which Carlson and Bates furnish, we can afford to turn our eyes away from Hearst and his kind for a moment. The more we know about him, the more we think about him dispassionately and realistically, the better the chances for holding that minimum margin of democratic liberties and legality necessary for the labor of peace and socialism. In the career of Hearst we have the essential problem of demagoguery in a modern society; we follow the arts and ways of the American demagogue, whom the foreign misleaders of whole nations have simply copied and translated into the terms of their own opportunities.

The young Hearst was the son of one of those shifty, pioneering Western mining barons who had plundered to his heart's content the gold and silver and the even richer land of the Pacific slope. Willie Hearst, inheritor of one of the great American fortunes, had little more that he could do, for the moment, in his father's field. He was in search of a career. Fed in the lap of luxury, satiated with all things that money could give, yet restless, he struck for politics by way of the newspaper, as the career that offered most amusement. He had a vein of cleverness or shrewdness in him, and in his first essays, upon the small form of the San Francisco *Examiner* (which his father had given him to play with), he followed precisely the technique of the famous Pulitzer: he reduced the human entity to the lowest common denominator of appetites and fears, and resolved to appeal to this. In those days of youth and adventurism, as the authors relate, he "cared nothing for money." He, the son of one of the Robber Barons of the period, attacked the Trusts, the Railroads, the public utilities, the political rings. He played upon the indignation and envy of the restive masses of people, who knew, in a general way, who their enemies were.

Why did Hearst proceed as if he were wrecking his own class? Carlson and Bates, citing the statement of one of his intimates, suggest that Hearst was a man without moral anchorage. This was undoubtedly the result of the intelligent attention he gave, in youth, to his father's colorful "operations." More candid than the American Victorians, he acted openly as if all means to an end were fair. By a kind of self-hypnosis, he came to believe in his own lies, indeed he became a man who



From Hearst: *Lord of San Simeon*, published by Viking Press

ing as long as the banks have a stake in his great holdings. "Hearst, at 73, is the weakest strong man and the strongest weak man in the world today. Without the support of bankers and industrialists for his last irresponsible and anti-social rampage, he would be merely a senile clown." But he has that support. And Wall Street has already picked his successor, in the huge, vigorous, loud-voiced John Francis Neylan, who so effectively led the journalistic strike-breaking in San Francisco in 1934.

Historian Beard sees hope in Hearst's old age that "the odors of his personality . . . will soon evaporate in the sunlight of a purer national life." Lundberg finds it less simple:

Down through the years he has played a great and ghastly part in shaping the Ameri-

the winning of a large minority of this audience would bring Hearst to his knees.

—EVELYN SEELY

From Demagogue to Fascist

HEARST: LORD OF SAN SIMEON, by Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates; 332 pages; Viking Press; \$3.00.

THE high value of the study of Hearst by Messrs. Carlson and Bates flows from the fact that they have given us a full-length study of *The Great American Demagogue*; that they have done so objectively and painstakingly; and that—departing from the tactics of the so-called "picturesque" biography—they have kept their study always within a frame of reference of political and social values. I don't see how, after absorbing the

couldn't really differentiate between the lie and the truth. He had—especially after he entered the New York field—the design of *servicing the masses so that the masses would serve him*. This is the simple theory of the demagogic adventurer, Hearst, in his earlier days. Knowing this, we must not underestimate the energy, skill, and talent which Hearst commanded to this end, so that he actually frightened the real rulers of society and most “respectable people.” He was able to “buy” a war, the war with Spain, which he, with the collaboration of Pulitzer, precipitated almost single-handed. He was able to buy up whole cities, and their political rings; he was able to make himself a Congressman for a time, and he was hopeful that by ploughing more millions—as he put seven millions into the *Journal*—he could buy the Presidency for himself. Hearst literally toyed with the whole world, in a sense, as his oyster. But somehow, while he became a great power, he was also a great failure. The poor people came to mistrust him in a measure; and as for the “respectable,” the real rulers of the country, they were obviously unwilling to believe in his responsibility as a public leader. He was “anti-social” in the capitalist sense of social responsibility, especially when compared with contemporaries like Mark Hanna.

Owing to his blunders and outrages during and after the World War, Hearst at this time sank to the lowest degree in public esteem. But at this period, in this second phase, he was older, less the adventurer; while he sank publicly, he flourished financially, his outside business interests in mining, real estate, land, publishing ventures, growing until he came to hold again that which he had nearly lost, one of the country's leading fortunes. The older Hearst is less “irresponsible” in his demagoguery; where once his sensation-mongering had been artless, in the American way, he now pursues Mussolini, Hitler, even Hanfstaengl, and learns from them, as we may guess, the importance of applying demagoguery more accurately to political ends. The later Hearst becomes far more dangerous: patriotism is directed not only against Japanese and Mexicans, but more than ever before at labor organizations, at Reds, at peace movements. His demagogic machinery, turning against Roosevelt, is now linked to the extreme conservative wing of the system.

The problem that the biographers leave with us is that of the formidable enduring power of the great demagogue, as typified by Hearst. The process is roughly as follows: all means to an end are fair; above all, tell lies. If you shout lies long enough and loud enough many people will believe you. This shiftiness in moral and social code, which we now recognize everywhere in the Fascist type, is the real problem for anti-Fascists.

Tomorrow the union of practiced

Hearstian demagoguery with authoritarian political reaction may be the order of the day. How shall we counter the tactics which prepare for this outcome? It has been done before. Before the French Revolution Voltaire shouted down religious bigotry in France; a century later Zola shouted down the whole French army, in the Dreyfus case; and yesterday, Dimitroff, though in the hands of the Nazis, reached all the world with his message. We anti-Fascists must be clear enough in our moral and social code, strong enough in our knowledge, to nail the lies and dodges of the demagogues every time. We must shout our truths from the roof tops, loud enough and long enough. And over and over again.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Discovering the Enemy

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN, by Arnold Zweig; translated from the German by Eric Sutton, Viking Press; 448 pages; the Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for May; \$2.50.

ONE of the potent factors that make war possible is the rise of new generations of men who, never having experienced it, easily fall prey to romantic illusions about it. During the two decades that have passed since the Great War, the cause of peace has been vastly furthered by the continued flow of novels which have presented the war in the spirit of disillusionment it deserves. These novels have enabled their readers to experience war by proxy; and among them none have fulfilled this service better than those by Arnold Zweig. His *Case of Sergeant Grischa* was one of the first of the war novels, and it has remained one of the most popular. In *Education before Verdun* Zweig has described through some of the same characters an earlier period of the war, and he has more clearly than in his other novels focussed attention upon certain aspects of war which, though of unusual social significance, have been scarcely hinted at by other novelists.

Zweig has subordinated the familiar picture of the horrors of war. His soldiers fear men more than bullets, and their own officers more than the enemy. The education which the soldier Bertin gets before Verdun is not a horror of war as a dangerous impersonal machine with which he has become involved. It is a horror of injustice personified in the arbitrary authority of his superiors. “In war,” says Zweig, “injustice came to fullness, as practiced by nation upon nation, and towered so mountain high that a bucketful of muck was passed unnoticed.”

It is of one of the bucketfuls that he writes. A young lieutenant Kroysing has objected to the stealing by officers of the supplies intended for their men. These officers intercept his letters of



John Reed, from a biography by Granville Hicks, published by The Macmillan Company. (See page 29)

complaint and in revenge send him to a dangerous sector at the front where he is soon killed. Bertin conveys a letter of his to his older brother who, by methods as arrogant and underhanded as his opponents', eventually gets the case before the higher authorities. Here, aided by corrupt and indifferent officials, it is lost in the shuffle of events. The elder brother is killed when a French aviator bombs the hospital where he is recuperating. But the guilty officers, now quite free to make misstatements and to confiscate documents, instead of a rebuke, manage to get Iron Crosses for the brave deeds of others.

From such an experience, which goes deeper even than the bloodshed of war, Bertin gets his education. The war among the nations is repeated in less open form within the ranks of the contending armies. Justice disappears under the despotism of the military hierarchy. The greed and revenge of nations serve as the excuse and the protection for the greed and revenge of unscrupulous individuals in power. It was this legalized unchecked despotism of authority, so easily applied to personal ends in defiance of elementary democratic rights, that American soldiers most hated in training camps and at the front. But for Zweig such misuse of power is only an intensification of the normal attitude of the foreman and the employer in times of peace. If Fascism is only a shift from the veiled despotism of the upper classes over the masses of men as it already exists in our so-called democratic society, then the familiar picture of war itself is only a more intense, an already legalized and specialized form of Fascism.

But Bertin has not only diagnosed the disease. He has caught a glimpse of the cure. “Only the victims of injustice can abolish injustice. Only the oppressed can end oppression.—Why should those who profit by torture want to bring it to an end?” To the captious literary critic Zweig's novel may seem somewhat too verbose and careless in construction for unqualified praise. But the average reader will doubtless be content with Bertin's conclusion, and

be thankful that he has not learnt it before Verdun.

—EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

A “Totalitarian” America

M-DAY: THE FIRST DAY OF WAR, by Rose M. Stein; 398 pages; Harcourt, Brace & Co.; \$2.50.

MISS STEIN'S book is having a most unfortunate career. After being involved in a pre-publication controversy between T. W. Lamont of Morgan & Company and Harcourt, Brace & Company, it was involved in a post-publication controversy between the author and Walter Millis. In addition, it has had extremely unfavorable reviews in various strategic publications with the apparent result that it is selling very badly. Moreover, most of the reviews I have seen have given a curiously inadequate idea of the contents of the book.

Into the whys and wherefores of the controversies I do not propose to go, but I should like to point out in this, the second discussion of the book I have written, that the title of Miss Stein's book is *M-Day* and that the bulk of it is concerned with the subject implied. That subject is the mobilization plan developed before the entrance of the United States into the First World War on April 6, 1917, and as elaborated and perfected for the Second World War under authority granted to the War Department by Congress in 1920. It is an exceedingly important subject and general circulation of information about it is a public necessity.

However, Miss Stein made the mistake, it seems to me, of not confining herself to her subject. She insisted, for what reason is not clear, on prefacing her *M-Day* material with a very bad outline of how the United States got involved in the First World War, and on closing it with an equally dubious outline of the prospect of war in the world today. Since the book begins and ends in irritating bogs of irrelevancies, reviewers have not been able, apparently, correctly to cover the terrain between. Moreover, Miss Stein has thoughtlessly strewn her high ground with numerous pot-holes into which it is difficult not to tumble. Finally, her bibliography is laughably inadequate.

Nevertheless the main trend of her argument is clear and extremely important. Pointing out that the three principal factors in modern war are the fighting forces, industry, and public opinion, she attempts to show how each of them was handled in the last war and how the army proposes to handle them in the prospective war. In the next war the job will be done by getting Congress to pass, immediately war breaks out, a series of bills which will establish agencies charged with speci-

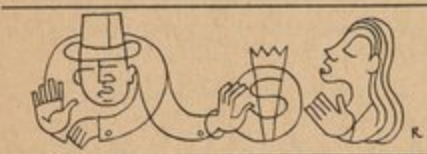
(Continued on page 29)

Wall Street

WHEN confronted by the threat of even mildly liberal or progressive legislation, entrenched capital has prodded its hired politicians and lobbyists to drag out the old chestnut: "Protect the widows and orphans! Don't menace the savings of our loved ones!" Corporations having even a fair sized number of women on their stockholding lists can always be counted on for such chivalrous appeals.

Now the du Pont-Liberty League crowd, in its frantic Fascist drive to check the growing unrest of the American people, has thrown its financial support behind an organization seeking to enroll women on the basis of just such emotional pleas.

The Senate Lobby Committee disclosed the cash contributions made by the du Ponts and their allies to the Women Investors in America, Inc. This evidence places this organization in the unsavory ranks of the Sentinels of the Republic, the Southern Committee to



Uphold the Constitution, the Order of American Patriots, the Crusaders, the Farmers Independence Council, and the other fantastic organizations kept alive by the du Pont, et al., bankroll. When an investigator from the Senate committee attempted to examine the files of the New York office of the Women Investors, Miss Catherine Curtis, high-pressure figure-head of that organization, invoked the sacred name of "constitutional rights" in slamming the door in the face of the investigator. Displaying all the characteristics of a bad conscience, Miss Curtis declared: "It is absurd for anyone to think we are lobbyists. . . . The organization is not in the employ of anyone. Not a dollar contribution has been received with the proverbial string attached to it. No one can buy our patriotism."

Now, the initial function of the Women Investors was to lobby against the Wheeler-Rayburn public utility bill last year. The "big money" was quick to recognize the possibilities of such an organization, and Miss Curtis found it easy indeed to contact the

"right people." The utilities, she learned to parrot, are "fundamentally a women's industry." Defeat of the bill was asked in the name of "consumers" as well as that of the "widow and orphan" investors in utility stocks. Mrs. Floyd B. Odum, president of Bonwit-Teller, and wife of the investment trust and public utility magnate, was one of the incorporators and original trustees of the Women Investors.

From its inception, the organization has functioned solely to support Big Business and Big Capital and to defeat the real interests of the mass of men and women. Utilizing the meaningless slogan "We Mobilize to Save" and the absurd contention that 70% of the wealth of the country is in the hands of women, the Women Investors has devoted its energies to the following reactionary program: Defense of the corrupt utility industry, opposition to increased taxation on corporations and wealthy individuals, opposition to social security legislation (even in the mild form enacted by the Roosevelt administration), support of the reactionary Supreme Court, and red-baiting. (Miss Curtis was one of the vociferous protesters against the Earl Browder radio broadcast.)

Glory to Big Business is the chant of the Women Investors whenever it can chisel free newspaper publicity, radio time or a public forum. In her initial blurb at the formation of the organization, Miss Curtis proclaimed: "Women are realizing as never before that they must stand shoulder to shoulder with our constructive business leaders who are seeking to establish a better understanding of the basic principles of business prosperity."

Women's Shopper League Shows How

IF the Women Investors is an object lesson in how women should not organize to protect their interests, then the League of Women Shoppers has



provided an example of how organization *should* proceed. Right into the very salons of finance capital the League carries its struggle for decent conditions

and people's rights. The foray which the League recently conducted into the annual stockholders meeting of the Borden Co. caused dismay in Wall Street, gave valuable publicity to the grievances of the milk trust's workers, and provided another significant exposé of the economic Fascism by which Big Business denies workers the most elementary rights of organization.

Aside from the rare occasions when fights for control of corporations are carried into the open, stockholders' meetings are customarily somnolent and perfunctory affairs. Officials representing the ruling bureaucracy appear with sufficient proxies to control the meeting, chat patronizingly with the occasional small stockholders who take the trouble to attend, railroad through their ticket of directors as quickly as possible, and then depart for another year of high salaries and munificent bonuses.

The technique of the League of Women Shoppers at the Borden meeting should be more widely employed. A proxy for one share of stock is sufficient for a legal right to the floor; and well-prepared questions, based on actual knowledge of the working conditions of employees, could in many cases similar to Borden's smoke out the true facts of the rotten exploitation fastened on worker and consumer alike.

Truth in Securities Front

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, stock market speculator and former chief of the Securities Exchange Commission, has provided an interesting sidelight on the sincerity of the New Deal's campaign against Wall Street. He was named head of the commission to administer the law growing out of the Pecora Wall Street investigation. Fear of this law on the Street was considerably allayed by the fact that Kennedy's pool operations were prominent in the data unearthed by that same Pecora investigation. Subsequent events stilled the fear completely. Kennedy's praises were sung in a continuous refrain—the law was in *safe* hands.

Now that he is again a private citizen, Kennedy has given his fellow insiders a fancy lesson in the best methods of cashing in on the big money. The Radio Corp. of America wanted to devise means of eliminating \$17,263,000 in back dividends on one of its

preferred stock issues. By a master stroke of strategy, the Radio moguls decided to hire as sponsor for this plan, and as prima facie evidence of its honesty, the man who had administered the "Truth in Securities" Act. Kennedy took the job on December 27th of last year. On January 31st, his plan was



accepted by the Radio directors. During about half of the intervening time, Kennedy was vacationing in Florida. Some months later, it was brought to light that Kennedy's cut for this "arduous" labor was \$150,000, or close to \$5,000 a day.

More Truth in Securities

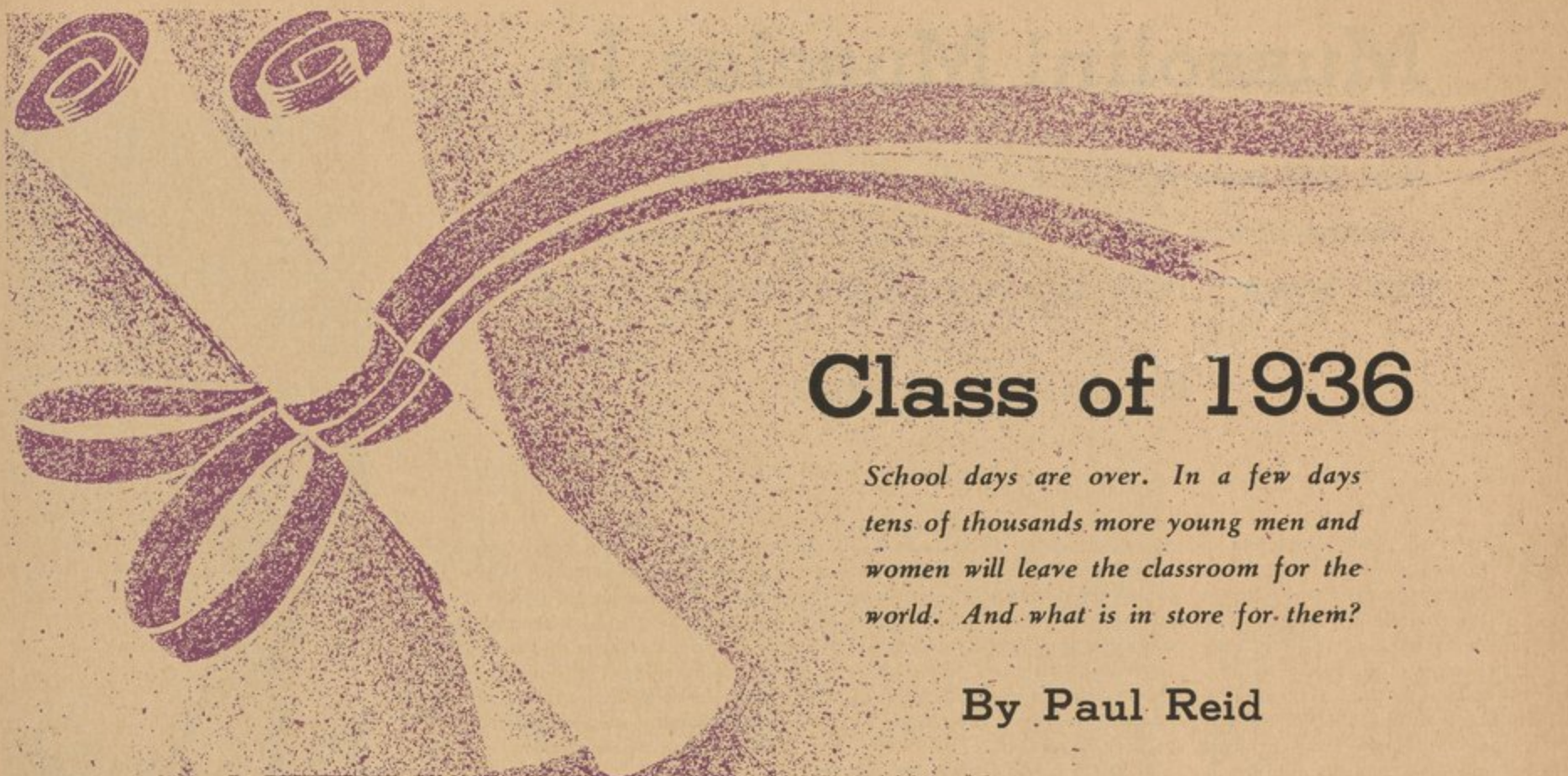
TWO recent developments have shattered the sanctimonious front behind which the New York Stock Exchange has hidden since it was put on the spot three years ago.

One was the suspension of the stock exchange firm of Walter P. McCaffray & Co. For one month before this action was taken, the Exchange authorities had knowledge that this firm had been engaging in what the Exchange later described as "reckless and unbusiness-like dealings inconsistent with just and equitable principles of trade." But the Exchange sat tight, keeping the public



in the dark until the State Bureau of Securities forced its hand by airing these charges.

The second was the attempt by the Exchange (which has piously insisted on its efforts to give greater publicity to financial statistics) to enhance the value of inside information by substituting twelve-monthly reports for the quarterly reports now required from listed corporations. But the howl from outside speculators and investors who would have been left out in the cold by such action forced the Exchange to rescind its order, after searching in vain for some means of saving face.



Class of 1936

School days are over. In a few days tens of thousands more young men and women will leave the classroom for the world. And what is in store for them?

By Paul Reid

IN A FEW more short weeks tens of thousands of youth will leave high school and college and step out into a world that has no place for them. Like cattle and hogs or crops of grain, are they to be slaughtered or plowed under? Or will they be left to suffer, to be a drug on the labor market and a care to parents who have invested years of thrift and self-denial in their education? Each succeeding crop of graduates of our educational institutions faces a more dismal future. Even those with the higher degrees—M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s—confront the same prospect. Prepared and eager for work, after years of training, a vast number of these young people are to be graduated into the ranks of the unemployed.

Ten years ago many college graduates found jobs in the teaching field. Then, too, there were still places for the bright young B.A.'s or B.S.'s in the Bell Telephone Company, and Edison Electric, or with Wall Street bond houses and National City Bank. The big engineering and commercial firms sent their agents throughout the country to pick the most promising graduates out of the yearly flock of sheepskin holders. Today, even the graduate who has had the benefit of a fellowship for further study has no promise of future employment. Reduction in educational budgets of the public schools and colleges, mergers of big corporations, curtailment of commercial research work, and retrenchment in business, have closed the doors to the college graduate looking for a job.

Out of the crisis of the growing economic and cultural decline of our day, two fields of activity still seem to beck-

on to the eager graduate. The government runs both of these enterprises. One has to do with the attempt to salvage the human and social wreckage resulting from our economic ills. The other is concerned with preparing an instrument to destroy life—the war machine. Many students have been helped through college by the F. E. R. A. Full-time work with such federal projects and kindred local and state social agencies offers a possible career—on an emergency basis—to some college graduates. Special W. P. A. projects also hold forth some hopes. Military service in some branch of the Army or Navy offers an appeal to some of the boys who have served four years in the R. O. T. C. and to others who have never tasted of the discipline of military life. What a prospect for the Class of '36! What chance is there to support a wife and found a home on the income offered in these fields?

A few openings still appear for the favored. John will start in his father's business, and take it over in a year or two—if there is any business left. The illusion of further study as an asset for a good job possesses some students who receive fellowships or whose parents still have a nest egg to invest in the young hope of the family. A year of travel abroad before settling down to life work is still the reward some graduates receive for choosing to be born of parents who can provide such luxuries. The editor of the school paper may get a job as cub reporter on a city sheet, though more likely he won't. The star athlete may land a job as a high school coach, if his classroom marks approximate his athletic feats. Here and there

an enterprising graduate may have prepared the way by serving an apprenticeship with a big firm during his summer vacations.

The Big Day in June

The great majority of the high school boys and girls and the college men and women who face "Commencement" day in June will face unemployment the day after. The war-makers and Fascists want this crop of youth for their ranks. These engineers of the destruction of life and liberty, however, give no promise of normal living or significant work to those who listen to their call. The deathhead and the torn Bill of Rights is the symbol of their fraternity.

In 1914 the youth of Europe, beguiled by the propaganda of rival imperialist powers, unknowingly chose to stand with the forces of death and destruction. In 1917 the youth of American colleges and universities also succumbed to the Great Deception. Entranced in the grip of a crisis that shook the world, they turned their backs on the campus and flung their strong bodies and fine ideals into the breach of war. Willingly they put aside all thoughts and dreams of a future of peace and prosperity and chose what they thought was a Spartan path leading to a better world. Today that generation of college youth knows it was betrayed. The battle they thought they won was never fought. The world was not made safe for democracy by their sacrifice of life and future. The war to end war only bred more wars, more vicious and vindictive. True, they faced the crisis; they didn't flinch from

making the choice. But today they realize that their services were bought cheaply and spent without regard for life or honor.

Today

The youth of today face a crisis more serious than that of 1917 because of its twofold nature. War is in the air and a Fascist state looms in the future. Our whole economic system is cracking up. Our culture is declining. War budgets mount, while relief, educational and health funds are slashed by a government that seeks to protect the wealth of a few at the expense of the lives, culture and comfort of the many. Last year Congress appropriated \$1,138,000,000 for war purposes, a sum equal to a tax of \$8.75 on every man, woman and child in the United States. This year, the total will be even larger. Last year \$4,800,000,000 was allotted for relief. This year the President calls for only \$1,500,000,000. This government plans the destruction of the people of other nations by war, and the destruction of its own citizens by starvation and unemployment. The profit system cannot run without enforced scarcity and high prices. Facing a crisis, the competitive economy becomes even more deadly in its disregard of human rights. War and unemployment are its agents. These are the plans of death.

And where does youth fit into these plans? The military of the United States is being extended to coincide with capitalism's needs. The economic and political crisis of capitalism demands that the military be expanded to further

(Continued on page 24)

Mussolini Muscles In

With their powerful batteries of guns Italian Fascism invades a nation of bow and arrow . . . The Fascists in France are badly beaten . . . What effect on world peace and democracy?

By Johannes Steel

WITH the Italian conquest of Ethiopia the first phase of the struggle between two different types of imperialism has ended. The conquest of Ethiopia, apart from being a de facto success of the Fascist military over the opinions of the French military experts who told Mussolini in January, 1935, that the conquest of Ethiopia was an impossible military venture, is also a demonstration of the new imperialist will of Rome. All through the three-cornered Italo-British and African struggle during the past year, most observers have neglected to remind us of the fact that this struggle is in a larger sense of course, nothing else but the struggle between two definite types of imperialism. One is the British type of imperialism that is saturated and therefore on the defensive. The other type of imperialism is the Italian type that is nascent and aggressive. Morally speaking the Fascist aggression in Ethiopia remains the most flagrant and inexcusable piece of imperialism yet perpetrated in this century. However, dispassionate analysis must guide us in evaluating the Ethiopian conquest in terms of world peace. This may seem an uncharitable attitude, but it remains the only way to get a clear cut and rational picture out of the maze of criss-cross intrigues that hang like a sulphurous veil over the international situation.

Victory

Mussolini in his first flush of victory, with the usual capacity for exaggeration, does not worry the British when he over-estimates the propensities for settlement of Italians in Ethiopia. The mere fact of a military victory in Ethiopia by the Fascists does not in any way change the climatic and physical characteristics of the country, which were admittedly unsuitable for European colonization in the autumn of 1935, and are no less unsuitable in the spring of 1936. The strongest proof of this statement is the fact that no European, and in particular neither Great Britain nor France, has ever seen fit to treat Ethiopia as these countries have treated other parts of Africa, and as Mussolini

has just treated Ethiopia. It should be remembered also, that the British once conquered Ethiopia but realizing the character of the country as far as possibilities for economic exploitation were concerned withdrew their forces in short order instead of exposing the "natives" to the "advantages" of imperialist civilization.

In short, Great Britain does not fear the four hundred thousand Italians which Mussolini said would settle in Ethiopia. What Great Britain fears is that the conquest of Ethiopia constitutes an effective threat to British imperialism and if left unanswered will make Britain's economic position in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Egypt, as well as the British naval position in the Mediterranean, untenable. Therefore, Mussolini's victory may turn out to be not worth the immense price in terms of money and national energy paid for it by the starving Italian people, since the spoils in this case will not belong to the actual victor, but France and England will see to it that they get their share in terms of "spheres of influence."

Chestnuts and Prestige

Mussolini may still come to realize that he pulled British and French chestnuts out of the African fire. It would, however, be an unwarranted illusion not to realize that the Italian military victory was a fillip to the Fascist regime in Italy and resulted in an increase of prestige of Italy as a military power. Mussolini certainly will attempt to take advantage of this fact. This is precisely the reason why a clash between the old and saturated imperialist power Great Britain and that of the belligerent and younger imperialism of Italy seems to be inevitable. In the meantime the vacillation and downright cowardice as evidenced in the foreign policies of the conservative British government and as executed by England's "most gorgeous" foreign secretary, Eden, has led to a resounding defeat and enormous loss of prestige of Great Britain, both among the imperialist powers, and what is perhaps even more important, the native peoples that make up the British empire. This loss of

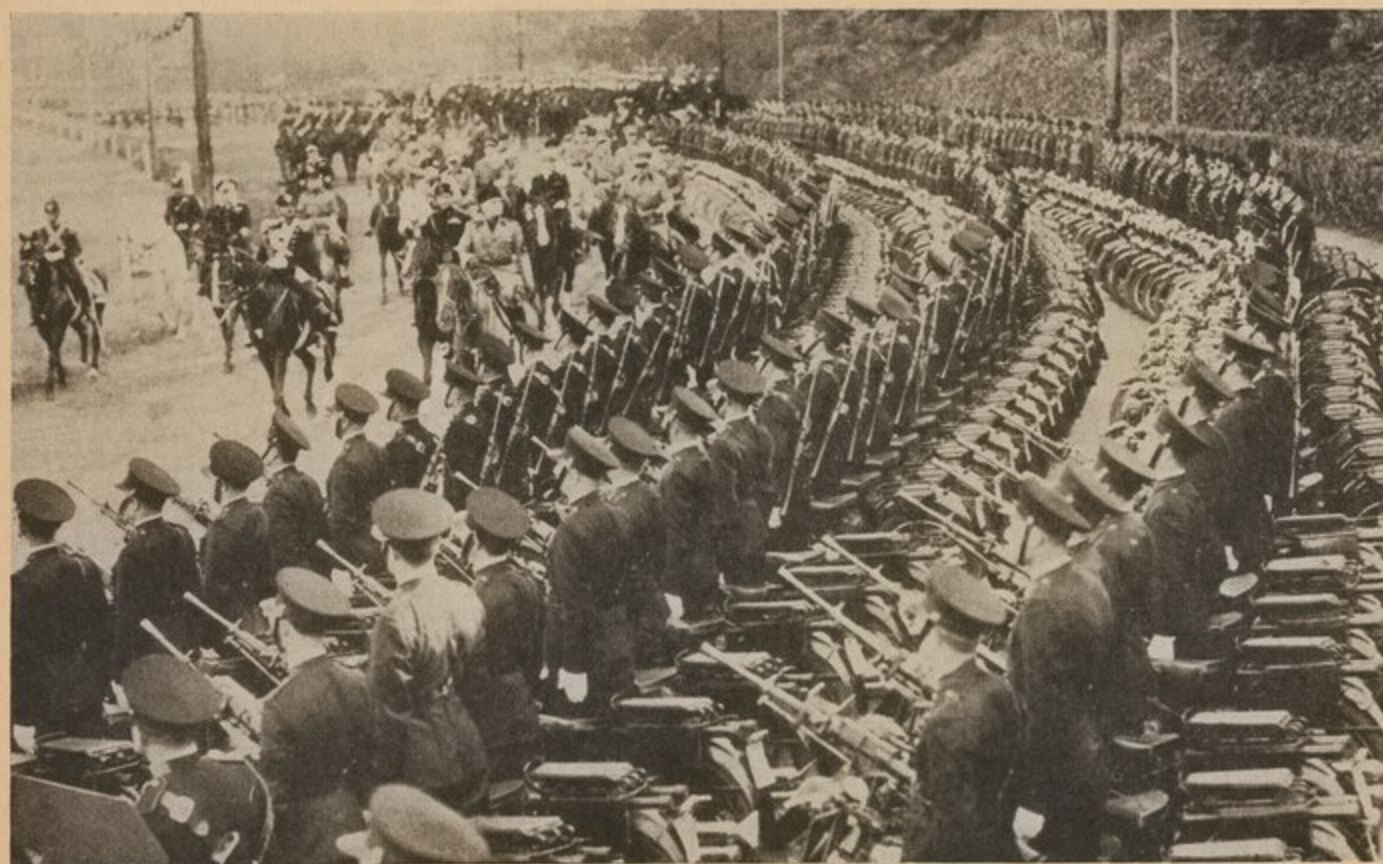
prestige will undoubtedly strengthen the young movements of independence that exist already in the British colonies. At home this loss of prestige has led to the moral collapse and complete loss of authority of the Baldwin government. Mr. Baldwin, therefore, will in all probability soon be succeeded by a more aggressive imperialist.

Pressure Groups

There are in Great Britain today, two organized pressure groups that will exert their influence upon the composition of the next British cabinet and upon the future British foreign policy. One of these groups is led by such personalities as Mr. Montague Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Rothemere, the newspaper tycoon, and Sir Henry Deterding, the oil king. This group is essentially Fascist and wants a pro-German, anti-Soviet and therefore, anti-French foreign policy. The other group, which is largely influenced by personages such as Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Amery, General Smuts, and Sir Abe Bailey, the South African multi-millionaire, is composed of what one might term for lack of better definition, conservative imperialists. While both groups want nothing better than that the fat British bulldog be left to gnaw his bone in peace, the latter group specifically wants a foreign policy that puts a stop to Italian imperialist ambitions, consolidates British power in Africa, and curbs rigorously all Nazi yearnings for a Teutonic empire. This group therefore hesitates to encourage the idea that Hitler's imperialist ambitions should be short-circuited into aggression against the Soviets. This is so, first, because of the Franco-Soviet pact, and second, because this group of old experienced imperialists do not want to embarrass another veteran imperialist power whose assistance they

Top: Ethiopian women foraging for food and firewood for their men at the front. Right: Ethiopian children. Far right: Mussolini astride his horse reviews his military forces





FIGHT, June 1936

may need in the curbing of nascent Italian imperialism.

To the Gentle Care of the Nazis

If, however, Hitler insists, against the wishes of Dr. Schacht, who is pressing for German expansion on the European continent, on colonial expansion in Africa, then this group of British imperialists will be confronted with the necessity of satisfying the Nazis in one way or another. Mr. Eden has already asked Hitler on May 7th exactly what his colonial ambitions are. There exists in Germany, of course, a desire for the return of the former German colonies, the most desirable of which are, as might be expected, now under British mandate. Mr. Amery and those in Great Britain who think like him are quite unwilling even to consider the return of these territories to the gentle care of the Nazis. Therefore, if Germany's colonial ambitions in Africa are to be satisfied, it will be at the expense of Portugal.

As a matter of fact discreet diplomatic soundings in this direction on the part of the British in Lisbon took place as early as June, 1935. So far, however, they have met with a complete rebuff on the part of the Portuguese, who say that they would not sell their colonies in Africa even for cash. This, however, may be nothing else than a bargaining maneuver since the Portuguese know very well that in the last analysis they could not indefinitely withstand British diplomatic pressure. All this colonial redistribution, of course, will mean an Africa once more in flux; the effects of such a labile African map would be well-nigh unpredictable. This explains, of course, why Great Britain is spending the colossal sum of four hundred million dollars on the Singapore base and unspecified military developments in the Mediterranean and the construction of some forty new warships. The total expenditure of British rearmament during the next five years on land, sea and air will certainly pass two billion dollars. The British government frankly admits that it is preparing for an early war. It contends that this war will be in the defense of her empire. The continuance and security of Britain's colonial empire depends to a major extent on British naval and air supremacy in the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. This supremacy does not exist at the moment.

The British Empire

Today, from the point of view of naval strategy, Great Britain is at a hopeless disadvantage against Italy in the Mediterranean. Italy has today at least a thousand bombing planes, each able to carry a three-thousand-pound bomb load to any point on the Mediterranean littoral from the Italian home bases and back. The British fleet, with its heavy antiquated craft, cannot risk to expose herself to the dangers of such

an aerial attack. The British naval and air bases in Malta and Cyprus, as well as in Palestine, are insecure because in these countries the native population has been moving in a direction as to give the British serious concern. This holds particularly true of Egypt and Palestine. England's rearmament program therefore is designed to do one thing only, merely to create an air force and a navy of such mobility that can effectively answer the Italian threat to British communications to the Near East and India, which indeed are the umbilical cord of the British empire.

A Victory Over Fascism

On the continent, in the meantime, there has been the terrifying spectacle of the entrance of seventy-one Communists and one hundred and forty-five Socialists into the French Chamber for the first time in the history of France, or for that matter of any Latin country on the continent of Europe. In a parliamentary sense the French elections were an undisputed victory for the united forces of the left, and therefore of democracy over Fascism. This victory of the left is particularly impressive and demonstrative in view of the fact that the forces of the right and reaction had at their disposal not only the funds of the Comité des Forges and the Bank of France, but also controlled most organs of public opinion, such as newspapers and the radio. The latter was in the firm and grasping hands of what may well turn out to be France's most potential candidate for a Fascist means of propaganda, M. Mandel, bastard scion of the Rothschild banking family. To this must be added the military prestige among the civil servants and the professional army of Marshal Petain. Thus the victory of the left was a historic deed and all the prerequisites for a successful left government exist. If such a left government has learned anything at all from what happened in Germany, it will take power with firmness. The hopes of all the common peoples of Europe are centered today with anxiety and joyful expectation upon the future course of action that the new French government may pursue. A historic task and a gigantic responsibility, not only to France, but to all the forces of peace and democracy in the world, has been placed right in the hands of such men as Marcel Cachin, Thorés, Gaston Bergery, Leon Blum, and particularly Edouard Deladier.

For Civilized Progress

Thus, in spite of the fact that the Fascist victory in Ethiopia was expected by the forces of reaction to lead to an encouragement of Fascism all over Europe, the actual result was the resounding defeat for reaction in France as well as in Spain and a victory for the forces of civilized progress. It is in this sense that the leaders of the United

Front in France have a historic task to fulfill that lies in the fact that they have with one stroke created a rallying point of all those people of the world generally, and Europe in particular, who want to march together to the common goal of more just international relations and greater economic equality.

Class of 1936

(Continued from page 21)

the profit-makers' interests abroad and to repress internally any threat to their positions of power and privilege. The War Department Appropriations Bill calls for a year of special training in the regular Army for 1,000 ROTC graduates. Representative McSwain has proposed an Air Corps Bill to train 25,000 youth in the gentle art of dealing death from the skies upon their fellow men below. Additional thousands are to be added to the Army and Navy, and the National Guard is to be increased. Not content with wooing the boys from the campus to serve as scabs in labor conflicts, the forces of destruction now want to turn the college youth into armed strike-breakers. What a noble career for sleek young second lieutenants from comfortable families!

The Choice

The major question for near college graduates to face today is not the problem of a job—on WPA or in a department store or running errands for a bank president. The big question is, what stand will they take against the forces of destruction that threaten humanity? The forces of life are pitted in a titanic struggle against the forces of death. Youth must choose where it will stand and for what cause it will fight. He who is not against the war-making and freedom-destroying

forces is for them. There is no middle ground.

The choice for life is without benefit of uniform or fanfare, subsidies or glamor. But he who stands for peace and democracy today is not alone. The sympathies of the vast majority of the American people are with him. As yet, however, it is only a determined minority that takes a firm stand on these issues and actually does something to stop the forces of war and growing Fascism. It is this minority, however, representing the interests of the greatest part of the American people, that challenges youth to action today.

Society has invested years of care and training in the Class of '36. Society, not government nor even the schools themselves, has a right to expect that youth, so trained, will recognize this debt and discharge it—not to government as such, nor to any group or interests, but to the whole of the population. Government and schools and all social institutions are not the rulers of society; they are the agents, the instruments, the servants of society. Government is always subject to change and institutions to modifications according to the needs and the will of society. Today the agencies and servants of society are being used to destroy millions of people in the interests of a small group. This is the breach into which the youth must step if society is to be saved from the horror of war and the black night of Fascist repression.

Many voices are calling for peace. Most of them are sincere, some misguided, and a few deliberately false.

A program of goodwill between nations can not establish peace when the underlying economic relationships continually breed competition and strife. Abstract idealism cannot bring peace when the concrete points of conflict between nations and groups of na-

tions are constantly multiplying. Neutrality legislation that permits the sale of oil, scrap iron, cotton and other raw materials to warring powers cannot insure peace for this country. Preparedness—a bigger army and more powerful navy for "defense"—has never brought peace. Even the prayers of a righteous man do not avail for peace when the religious institution in which he prays has an economic stake in war and a financial and political interest in the *status quo* that is breeding war.

The Real American

Among the voices that call for the preservation of democracy today, the true ones can be detected by their actions in defense of democracy, and by their clear-eyed recognition of the fact that democracy cannot stand still, but must move forward if it is to continue. While the Liberty League eulogizes the Constitution, its members are busy destroying the Bill of Rights. While Father Coughlin makes a great fuss about building a democratic political organization, he denies labor the right to organize and strike for its rights. While Roosevelt "fights Wall Street in the interests of the forgotten man," he garners more and more executive power at the expense of the legislature and the people. While vigilante bands rush on their intimidating, smashing, beating way under the cover of "Americanism," workers' and farmers' rights are crushed and ignored. Those who stand for democracy today are the people who are fighting for the rights of free speech, free press and free assembly. They are the people who take the first ten amendments of the Constitution seriously and demand the freedom to exercise the rights guaranteed therein. Fervid patriots, William Randolph Hearst and the Liberty League, call them "reds," but they are the *real Americans*. You find them in almost every field today—among the farmers and industrial workers, in the professions. Often they stand alone, lifting their voices and raising their hands against the clamor of the false patriots and the reactionaries. More often a small group stands with them, growing in numbers and strength with each assault on democratic rights.

College and high school youth of today, you must choose between the forces of life and the agents of death. The lines of the struggle daily grow clearer. Cast the "certainty" of the future you thought was yours behind you. It doesn't exist; it hasn't existed since the close of the World War. Throw yourself and your hope for the future into the ranks of those who are fighting war and Fascism. Give your strength to the forces that are working for peace and democratic rights. Your choice lies between labor camps and blood-soaked battle fields on the one hand and mankind's cause of peace and freedom on the other.



Homes in the Brooklyn Navy Yard district

Film & Photo League

Letters

I Know Beans

To best introduce the subject of my letter, I will tell you the story of a young man who couldn't make much headway with a farm lass that he fell for hard. He knew she was friendly so he asked a more experienced friend for advice. The friend suggested he find a topic that she knew and was interested in and use it to dispel the barrier between them. The girl knew "pigs" very well so pigs was the chosen topic.

I am a farm woman and in order to be able to express to you some very deep feeling which ought to be expressed—the oftener the better, I must talk beans to you. I know Beans. We raise about 80 to 90 acres of them, in addition to fruit.

My husband is doing business away from the farm in order to cover losses sustained during the last few "prosperous" years and to carry our home on the ranch until better times.

Beans are high and "firm" but somehow the fact rankles me now. When the Italo-Ethiopian war broke out my husband wired "Hold the beans they are going up." For some time after I reckoned how much each penny rise on a pound of beans meant in dollars and hundreds of dollars to us and it meant very much. One day while listening to the radio on the war troubles in the world, I began to do some other kind of reckoning. It took us after 1914 about 3 years to enter the little world's scrap. In three years my big son will be just ripe for enlistment or conscription, so the few hundred dollars that distant war brought us may exact a very expensive return—a limb or such—a little mutilation here



or there of my blond six footer—Or maybe he may be just obliterated entirely as happened before to some I knew, who couldn't even be placed in a tomb as an unknown soldier. What for? To ruin other mothers' sons and to give us a measly and temporary few hundred dollars bonus?

I am riled that in such a rich country as ours I must be so harassed for a decent income that I didn't even recognize my bean profits as blood money. Some gentlemen, not dirt farmers, I

gather from the Senate investigation I heard over the radio, received millions. In a democratic country why should these few get the lion's share?—

As I write these fixed words on paper, I am a seething excited human willing to do anything to prevent such a terrible fate to my son or any other mother's son on any side of the fence.

If there is any fighting to be done my son says "I might as well risk my life now for some constructive cause." I feel another way of fighting is to aid your work and we are at your service to the best of our ability.—(MRS.) M. A. HALPRIN, Yuba City, Calif.

No More Charity

I have recently determined to give no more to charitable organizations, but to leave their support to the many persons



who do not wish the system changed which makes charity necessary.

I shall give instead to radical movements aimed to replace our present economic system by a better one.

Accordingly I enclose a check for five dollars, to aid in the fight to stem the forces of reaction.—G. S., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Female of the Species

(Continued from page 6)

should see anew the madness of the whole performance.

Or, to look at the problem from an angle already discussed by others,—think of the risks to all civilization in modern war. Let us assume, for the sake of the argument, that the World War was a contest between two types of civilization. Think now of the Battle of Jutland in which the two types of alleged civilization hung in the balance. What decided the issue—or the lack of issue? According to the experts "low visibility"—a situation due to weather conditions over which men have no control whatever. I think that Oswald Garrison Villard has somewhere developed this point with more force than I can command. Here are the two greatest fleets in the world,—the expression of the highest skill of the most completely developed physical

science,—and the issue between them decided by what, from the human point of view, is sheer chance. How is that for an outcome,—especially when we think of rational beings as trying to find the processes which will make for security and not for chance.

There are other arguments, too numerous to mention, which have to do with the most elementary human considerations—considerations which ought to appeal to us all not as men or as women but as human beings. I think it is in this realm of the elementals that the final statements will have to be made. We shall all have to wake up to the fact that we are not acting like human beings,—or even like the higher forms of animal creations.

Meanwhile let us hope that women will try not to be fools,—or least not as big fools as the men.

Cheap Labor

(Continued from page 7)

pay for potatoes for their children, they found the price of that staple food had risen 266% in 1917; in 1920 it soared 506%! As for sugar, the price shot up 385% in one year; corn meal rose 172% in 1917 and 133% in 1920. The U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics admitted that by November-December, 1918, the cost of living in the United States had increased 78% over December, 1914, and Dr. I. M. Rubinow pointed out that "real wages in 1917 are probably even lower than they were in 1915." So much for women's gains in the War.

Since the Armistice

In the trade upset caused by the War and the consequent depression and unemployment, how have women fared? If they never won equal pay, have they at least retained equal opportunity for work? I am afraid we cannot answer yes.

To begin with, the Government, with amazing agility, hastily reversed itself and took the initial step in selling out the women. Immediately after the armistice, "we were advised," Mary Anderson of the Women's Bureau in Washington recalls, "that men would hold the jobs now held by women."

There had been a premonition of how things might fall out in a study made at the request of the War Industries Board and presented at the National Conference on Labor Problems under War Conditions back in 1917. That was the handwriting on the wall which no one stopped to read when things were booming so marvel-

ously. However, C. E. Knoppel, who made the study, had frankly pointed out that there would be permanent jobs for women only if the War lasted long enough and "we number our dead and disabled through injury and disease by the hundreds of thousands, thus depleting the industrial ranks."

In that case, he said, "thousands of disabled will have to be supported by the wives and sisters of the crippled or diseased, all of which will call for many women remaining at work." But, he added, "We cannot get away from the basic argument—if there is a dearth of men, women will be needed and will work, whereas if there is an oversupply of men, women will have to give way. . . ." In fact, Mr. Knoppel went on honestly to say:

There may also be quite a little legislation necessary, as for instance a law to prohibit married women from working in industry who live with their husbands and whose wage is sufficient to support both.

The Cost

And so, as the poisonous fruits of the War and of Versailles ripened, as unemployment rose and as incomes fell, Mr. Knoppel's prophetic flair was confirmed. Some of the "little legislation" that became "necessary" included Clause 213 of the National Economy Act, passed by the United States Senate, wherein it was set forth that married persons may not hold jobs in the Civil Service if their husbands or wives also hold jobs in the Civil Service. This legislation affected women almost exclusively, and not only cost them their jobs but their pension rights as well.

States followed quickly upon the heels of the Federal Government. Maryland proposed that women should not hold positions in city offices if their husbands were employed anywhere. Michigan made an exception only if husbands were physically or mentally defective.

Private industry followed the pattern set by government, national and local. The railroad companies began to dismiss first the women whose husbands received any money at all, later the daughters of men who were working. Prompt action by the Business and Professional Women's Clubs did cause this action to be rescinded, but the Men's Economic Protective Association formed in Denver, Colorado, determined to "end the depression by removing all women from industry and replacing them with men."

The fallacy that men's unemployment can be alleviated by aggravating that of women will not be argued here. Suffice it to say that women's pay is

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not net gain; that there are enough official reports on record so that we may flatly say that 95% of the married women who work do so because they or their families urgently require the money earned. What concerns us here is that time has failed to fulfill the war's promise of endless opportunity for women in industry.

Never having reached equality with men's pay, even during the War itself, women's pay has since the War remained consistently below that of men and together with men's pay has fallen 20%, 40%, even 60% in the far west. When the NRA codes were first fixed, feminists again hoped that women would receive equal pay for equal work. The President's agreement stated that such a principle should obtain. But after the first few codes were approved, the new idealism gave way before the old industrialism. A growing proportion of each batch of codes approved showed a separate minimum wage for men and women, with the latter, of course, always lower.

Since the NRA

And since the NRA, we have the statement of an employee of the New York State Employment Office to the effect that "Wages for women have definitely gone down since the NRA. We could show that from our files except we are not allowed to turn over the files at this time. More and more women are being pushed out of industry and in some cases even out of the professions, such as from teaching into domestic service."

As for the protective legislation that was welcomed, where is it today? Tossed out the window on March 3d of this year when the New York Court of Appeals voided the minimum wage law for women in New York State and thereby threatened to affect similarly laws in sixteen other states.

Now all this is not said to stir up antagonism between men workers and women workers. The feminists are too prone to do just that, and thereby to play into the hands of reactionary forces. Employers are only too happy to see worker pitted against worker. What both men and women workers must understand is that their problem is a common one. The cheaper the pay of women, the cheaper the pay of men. The presence of any cheap labor on the market is a constant menace to better paid labor. The continual hedging in on the income of the family, whether earned by husband or by wife, or eked out by both together, is rapidly bringing the country to economic disintegration, making it the prey of Fascist forces.

Back to the Home?

Then indeed we shall see, as in Hitler Germany, that women, when taken out of higher paid industries, are rapidly and unostentatiously redistributed into the lower-paid ones. There are



LYDIA GIBSON

Banks & Munitions: "We need you, my dear!"

today 9.1% more women employed in Germany than in pre-Hitler days. While the call was ringing loudest for women to leave the good jobs and go back to home and children, 1,400 workers, almost all young girls and women, were being engaged by the Wittenberg munition factories and 1,300 new workers in the chemical works in Rheim-Main.

Right in the United States today, there is plenty of work for women, cheap and dangerous work, work in the munitions industries: 180,000 women are engaged in the metal industry including jobs in iron and steel; 86,000 women are in chemical industries; 82,000 in electrical supplies and power shops; 50,000 in automobile and repair shops; 35,000 in rubber factories. Sixty per cent of the employees in rayon plants are women. Any of these plants can within twenty-four hours be turned into factories producing war materials.

But are women going to continue willingly to be the cheap labor behind the lines that makes possible the ghastly slaughter of modern war, the years of grinding depression that inevitably follow, the loss of human liberties and human dignities? Surely not—when they realize the facts.

Then what to do? First of all, women must refuse to be drawn into cross purposes with their co-workers, the men. Women and men must realize that their problem is one and the same. They must join together, and men must let them join, *must*, with

their greater experience, point the way for them to join, the organized trade union movement.

A Way Out

Just as it is the worker's yearly income, not his hourly or weekly rate of pay, that determines whether he eats enough, so it is the family's income, not the wife's, not the husband's, that determines whether children will go to school with shoes on their feet and food in their stomachs. In fact it is the total income, not of women, not of men, but of all the working people together, that determines the degree of health and happiness in the country. Surely it has been said often enough now that there is no prosperity unless the consumers as a whole have the necessary money with which to consume.

So do not be led into false quarrels. Do not allow dissension now when the hour is so critical. Unite, women and men, to save each other!

Parades

(Continued from page 15)

She went up the stairs and reached for the key in the hole in the plaster. It was not there. Someone must have gone in. She pushed the door open a little bit and peeked. It might be thieves—or cops maybe. But no one was there who shouldn't be there. Just Millie's momma sitting in the rocking chair and staring ahead of her.

"Smatter, Momma?" Millie asked. "Are you sick?"

Momma raised her head and looked at Millie.

"I guess so," she said. "I guess I must be sick. Something's funny with my legs and something's funny in my throat. I guess I can't go back to work."

"Gee, that's swell, Momma." And then, "I'm sorry you're sick. Can't I get something?"

Millie's momma shook her head.

"I guess I'll lay down a minute. And maybe you can tell Mis' Schultz she better come have a look. If you can find an orange, Millie, I think it would taste good."

MIS' SCHULTZ was only too pleased to hurry right over and Millie set out for an orange. She knew all right where she could get one—over at the fruit stand. All you had to do was wait until the new man's back was turned and then you nipped up on him.

But today the new man was watching for Millie.

"Get away from here, you little thief," he yelled waving his arms at her. "Get away from here, d'y'hear?"

Oh well, there were other fruit stands.

But luck wasn't good today. Millie thought she'd better beat it back to her momma. Maybe she'd need something.

"Gosh! I wish I'd got that orange."

Just as she got to the corner she saw it—round, golden, untouched in the can outside the door. She looked cautiously. Little Mary Mee of the flat downstairs was putting on her skates. She hadn't seen it yet. She pounced. She got it. Her momma should have her orange.

As she went up stairs she heard an awful hub-bub. It was the old women. Whenever anyone got sick they went calling. Millie was kind of sore because she really wanted to give her momma her orange without anyone asking her where she got it. She stopped at the door for a moment and looked in.

"Oh weh! Oh weh!" cried the fat old woman at the door, "the poor child, the poor little motherless child."

Millie walked slowly into the room. The orange slithered out of her hand.

"As much a war casualty as if it had been on the battlefield," the doctor said.

"What shall I do with the child?" the priest said.

AND this time Millie walked in the parade herself—the parade that played the dirge although there weren't many men to walk slow and solemn.

"Dear God," she prayed when she reached the church, "dear God, please let someone win—anyone. But let them win quick. I don't want any more parades."

Building the League

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid



CALIFORNIA—One of the most successful activities of the *Los Angeles Women's Committee* was the circulation of a petition demanding elective R.O.T.C. Three thousand names were gathered in time to have a delegation



of women present them to the Board of Regents. "Unfortunately," reports the secretary, Mrs. Elaine George, "the Board, which from every point of view is very Hearstian and Big Bankerish, voted for compulsory military training. This, instead of putting a damper on the spirit of our women, decided them to continue the petition-signing with more vigor than ever throughout the year." The League has also been engaged in another signature campaign—calling upon the local Congressman, Mr. Kramer, to withdraw his notorious sedition bill from Congress. General Smedley D. Butler spoke at a huge mass meeting held by the League on April 24th. The local reception committee included many public figures—a judge of the superior court, business and professional men, several war veterans and the president of a college. "What We Are Doing for Peace" was the subject



Margaret Forsyth, Chairman Women's Section, American League Against War and Fascism

of a panel discussion conducted by the *Palo Alto League* on April 20th. Professor Ernest Hilgard of Stanford chaired this interesting meeting at which representatives of the Sinclair-Epic group, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Negro Forum, Stanford students, and a Study Group spoke. Bert Leech, California organizer of the League, concluded the list of speakers. *San Francisco* was host to another General Butler meeting on April 22nd, with the League and the Youth Congress cooperating. Resolutions were adopted denouncing war and Fascism and condemning Hearst and his press. General Fang Chen-Wu and Harry Bridges added to the effectiveness of this meeting by their timely addresses.

DENVER—When the Governor of Colorado declared martial law on the southern border of the state to prevent the entrance of "alien" labor from New Mexico, the League exposed the Fascist nature of this act and began the organization of strong protest. A Committee called upon the Governor, and a mass meeting of citizens protested his arbitrary action. The revival of the Klan and its threats to the Negroes of Denver have also been exposed and contested. A petition campaign and a delegation to the City Council centered the attention of the community on the repressive and intimidating character of the Klan's activities. In the midst of these issues, the *Denver League* has organized a cast for the production of "Peace on Earth," and will present this moving anti-war play in six different cities.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA — James Lerner, our National Youth Secretary, is spending several weeks in this city. On April 30th he spoke to the League Branch, and on May 1st addressed the Townsmen Society at its regular luncheon meeting. Jim writes, "The town still remembers war-time prosperity. There's a Navy Yard and shipbuilding. There is a widespread belief that the only thing which can bring prosperity is war shipments and war building. There's a bill in Congress to take some millions of dollars from the WPA construction fund and use it on building barracks, explosive magazines, etc." In such a situation, the need for an anti-war organization is imperative.

MINNESOTA—Farm women like the People's Mandate petition. Mrs. Fredrickson of *Askov* writes, "I am glad to tell you that we like the appearance of the new petitions much better than the ones we had last summer. We feel that these will be much easier to get signatures for. . . . I am indeed glad to see that farm women will be represented on your petition committee. The farm women should learn to take an active part and realize that we can do our part as well as any." The *Askov League* has also circulated the post cards protesting the McSwain Air Corps bill and has ordered a number of certificates in the anti-war certificate drive. *Minneapolis* Leaguers took an active and forceful part in organizing and putting on a huge Peace Demonstration on April 25th. Mrs. Charles Lundquist, member of our National Executive Committee, served as chairman of the arrangements committee. It was the broadest and most significant united front against war and Fascism that has been developed in the northwest. The Farmer-Labor Party in *Minneapolis* is putting League people on its speakers bureau and giving close cooperation in all League work.

DAVENPORT—The Women's Committee in this city is doing research work on the discrimination against women. Not only have they turned to the National Office of the League for help in carrying out their work, but they have also applied to the Labor Department in Washington for suggestions on procedure.

NATIONAL ORGANIZER—Waldo McNutt, in the new League car, made a round trip to Kansas during the past month and is now busy building the League in Minnesota and Wisconsin. At *Yankton, N. D.*, he spoke for the League over Station WNAX, and at *Mandan*, over KGCU, he gave the same talk that was barred



recently over Station WDAY at Fargo. At *Topeka, Kansas*, McNutt appeared before numerous groups—Townsend Club, Unitarian Church, student clubs

—and spoke under the auspices of the Kansas Civil Rights Commission over Station WIBW. He made brief stops at St. Louis and Chicago on his return to the Northwest, and has recently been organizing for the League at *Elbow Lake, Minnesota*, *Hager City* and *New Richmond, Wisconsin*. Farm groups, especially the Farmers' Union and Farmer-Labor organizations have been particularly receptive to the American League program and organization.

OHIO—A Peace March on Mother's Day was inaugurated by the Women's Committee of the *Cleveland League*. We go to press before the reports of this parade reach the office, but it promises to be one of the largest parades for peace in the history of *Cleveland*. Not only women were taking part, but the students also threw their forces into this demonstration against war. Sponsors and endorsers included the *Cleveland City Council*, *Newspaper Guild*, *Women's International League for Peace and Freedom*, *Council for Cause and Cure of War*, *Women's Benefit Association*, two settlement houses and numerous outstanding men and women.

PENNSYLVANIA — *Pittsburgh* recently conducted a very successful public meeting with John Spivak as the main speaker. On May 9th they sponsored the production of "Private Hicks" by the *Pittsburgh Theatre Group* at the *Soho Community House*. An amusing parody on "The March of Time" was one of the entertaining features of an evening which was dedicated to the new FIGHT. On May 18th the awards in the Peace Essay Contest will be presented at a special Good Will Day Program held in the *Schenley High School*. The *Philadelphia League*, along with twelve other organizations, took part in the panel discussion arranged by the Emergency Peace Campaign on April 23rd. All the members of the panel as well as the entire audience pledged to cooperate in and support the Mother's Day Peace Meeting. Margaret Forsyth, National Chairman of the Women's Section of the League, addressed this Mother's Day Peace Meeting. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Federation of Churches, American Student Union, the League for Total Disarmament, the National Cooperative Alliance and the Trade

Union Conference Against War gave their support to this meeting.

BALTIMORE—Our League here, under the dynamic leadership of Sam Swerdloff, the secretary, has scored again. When it was known that the Nazi cruiser, "The Emden," was to make its only east coast call at Baltimore, the League immediately began organizing a broad protest. A committee of over 50 people representing many different organizations and groups—labor, religious, fraternal, Negro—called upon the mayor. Leaflets, posters, and placards were distributed all over the city. Pressure was brought upon Legion and city officials who endorsed a reception for the German cap-



tain and crew. A permit was secured for a demonstration near the docked vessel. Over 3,500 people took part in this huge protest meeting on April 22nd. This was the broadest anti-Nazi movement ever organized in the city of Baltimore. The Canadian League is organizing a similar protest at Montreal when "The Emden" docks there.

NEW YORK CITY—The Women's Committee has run a very successful Speakers' Class during the winter. Not only have the women been taught to speak, but they have had a course, under the able leadership of Anna Center Schneiderman, on the discrimination against women, women's place in war, and the economic history of women. As a result, women have been prepared to speak before groups all over the city, showing the dangers to women of war and Fascism. One of the most thrilling events for the New York section of the League was the luncheon put on by the Women's Section of the United



Sam Swerdloff, Executive Secretary, Baltimore American League Against War and Fascism

Citizens' Committee for the American League Against War and Fascism. Eight hundred women filled the ballroom of the Hotel Astor on May 6th and responded to the plea for furthering the work of the fight against war and Fascism by giving and pledging \$2,000. "Next year we must give five thousand dollars," they said as they left the luncheon. The Government Workers' Councils are using as one of their official pamphlets a reprint of the article which appeared in *The FIGHT* on Section 213, which presented a discussion of the discrimination against married women. They have already ordered 2,000 of these reprints for their own members. Speaking of the work that outside women's groups have given the causes backed by the Women's Committee of the American League, it is good to report that seventeen women's papers and bulletins have written reviews on the pamphlet, *Women, War and Fascism*, by Dorothy McConnell, national secretary of our Women's Section. Not only that, but the pamphlet has been translated into Chinese and has appeared in the largest women's publication in Shanghai—the official paper of the Chinese Young Women's Christian Association. In still another



country, Canada, the League Against War and Fascism has followed the example of the Women's Committee of the American League and is celebrating Mother's Day as Peace Day. Dorothy McConnell is to address a Mother's Day mass meeting in Toronto. A peace pageant is to be presented and over 2,000 people are expected to attend this outstanding meeting.

Not to be outdone by the women, the children in New York City are also busy for the League. Two Junior Branches on the lower East Side have sold over 145 copies of the April *FIGHT*. One branch, the Youth of '76, contains 23 members ranging in age from 14 to 17 years. The other, Young Progressives by name, is made up of 18 members from 11 to 13 years old. Recently these two groups sponsored an anti-Fascist movie on Nazi Germany and brought out over 250 people. They also secured over 1,000 signatures protesting the Berlin Olympics.

MILWAUKEE—Dr. William W. Biddle of the State Norman School addressed a special League meeting of professional people recently. Much interest was shown and plans for the formation of a new branch were discussed. The League has continued its support of the Newspaper Guild strike on the local Hearst paper in the face of repressive actions of the management.



By
James Lerner

Mouth Notes

THESE notes are being penned from the banks of the Potomac at Norfolk, where I have been doing League work for the past two weeks. We have held several meetings here and now that new pep has been put into the League we will be hearing of big things from this Virginia city.

THE student strike on April 22 reached new heights, and on the basis of the figures in the national office of the American Student Union, it is certain that the predicted figure of a half-million was reached. The most significant aspect of the strike was probably the large participation of high school students in peace actions. Lack of such participation has been a weakness of previous strikes. Large numbers of high schools held student controlled assemblies. In Newark, New Jersey, Maurice Gates, a member of our youth committee, addressed the students of the Weequahic High School, the largest in the county.

The task now becomes one of involving those students who took part in the strike and peace actions in the everyday tasks of the peace movement. It may be that the war makers will not choose the strike day to declare war and then where will we be? The answer to that will depend on our success in organizing the peace sentiment which was so splendidly displayed.

THE next important date that we must now devote our attention to is May 30.



A call for Peace Action has been issued by the American Youth Congress on that date. Our youth branches must make a good showing. Work every day until May 30 will insure that.

From the call we read: "Let us therefore, this May, as the cannon resounds, honor the dead by a solemn demonstration for peace. Let us, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, here 'resolve that those who gave their lives have not died in vain,' that we shall use

the heritage and experience of the dead to cement the unity and determination of the youth of America in the fight for peace. As a living memorial to the dead and in the interests of peace, let us stop American industrial and financial interests from helping the war makers of other nations and halt its efforts to militarize us here at home."

WE have just received news from Paris that the Brussels International Youth Conference for Peace was a very great success. Representatives of more than twelve million youths of twenty-three countries collaborated with enthusiasm and made many important decisions. There were present at the conference 275 delegates and 49 observers representing 248 organizations.

The most important decision reached was the decision to work actively for the World Youth Congress to be held at Geneva on August 31 to September 7. However, we in America had anticipated them to the extent that we have already begun to set up an Amer-



ican Committee which will have its first meeting immediately. The committee is being arranged by Mr. Joseph Cadden, secretary of the National Student Federation of America. In a few days our youth branches will receive information on the Congress and how to proceed. Let us join actively with the peace-loving youth of the world to fight for peace on an international scale.

WE sent a letter to the President in reference to the use of his name to raise money for the American team to take part in the Hitler politico-sport fest. The answer: "The Secretary of State acknowledges, by reference from The White House, your communication of recent date, and takes pleasure in informing you that appropriate attention has been given to the contents thereof." I wonder what they mean? Maybe they have a stamp.



Anti-war and anti-Fascist demonstrations participated in by the American League Against War and Fascism and other peace and labor groups. Left: 3,500 people protesting Hitler rule upon the arrival of the "Emden" in Baltimore. Right: Mother's Day in Cleveland witnessed an anti-war parade of over 5,000 marchers

Kirche, Küche, Kinder

(Continued from page 9)

dition. . . Faust. . . the wise women of ancient Teuton lore. . . " However, it is permissible for even the younger woman to "cooperate" politically with men by attending political gatherings, so as to bring home to her fellow-women what the men say. The evidence for this, in the present year of grace? "Our ancient Germanic ancestors admitted women to their councils. The Edda also, in the ancient German heaven of the gods, always lets the goddesses join the gods in their consultations."

Does all this seem very far away? Are we so sure "it can't happen here"? Every one of the impossibilities I have mentioned—with the exception, I grant, of the Teutonic heaven—has some faint counterpart in some anti-social custom or piece of legislation in our own country. Let them but be brought together and nurtured to full strength in some twilight of the workers' resistance, and what might they not do!

As I write tonight, I look over the press dispatch of a few weeks ago that tells how in German cities children from "politically unreliable" neighborhoods may be taken from their parents and put under "wholesome discipline" in rural Nazi camps. And I look at my own town paper of this week and see how three little Polish-American children right in our own town courthouse have been sentenced to reform school because their parents' conscience—they belong to an obscure religious sect—would not allow them to salute the flag in school. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Yes, truly. Let us then root out these Fascist beginnings before the bitter fruit grows ripe.

Books

(Continued from page 19)

fied duties in each of these general fields. This new super-government will head up in the War Industries Board, and from its governing com-

mittee, which, it is planned, will be packed with great industrialists, all power will flow. That power will include the right to discriminate the men of fighting age into two categories, those who must go to the front to fight and those who must stay at home to man the industries. Now only the gullible will suppose that this mass conscription will be democratically impartial. It is obviously a clever way of controlling the working population.

On the basis of experience in the latter years of the First World War and during the post-war years, big ownership has become exceedingly suspicious of what the working class may do during the Second World War. Will it "take it" quietly or will it rebel? A technique is therefore required which will enable the owning class to pick the eyes out of the working class and send them to the front to be killed. The docile members of the class will be kept at home to work. However, even this will not insure peace on the home front, so, as an additional precaution, the U. S. Army plan includes an elaborate propaganda machine embracing the printed word, the spoken word (radio), posters, moving pictures, etc., etc., which will be manned by intellectuals, pseudo-intellectuals and other social illiterates with the object of doping the population into quietude. If this also fails to turn the trick, the plan includes devices for forcing acquiescence.

While the masses are shoved into the maw of the war machine, the owning class will govern openly as it did during the First World War and not by indirection as in times of peace. Industry will be co-ordinated for the duration of the war, and firmly controlled to facilitate mass murder and destruction, but it will not be deprived of profits. The army experts quickly learned that the only way to enlist the co-operation of the masters of the system which makes war inevitable was to insure them profits. The army plan provides that the profits will be delivered. The next war will, like the last war, be perfectly swell for private

profits. Unless, of course, the masses get out of hand!

In fact, as Miss Stein outlines it, and even more tellingly if you refer to her sources of information direct, the whole scheme adds up to war-time Fascism. Such a scheme can easily and readily be continued into the ensuing peace if conditions warrant. And conditions will. In the country in which private capitalism was least shaken by the first World War, the United States, war-time repression continued for several years after the war was officially over, and many of the laws passed then have never been repealed. War is one of the most potent destroyers of liberty known to history.

With such a tremendous subject on her hands, it is a tragedy that Miss Stein did not squeeze the last drop of value out of it. That she chose to make excursions into regions which it takes whole books adequately to describe was a mistake. But the weaknesses of this book should not keep readers from it. Don't be too impressed by the unfavorable reviews. Read the book and get the meat out of it. It is not perfect by any manner of means, but frequently "perfect" books are empty of all meat except tripe. This book, for all its imperfections, contains slabs of good, red, nourishing meat which should be welcome on anybody's table.

—C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

John Reed's Life

JOHN REED: THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTIONARY, by Granville Hicks, with the assistance of John Stuart; 453 pages; The Macmillan Company; a Book Union selection; \$3.50.

GRANVILLE HICKS has related the facts about John Reed's brave and turbulent life in a biography so excellent and complete that it can be called definitive.

Reed died, at the age of thirty-three, only ten years after he graduated from Harvard in 1910. In that decade he was with Bill Haywood in Patterson and with Villa in Mexico; he covered

various phases of the World War and participated in the October revolution, about which he wrote a classic contemporaneous account. He wrote for the old *Masses*, he wrote poems, plays and stories, and excellent journalism. He knew practically everybody, and everybody he knew was influenced by him one way or the other. He is buried in the Kremlin.

What kind of man could do all these things in so short a time? What do these events signify?

Until Mr. Hicks completed several years' work and this biography there were no adequate answers to these questions. Many who knew Reed well could not answer them. Would Max Eastman's opinion agree with Lincoln Steffens'? Or "Copey," of Harvard's with Mabel Dodge's? Or Walter Lippmann's with Art Young's? Within living heads there were isolated facts and emotions—affectionate or resentful. Those who do not like life disparaged him; those who love life adored or admired him. A generation grew up inspired by the continuing reality of his memory.

But what enabled John Reed to be so vital, and what determined the way his life should go?

The answers to these questions are supplied by Mr. Hicks with biographical skill of the highest order. He creates an integrated interpretation of the formative events in Reed's life which is deeply rooted in a rich soil of facts. He resolves the *seeming* paradoxes in the lad of Oregon aristocracy who wouldn't conform; in the youth who wanted the approval of Harvard snobs—but on his own terms; in the young man who learned about the striking silk workers of Patterson in Mabel Dodge's salon; in the man who was romantically captivated by Villa but became a Marxist revolutionary; in the man who wouldn't fight in the World War but gladly fought in the October revolution.

In addition to this re-creation of the processes which formed the inner man, Mr. Hicks revives the sweep, drama, and significance of Reed's life. It is an

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—CHARLES A. BEARD
in the *New Republic*.

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—HENRY HART

Book Notes

IN HIS review of *M-Day* Mr. Grattan refers to a certain pre-publication controversy. The facts in this case, as reported in the *New York World-Telegram*, will be of interest to our readers. The *Saturday Review of Literature* was sent a set of galley proofs of the book, for review, by the publishers. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of this journal, glanced through the proofs, noticed a chapter entitled "Morgan Bets on the Allies," and hastened to turn them over to Thomas W. Lamont, Morgan partner.

Dr. Canby did this, he says, so that Mr. Lamont "could suggest an impartial critic!" Instead, much to Dr. Canby's surprise no doubt, Mr. Lamont began to bombard the publishers of the book with questions, memoranda, charges of libel, denial of statements, and assertions discrediting the Nye senatorial munitions inquiry from which Miss Stein had taken much of her material. The publication of *M-Day* was thereby delayed four weeks, and we may suppose there was some nervousness in the offices of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

However, it was finally decided to publish the book anyway, with a few alterations. This left Mr. Lamont with only one small trick. The review in the *Saturday Review of Literature* was written by Dr. Charles Seymour, an old friend of Mr. Lamont, an outstanding defender of Woodrow Wilson's war policies, and the author of a book which attributes America's entry into the War solely to Germany's submarine campaign. Unlike our reviewer Mr. Grattan, Professor Seymour somehow did not recommend the book. He considers *M-Day* as "scarcely of greater importance than the radio speeches of Senator Nye."

"Professor Seymour was a very good choice as a critic," Dr. Canby told the *World-Telegram* reporter, "because he is conservative and not connected with any of the financial houses." This whole episode has given one slight advantage to the public, however: we have always known that the *Saturday Review of Literature* was conservative but now there isn't any secrecy about its connection with "any of the financial houses." Spread across the daily newspapers is the fact that it is owned by Thomas W. Lamont.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN has recently been lecturing at various universities and colleges on political, economic, and social questions. He is the author of biographies of the James family and Ambrose Bierce, and of a study of America's entry into the War entitled *Why We Fought*. EDWIN BERRY BURGUM is Associate Professor of English in New York University. Articles and reviews by him have appeared in *Symposium*, *Partisan Review*, *New Masses*, *Living Age*, and other journals. EVELYN SEELEY until last year conducted a popular woman's column in the *New York World-Telegram*. She is an active Newspaper Guild member and runs a department on the freedom of the press in the *Guild Reporter*. As well as writing feature articles she is at present engaged in completing a book. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is a prominent man of letters and former magazine editor. He is the author of biographies of Zola and Rousseau and of a study of American capitalists entitled *Robber Barons*. HENRY HART, until recently editor of Putnam's, is on the advisory board of the Book Union. He is the author of a novel based on the life of Boies Penrose.

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Oh Say, Can You See?

SOME of our ancestors may have come over for reasons that wouldn't look well on the family tree, yet we glory in any evidence that they did so because they were persecuted for their beliefs. Courage and independence of thought are, to most of us, our favorite American tradition.



Who, then, are these 100% Un-Americans promoting the dissenter-deportation bills, the two Dies, the Starnes-Reynolds and the Kerr-Coolidge bills, for bad example?

More our kind is the Marcantonio Right of Asylum Bill, providing that none shall be deported if "a refugee for political, racial or religious reasons."

The Morro Castle, the Mohawk and the Iowa disasters came and were "investigated" but it looks as if the first real light on the risks of ocean travel will be shed by the striking seamen. It started when they, whose lives are made up of unappreciated gallant courage, sacrifice and hard dirty work, were accused of endangering lives! They came back with one hundred and ten affidavits exposing the rotten lifeboats, lack of inspections and undermanning on practically every line in the Merchant Marine. We bet somebody is sorry that was ever started! By the time you read this the International Seamen's Union will have brought out more facts on safety vs. profit than ever were revealed by the Department of Commerce steamboat inspection service.

The Gospel according to Müller (formerly according to St. Matthew) just published in Germany, left out a lot of things that were in the Bible when we read it last. For example, all reference to the Ten Commandments. Bishop Müller, you remember, was commissioned to Nazify German Protestant Christianity.

May Day (internationally speaking) was a lot of things this year it has never been before. More labor, more youth, more religion—more everything. And the big concern of nearly all groups was war and Fascism.

We haven't read the Carver masterpiece, *What We Must Do to Save Our Economic System*, but from the reviews it must be a pip. He calls for organization of the "propertied classes," who will then deal out for the rest of us no relief, sterilization and limitation of marriage. The stupidity of the program fails to quiet our fears. Given the run of press, screen and radio, as well as may happen, he might "persuade the perplexed masses" as he threatens. Maybe.

The arresting and sentencing of little children by the government will, unless we miss our guess, shock our best women into the rare but powerful indignation they can sometimes show. We have seen so much of it lately in the U. S. that we wish now we had kept clippings on the subject so we could compile them into statistics, and be im-



pressive. Instead, we can only think of horrible examples, like the Massachusetts Baby Pacifists, sentenced to reform school. If a babe says boo at the flag, the government apparently will have the jitters. Making them mind, formerly thought to be the business of parents, is coming to be a greater concern on the part of the state than provision for the 500,000 children who are homeless and destitute in our land, and the 5c an hour paid for child labor in New Jersey.

Which reminds us—we haven't written our two Senators that we want that La Follette investigation. And what do we want investigated worst? We'd like to know what it is that makes progressive school teachers in this country afraid to go ahead. One of them told us the other day that in Mexico, where the children are barefooted, (though that's a hardship we could bear, considering their lovely climate and the kind of shoes we usually fall heir to) they have the advantage of methods our teachers know about but can't use, and she handed us a copy of *Progressive Education* for February, which is devoted to Mexico. We met a New York *Times* writer at luncheon right after that, and talked to him about it. No, he said, the *Times* couldn't say much

on the subject. There were groups that objected to news about things like that. . . . So that's our plaint for the La Follette committee. But we can't think of what everybody wants investigated. Write your own letters to your own Senators, asking that the civil liberties survey be made, and howl about your own lost liberties.

Burning of books has started in our land. Watch the little fires, tiny yet, go up; the smoke of every successful blaze signals others to start. A raid on a bookshop in Aberdeen, Washington, was regarded with calm satisfaction by the police.

Like throwing a rotten egg, Mexico sent us Calles, the Fascist. We grant that she didn't mean anything personal. It was just a case of letting the chips fall where they would. But we got him just the same. Which, if it proves anything, proves that deportation is no cure even for Fascism. What if we returned the disfavor with William Dudley (Virgin Birth) Pelley? The action though, did have several features we liked—lack of bloodshed, orderly procedure, and best of all, an accurate recognition of the enemies of the people.

Washington, D. C., lost the convention of the Social Workers which moved to Atlantic City where its Negro delegates wouldn't meet so much discrimination. The convention is giving over a whole session this year to the discussion of Fascism.

The Reich Sport Paper (*Reichsportblatt*) is crying about Aryan Max Schmeling having to fight Negro Joe



Louis. Good reason (not given): their well grounded fear that Louis will win.

Direct and unashamed now is German State control of sport. Sport dictator, Hans von Taschammer and Oster, has been empowered, among other things, to require any sport group to adopt any program he sees fit, on pain of dissolution.

When the National Student Strike rose above all advance quotations to half a million, making a new high for

the movement, bidding by both major parties for the 9,000,000 first time votes in the coming election became lively. Asking price: the American Youth Act and other valuable considerations.

In the spring, women's organizations hold their national conventions. The General Federation of Women's Clubs, which met in Florida, voted for reduction of armaments and abolition of child labor; the National League of



Women Voters which met in Cincinnati defended academic freedom, opposed teachers' oath laws now existing in twenty-two states. Not, they said, that they didn't believe in loyalty to their country, but the laws were applied to "interfere with and jeopardize the liberty of teachers and their ability to teach." The well known loyalty and almost painful decency of the profession, they seemed to feel, was not the question at all.

And women's organizations—a number of them—have made Mother's Day this year into Mother's Peace Day.

You saw the record-breaking \$531,068,707 naval appropriation flung in the face of a current deficit of \$5,966,000,000 and brutal relief economy. Next thing to watch for on the naval scene is the race for Pacific fortification run by England, Japan and the U. S., which will begin, unless some popular force prevents, with the tolling of the treaty of 1922, at the close of the year.

We sent glad greetings to the meeting of the Labor Chest of the A. F. of L., for its anti-Nazi meeting. We understand they did themselves proud.

Our desk is piled with facts on Hearst, and we sit here and fight him with our little pencil . . . and sometimes we feel a bit out of it. Those newspapermen in Milwaukee on the tedious picket line in sub-zero weather last winter, now taking the night sticks where they fall, are our heroes. They are doing real fighting on the front line against the Number 1 U. S. Fascist. The least we can all do is remember the boycott.



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