

September
1936

The Fight

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

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OSCAR AMERINGER • KUROSHIMA • JAMES WATERMAN WISE

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With the Readers



A MAN and a woman came into our office the other day. They were man and wife and they were Irish. Someone had handed them a copy of *THE FIGHT* and subsequently they subscribed. They looked Irish, all right, with the clear blue eyes and the laugh that isn't quite a laugh but the expression of an intelligent cynicism tempered by early memories and beliefs. They were quiet and a little hesitant.

THE ice was broken soon enough, all right. And they talked. And how they talked!

IN 1916 they were part and parcel of the Easter Rebellion, the uprising of the Irish people against British imperialism. They were both young then, in their early twenties, both were and are ardent Catholics, both had the vision of a free Irish people, free from the domination of John Bull and the big landlords.

THE iron heel of British imperialism won the day. (Won?) It was a bloody struggle. The young Irishman came to America to do some work for a free Ireland and his sweetheart followed him. Here they settled and were lost in the stream of our life. He became a fairly successful editor and she his wife.

LATER, over the dinner table, they continued their story. They had returned to Ireland this summer and had seen the country of their youth for the first time in nineteen years. And . . .

FROM there they went to Spain. They witnessed the first five days of the struggle against Fascism in Madrid. Orderly crowds along the streets . . . restless but serious-minded crowds fully conscious of the meaning of this struggle between democracy and reaction . . . workers calling for their right to live and struggle for that right . . . all differences of opinion laid aside and a common front established . . . the reckless willingness to give their last for something which was as real as bread and salt . . . it was their Spain and they wanted their lives to be free of feudal slavery. They continued:

"THESE determined and disciplined anti-Fascists, how they talked and understood the set-up. They held themselves in check. One enemy, one common enemy—Reaction. The Republic must survive. Fascism shall not gain one inch of ground. As one left worker said to us: 'The struggle is not now between socialism and capitalism. The struggle is between democracy and Fascism and we shall support and if necessary die for democracy. Now to struggle against Fascism and for democracy is to struggle for our ultimate freedom.'

"THIS, of course, is the difference between their fight for freedom and our Easter Rebellion. I don't think we were such hard-boiled realists. And that is why we came to your office, the other day. I must confess that the world has passed us by. The struggle for freedom and the right to have steak and French fried is a real one. Our own early youth was not in vain and the martyrs who laid down their lives in the Easter Rebellion were not in vain. But we thought that it could not happen in the U.S.A. But it is happening here. How can we help in the struggle?"



Madrid women marching side by side with the men to defend their city against the Fascists

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JOSEPH PASS, Editor

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



The Contributors



OSCAR AMERINGER writes his autobiography and when Mr. Ameringer writes, the states stop to read. Active in the labor and socialist movements for over four decades, he has been in the forefront as a staunch anti-war fighter and as the most able and popular labor editor in the U. S. A. Mr. Ameringer joined the Knights of Labor in 1886; editor, the *Labor World*, 1904-06; *Oklahoma Pioneer*, 1907-09; associate editor, *The Milwaukee Leader*, 1917-19; and now editor and publisher of the *Oklahoma Guardian*, of which we never miss an issue.

A. BIRNBAUM, who illustrates Mr. Ameringer's article, makes his debut in this issue of *THE FIGHT*. He is a regular contributor to *Stage*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *New Yorker*, etc., etc.

JOHN GARCIA is the pseudonym of an American writer who lived in Spain for a good many years and was in jail with Francisco Ferrer in 1909, for his labor and republican activities.

WILLARD CHASE lives in a state which was once known as "North Dakota: not a millionaire or a pauper." And today? Read his article. Mr. Chase is editor of the *Williams County Farmers Press*.

DENJI KUROSHIMA is a popular Japanese short story writer and novelist. Born in 1898, he was drafted into the army during the World War and stationed in Siberia. Most of his stories deal with the life of soldiers. His best known books are *Sleds*, *Glacier* and *The Herd of Pigs*.

RICHARD L. G. DEVERALL, who writes on Hearst in this issue, is editor of the Catholic monthly, *The Christian Front*.

JOHN GROTH was up to very recently art editor of *Esquire*. One of America's most talented artists, he has contributed to many publications, including *Today*, *Stage*, *New Yorker*, etc., etc.

WALLACE WEST is an editor and writer. He has recently published some children's books.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE, who writes on the foreign-born and their tribulations, is the author of a number of books, including *Nazism: An Assault on Civilization* and *Swastika: The Nazi Terror*. He is associate editor of *The People's Press*.

GRACE HUTCHINS, of Labor Research Association, is the author of *Women Who Work* and *Labor and Silk*.

HOFF, our favorite humorous cartoonist, almost lost his Order of Peace and Liberty which we bestowed on him a couple of months ago. He was three minutes late with his drawing.

WILLIAM GROPPER did the cover. Did you recognize it as a Gropper? Chances are, no. Known best for his black and white work and reproduced, safe to say, in almost every outstanding publication in the world, he has recently been turning more and more to painting. His exhibition of paintings in New York last year attracted widespread attention.

Announcement

FALL 1936 CAMPAIGN

for increasing the
circulation of

The
Fight
AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

Plan of Action—

1. Subscription Contest

A new contest that is not competitive. Everyone can win a prize. Every person or branch sending in ten subs by October 22nd will receive a Wahl-Oxford pen and pencil set which sells for \$3.00; for 20 subs a \$5.00 Wahl-Eversharp set; and for 50 subs a fine \$11.00 Eversharp desk set with a walnut base. Every set will have the winner's name engraved on it in gold lettering. Circulars announcing full details for earning these awards will be mailed shortly.

2. Bundle Contest

THE FIGHT aims to have every branch double its bundle order. To stimulate this, there will be a special bundle contest from September 22nd to December 22nd. The branches will receive further announcements.

3. Newsstands

THE FIGHT must be brought before the public more than it has been. The newsstands afford the magazine a great opportunity for attracting attention. Until now our newsstand circulation has been limited. Beginning with the October issue THE FIGHT is going to appear on thousands of stands.

This announcement is preliminary to still greater plans for the expansion of THE FIGHT. From time to time these plans will be made known.

Help us to put THE FIGHT over, and win a beautiful and useful prize.

*If you are one of those
people who ask*

Questions About the League

You ought to have—

A PROGRAM AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

This latest pamphlet (5 cents) about the American League Against War and Fascism contains an analysis of the League's 10-point program, together with questions people frequently ask us.

Of course you know about the League's

ANTI-HEARST DRIVE!

You need information about Mr. Hearst and his newspaper, magazine and radio properties which Dr. Charles A. Beard would not touch with a ten-foot pole.

Ann Weedon shows why William Randolph Hearst has earned the contempt of the American people in a new pamphlet (5 cents) entitled, *COUNTERFEIT AMERICANISM*.

Another important pamphlet (2 cents) which exposes the un-American activities of Hearst is one entitled, *VILEST RACKETEER OF ALL*. It is a racy account addressed especially to people who still read the Hearst papers. It tells about an old man who wields unscrupulously more power than any man since time began.

You Also Will Want To Read

Pamphlets

NATIONAL DEFENSE, by John Franklin	5¢
WOMEN, WAR AND FASCISM, by Dorothy McConnell	5¢
YOUTH DEMANDS PEACE, by James Lerner	5¢
DEVELOPMENT OF FASCISM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Harry F. Ward	2¢
WHY FASCISM LEADS TO WAR, by John Strachey	5¢
PROCEEDINGS THIRD U. S. CONGRESS AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM	15¢

Leaflets

PROGRAM OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM
LEAGUE LEAFLET (development and character of the League)
FASCISM—WHAT IS IT?
SECTION 213 (women at work)
APPEAL TO RELIGIOUS YOUTH
PROCLAMATION OF YOUTH

(Special Rates on Bundle Orders for Pamphlets and Leaflets)

FACTS AND FIGURES ON WAR AND FASCISM, a mimeographed bulletin chock full of information, valuable for teachers, students, writers and speakers, is issued on the 1st and 15th of each month. Annual Subscription, \$1.

AMERICAN LEAGUE AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

112 EAST 19th STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

IN A RECENT issue of the *New York Times*, a writer dolefully commented that near Valencia, Spain, at the passing of a train, "a child of four sitting in front of a peasant's hut saluted by lifting his clenched fist."

The rapid glimpse of this child lifting his fist describes Spain today better than any number of pages. The whole nation, from the children to the oldest people, is participating actively in a revolutionary upheaval that cannot end until democracy has firmly established itself. The world, in general, and many people in Spain had arrived at the conclusion, until a few weeks ago, that Spain might undergo its full social transformation, that is from an almost medieval economy to a Republic of the people, without the bloodshed and revolutionary civil war that accompanied every important social change in every other country in the past. Has not the government of Spain, from President to Senators and deputies, been elected by free, legal and universal vote? Was this not the first time that a government, pledged to important social changes, had been inducted into power by due process of the law?

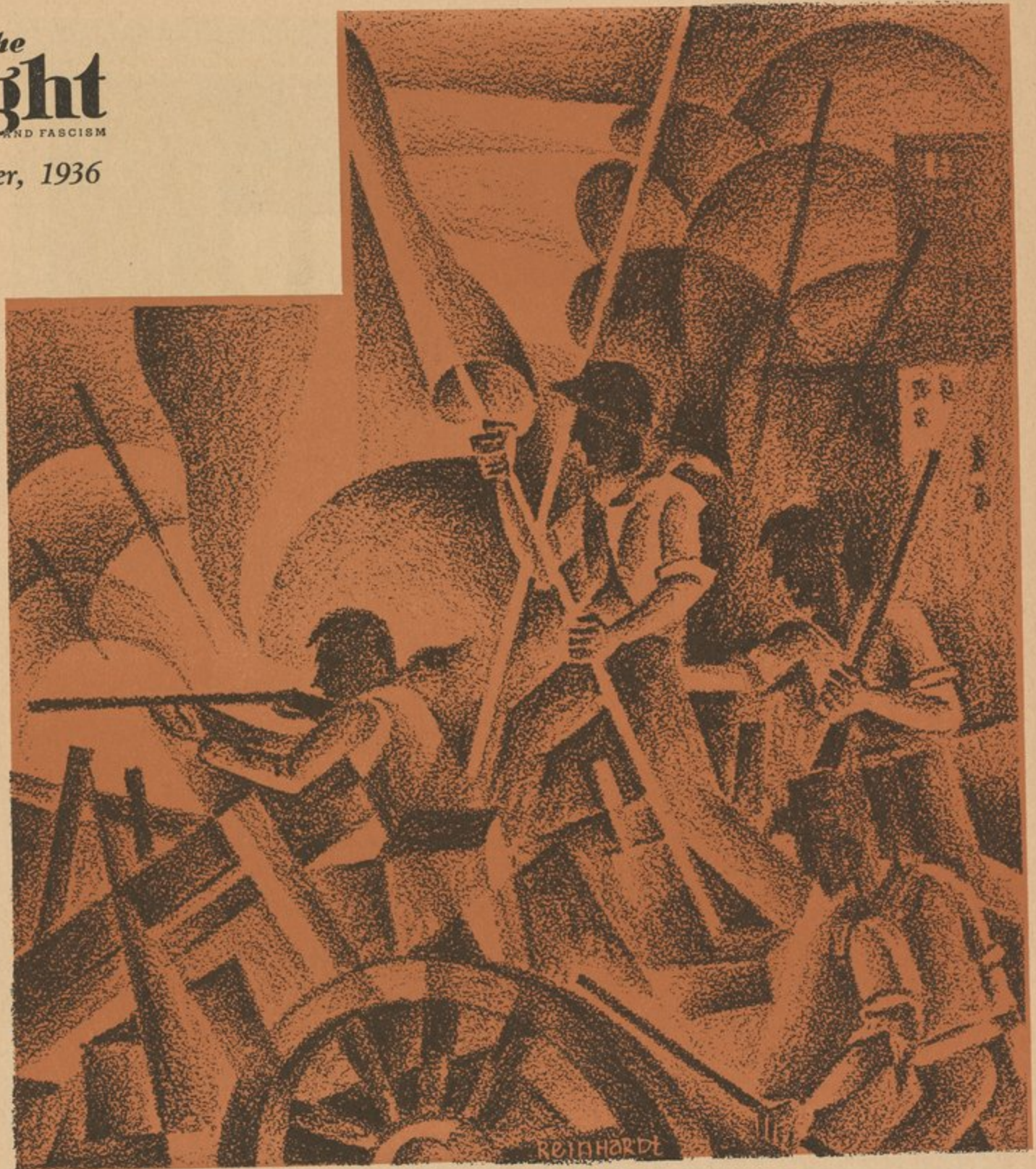
Since last spring, when the Popular Front government had been swept into power by an overwhelming vote, the country had been the theatre of a constantly increasing demand for social reforms. The government made up of men of the professional class—the middle class almost does not exist in Spain—had a vision of a liberal government, the like of which never existed and never could exist because it is not based on realities. On the other hand, the great mass of the voters for the Popular Front were clamoring daily for more basic changes.

Land! Land! Land!

In a country where three archdukes, those of Medina, Penavanda and Alba, own almost half a million acres of land, where all the best land, that is the flat rich land of Andalusia and of Estremadura and the fertile valleys everywhere else, is held by less than 1,200 families, it was natural that the cry for land should come first.

Immediately after the elections the peasants in many places "invaded" the estates and started to work on them collectively. But contrary to the belief

(Continued on page 24)



Spanish Barricades

Feudal Spain? Romantic Spain? And now it is estimated that fifty thousand men, women and children have laid down their lives fighting for Democracy

By John Garcia

ILLUSTRATED BY AD REINHARDT



A farmer of Miller, South Dakota, gazes out of the window of his home, as the pane is covered with grasshoppers which have come to plague the Mid-West on the heels of the drought which has destroyed millions of acres of crops

IT WAS some fifty years ago that the first caravans of pioneers found their way to the prairies of the Dakotas. It was some fifty years ago that those first bands of rugged, sturdy, god-fearing, hope-filled fathers of ours first came to North Dakota as they moved westward to escape an economic order that was founded against their better welfare. It was some fifty years ago that those first settlers established homes in North Dakota, seeking relief from an exploited industrial East.

They came to a land with a soil equalled in fertility only by the Nile Valley in Africa. They came to a land that was well watered. They came to a land with a healthful climate. They came to the best farming land in the United States. They came to what seemed to be the open-armed land of opportunity.

Settlement started with land free or very cheap. The initial investment was small or nothing. Most of the land was public and, for settlement, could be obtained free by homestead entry.

Breadbasket of the World

In the course of a short time North Dakota became known as the "Breadbasket of the World," a title earned by virtue of the production of enough of the world's finest wheat to supply the entire nation with bread. Then, too, North Dakota became known as the home of "No Millionaires; No Paupers."

Apparently those pioneers had been successful in their aim to throw off

Breadbasket

Seven years of depression. And then came the drought. A farm editor tells what happened to his native state, North Dakota

By Willard Chase

the bondage of that brand of capitalism that had forced them to leave their Eastern homes.

Gambling with Bread

But—then the necessity arose for improvements to these fertile farms, for means of conveyance of this golden grain to the consumer and for agents to make the transaction. The new land had been prepared for the advent of Capital—and Capital came, willingly. The loan sharks came West. The settlers borrowed. Loans were easy to get, at 12%, at rates that made it impossible to pay back the principal and finally to make even the interest payments. With Capital came the railroads that threaded their way to every corner of the state, and then threaded their way back to the Eastern monopolies from where they had been sent. With the railroads came the grain buying firms—the Duluth Board of

Trade, the Chicago Board of Trade and the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. The Loan Shark, the Railroads and the Grain Buyer came West arm in arm—all one concern but bearing different titles—with the intent purpose of adding further to the coffers of big business from this newly found gold mine of wheat.

And wheat "went through the mill." Commission men in the market centers juggled it back and forth; "mixing houses" played tricks with it; upon vast complicated machines like gigantic wheels of fortune men gambled with it; railroads levied excessive transporting charges upon it; a line of middlemen passed it superfluously one to another, each taking a heaping handful as it pursued the tortuous path prepared for it—until at last, a mere specter of the portly bushel it started, reached the table. "The farmer raised a bushel and got paid for a peck; the consumer re-

ceived a peck and paid for a bushel."

Thus Big Business ruled North Dakota, as it ruled the nation, unfortunately, without being recognized for what it was by those upon whom it preyed. The World War came and North Dakota farmers further mortgaged their property to buy Liberty Bonds (which were later sold for 80% of their declared value), accepted a below the world market price for wheat, and sent thousands of sons to die upon foreign soils in a war that was declared to be a "War to end all wars and to save the world for democracy," but which they learned, after the Armistice (upon the admission of President Wilson), was a "commercial war." A realization of the truth was born!

That truth smoldered but remained in a dormant state as one or two bumper crops maintained a "false prosperity" in North Dakota.

Depression, Drought and Fascism

In 1929 came the crash. In 1929 began the period of drought and depression that has extended into its seventh year. In 1929 the structure of Capitalism began to totter and Capitalism began to aim toward its remaining hope—Fascism. In 1929 the Fascist-bound aligned themselves with the drought and depression as the necessary step to suppress the masses until they will have had time to perfect their new scheme. In times of scarcity, they have ordered a reduction of food and clothing producing sources. In times of want,

they have ordered crops plowed under and animals destroyed. In times of need, they have utilized the misfortunes of their fellow men and forced them to be signed into subsistency.

North Dakota, the "Breadbasket of the World," is becoming a "Great American Desert." North Dakota, the "land of no paupers," is becoming a land subject to starvation and exposure.

The farmers of North Dakota entered the seventh year of the drought filled with hope and that traditional optimism that had carried them through six preceding years. Snow had been in abundance during a long, hard winter. Moisture was believed to have been in plenty. Soils were prepared and crops were planted. The growing season came and the drought continued with its dry, killing grip. The heat wave broke all records and soared to temperatures as high as 120 degrees above zero. Today, many counties in North Dakota cannot supply immediate stock and human needs, and there are twelve long months before another harvest. North Dakota and farming states have again turned to the government for aid.

Relief?

Only adequate and immediate measures taken by the government can save thousands of farm families from being wiped out. In analyzing the present drought program, however, it is found to be much the same as previous programs which failed to halt abandonments and foreclosures, and that relief being given is less adequate. Fewer families are being taken on relief and feed loans are made under more stringent conditions than previously. Farmers are often forced to sell their livestock in order to get relief jobs. Thus, farmers who might have been able to carry their animals through the winter if they got on relief are barred.

The Resettlement Administration is promoting the liquidation of livestock by forcing debt-burdened farmers to reduce their foundation herds and to carry no more than 7 to 9 units if they are to get feed loans. In 1934, farmers were allowed to keep 10 units, and their experience showed that such limits were altogether too low. Such farmers are faced with the alternative of removing themselves from commercial production or of trying to replenish their herds later at scarcity prices, at a time when most of them have no money.

If a farmer receives a feed loan he
(Continued on page 26)

Wheat is the staff of life. Top: A farm before the economic depression and the drought. Center: Kansas now a Sahara of shifting sand. Lower: This farm auction sale in Nebraska is typical of the Mid-West where farmers, driven from their land, are forced to sell at auction their farm machinery and household effects



My Childhood in Germany

The genial and militant Mid-West Socialist tells the story of his life . . . born on a hay wagon to the salute of one hundred guns . . . Bismarck, Von Moltke and Zeppelin . . . Roman road and Napoleon . . . playing soldiers and lullabies . . . Kris Kringle, education and the organ grinder

By Oscar Ameringer

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRNBAUM

FOR years, almost since our boyhood, in the Mid-West and on the Pacific Coast and in Alaska, wherever miners—workers in general—gathered we heard the name of Oscar Ameringer. They told stories about him. They told stories that he had told. (And what stories!) They read his papers and went out into the mining camps and city streets to sell the paper he was editing. For a long time, we believed that Oscar Ameringer was a myth, a kind of legend which had grown up in working-class quarters, like Paul Bunyan. But a few months ago Bunyan Ameringer came to New York and we talked to him. We experienced the sensation of seeing a man walk into our room who had always been behind the gilt-edged covers of an album. The legendary figure came to life and then, only then, did we believe that there was such a man named Oscar Ameringer alias Adam Coaldigger.

Mr. Ameringer is now writing his autobiography. In this his first chapter he tells a little about his childhood in Germany. We can now understand better the World War

and Nazi Germany—a Germany which is militarized to the highest degree and is a threat to the people of Germany and to the peace of the world. Through his words we feel, hear and see the dangers confronting us—the danger of the iron heel of Fascism and war. —J. P.

WAR IS the crowning glory of the clown of creation. Being precisely that, the minds of men must be systematically warped, twisted, perverted, and poisoned before they will accept war as a glorious institution instead of the bottomless imbecility it is.

Also, the systematic warping of the mind must start in youth. In my case it started at birth.

I was born in Germany in the first week of August, 1870. My mother told me I was received by salutes of one hundred guns heralding the birth of a prince. Mother was not a princess, but a peasant woman farming an estate of twelve acres. She had been making hay when the pains came on. But she had managed to mount the loaded hay wagon, and bring hay, cows, and me safely home. The salute of one hundred guns, as the readers may surmise, was not for me. It was fired from the bastion of the near-by fortress of Ulm in celebration of the first German victory of the Franco-Prussian War. That is the war that bred the World War, just as the World War will breed another world war.

A Merry Picture

All my earliest recollections are connected with soldiers, guns, cannons, sabers, flags, and uniforms. One of these early recollections is as follows.

I was standing on a hill with other children, looking toward the Danube valley and the Jura Mountains beyond. Through the trees, and as far as the eye could reach, helmet, bayonet, and saber glittered. An endless stream of soldiers poured through our village. Uhlans in blue and red, swinging slen-

der spears from straps slung over their arms. Dragoons, in sky blue and yellow, on prancing steeds. A ceaseless river of infantrymen with spiked helmets and hobnailed boots. Batteries of light and heavy artillery, each gun pulled by six horses, to each pair of horses one rider, three men on each caisson. Military bands, on foot and mounted, playing merry marches. Strapping boys in boots and saddle singing merry marching songs. A merry picture all around. I can see it as clearly as if it were yesterday. I can even hear the creak of the saddles, the tramp of the hobnailed shoes, and smell the odor of sweat, gun grease, and leather polish.

This was in the fall of 1873. I can fix the date, because an infantryman quartered in our home showed me the workings of the Zindnadel gun which had wrought so much havoc among the French a few years before, and I learned later that that particular model was supplanted by the Mauser rifle in the spring of 1874.

Two Heroes

It was either during this or a later maneuver that I caught a glimpse of the two outstanding heroes of the Franco-Prussian War. There was a steep hill near our house. Soldiers were hitching an additional pair of horses to a low carriage. In the carriage sat two men. One, a delicate, smooth-shaven elderly man in plain uniform who looked much more the college professor than the soldier. What struck me especially about the man was that he pulled out of his pocket a snow white handkerchief with which he brushed off his brightly polished shoes. In our village we did not use handkerchiefs for polishing shoes. We did not even use them to wipe our noses. For that we employed the back of our hand and coat sleeve. The other occupant of the carriage was a portly personage dressed in white, very high and brightly pol-

ished boots. A silver armor covered his chest. A silver helmet, adorned with a horse tail, covered his head and reached far down the back of his neck. Beneath the helmet a sort of bulldog face, beneath the nose a bristling mustache, between his knees a long broad sword. The knight with the bulldog face was Prince Bismarck, the iron chancellor. The delicate professorial looking gentleman who thought nothing about dusting his shoes with a perfectly clean handkerchief was Field Marshal Von Moltke, the conqueror of Napoleon III and his army, as I learned later by seeing their pictures which soon were seen everywhere.

Another Hero and a Gentle Prince

Some years later, Zeppelin, the inventor of the airship, was quartered in our home. Mother had sold the twelve acre farm. We had moved to a larger town. Father, one of the last guild masters, was on the way to being a furniture manufacturer. He never made it. However, we were better situated, which would explain an officer being quartered in our home.

I remember Zeppelin well. A young man still, he had become the Lieutenant Hobson of the Franco-Prussian War. Leading a small troop of cavalry behind the French lines, he had spied out a certain weakness of the French defence leading to their defeat at Spicheren Heights, the victory the salute of one hundred guns had announced on the night of my birth. For some reason Zeppelin took a shine to me. One Sunday morning he took me to high mass. And if there ever was a boy who walked on clouds, it was I. I remember the morning my god departed. He was sitting on his horse. I was weeping up against one of the legs of the horse, when he lifted me up and pressed a kiss on my cheek. It was the kiss of Zeus himself.

Then Unser Fritz, then Crown



She had been making hay when the pains came on. But she had managed to mount the loaded hay wagon, and bring hay, cows and me safely home

Prince of Germany and father of William II, came to direct another maneuver. He was a stately, kindly looking man with a full brown beard and smoking the typical German porcelain pipe. On the way to the field of a sham battle, he was passing under the limb of an apple tree on which I was perched. Reaching up from his horse, he gently shook the limb and said smilingly, "Shall I shake this little red-checked apple down?" Ah, to die for a prince like that!

More Fun than a Circus

What glorious never-to-be-forgotten events were these maneuvers for young and old. Girls courting soldiers behind every pillar, wall, tree, shrub, and bush. Staid burghers proudly treating soldiers to beer and wine. Proud mothers seeking their uniformed sons among the myriads of other mothers' sons. And we boys, did we have the time of our young lives! Why, boys, if all the three-ring circuses that ever were hit town at the same time, the combination would be a mere Punch and Judy show compared to the king and kaiser maneuvers of my youth.

Ah, to be old enough to be a soldier; to sit with straight shoulders, chest swelled, on a prancing horse, hand raised to helmet for salute, swinging a sparkling sword over the head of a cowardly Frenchman, driving a twelve-inch lance point into the breast of another or even aiming a Mauser rifle at one of that despised breed! What greater joy and glory could a boy demand? And did I love it! And just to show how much I loved it, I only have to recount that during one of the great maneuvers, when a cruel school director had refused to close the school in violation of all the laws of God, men and boys, and I had exhausted every lie I could think of to prove that I should be home in bed, I caught a bumblebee in my right hand and let nature do the rest. The

swelling only held good for two days, but there were always more bumblebees where this one came from, and I caught bumblebees until I finally became so inoculated with bumblebee poison that the darn stuff hardly took any more.

The medico of our town racked his poor brain trying to discover what caused that mysterious swelling. He even lanced the ball of my right hand which, for my purpose, was even better than a bumblebee sting. Now, if the good man still lives and happens to read this, he will know what caused the swelling that baffled his medical skill.

Toys and Games

However, don't believe our education in militarism and murder and patriotism ceased with those blessed maneuvers. All our elders regarded themselves as missionaries of the god Mars and left no stone unturned to turn us into prospective cannon fodder. The happy Yuletide, along with shepherds, sheep, angels, Mary, Joseph, and Kris Kringle, brought us spiked helmets, tin swords, lead soldiers, and gaudily painted toy cannons. Over the teacher's desk, in the parochial school I attended, hung the crucified Prince of Peace flanked with Mother Mary and His foster-father, and believe it or not, right below hung a scene of the Franco-Prussian War depicting a Bavarian infantryman in sky blue uniform and woolly Greek helmet beating the brains out of a blue and red Zouave begging for mercy on his knees.

Of course, we played soldiers. It was our principal game. The strongest, smartest, and scrappiest boys constituted themselves into the German army. The weaker, more docile and less pugnacious became the cowardly, treacherous Frenchmen, and the French were always licked, as is befitting a lousy outfit daring to challenge the supremacy of the sons of Wotan.

True, in a roundabout way, we discovered eventually that the French were not all cringing cowards. Sometime in the early part of the same century, a French army had invaded that very locality and had romped all over the sons of Wotan. I even remember a few of the heroes those Frenchmen had romped on.

There was old Braig, the pensioned forester, for instance, who always flew into a rage when the French were mentioned in his presence. He told me with his mouth foaming that, when a boy, two French soldiers had killed one of his pet rabbits and had eaten it too, and how in order to get even, he had urinated in their well and would do it again if ever a goddamned Frenchman darkened his door.

Then there was old Haaga, the organ grinder, who was not only romped on by the French, but also by the Russians when Napoleon took him and some 50,000 other sons of Wotan on his celebrated excursion to Moscow. And by the way, old Haaga was mighty proud of his exploits. "Ordinary organ grinders," he used to tell us kids, "must secure a beggar's license to ply their trade, but," pointing proudly to the two war medals on his faded uniform, "this is my license. No veterans need a beggar's license."

Poor French! Poor Germans! How often you have invaded each other's country! How often have you soaked your hills with the blood of your sons and covered your valleys with the grinning skeletons of your youth! Poor all of you!

Road of Glory and Woe

Within a mile of my home town passed a Roman road. On that road had resounded the footsteps of Roman legions. Over it rode victorious Caesar, retreated the defeated legions of Varus after the Battle of the Teutoburger Wald when Christ was nine



The knight with the bulldog face was Prince Bismarck, the iron chancellor

years old. Over that road have marched the armies of Mongolians, Tartars, British crusaders, the Spanish legions of Alva, the horde of Adolphus the Swede, the armies of Islam crying, "Allah is our God and Mohammed, his prophet," the mercenaries of Tilly and Wallenstein, who made a pest-house of your fields in the name of the Christian God. And finally over the road passed the last and greatest of all conquerors, Napoleon the Great, driving before him the Russian cossacks on shaggy ponies and Austrian Kaiser jagers in brown coats and white pants.

And for what? Pray, apostle of nationalism and war, tell us for what? The Roman Empire is gone. Gone, the mighty armies of the Hun, Mongol, Tartar, Austrian, and the hordes of the Corsican. Left is nothing of all of them, but the memory of the woe and misery they have cost the common herd.

When I was a boy we still used to sing:

May bug, fly, may bug, fly.
Your father is fighting in Poland
And Poland is burning down.

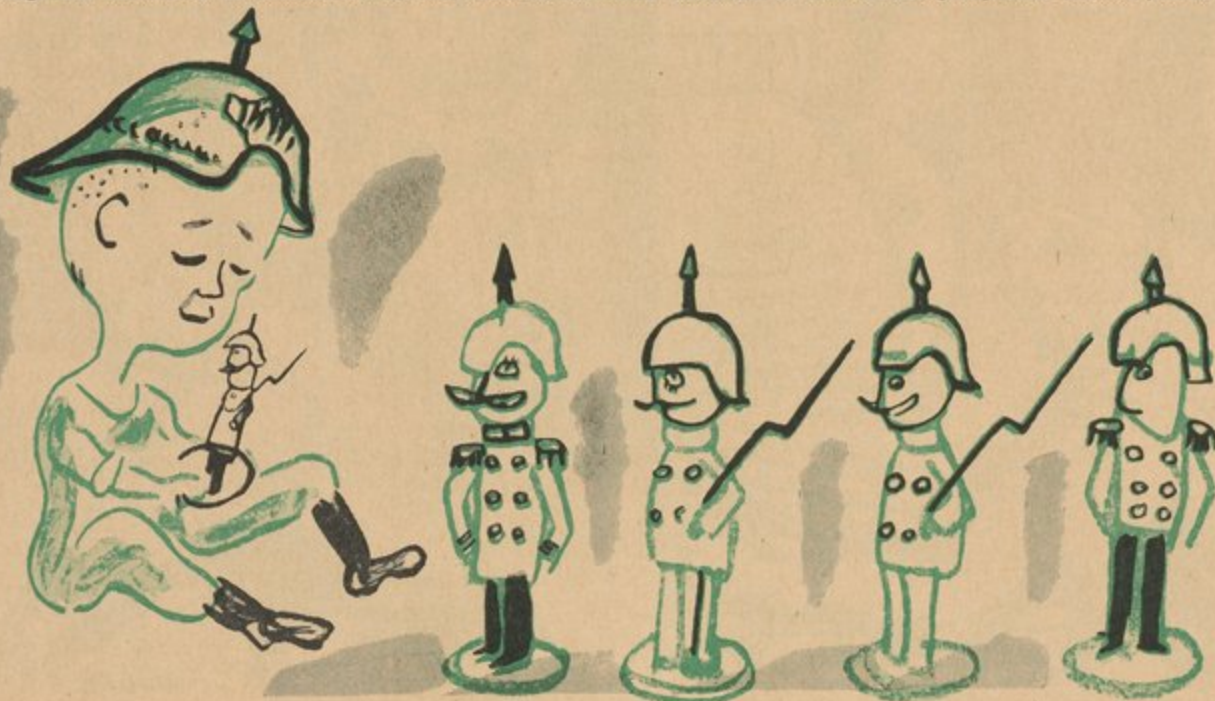
Mother still sang the lullaby:

Pray, baby, pray
Tomorrow comes the Swede
Tomorrow comes Oxenstiern who will you
babies praying learn.

Oxenstiern was the Prime Minister Oxenstiern who continued the war of the Protestants against the Roman Catholics after the death of King Adolphus.

You have not answered, have you? Yours is not to ask the question why; yours is but the command for others to die.

Our elders regarded themselves as missionaries of Mars and left no stone unturned to turn us into prospective cannon fodder



Paper, Mister?

A Catholic editor tells the story of an individual named William Randolph Hearst and what he has done to the life of the average American

By Richard L. G. Deverall

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL WOLFE

WHEN a people or nation attains a high culture, the growth of liberty and political freedom is usually one of the external manifestations of this phenomenon. In the old Greek City-State and in the medieval Commune such was the case. Now culture is not the ability to pronounce "half" with the correct Oxonian intonation; neither is it the exhibition of a large library, nor is it the faculty of being able to recognize classical music by school, composer, form and opus number.

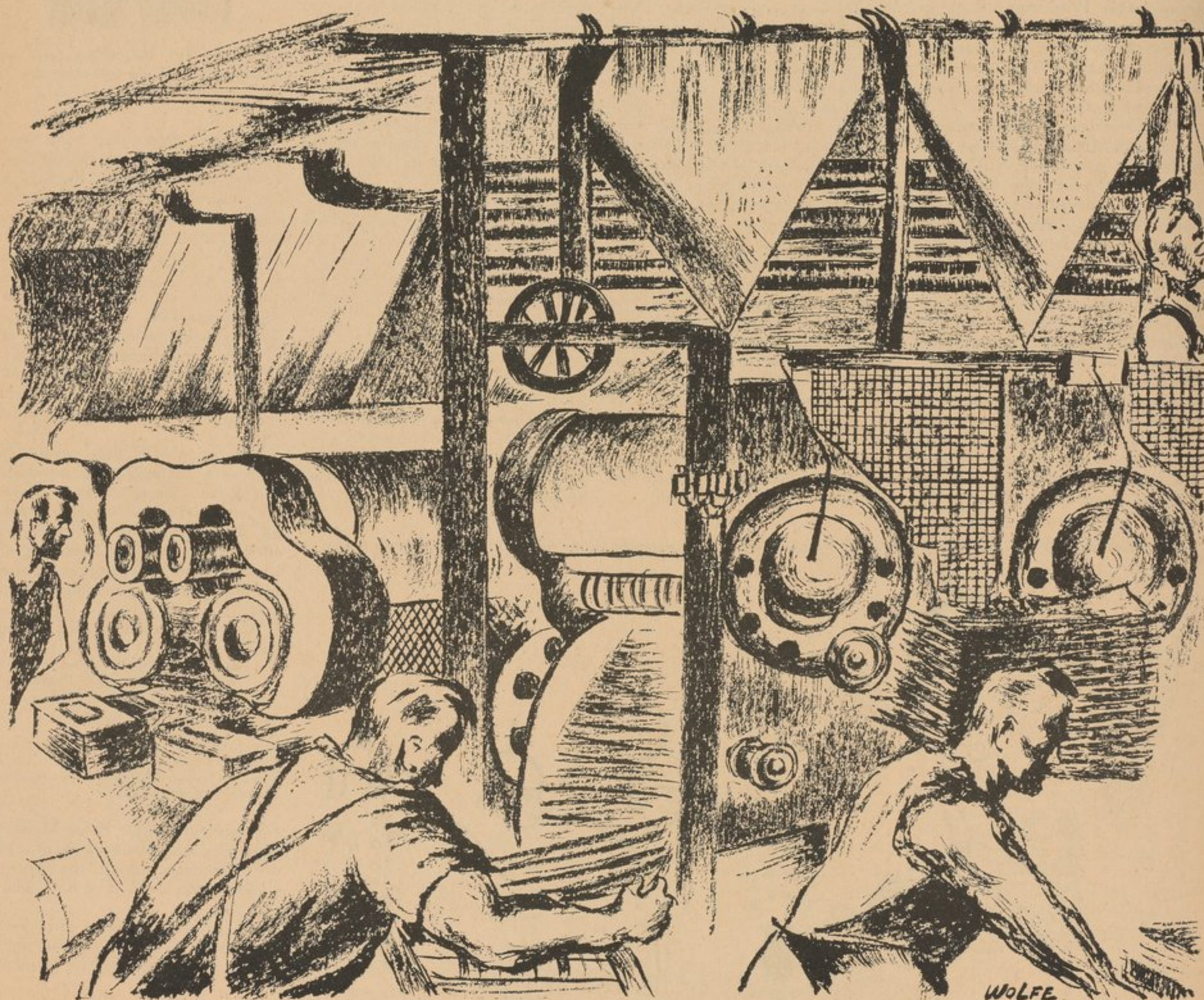
Culture, in its broadest sense, is the perfection of the individual. This perfection implies that the individual strives to achieve a goal—and it is this goal which men variously call God, the Good, Providence, Beauty, Nature, or what have you. No matter what this

perfect thing is, it is obvious that it is something of a higher nature than man: it is an ideal good. A cultured man recognizes this ideal good for what it is, and he subordinates his mind and his emotions to his inspired will to achieve, or at least to approach, this ideal good.

It would seem that man is born with an innate craving for this ideal good: the Indian has his Great Spirit, the Christian his God, and the Agnostic his Unknowable. Although this desire is in every man, it manifests itself in many ways, for not all men are educated in the same school; as the psychologists say, we are all *conditioned* in a different way by education, by social intercourse, by government, by economic activity, and, of great importance in this age, by the daily press.

Perhaps the press is the most im-

Perhaps the press is the most important cultural influence of the age, for it, above all other



portant cultural influence of the age, for it, above all other agencies, enters into our intellectual life every day of the week. Learning has been termed the modification of the individual through experience. It has been determined that the most important law of learning is that of repetition. By repeating a phrase to the nation over and over again, by means of the radio, the press and the outdoor sign, it is not long before every one knows that "it's time to re-tire." Or, suppose that the press repeats every day that the Roosevelt Administration is communistic; it is only a question of time before every one who reads believes. Of course, if the individual is strongly Democratic, it is most difficult to shake his faith in his party leader, but even then it is possible to break down his resistance by

using the trump card of the propagandist—the idea that Roosevelt is a Communist is carefully linked (*identified*) with the idea that a Communist is a bad fellow. It is shown that most men stand to suffer a *personal* loss if Roosevelt retains power, and in this way even the loyalty of the ardent Democrat is smashed.

A Debaser of Culture

Propaganda is a good thing, if properly used with regard to creative culture. It is only when this good instrument is abused that injury is done to men and society in general. For instance, the Power Trust, by using the principles of propaganda outlined above, was able to convince the public and Congress that the Rayburn-Wheeler Act was a bad bill. Although most of

us know that governmental regulation of the Power Trust—if not governmental ownership and operation—was and is a necessity, the Morgan "gang" convinced us otherwise.

If the press, if propaganda, can alter our views on such a vital issue as this, is it not possible that the same instrument can be used to debase or destroy culture, the corner-stone of liberty? It is safe to say that a people interested only in the indulgence of its basest passions is culturally negative. It is easy to exploit and enslave such a people: the old Roman emperors knew this trick, and so did the absolute monarchs of the seventeenth century. In this country, for the past forty years, a certain individual has been at work, through his press, debasing and corrupting the essential culture of the American people. He has acted in this way to reap profits, to exert personal power, and to make straight the way for Fascism.

That man is William Randolph Hearst, owner of 29 newspapers, 10 American and 3 British magazines, 8 news and film services, and 8 powerful radio stations.

Function of the Press

Before the time of Hearst, it was generally conceded that the function of the press was to enlighten the people, to promote understanding and good will, to correct the abuses of government, and to present the news of the day. News appeared in the news columns; persuasive propaganda appeared in the editorial columns, and every one recognized it as such. If the Federalists and the anti-Federalists used the press during the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, they used only the editorial columns. The news column was something sacred: men respected truth in those days. Before the Civil War, abolitionists and working-men published papers attacking the Slave trade; the papers were abolitionist, and they were read as such. Although we have working-class papers today—the *Daily Worker*, the *Catholic Worker*, the *Socialist Call*—the press in this country is predominantly capitalist. It is impossible nowadays to know what is news and what is propaganda. And the general function of the press has changed. If it attacks certain political abuses, it is certain never to go to the root of the problem: individualistic Capitalism itself. And if any one individual has changed this conception of the newspaper's function, it is William Randolph Hearst. To illustrate, consider the Spanish-American War, a gay affair which has since cost the people of the United States some \$629,000,000. Hearst deliberately poisoned the minds of the people and inflamed their basest passions; serious Ministers of the Gospel, under the goading of Hearst, became bloodthirsty preachers

of war. Against the will of the country, Hearst forced us into a war which was not only costly, but initiated our immoral experiments in imperialism.

Hearstian Food for "Thought"

It is said of the American people, of other days, that they appreciated Whitman, Emerson and the other American authors who appealed to the higher ideals, the culture, of the people. Since 1890, Hearst, by the introduction of streamer headlines, colored heads, sob sisters and other sensational devices, has submerged these men beneath the smut and dirt of the underworld: crime, hate, envy, perverted sex, suicide, murder—this is the intellectual food dished out to "people who think" by the Hearst press. Is it any wonder that Dr. Charles A. Beard, dean of American historians, declares that: "... there is not a cesspool of vice and crime which William Randolph Hearst has not raked and exploited for money-making purposes." Hearst spent thousands of dollars and months of time digging up enough evidence to reopen the Hall-Mills trial, but when did his press ever attack Capital for its inhuman exploitation of labor; when did his press expose the damnable actions of Hitler in persecuting the Jews and the Catholics; when did his press investigate the spies and "stooges" employed by the Steel, Auto and other industries; or when did his press expose the frightfully unequal distribution of wealth in the United States? Instead of developing an intelligent and informed citizenry, Hearst has spent his time throwing dirt in the eyes of the masses. As for international peace and good will—well, we are all familiar with his intense nationalism and his "patriotic" jingoism.

Daily Poison

While proclaiming his patriotism and his devotion to the best interests of the American people, this journalistic oligarch has done more to lower the cultural level of America than possibly any other single man in the country. His policies have been felt in every field: not only have other newspapers adopted Hearstian tactics, but the radio, the screen, the magazine—all reflect, like so many mirrors, the sex-crazed countenance of William Randolph Hearst.

Liberty has declined in America not only because property has been concentrated in the hands of a few, and that is a most important point, but because the press has diverted public interest from government to sensational crime stories. Thousands of starving babies receive no attention while one aviator's kidnapped child stirs the nation to its greatest emotional depth. Fascism is not far away when our only interests are in the doings of Hollywood stars, night-club romances and drives against imaginary "reds."

(Continued on page 26)

agencies, enters into our lives every day of the week



Radio

Landon boning up . . . Pimple cures
and censorship . . . Hoopla army
broadcasts . . . NBC militarization

THE POLITICAL campaign, which got off to a slow start this year because the hard-boiled broadcasting companies insisted that the Democrats and Republicans pay up their back debts of some tens of thousands of dollars before contracting new ones, is now in full swing with five parties on the air.

At least half a million dollars will be spent by the two major parties. Communists, Socialists and Lemkeites also are engaged in nation-wide radio campaigns. In addition Father Coughlin is extending his network while various Chambers of Commerce pitch in on local networks.

Forbidden by CBS and NBC to put on dramatized programs à la the *March of Time*, the major parties are twisting and turning in their efforts to get away from the cut-and-dried political speechifying which has become so boring to audiences.

William Hard, reactionary commentator, is doing his best for Landon with a glorified "gossip column" lasting 15 minutes, five nights a week. The Democrats have initiated a strange sort of variety program called "Happy Days" which will sugar-coat addresses with dance music and a "question and answer" period.

Alf Landon still is boning up with a professional coach in an almost hopeless effort to overcome his evident deficiencies as an etherizer. At a recent Kansas City speech, persons in the audience were considerably puzzled and annoyed when a representative of the Blackett, Sample and Hummert Advertising Agency, which is practically in charge

of the Republican campaign, kept wig-wagging directions to the Governor as he stumbled through his address. It finally had to be explained that Landon was on the air. The press agent was doing his best to see that the candidate stood close to the mike and eliminated as many "ahs" and "ers" as possible.

The Democrats are convinced that President Roosevelt's radio personality will win him millions of votes, and may be the deciding factor in his election. The country's newspapers hate the President because they believe his administration threatens their use of child labor in peddling their editions. Ninety percent of the press is either actively against him or only lukewarm in his support.

Air Notes

AN "air-conditioning" drive, much like that directed against Hollywood films last year, is planned by the Catholic Church. Fraternal organizations have been invited to prepare "black lists" of offending radio programs as the first step in a nation-wide crusade. The drive has important political connotations. It and the increased activity of Father Coughlin indicate that the Vatican, cut off from its principal sources of revenue in France and Spain, is at least toying with the idea of making America its main base of operations.

The American audience is perfectly capable of doing its own censoring. Audience protest has been responsible for at least two major radio improvements within the last few weeks. Fleischmann Yeast has gone off the air

after nearly seven years' distasteful ballyhooing of its fraudulent pimple cure. And the du Pont-sponsored "Cavalcade of America" has changed its Fascist spots, at least for the time being. Instead of childish historical dramatizations designed to show that depression-ridden America is really a land flowing with milk and honey wherein every man not only can but will become President (or a millionaire) if he is "good," the "Cavalcade" has gone musical with Arthur Pryor's band.

The Federal Trade Commission also has awakened from a sound sleep and severely scolded several sponsors and stations for misleading radio advertising. Among products coming under the FCC ban were "Sendol," a cold cure manufactured in Kansas City which had been branded as "safe for children"; "Allura," an eye-wash made in Sacramento, Cal., which was supposed to make glasses unnecessary; Hartz Mountains Products, Inc., of New York, distributors of an infallible tonic for canary birds; and Shaddy's Hair Rejuvenator of San Francisco, which was found to be just a dye after all. Station KTFI of Twin Falls, Idaho, was reprimanded because of the fraudulent claims of a "dream interpreter" and an unnamed beverage account.

On the other hand, the Federal Communications Commission, which had announced that in the future all rebroadcasts to the United States of foreign programs would require a government permit, beat a hurried retreat before a storm of popular protest and indicated that it would modify its censorship order. It is rumored, however, that the FCC is merely trying to save face and won't change the order much unless protests are kept up.

In connection with the censorship question, it is interesting to note that CBS commentators H. V. Kaltenborn and Boake Carter are having their troubles along this line. Kaltenborn was forced to cancel an interview with Captain Arthur K. Greiser, president of the Danzig Senate, because Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, head of the National Socialist party in Germany didn't like the idea. And Gov. Harold G. Hoffman, of New Jersey, has sued Carter for \$100,000 because the latter said the

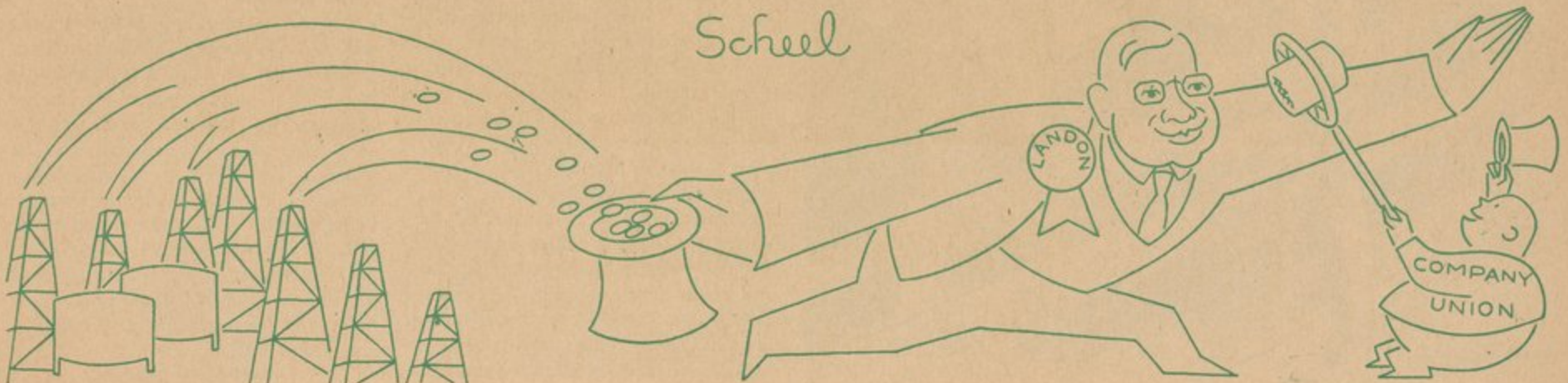
executive was guilty of "blundering attempts to save his political reputation" after the Lindbergh-Wendel case fiasco. The Governor is, of course, entitled to file his suit charging defamation of character. The point is that he insisted on filing it in New Jersey, where he is political boss. Carter has refused to answer the summons unless the case is filed in "a neutral state."

Spain

THE past several weeks have been very interesting for those owning short wave sets able to pick up Spain. While the Fascist rebels were simply frothing at the mouth from the station in Seville which they had commandeered, EAQ, Madrid, refused to become hysterical, even when disloyal forces came dangerously close to the town. Precise and non-explosive news reports on actual developments in the war zones were given from time to time, but the tangos and rhumbas which have made the station famous still occupied most of the broadcasting time. Addresses were remarkable for their restraint and accuracy.

On the other hand, consider the hoopla surrounding broadcasts of the U. S. Army and National Guard maneuvers at Fort Knox on August 8th. To the honor of CBS be it said that its broadcast was confined to a thirty-minute description of bombs bursting in air. But as usual NBC went completely overboard, sending a score of announcers, commentators and engineers to the "front" and doing its best to give the impression that this was a real and not an expensive phoney war. The militarization of NBC has gone on apace since Major Lenox R. Lohr took charge of the company. The major's first step was to discharge all of the hostesses at "general headquarters" and replace them with uniformed page boys. Now he has scattered reserve officers throughout the entire organization. The special events department boasts that at any time of the day or night it can call upon the U. S. Air Service to transport its men and equipment any place in the country. On the other hand, NBC barred the National Peace Conference from the air recently on the ground that it was a "propaganda organization."

—GEORGE SCOTT





The New Decalogue

By Hoff

The Black Night

Nobody can tell Americans how to live and think. This has always been our justifiable boast. But now hooded bands are gathering in your town and peeping through your windows

By Grace Hutchins

IT WAS a humidly hot evening but two young workers of Croton-on-Hudson stood on the village street corner and handed out leaflets to advertise the meeting. "Fascism Means War! Protest against War and Fascism!"

An hour later the meeting was under way. A good crowd filled the circle near the garage. Not an eloquent speech but a straight, clear talk on the menace of reaction, Fascism and its drive for war. A surprisingly well-attended gathering, for the Croton organization was small and meetings were usually much smaller than this one was turning out to be.

Then the trouble began. From the outer edge of the meeting came green tomatoes, flung at the anti-Fascist speaker. Mocking applause and scoffing cheers. More than half the gathering turned out to be sympathizers with Mussolini's Fascist advance—coming to the meeting only to break it up. An organized attack, planned and mapped out beforehand, against the liberal forces of Croton.

One Fascist sympathizer was a policeman's brother; another an Italian business man; several were young clerks. Together they succeeded in halting the meeting and hindering the anti-war, anti-Fascist activities in that center.

"Defend the Constitution"

Several weeks later there appeared in Yonkers, 25 miles from Croton, a circular meant to terrorize Yonkers workers who were organizing for a strike:

**REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED
IN CROTON!**

SECRET SENTINELS OF YONKERS

Secret Sentinels. One of the many names chosen by groups of Fascists, semi-Fascists or potential Fascists in the United States, to cover activity ranging all the way from tomato throwing to murder. They all use the slogan, "Defend the Constitution," and many of them say they are against Fascism. But they carry out their purposes in the spirit of Fascism. And some of them even accept boastfully the designation, "American Fascisti."

Attacking all radicals and even liberals as "Communists," these organizations engage in activity which includes one or more of the following: strike-breaking and attempts to suppress trade unions; spreading the propaganda of race prejudice against Jews, Negroes and the foreign-born; initiating and supporting anti-working-class legislation; urging the deportation of radical aliens; spying on working-class organizations; and spreading anti-American, pro-Nazi, pro-Fascist propaganda.

More than 65 such organizations, having one or more of these purposes, have been active in the United States during the past year, according to an incomplete survey by the Labor Research

Association. Some are national; others operate only locally in some one state or section of the country. All are alike in the one main purpose—to defend the existing capitalist order and to maintain the system of private profits.

Three of a Kind

By their methods of operation, they may be divided roughly into three classes or kinds of associations: (1). Terrorist organizations, including the Black Legion, recently exposed in Michigan; the Ku Klux Klan, responsible for the murder of Joseph Shoemaker in Tampa, Florida; the Silver Legion; and the bands of vigilantes, operating especially in Arkansas and

California. (2). Organizations using chiefly "legal" methods of propaganda to initiate and support legislation against labor; these include the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, American Legion, American Liberty League, Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, Crusaders, Sentinels of the Republic, and the older "patriotic" organizations. (3). Those organizations which openly declare themselves Fascist, in support of Nazi Germany and Mussolini's regime in Italy—including such groups as the American National Socialist League, the German-American League (formerly the Friends of New Germany) and the United States Fascists, Inc.

(a). Typical of the terrorist organizations are the night-riding Black Legion and its Southern counterpart, the Ku Klux Klan. Both have a widely distributed membership combined with intensive local activity. The K.K.K., revived in 1934 to "go after" Communists wherever found, is under the leadership of the "imperial wizard," Dr. Hiram W. Evans of Dallas, Texas. The Black Legion's Western division headquarters are in Lima, Ohio, where Virgil F. Effinger holds forth as senior brigade commander. Effinger declares there are 3,000,000 members in the Legion, known also as the United Brotherhood of America, but probably the figure is exaggerated.

Black Legion, Auto Subsidiary?

Following the arrest of Black Legion members, in Detroit, for the murder of Charles A. Poole, young WPA worker, on May 13th, 1936, it was openly charged by trade union members in the automobile city that representatives of Ford and other automobile companies in Michigan had been in league with the Ku Klux Klan and the Black Legion in doing away with men active in union organization. Among those mysteriously murdered was George Marchuk, active in the auto workers' union and leader in the Unemployment Councils, who was found dead on December 22nd, 1933. Another was Jack Bilak, A. F. of L. union member active in the

(Continued on page 25)



The eerie trappings of the Black Legion in Detroit



A scene from the "Green Pastures" with Rex Ingram in the lead

MERRILY, merrily do the movies go on extolling the virtues of dying for "one's country" in a war. For a time, there was a noticeable decrease in the output of motion picture chauvinism and military glorification, and we were beginning to have hopes, but now the Hollywood cinema—and the British cinema influenced by Hollywood—has once again turned back to war and organized slaughter as a source of entertainment.

Consider, for example, *Suzy*. Consider it well, and when you've done, take the whole thing out and throw it away. Consider Jean Harlow in it, and more particularly, consider Franchot Tone and Cary Grant in it. These two lads are a couple of brother officers in the war, one an Englishman and the other a Frenchman. Mr. Tone is an airplane designer, and Mr. Grant is an airplane pilot. And, *Suzy* would have you believe, so valiantly does Mr. Grant conduct his airplane piloting, that all of France, men, women and children, think of him as one of their great heroes. When one of his women turns out to be a spy, and puts a bullet into him, it falls upon Mr. Tone to fly his airplane for him and shoot down some more German ships, and Mr. Tone does so equally valiantly. And Mr. Grant is buried with full military honors, and an enemy pilot drops a wreath on his grave, and it's all very noble and heroic. Nuts!

Or consider *I Stand Condemned*, which came from the Alexander Korda studios of London. This is the picture that introduces Harry Baur to the average movie audience, and if the truth must be known, Harry Baur has been seen before under much better circumstances in *Crime and Punishment*, the French version of the Dostoevsky novel. In *I Stand Condemned*, Mr. Baur is a Russian war profiteer, and something might have been made with the character if the picture didn't go off, all of a sudden, into a spy story, once again introducing that theme of how fine it is to go marching off to

Movies

Throw Suzy out of the window . . . Hollywood at it again . . . Newsreel in long pants

war. The marcher in this case was Laurence Olivier, a somewhat mildly celebrated British stage and screen performer, who puts both the spies and Mr. Baur to rout in the development of the plot. The whole film is being publicized more as a personal *tour de force* for Mr. Baur than anything else, but don't let that fool you. It still has that war in it, and you can't forget a war very easily.

Mary of Scotland, adapted from the Maxwell Anderson play in which Helen Hayes starred on the New York stage, and fashioned into a screen play by Dudley Nichols and John Ford, the two men most responsible for *The Informer*, proved more of a disappointment than anything else. It was top-heavy, it was too long, and it was too much concerned with its own importance to emerge as a really vital drama. Katharine Hepburn plays the title role, Frederic March is the Earl of Bothwell, and Florence Eldridge is Elizabeth. Those who have seen the play will miss Anderson's blank verse, the flowing poetry that did so much to enhance the beauty of the piece, as much as they will miss the warmth and infectious liveliness of Miss Hayes as Mary. Everybody concerned in it apparently was obsessed with the idea that *Mary of Scotland* just had to be a knockout. It isn't. Not by a long shot.

Two other pictures in recent weeks presented somewhat of a throwback to what President Roosevelt once referred to as the "horse and buggy days." One of them, *The Bride Walks Out*, had a young man (Gene Raymond) all steamed up because his wife refused to live with him on \$35 a week and persisted in the quaint notion of going to work herself, and the other, *Spendthrift*, had a young millionaire go broke, with only a few yachts, a string of polo ponies and a race horse to call his own. For some reason, there is an idea abroad in the land that neither of these two young men represent the flower of the nation at its present stage.

In connection with this latter film, incidentally, you might take some notice of Walter Wanger, its producer. Mr. Wanger has just signed a contract with a certain Signor Benito Mussolini

of Rome, Italy, to produce pictures at the new Cinema City now being built on the banks of the Tiber. When questioned about his political beliefs—after all Walter Wanger is the man who made *Gabriel Over the White House* and *The President Vanishes*, so he must have some political beliefs—the Hollywood magnate blandly replied, "I'm only a picture producer."

Take it or leave it.

Newsreel

WHAT *Fury* did for the advancement of feature pictures, *March of Time* accomplished for the newsreel when it came through with a grand indictment of the American dictator, President Trujillo Molina of the Dominican Republic.

The Dominican minister protested to Secretary of State Hull, and that worthy expressed his regret for about a column in the *New York Times*, but explained that "freedom of speech and the press is deeply imbedded in our tradition" and that therefore he could do nothing about it.

THE FIGHT RECOMMENDS:

Meet Nero Wolfe—A new type of detective story with Edward Arnold and Lionel Stander.

We Went to College—A warm, human comedy of three college graduates returned to their alma mater for a reunion, with Walter Abel, Una Merkel, Hugh Herbert and Charles Butterworth.

Gypsies—A new Soviet picture, because of its exquisite photography.

THE FIGHT FIGHTS:

Suzy—Extolling the virtues of dying for imperialism.

I Stand Condemned—Ditto.

SO—SO:

Mary of Scotland, *Forgotten Faces*, *Earthworm Tractors*, *And Sudden Death*.

THE FIGHT AWAITS:

Lost Horizon, *Soldiers Three*, *The Good Earth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The General Died at Dawn*, *As You Like It*, *Road to Glory*, *Dodsworth*, *Anthony Adverse*, *Charge of the Light Brigade*. (This classification includes films THE FIGHT awaits with both fearful and pleasant anticipation.)



Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard in "Romeo and Juliet"

This recognition of the newsreel's rights on the same plane as a newspaper was important in itself, proving that Washington has come to realize its importance as an opinion-forming medium, which imposes even greater responsibility for fairness and accuracy on the newsreel companies.

But in the excitement over this protest and the deletion of the clip at the Radio City Music Hall, few noticed that the *March of Time* very definitely, if indirectly, placed the blame for the dictator's rise on the shoulders of the United States Government, pointing out that it was the 1916 occupation of Santo Domingo by the Marines that taught Trujillo his lessons in government. The reel further pointed out that when the Marines left in 1924, and the debts owed to America were adjusted, the guns and ammunition collected by the corps from insurrectionists were used by Trujillo to establish his dictatorship.

The same issue of the *March of Time* also provided some fascinating studies of French types in a discussion of the current political situation in France. Without bias, it showed shots of both the Popular Front leaders and the Croix de Feu, and concluded that the fate of French politics depended on the will of the peasants, a statement which we are not in a position to challenge.

The treatment of the French situation was a decided contrast to the pictures of Bastille day exhibited by Fox, which gave the impression that the government supporters were a bunch of rowdies who were allowed to shout all they pleased while the nice Croix de Feu lads were not even permitted to hold a "conservative" parade.

The visit of Admiral Campbell to the Japanese training ship, *Iwate*, would not have been quite so ludicrous if one did not recall last month's Japanese spy scares and if the formality of piping him over the side had not sounded so much like shells flying through the air.

—ROBERT SHAW

A rousing story of the Far East
and Japanese soldiers take

By |Denji K

Translated from the Japan

ILLUSTRATED BY H



Pigs

A DROVE of black pigs was snouting and digging the debris from the swamp. A company of the Japanese expeditionary army was stationed at a Chinese village a few miles away from the Taohon railway line. It was early in November. When this company departed from Mukden, the vast Manchurian plains were green, but now only gray, monotonous, endless fields stretched before them.

From beyond the hills, an outpost of the Manchurian army strained their vigilant eyes over the plain. The Japanese side eagerly waited for the moment to open the attack. They had crossed the Eastern Siberian railway, occupied the Chahar fortress, and taken possession of the Taohon railway. It was preparation for an attack on the



Soviet border. Well known is this story of Japanese aggression.

For two weeks this company of the Japanese army had been quartered in a Chinese village, waiting with the keen attention of a bird of prey for a chance to advance. But among the soldiers in these quarters, there was apparent an effort to forget the tense atmosphere of the war. They sought diversion, some amusement which would never be permitted under the strict army rule even in time of peace.

Pale yellow sunlight appeared in the far-away sky. On the roof of the billet where the Japanese army was quartered, a watch tower had been erected to observe the enemy. A Japanese soldier, Hamada, was on duty at

the watch tower, but he too was restless.

"Look there!" he shouted to the idle soldiers on the ground. "Some surprises are coming over the swamp."

"What is it?" The soldiers down below lifted their heads and looked at Hamada. They saw in his face a mischievous joy. "Tell us! Are they women?" All the soldiers were thirsty for women.

"No, not women, pigs."

"What did you say? Pigs? Pigs? Well, that wouldn't be so bad. Come on, fellows."

The soldiers were not well fed. They received only the most monotonous food. The meat, which was served seldom, was canned and tasteless. The thought of fresh juicy meat stimulated their imaginations and their mouths watered. They hatched up a plan.

About five minutes later, several soldiers with rifles on their shoulders marched across the wild open fields towards the swamp. At about a hundred yards from the swamp, they fell to their knees on the dried grass and took aim. The black pigs were wandering in search of food, not sensing the soldiers. They missed their usual food from the farmers who had fled before the advance of the Japanese army. The soldiers aimed their rifles at the pigs. It was easy and safe to shoot, not a human being, but non-resisting and helpless animals. The pigs fell one by one. It was a pleasant game. But Goto, a new recruit, missed his aim and merely wounded the pig. It howled in sharp, piercing cries and leaped up, then rolled violently on the ground.

"Look, it is wounded." All the soldiers gazed upon the wounded pig, which was jumping and rolling with the blind power of madness.

Again Goto aimed his rifle and again he missed. The pig, in desperation, made another fierce turn. Goto aimed his rifle, but a third time missed.

"If that were a human being, we could not stand it," one of the soldiers murmured. "Even to do it to a pig is cruel enough."

"Do you know Ishizuka and Yamaguchi were murdered like that?" said Onishi.

"Were they really murdered by our officers?"

"Yes, sure, I know the fellow who was assigned to the duty of shooting them. He told me what he saw, himself."

Presently the soldiers returned to their billet, carrying the pigs, still warm, tied to a pole by the hind legs. Blood running from the pigs' mouths drew a long red line on the gray field.

At the entrance of the billet the company sergeant-major stood with a stern and sulky look.

"Didn't you see a Chinese before you went out?" he asked.

"No, sir. Has something happened, Sergeant-Major?"

"Yes, but you fools don't know anything. All right." He cast a sidelong glance at the pigs, still dripping blood, but he said nothing. The soldiers filed past him and laid the pigs beside the mud wall of the billet.

"Hamada, what has happened?" Onishi asked Hamada, who had come down from the watch tower.

"A Chinese soldier has done a smart, quick job. He was here and has gone, leaving behind him leaflets. Nobody noticed him."

"Where are the leaflets?"

"All the leaflets have been taken away by the sergeant-major. We are not allowed to read them. Don't you know?"

But later Hamada brought out a sheet of folded paper from his rice-pot and showed it to the soldiers.

"Though Ishizuka and Yamaguchi were killed, we have our friends like them right here among the Chinese soldiers. Wasn't that Chinese soldier wonderful? He did not fear to come here to give us the leaflets and he left without a sound. How smart he was!"

Comfort-Bags

THE Chinese house, where the Japanese company was stationed, had a thick wall and a low ceiling. It was

steam-heated. At night the soldiers slept on the floor, rolled in a few blankets. A foul smell of body odor filled the air. The soldiers had not taken a bath in more than twenty days.

Hamada and several other soldiers were lying on a blanket after a day's duty. They were waiting for the mail. The officers were nervous about anti-war leaflets which were not only brought by the Chinese soldiers, but had often been found in the mail sent to the



soldiers from their homes, and in the comfort-bags. The strictness of the censorship had been intensified.

The steam-heat warmed the soldiers; but the place was infested with fleas. It was five in the evening and already dark. In North Manchuria days were very short. A thick, grayish-white candle stood on the edge of a shelf, without a candlestick. The room itself expressed the desolate and dull life of soldiers at the front. The rifles leaning against the wall smelled of gunpowder. The muddy and torn shirts hung down like cerements. The gray wall, from which plaster was falling, was decorated with the pictures of two popular movie actresses. They were pasted up with rice. The officers were pleased to see that the soldiers were comforted in their lonely life by such things.

The rattle of wheels, mingled with the neighing of horses, approached. Clumping steps sounded on the stone road. The soldiers lying on the floor lifted their heads. Ten soldiers had returned, who had gone out to the railway line, two miles away, to receive food, mail, and comfort-bags.

The billet suddenly became lively. As soon as the soldiers, warmly dressed, with deep-crowned hats and gloves, opened the door of the room, those who

Outpost

The Far East front when Chinese soldiers take time out from the war

by Kuroshima

Illustration by Haru Matsui

By HERB KRUCKMAN



had been patiently waiting for their return asked, "Did you bring mail, too?"

"No."

"What was the matter?"

"The letters are held at Mukden."

"Why?"

"They were opened up and censored."

"God damn it! We are not even allowed to read the old man's letter without being censored!"

The comfort-bags were divided among them. They knew that these bags would be packed with the same old stuff: shorts, towels and soap. Yet, they expected each time to find something different. It was a joy to guess the contents of the bag. They were as excited as if they were drawing for a prize. They had received many comfort-bags before and were able to judge the contents from the appearance of the white cotton bag. The bulgy ones were not exciting, for they always had the worst things.

This time, as always, a towel, a pair of shorts, and tooth powder were all there was in the bag. They took the articles out one by one, spreading out and shaking them in expectation of finding entirely different things between them. A folded paper dropped to the floor.

"Good Lord!" shouted one of the soldiers. He displayed his gift under the candle-light.

"What is it?" All the soldiers turned to see.

"Wait! Let me see." Quickly he picked up the paper and unfolded it under the dim light.

"Is it a leaflet?"

"No. What nonsense. This is only a letter from school children written by order of the teachers . . . Damn it!"

At that moment the door creaked. Sword and spurs clinked. The conver-

sation suddenly stopped. A newspaper reporter, dressed in a gown thickly stuffed with cotton and with fur around his neck, entered with an officer.

"The soldiers here are treated well. Even in cold Manchuria they are housed in a warm room," the officer explained.

"How wonderful!" the reporter answered, despite the fact that he felt sick in the stinking room.

"I think this company holds the honor of leading our army across the Nomi River, doesn't it?" He looked around the room and observed the silent soldiers.

"Yes, it was this company," the officer replied.

"I suppose in that battle all of you had interesting experiences. Will you tell me about them?" He waited for an answer from the crowd.

But the soldiers kept their mouths closed. They looked at one another. The reporter inquired what they had



found in the comfort-bags, and about the letter from the school children. Yet the soldiers only silently exchanged glances among themselves. The reporter took a picture of the soldiers and left the room with the officer.

"Damn it! He came to see us only because he wanted to collect special news for his paper. Instead, he should bring us news of Japan."

"That's right. I'm always worried about my parents. They may starve to death."

Outpost

THE clinking shoes of marching soldiers could be heard across the frozen fields. Seven soldiers had gone out scouting under the leadership of Sergeant Fukayama. They had left

the village behind and advanced towards an outpost three miles beyond the main army in the village. Onishi and Hamada were in the group.

Trees were rare. No hills, but swamps and kaoliang fields. The vast plain sloped. The scouts marched forward. The village where the main army was stationed had dropped from sight behind the slope. In the deserted field they felt desolate. Yet pride forced them to deny their fear. It was shameful to show cowardice.

They knew that the Chinese soldiers were workers and peasants like themselves. Yet the Japanese scouts, imbued with fear, imagined sudden attacks. Stories of the cruelties of Chinese bandits clung to their minds, though they did not believe them at all. The closer they advanced to the enemy's zone, the more their fear increased. Now the scouts were completely isolated from the main army.

North Manchuria was an endless field. Ahead, an isolated house came into sight. The sergeant, who was tracing a road with the help of a map, understood that the scouts had reached the outpost. Trenches dug by the Manchurian army were frozen with mud. The deserted house was to be occupied by the scouts and they were glad to find shelter from the freezing, biting air.

The house was built of clay, the roof also covered with clay. The door was broken. Inside there was no bed, no chair, no shelf, no wood to burn. Only newly burned ashes. Perhaps it had been looted.

"There is another hut over there," Onishi shouted to the others when he came out after inspecting the house. The other hut, which was within fifty meters, stood low in the trench and was of a protective earth color.

"We must inspect that house, too." Hamada approached it carelessly. To his surprise, a Chinese soldier appeared at the door.

The sight of a Chinese made his blood run cold. He instinctively clutched his rifle, but wondered whether he should shoot him at once or wait. Other Japanese soldiers also stood erect,

at a loss what to do, and gazed upon a Chinese. It was easy to shoot him alone. But it would be dangerous if the Chinese battalion were hidden somewhere, or posted near. There was such a possibility. The Japanese main army would be useless in that case. All of them, from the sergeant to the new recruit, realized that they were powerless.

The Chinese soldier at the door smiled at them. Another Chinese appeared behind the first, with the same friendly smile.

"Why! They are greeting us."

The tension on the part of the Japanese relaxed. They decided to take no action against the Chinese, though they were watchful.

That day passed without any trouble. Neither side sent any report to their main army. Yet fear was not extinguished in the minds of the Japanese soldiers. They could not sleep throughout the night. They were irritated and depressed.

The next morning, the Chinese were still there. They made their appearance at the window whenever the Japanese soldiers looked in, the good-natured smiles always on their faces. The Japanese could not return a sulky look, and they, too, began to smile. During the whole morning both sides peered at each other through the windows and exchanged smiles.

After lunch, there still remained a piece of ham cooked by a former cook, Yoshida. Hamada wrapped it in a fresh towel and threw it towards the window of the Chinese hut.

"A nice present to you!" he shouted in Chinese.

"Thank you!" a voice answered.

(Continued on page 26)



Books

A Colony of Ours

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE, by Grayson L. Kirk; 278 pages; Farrar & Rinehart; \$2.50.

THE United States, in 1898, started to "free" Cuba from Spain and in the process acquired an overseas empire including the Philippine Islands, potentially rich in resources and with a population of some 13,000,000 people. "Freeing" Cubans and subjugating Filipinos at one and the same time was an interesting piece of wizardry. Of course, justifications were manufactured later. Pres. McKinley mumbled vaguely about a "civilizing mission" and, more intelligibly to the American public stated, "as trade follows the flag it looks very much as if we were going to have new markets."

The "civilizing mission" met with considerable resistance from the natives and gradually was forgotten. After 1913, Philippine products were permitted free entrance to the American market. The result was a tremendous increase of trade between the two countries and the United States obtained an almost complete monopoly of the Philippine import market. At the same time, Philippine sugar, copra, coconut oil, hemp, tobacco and other products began to stream into the American market. However, the American investments in the Islands did not increase proportionally to the trade. The author suggests that had this happened Philippine independence would have received little support from the American politicians.

After 1922, the American farmers began to complain about hard times. The politicians only half heard the complaints since we were supposed to be in the "new era prosperity." The farm lobbies in Washington became more and more articulate. They wanted protection from overseas competition. And why were Philippine products allowed free access to the American market? This question was discreetly emphasized by the sugar lobby. Since some Filipinos were asking for freedom why not grant it and their Philippine products would have to scale the tariff barriers. It was interesting to see the sturdy protectionists battle so bravely for freedom. That much of this alleged competition from the Philippines was non-existent

did not matter. The struggle continued.

The Philippines were granted freedom with a ten-year period for readjustment before being cast loose entirely. Prof. Kirk does not see how this can be achieved satisfactorily since the Philippine economy has been so closely geared to that of the United States.

Prof. Kirk's suggestions for handling the problem may seem inadequate to a situation so desperate, but he has revealed the nature and dangers involved in the imperialist process.

A question suggested by Prof. Kirk's study concerns the direction in which the American economy is developing. Will the United States not only divest herself of an overseas empire but attempt to become increasingly self-sufficient under the pressure from producers who think their troubles arise from foreign competition? Other countries are vigorously doing so. The interesting, if not comforting, aspect of such extreme nationalism is that it seems to carry as many seeds of war as the acquisition of non-contiguous territories did before the World War.

—DONALD MCCONNELL

Enlightenment for Security

ON THE RIM OF THE ABYSS, by James T. Shotwell; 400 pages; The Macmillan Company; \$3.00.

PROFESSOR SHOTWELL is persistent and persuasive in his planning for peace. Unfortunately his persistence is not so conspicuous in his analysis of the causes of war and the reasons for the failure of peace efforts and peace machinery. He would center attention on revising the technique of dealing with issues that lead to war rather than driving directly at the basic economic conditions which continually breed war. He calls for the strictest realism in dealing with the crisis which the League of Nations faces, but stresses the adjustment of the United States to the League rather than looking to the composition of the League and the character of its dominant powers for the root of the trouble.

"Security, like liberty," writes the Director, Division of Economics and History, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, "is maintained by enlightened intelligence." This attitude

expresses both the value of Professor Shotwell's work and its limitations. His measured plea for the cooperation of the United States with the League of Nations is both attractive and logical—within its sphere of concern. He argues that the drives toward war, economic and otherwise, can be removed or diverted by the use of reason and the development of the proper international machinery of control. He sees "the imperfect education of the people themselves" as a greater danger to peace than the machinations of diplomacy. He even admits that perhaps the conditions of permanent peace are to be sought in the field of economics rather than equally in the fields of politics and economics. At one point he strikes basic ground when he suggests the necessity for a synthesis between the needs of European security and of American security. The limits of enlightened intelligence in dealing with economic conflicts which generate war are not comprehended by this Columbia professor. He suggests that nations, like modern business organizations, can settle disputes by methods other than conflict, and fails to note that these modern business interests are at the very basis of a world economic system that can find no other method of settlement but war. He errs still further, both intellectually and morally, when he assumes that capitalist nations have either the power or the will to build collective security. The system of economic competition by which the world is run neither promotes

nor permits any method but that of war in settling basic issues between nations. Furthermore, Dr. Shotwell ignores the whole anti-war movement that has developed since the World War. He lumps the peace groups into two general classes but leaves out the powerful and aggressive activities and potentialities of anti-war movements based on the masses of workers—industrial, professional and agricultural. His whole conception seems to be peace through governments and their machinery. At no point does he admit the possibility and strategy, nor does he assess the strength of working-class or peoples' sanctions. The plea for enlightened intellect falls to the ground when the operation of such intellect fails to analyze the forces within a nation, and separates government with its economic control from the people of that country.

—PAUL REID

Joe Hill Listens to the Praying

BEFORE THE BRAVE, by Kenneth Patchen; Random House; \$2.00.

PATCHEN is a valid working-class poet. The son of a steel worker, himself once a steel worker, and after the benefit of a single year at the University of Wisconsin, farm hand, janitor, road-construction helper, he is of the class whose awakening self-consciousness he seeks to express in poetry. In his pages there is no trace of the hesitation, the nostalgia, the cynicism that paralyze the spirit of so many of our so-called proletarian poets who have been conditioned by a bourgeois environment. He does not waver in his confidence in the masses of his fellow men. The future is theirs, he feels, and they know it. "Man is enough for men to build the world by." "Time and love," he tells us firmly, "are our ancestors, these and these alone," for "Nature's law is vision." Here is working-class philosophy in a nutshell. Here is a new direction, too, for American poetry: Whitman disciplined by the new problems of a later generation.

But such clarity as these quotations possess is rare in Patchen. After the praise visited upon the publication of "Joe Hill Listens to the Praying" (and the poem is certainly worth it), he seems to have written too rapidly. Feeling, perhaps, that he must at all costs



John Dos Passos, author of *The Big Money*

escape banality, and sensitive to the many currents of our contemporary poetry, he has not taken the time to digest his ideas. His images are too often precious, without meaning, or emotionally inconsistent. The overtones in a metaphor frequently clash and fail to blend into a clear totality of impression. The reader has the uncomfortable feeling that a wealth of meaning is repeatedly eluding him. But even with these shortcomings, *Before the Brave* sets loose amongst us a demand for confident forward social movement that is needed in American life and none too common in our current poetry.

—EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

Oh, Yeah?

SURPLUS PROPHETS, *Anonymous*; 63 pages; Viking Press; \$1.00.

THE NOSES of the "great" men of American big business and Wall Street are rubbed in their own words in this brief record of the absurd verbal contradictions of the prevailing swing to hysterical Toryism. The technique of "Oh Yeah?", which in the early days of the depression set down the wistful detection of "prosperity around the corner" by the same master minds, is here applied to the calamity howling from the right which has accompanied the restoration of big business profits since 1933.

From Hoover's "the grass will grow in the streets," in 1932, through his endorsement of the NRA in 1933 to his attack on the New Deal, in 1936, as "a veritable mountain of fear" is the path traced by *Surplus Prophets*. Other signposts are Al Smith's attack on red baiting during his 1928 election campaign, his advocacy of recognition of the Soviet Union, in 1933, and his "Washington or Moscow" red baiting speech for the American Liberty League, in 1936, as well as Willie Hearst's deviations from support of Roosevelt as a non-radical, in 1932, to his irrational charges of Communism in the White House, in 1936. The Liberty League Boys, Landon, Knox, Dickinson and the rest of the crowd up to and including H. L. Mencken, all come in for a dose of Al Smith's celebrated medicine of "let's look at the record."

The book stands as a facile, entertaining anecdote to the high-powered, unreasoned propaganda of the reactionary forces grouped behind Landon who are striving desperately to whip up mass support for their discredited cause. Its usefulness, however, extends no further than as a campaign document for the liberal capitalist movement of Roosevelt. Its complete concentration on the absurdities of Roosevelt's opponents is by implication a whitewash of the less vicious but none the less dangerous contradictions within the Roosevelt camp. A few citations from the meandering vocabulary of Hugh Johnson, "Uncle

Dan" Roper, Ray Moley and Ed Kennedy would give a better perspective on the actual political tasks confronting the American people.

—FRANKLIN GEAR

Through the Ages

THE JEWS OF GERMANY, by Marvin Lowenthal; 444 pages; Longmans, Green & Co.; \$3.00.

THIS book deserves high praise both for its good writing, its timeliness and for the honest manner in which the author relates the story of one section of a population to the general life of the times. For this is no history of the Jews alone. They did not live in a secluded corner, unaffected by and ineffective toward the currents of life about them. They were part and parcel of the long struggle of society to accomplish a decent and livable social structure. They suffered when the world went awry; they rejoiced when adjustments were made. They took part, either as actors or sufferers, in the conflicts which tore Europe apart for centuries, and which are threatening to be reenacted on the European landscape.

Mr. Lowenthal has located his story in one part of that world,—the section which used to be part of the great Roman Empire and then grew up to be Germany. But the story goes beyond that. "The experience of the Jews of Germany was, until recent years (and one wonders why this conditional phrase was inserted), a counterpart of their experience elsewhere. Except for dates, personalities, and local circumstances, its story is the story of all Jewry." And again: "In an endeavor to furnish an adequate background for the German Jews who are a portion of all Israel, for the Germans who are a segment of Christendom, and for Germany and Jewry together who share the fortunes of the whole Western World, we have been led into certain general accounts of the origin of the antagonism between Jew and Christian, the rise of feudalism, the attitude of the Church toward the Synagogue, the significance of Protestantism, the career of capitalism, the forces which evolved religious tolerance and political equality, and the history behind our contemporary racial myths."

All this Mr. Lowenthal has covered in order to tell the story of the Jews in Germany. It is a caution to those who are led to easy generalizations about historic problems; it is, quite apart from the particular and valuable information it contains, a lesson in social growth that can be applied anywhere.

Mr. Lowenthal sketches the story of Germany and the Jews from, roughly, the beginning of the fourth century to developments under Hitler's Third Reich. He indicates the areas of permanent progress in social relations and

the unsolved problems which Hitler used to his own advantage. These same accomplishments and those same problems can be found elsewhere in the western world. After years of living in and giving of their best to Germany, a minority within that country—the Jews—are now faced with exile and destruction. The very terms echo of the Middle Ages, but the reasons for their use are derived from twentieth century capitalism with its medieval inheritance. It is Mr. Lowenthal's opinion that the Jews will not be the only sufferers.

"No land can remain half-bigot and half-tolerant. The fight against fanaticism is one fight, no matter who the victims are . . . No majority is free so long as it holds a minority enslaved. The liberty of no individual can rise higher than its source; and this source is the general liberty of man." By such observations the story of the Jew of Germany is carried over to other prejudiced areas be they religious or racial, and finally to the sphere of our general economic life where a few are free while many are enslaved.

—BENJAMIN GOLDSTEIN

Notes and Reviews

ANY alert manuscript reader for any publisher will tell you that the writing habits of America's would-be authors have definitely been affected by the continuance of the depression. In the first place, of course, is the great growth of proletarian literature—novels of workers' lives, of unemployed misery, and of political awakening—which, though only a minute fraction of it may see the light of publication, is more and more cramming the editor's shelves. For all their deficiencies from a technical literary point of view, a surprising number of these works have something sincere, touchingly human, and broadly universal about them; they deal with the fundamental raw materials of life; their honesty entitles them to some sort of hearing.

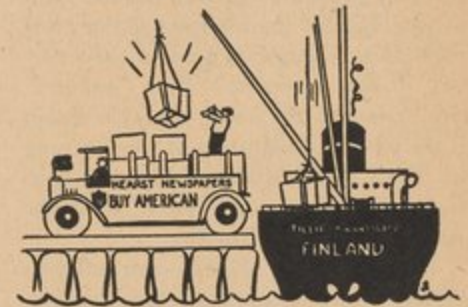
A second reaction on the part of new writers to the recognition of the fact that there seems to be something strangely permanent about our depression is not usually so sincere, so humbly concerned with actual experiences and accepted facts. But on the other hand it is more purely imaginative, appears to be more original, tries to be more entertaining, and on the whole has a better chance to be accepted for publication as a new type of "escape" literature. I refer to the deluge of manuscripts dealing with the future.

The best of this lot are not, as some might expect, privately patented blueprints of Utopia, personally conducted tours to the millennium that would automatically come about if only we adopted such and such a highly original measure, not *Gabriel Over the White House*, or Harold Loeb's *Life in a Technocracy*. In *Gabriel*, America's problems were all solved through an injury to the President's head, but all the rest of the books in this class are equally unreal, if not as absurd, because they mention no obstetrical details for delivering the future. They show the most childlike conception of the real forces at work in our society. They are at once condescending and ignorant, and their authors consistently confuse their own individual desires and limitations with social forces and objective circumstances. Hence there has not yet appeared among them another *Looking Backward* like Edward Bellamy's.

No, the best of the lot of books on the future are much "grimmer" affairs. They are intended as warnings. They are realistic portrayals of what will happen to us if the forces of degeneration and savagery now rampant in Germany and Italy were to spread. They are books like Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here* and its English counterpart, *In the Second Year*, by Storm Jameson. They are books like Naomi Mitchison's *We Have Been Warned*, which I am very glad to hear the Vanguard Press is about to publish here almost two years after its appearance in England. These are works of superior imagination precisely because they consent to be held to the facts of common experience. They are not fairy tales; they deal with real and recognizable people and point to a foe of humanity as real as any earthquake, drought, or barbarian invasion.

These remarks may serve to introduce the announcement that we have received for review three more works dealing with non-existent times or places, or based on frankly impossible premises.

ODD JOHN: A STORY BETWEEN JEST AND EARNEST (282 pages; E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.00) is by Olaf Stapledon, an English writer who combines the technique of the scientific adventure story of M. P. Shiel with



the special interest in the future of man of H. G. Wells, but who, in my opinion, lacks the winning art of both. Odd John, in this story, is simply a new superhuman type of animal born of normal human parents. His mother carried him for eleven months, he was six years old before he could walk, but he discussed philosophy and higher mathematics in his cradle, and so on. Mr. Stapledon is undoubtedly most ingenious in demonstrating his hero's super-normality, just as he was uncommonly ingenious in his former book, *Last and First Men*, in describing the various races of super-beings who will supplant man for the next million years. Here, by the way, I should take back a previous statement. Mr. Stapledon is interested in the future not so much of man as of his highly superior successors.

And it is this that deprives his works of any really serious interest. For though this device may permit him to point up human defects, which has always been the job of satire, it does not permit him to distinguish between accidental and "fundamental" defects, between remediable social and irremediable biological faults. Man is simply a poor thing to be superseded by some freak of nature, and there the argument, if any, ends. What's the use of taking sides between good and evil, progress and reaction, life and money, democracy and Fascism, when these are merely the unimportant distinctions of some insignificant insect species? And that is how Odd John regards our poor humankind, with such contempt that at the end of the book he even destroys his own society of super-humans (which was to be devoted to purely spiritual contemplation in the best medieval tradition) rather than take the slight trouble to wipe out the human race. And that is why both M. P. Shiel and H. G. Wells are, each in his own way, the superiors of Olaf Stapledon in art and criticism.

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING, by Hillel Bern-
(Continued on page 30)

Wall Street

THE GREAT "Constitutionalists" of Wall Street have undergone a miraculous change of life recently, all because of the adventures of certain Fascist gangsters on the Spanish peninsula. They have shed their coat of phony devotion to "law and order" and "constitutional change" and have enthusiastically thrown their support to the efforts of the Spanish Fascists to overthrow a lawful and constitutional government which has the fault of standing for the interests of the great mass of the people as against the interests of big business. This "sudden" conversion to the rebel cause in Spain is the perfect illustration of the meaning of Wall Street's slogans of constitutional "freedom and liberty" à la the American Liberty League.

Because of the obvious contradiction between such sentiments and the prevailing hullabaloo for Landon and the Constitution, the huzzahs for the murderous exploits of the Spanish Fascists and royalists have been confined mainly to the private conversations of Wall Street. The open support of the Fascist revolt and public distortion of the role of the Spanish People's Front have been left to Hearst. But within the privacy of Wall Street's boudoir, the adulation of Generals Franco and Mola has been unrestrained. In fact, much more than a "spiritual and moral" bond is felt with the Spanish Fascists since the fate of the International Telephone & Telegraph's monopoly in Spain, one of the choice melons of American imperialism, is probably hanging in the balance. This company, under the direct domination of J. P. Morgan & Co., obtained its Spanish telephone monopoly during the last years of the corrupt Bourbon monarchy, and the whole force of the American government was rallied to its support when cancellation of the monopoly was attempted shortly after the overthrow of Alfonso in 1931.

In between the shouts for Landon and so-called Jeffersonianism, the entire question of Fascism is coming in for increasing attention in Wall Street. Thomas F. Woodlock, the "philosopher" of the *Wall Street Journal*, has moved from mournful examination of the "revolt of the masses" and the developing "class struggle" to a direct treatment of the question of Fascism for the elucidation of his readers in Wall Street. While seemingly rejecting the

Fascist position because of its occasional conflict with the principles of Rome, Woodlock carefully posits a metaphysical solution for social problems which in practice would be equivalent to Fascism. The efforts of man to aid his fellow man are rejected as "un-American." God should do it. Woodlock proclaims that "so long as man believes that his concern and his business are solely with this life and this world he will make a mess of this world's business, no matter what kind of government he tries." Significantly, Woodlock's chief sources for quotation to Wall Street are the same corrupt clerical and reactionary Spanish "intellectuals" who are now lined up solidly in support of the Fascist phalanxes.

Profits from Strikes

THE big shots in U. S. Steel are plainly worried by the prospects of a strong union organization among their workers. The institution of vacations with pay and the hollow gesture of establishing time-and-a-half pay for overtime in excess of 48 hours a week, so patent a blind that even the U. S. Steel company union threw it back in the management's face, are all symptoms of uneasiness on the part of Myron Taylor and his underlings. But,

to offset part of their worries, the Steel bosses are endeavoring to turn a pretty penny by capitalizing on the offshoots of American labor's growing militancy.

As manufacturers of Cyclone fence, the heavy barrier topped with barbed wire which surrounds so many factories, U. S. Steel is carrying on an intensive advertising campaign to sell this product to all plant owners threatened with strike problems. "Get this sure protection—now!—from trespassers—mobs—thieves," reads U.S. Steel's advertisement. "Trespassers and lawless mobs, as well as thieves and hoodlums, hate this famous fence. They know it means 'stay out.'" To illustrate this moving appeal to employers, U.S. Steel prints an action photograph of company police slugging down—not gangsters, thugs or thieves—but workers. It is not often that advertising is so brutally frank as this.

Business as Usual—For War

THE international monopolies controlling the trade in war munitions are continuing to fatten off the frantic world-wide armament drive. The copper industry, dealing in one of the basic war materials, is one of the chief beneficiaries. With war orders joining with some revival in the industrial demand for this metal, the copper producers in this country have taken advantage of their good fortune to boost the domestic price of copper to 9¾ cents a pound, the highest since April, 1931. For four months, the consumption of copper has exceeded the rate of current production. Consequently, the world copper pool in London, comprising the largest producers in all countries, was forced to raise its quota of production last month in order to meet the demand.

Thus far this year, the United States has shared honors only with Italy for first rank among the world powers in so far as increasing consumption of copper is concerned. For example, in June, this country consumed 57,149 tons of copper as against 36,000 tons in June, 1935, whereas total foreign consumption rose only to 85,141 tons from 84,800. Germany, which showed the sharpest advances in copper consumption last year in keeping with its rearmament drive, has had only a modest further expansion this year. But Italy, on the other hand, has consumed on the average 8,900 tons of copper a month this year as against 6,625 tons in 1935.

Quick Profits from Quicksilver

THE tentacles of war reach far out into remote places. The ever-increasing manufacture of munitions for future slaughters has revived the interest of mining capitalists in the isolated quicksilver mines of California. It seems that quicksilver is one of the basic materials in the manufacture of war-time explosives and commanded a price of \$300 for a flask of 76 pounds during the World War as compared with \$72 when only peace-time outlets are available. As a result, the quicksilver fields in California, the second largest in the world, are rapidly recovering boom-time activity. Recently, a syndicate from Boston, the leading center for mining capital in this country, purchased 5,000 acres of the best California quicksilver lands.

The Street on the A. F. of L.

WALL STREET has quickly taken sides on the present conflict between the Lewis and the Green forces within the American Federation of Labor. The Administrative and Research Corp., one of the leading confidential advisory services of Wall Street, says: "The show-down on unionization between the American Federation of Labor, headed by William Green, and the Committee for Industrial Organization, headed by John L. Lewis, has been brought to a head by the latter's aggressive drive to organize the Steel workers. Green, put in the difficult position of having to answer to both the satisfied dues-paying membership and the industrial leaders whose confidence he has hitherto enjoyed, is apparently ready to suspend from A. F. of L. membership one-third of the entire roster, or one million members, in order to maintain a neutral position." (Italics ours). After declaring that the outlawing of the Lewis unions would remove "any opportunity for labor-employer conferences that would have been possible under Federation approval," the agency says: "The Committee for Industrial Organization has no official recognition for collective bargaining from the heads of the steel industry, who would, however, deal with Green."



U. S. Steel advertisement in the magazine, Time



Mother Goose Goes to War

By Wallace West

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN GROTH



1. Little Jack Horner crouched in a corner
Shooting his Christmas toys.
As he pointed his gun, Dad said that such fun
Was a fine thing for brave little boys.

2. I had a little hobby-horse
And it was dapple grey;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

Along came an old man
Who handed me a rifle
Saying: "Practice for the next war.
You have no time to trifle."

3. Yankee Doodle went to town
And bought his son some rockets
Cannon crackers, flags and flares
Were stuffed in all his pockets.

Yankee Doodle, whoop it up!
Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Another war is in the air.
My son may find these handy.



4. The King of France lost twenty thousand men
Going up a hill and coming back again.
The King of Spain killed twenty thousand more
Climbing up the hill the French had climbed before.

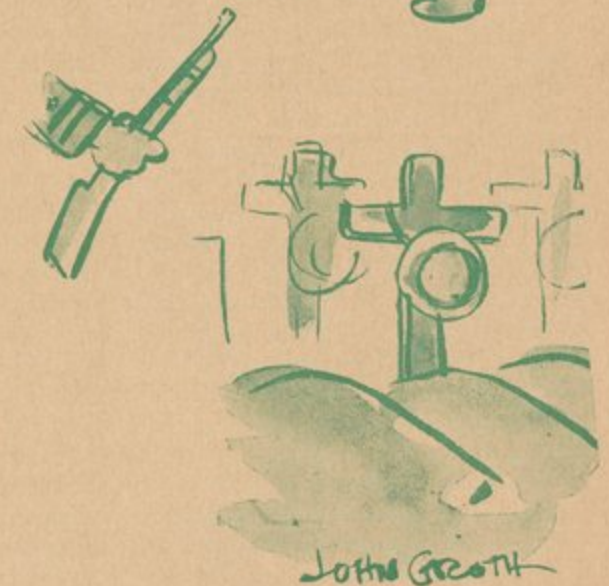
5. I do not like you, Doctor Hearst
Although you rant until you burst.
Why should we fight in Wall Street's wars
And shed our blood on foreign shores?

6. Boys and men, come out to war;
The bugles sound both near and far.
Leave your supper and leave your sleep
And come by the millions into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or be dragged withal.
Step up to the sergeant and write down your name.
It's no use complaining; you'll fight just the same.
You'll be gassed or you'll be shot.
Isn't that a pleasant lot?



7. Little Boy Blue, go shoot your gun
For you are a hero since war has begun.
Where's the little boy when the war's done?
Tangled in the barbed wire, cold as stone.

8. Three dead men.
See where they lie.
Three good men,
Too young to die.
They "saved the world for democracy."
They didn't know the hypocrisy
Of the bankers who sent them across the sea.
Three dead men!





*America . . . built by political and religious refugees . . .
the traditional land of freedom . . . What has this freedom
meant to the foreign-born and other minority groups during
periods of depression? And how are they faring today?*

The Land of Opportunity

By James Waterman Wise

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

IF I WERE a statistician, I would plot a graph to illustrate this article. It would trace two trends in American history. One line would show the high and low points of national prosperity, our booms and panics, our periods of expansion and depression. The other line would show the degree of friendliness or hostility towards minority groups—racial, religious, political—during the same years. And with very slight allowance for a time lag between the first and second, the two lines would coincide continuously—thus supplying graphic proof that the American attitude towards minorities has been determined by our own sense of social security or insecurity, of economic confidence or fear.

When conditions were good, wages high and prices low, the recognizably different among us were welcomed or, at least, undisturbed by majority antagonism. But in the United States,

as in other lands and ages, "when the ledger showed red, the outlook for minorities was black." A truth which was brought home in turn to Irish Catholics, German Protestants, Russian Jews and Japanese Shintoists!

Depression and Alien Baiting

It is being brought home again today to millions of foreign-born Americans who, whether citizens or non-citizens, are the potential victims of the latest depression-born wave of minority baiting. To be sure, the foreign-born are not alone cast in the scapegoat role. Certain native-born groups—Negroes, Jews and, in some sections of the country, Catholics—are likewise receiving marked attention by the forces of reaction in their search for decoys. But up to the present, the "alien" menace has evoked the most concerted campaign in the houses of Congress, the Hearst

newspapers, and among the Patriots Inc.

Before considering the nature and the implications of this campaign, let us cite certain figures relative to the group against which it is directed. How many "aliens" are there in the United States today? Less, according to the Commissioner of Immigration, than 5,000,000; and, of these, 1,500,000 have directly, or through their parents, taken out first citizenship papers. Moreover, the foreign-born are not only not increasing in number, but, for the last five years, there has been an excess of departures over admissions aggregating 238,695. Nor has any foreign country filled the quota of immigrants to which it is entitled under existing law. Finally, the Commissioner has stated that there are less than 100,000 non-citizens who are legally deportable from the United States.

Yet certain interests and individuals

are officially and unofficially proclaiming that the social and economic morass in which the nation flounders is attributable to the "aliens," that the solution of the unemployment problem is to be found, in part or in whole, through deporting them. And to strengthen their case, charges of criminality, radicalism, subversion and the like, are indiscriminately hurled at the foreign-born.

The manifest absurdity of attempting to solve the economic problems of 120,000,000 people by eliminating one-tenth of one percent (or even four percent, as is fantastically proposed by Congressman Martin Dies of Texas, who calls for the deportation of *all* the foreign-born) is obvious from a single observation: Their removal from the American scene would reduce that purchasers' and consumers' market, so essential to any economic recovery under our present system.

Equally false are the charges launched—Hearst leading the way—against the character of our new Americans. According to their detractors, criminality and foreignism are synonymous. Yet the recent study of crime and criminals made by the Department of Justice reveals that in 1934 the incidence of crime among the foreign-born was only 62.5 percent as high as that among our native citizens. A notable victory for the home-born Dillingers over the alien Capones!

Not all the current anti-foreignism is so crude or rabid as that of Hearst and Dies. In some instances, it appears superficially to be nothing more than a subtle preference for native Americans. In others, it is limited to advocating "protective" legislation such as compulsory registration and "alien" fingerprinting bills, or discriminatory measures against non-citizens who have been forced on federal, state or municipal relief. Always, however, it constitutes an attempted diversion from genuine issues, the deflection of energies from the real tasks of recovery which face the country.

Otto Richter, Anti-Nazi Worker

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the current pressure being brought to bear on Congress and the Department of Labor for the deportation of so-called political radicals. Under that term the deportationists include individuals whose radicalism runs all the way from outright advocacy of revolutionary doctrine—an inalienable right according to American tradition and the Constitution—to those suspected of having harbored unorthodox political beliefs abroad before immigrating to the United States. One thing, however, the prospective deportees invariably have in common: activity of some kind in industrial disputes, in strikes or organization of the unemployed, and, it need hardly be added, *activity on the side of labor*. For this, and this alone, is the "alien" menace feared and fought by Hearst and the black network of reaction which he heads.

One case, typical of hundreds, may well be cited: In November, 1933, a young German seaman jumped ship in the harbor of Seattle. He was not a stowaway who had come to this country for the excitement of a trip across the ocean. He was no thrill hunter, seeking publicity. He was in the truest sense of the word a political refugee, seeking the right of asylum from a regime of tyranny and dictatorship. He believed that in a free and democratic country—the United States of America—he would find that asylum.

This young man's name was Otto Richter. Born in Bremen, Germany, he was a worker and an active anti-Nazi. On the night of the burning of the Reichstag, Storm Troopers apprehended him and, though he had not the slightest connection with that event,

they beat and tortured him. Thereafter, he spent four and one-half months hiding from Hitler's secret police and from imprisonment, further torture and possible death which awaited him should he be caught.

In November, 1933, after eluding his pursuers he enlisted as a seaman and sailed on a German boat which was to call at ports in the United States. During the course of the voyage his identity became known and officers of the ship, after abusing him, threatened to turn him over to the police, with all the terrifying implications of that threat, upon the ship's return to Nazi Germany. These were the circumstances which underlay the attempted escape of Otto Richter from Nazi tyranny to American freedom.

A Heinous Offense

What has happened since? In July, 1934, during the San Francisco general strike, a vigilante raid was made on the Workers Center and there Otto Richter was found engaged in what the Department of Labor evidently regarded as the heinous offense of helping to feed striking marine workers. He was seized and ordered deported to Nazi Germany on the technical charge that he had remained in the United States illegally. Since that time, a long legal battle has been fought by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born to save him from deportation.

Only the tremendous counter-pressure of mass sentiment has secured for Otto Richter the dubious privilege of being deported to a country of his choice—Belgium has agreed to receive him—instead of to Hitler's sadistocracy. Without it, he would unquestionably have been sentenced to a horrible fate in Germany, through action of the U. S. Bureau of Immigration, at the behest of the anti-labor and strike-breaking forces of our country.

Otto Richter's name is legion: Jesus Palleres, deported in June to Mexico; Cassimo Cafiero, deported on July 4th (Shades of 1776!) to Fascist Italy; Emil Gardos, ordered deported to Hungary; Walter Baer, Joseph Ganghauser, Alfred Miller to Nazi Germany; Vincent Ferrero and Dominick Sallito to Italy. . . Every one of them a fighter for worker's rights, for civil liberties, for justice and freedom!

In one sense, the deportations which I have cited as typical of the minority baiting mood of the times are not news. Palmer and Doak, of evil memory, established the precedent. And precedents die hard in government bureaus and departments. What is new, though, if not news, is the long drawn economic depression and social insecurity which today grip our country. Thence comes the graver menace of the anti-alien drive. A harassed people turns easily to scapegoats and whipping-boys, and

vainly vents on them its wholly justified anger and discontent.

Our own people will do so, unless they come to see that such action solves no problems, ends no wrongs. That it is precisely what the exploiters, the warmongers, the Fascists wish them to do. That in striking at the foreign-born, or any other minority, they are in reality striking at themselves, defeating their own cause.

Nothing is more urgent today than to bring home the truth to the American people that denial of civil liberties to foreigners presages and prepares the way for denial of those rights to the native-born. If laws can be introduced permitting search and seizure without warrant in an "alien's" home, and his trial by "administrative process" (a polite name for star-chamber proceedings) instead of by jury, the way is opened for such assaults upon the liberties of us all. And when powerful and wealthy interests and men attempt to antagonize foreign and native-born, we may be sure that the same splitting tactics will next be applied among the native-born themselves. For minorities, here as elsewhere, are looked upon as guinea pigs in the Fascist laboratory of enslavement.

Conversely, the necessity appears of welding together those whom Fascism would disunite and destroy. "Every defense of a worker held for deportation," writes Dwight C. Morgan, "every struggle against discrimination, every part of the fight for equal rights for the foreign-born will help to maintain and extend the democratic rights of the native-born workers." This principle was firmly grasped at the Conference for a Farmer-Labor Party, held recently in Chicago, which in its platform expressly demanded that, *for the sake of the American People*, the deportation and persecution of the foreign-born be ended, and that the right of asylum for political and religious refugees be reestablished.

Expose Fascist Attack

Let it be clear that I do not plead for tolerance or charity for the foreign-born. They neither ask nor need them. What they do demand, and what is rightfully theirs, is full equality in working out the social and economic problems which are mutually theirs and ours. That equality is today imperiled. Those who seek to establish a Fascist regime in the United States are concentrating their first barrage upon the foreign-born. Our task—the task of the united and indivisible masses of the American people—is to pierce the smoke screen they have laid down. In schools and churches, in the liberal, progressive and radical press and parties, in the trade unions, among the unemployed and especially in the American League Against War and Fascism, we must counter-attack by exposing their real objectives.



Letters

Talk and Action

LAST night a small group met to discuss the possibility of forming some kind of a peace organization. Most of us are agreed that too many such organizations are not enough; most talk vaguely of peace, and they seem to have no awareness of the need for fighting Fascist tendencies in every-day life.

I was elected secretary, and I am hoping, indeed, expecting that we will form a local of the American League. We realize that many members of a community like this would come more



quickly and easily into another type of peace organization, but don't you agree that a small militant group is worth much more than a large group which confines its peace activities to theoretical discussions?—MRS. GEORGE DALY, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Good Work

WISH to report to you that last night we had two successful meetings in Milwaukee. The mass meeting held at the Jefferson Hall in protest against the arrest of Lockner-Loh was very good. There were 500 people present. Resolutions were passed as follows: (1) To Governor LaFollette, protesting against his speaking at the German Day Festival under the swastika. (2) Resolution in behalf of the beginning of the last World War and organizing against war. (3) To elect a committee to carry on a fight against Nazism in Milwaukee. The latter is very important. It includes at least 5 out of 9 of the Socialist Party, one is a State Assemblyman and another is a former State Assemblyman (both Socialist). The crowd was very enthusiastic and the prospects are that a good campaign can be organized to combat Nazism. The German people here are not Nazis.

The other meeting, which began an hour earlier in a park, was our regular Friday evening Peace Forum. This is held in the Old Court House Square. Mrs. Clinton M. Barr spoke on "The Price of Peace and the Cost of War." Later, Mrs. Helen Hoy Greeley spoke

on the People's Front in France and Spain.—WM. CALDWELL, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Miners Want "The Fight"

OUR miners' local here had bought some copies of your July number, containing John Lewis' article. This is the first I have seen of your magazine and I have never heard much about the American League before. We like THE FIGHT very much and think that our fight is your fight and your fight ours.—GEORGE GLIMPSKY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It's Happening Everywhere

I HAVE been reading and selling the Hearst papers for the past 30 years. By luck I happened to get hold of a copy of the "Vilest Racketeer of All." Please mail a dollar's worth of copies. If I can help it I will try now to switch my customers to other papers with the help of your booklet. Is there a branch of the League in our vicinity?—G. S. BRANDT, Danvers, Mass.

A Letter to the N. Y. League

I CANNOT tell you how impressed I was by the Iturbi incident. (Spanish pianist and conductor who was quoted in the press as favoring the Spanish Fascists. He later retracted the statement.—Ed.) It brought home forcibly the power individuals have when they protest as groups. It was a very exciting feeling to be able for the first time (for me) to speak for justice. I am enclosing a membership for the League.

—IRENE SIMON, New York, N. Y.

The Churches Want "The Fight"

WE are using THE FIGHT in Sunday school and church groups. It is receiving much enthusiasm.

I suggest you print an article on the Civil War and the Spanish-American War similar to Seldes' article in the April issue on the World War.

We realize that more than slavery was behind the Civil War; and more than Spanish "atrocities" behind the Spanish-American War.—REV. E. W. COWAN, Deckerville, Mich.

Legal Rights

LABOR organizations here in the Bay area began a drive to prevent the disbarring of lawyers active in labor

cases. First shot in the offensive against labor lawyers was fired when Aubrey Grossman, recent law school graduate, was notified by Irvin Scwab, member of the Board of California Bar Examiners, that the American Legion Committee Against Subversive Activities had appealed to the California Supreme Court demanding that Grossman not be admitted to the State Bar because of anti-war and pro-labor activities during his student days at the University of California.

Reacting strongly against this violation of legal rights by the American Legion, liberal groups and labor organizations planned an avalanche of resolutions and protests condemning the Legion's interference and urging the Bar Examiners' immediate recommendation for Grossman's admittance to the Bar.

The Committee for Maintenance of Constitutional Rights of Legal Defense urges all individuals and organizations interested in preserving constitutional



guarantees of freedom in California to write or telegraph protests immediately to Claude Minard, Secretary of the State Bar of California, Mills Tower Building, San Francisco.—MERLE ANDERSON, SECRETARY FOR THE COMMITTEE FOR MAINTENANCE OF CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF LEGAL DEFENSE, Berkeley, Cal.

The Red Scare

I AM very much interested in your magazine, THE FIGHT, and would like to subscribe to it regularly. It would be impossible for me to receive it through the mails since I cannot even subscribe to *The Nation* as it might actually cost me my job.

Although my sympathies are entirely with the American League I never dare to mention either the League or THE FIGHT in public places, because I would then be branded as a dangerous pacifist and a radical influence in the schools. It would be professional suicide to be outspoken on any of the problems which are regularly discussed in your magazine.

A few months ago the members of the editorial staff of one of the near-by high schools were dismissed because of writing peace editorials for their school paper. In the adjoining city, riot squads were rushed from police headquarters on the rumor that pacifist literature was being distributed to the students at recess time. It turned out that this literature was advertising material for local cadet uniform makers and so perfectly desirable as handouts for the students. Please see to it that the magazine comes to us first-class mail.—X. Y. Z., Brighton, Mass.

Spanish Barricades

(Continued from page 5)

of many, those occupations were not expropriations. The peasants agreed to pay rent, and were meeting their obligations. One collective of 13,000 acres at Villa de Don Fadrique near Toledo, organized since 1933 and named Kolhos Voroshilov, had been paying rent regularly since its first day. Collective exploitation of the land was enthusiastically accepted everywhere, and the small landowning peasants were more enthusiastic over it than those who had never had any land at all. They knew, these small landowners, the difficulties of wresting a living from the small, pebbly, sun-baked fields they had occupied for generations. Allied with the workers in the city factories, they were dreaming of mechanized farms, of increased output, of a fuller life. The Spanish people were finally going to laugh without bitter afterthought.

The Spanish people had tried many ways in the past to overcome poverty imposed by an unequal, wasteful and antiquated system of land tenure. America, chiefly Central and South America, and the North Africa French colonies had been populated in the past by millions of Spaniards who could not obtain the right to work millions of acres of idle land owned either by the church or by absentee feudal landlords. But with immigration restrictions imposed by all countries shortly after the War, the many who before found a living elsewhere had to stay at home and solve their economic problems.

Breaking Feudal Chains

The Popular Front was the solution. Not that Spain had not tried before to break the feudal chains.

During the Great Famine of 1884 in Andalusia, great riots and serious attempts at land expropriation had taken place. At Cartagena, Firmin Salvochea, taking the cue from the lessons of the Paris Commune, had attempted a workers' and peasants' republic, only to see it drowned in the blood of hundreds of victims.

In 1909, quite spontaneously, following a demonstration against the

(Continued on page 29)

The Black Night

(Continued from page 14)

auto workers' strike, who was taken out by four men in two cars and shot to death in March, 1934.

Recently arrested in connection with these murders, Arthur Lupp, a city milk inspector in Detroit, and Michigan state head of the Black Legion, admitted:

The organization is strictly devoted to upholding Americanism and fighting Communism.

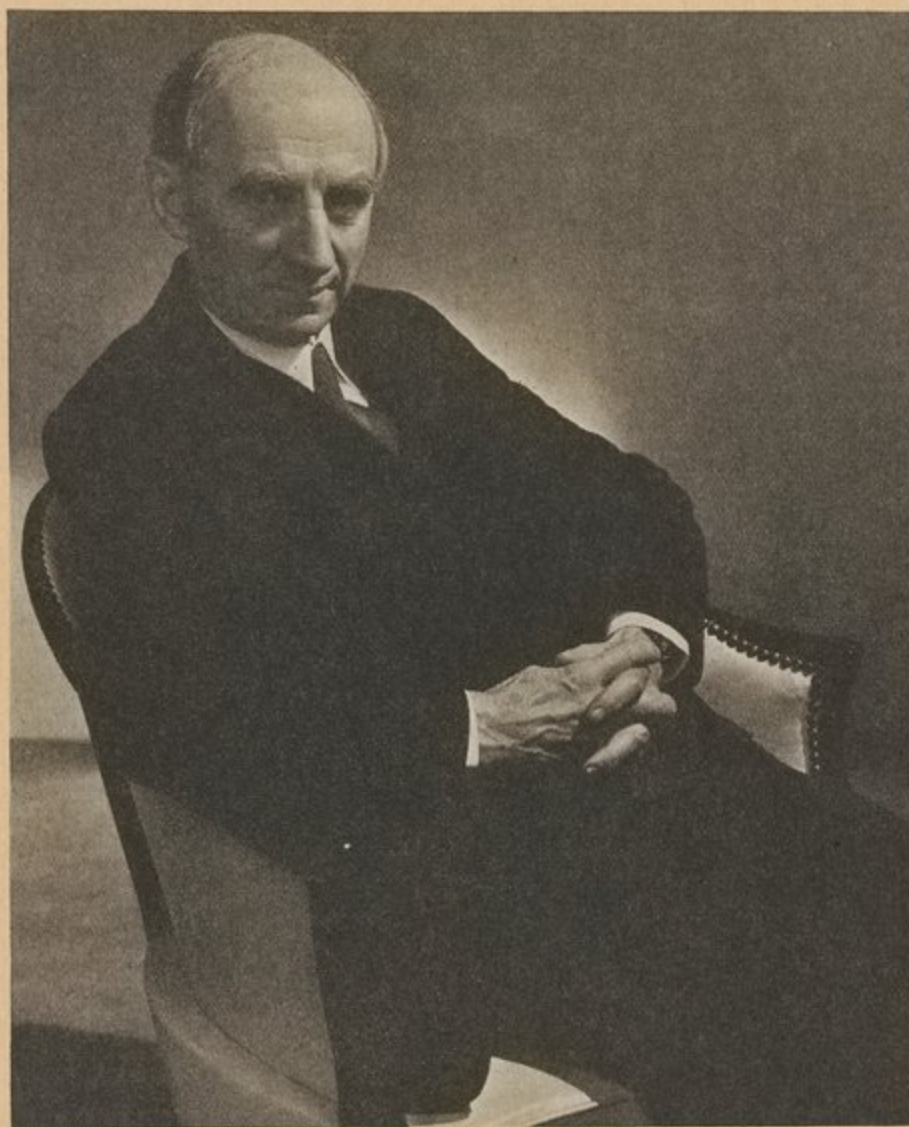
Others arrested declared that the ultimate aim of the Black Legion was a United States dictatorship, "when the time is ripe." During the local investigation it was shown that the Black Legion has close connections with local city politics in Detroit and has included state, county and city officials and members of the city police force among its members. Sergeants and guards in the state prison are on its roll. One of its assets is the ability to get jobs for its members, and all members have had work during a period of widespread unemployment. It would be a great mistake for progressives and anti-Fascists in the United States to assume that because these terrorist activities have been exposed in Michigan that therefore the Black Legion is no more and its night-riding terror is at an end. On the contrary, experience with its sister-organization, the Ku Klux Klan, has proved that whenever it is supposed to be dead and neatly buried it springs up again in a new quarter with renewed attack upon the workers and progressive forces of that locality.

(b). Among potentially Fascist organizations not usually advocating open violence—as yet—against unions, but professionally "patriotic" and anti-labor, the best known are the American Liberty League, the American Legion and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, specializing in what they call "combating subversive activities in the United States" by propaganda for anti-labor, anti-red bills.

"Legal" Fascists

Recommendations of the national Chamber of Commerce include the following points, most of them already embodied in bills introduced in the 74th Congress: a federal sedition law; denial of the use of the mails to organizations advocating so-called "subversive doctrines"; immigration laws refusing entrance to any person whose country will not take him back if he is deported; refusal of citizenship to persons who believe in, or advocate, "violent overthrow" of the government; federal laws prohibiting attempts to incite disaffection or insubordination among armed forces of the United States; and a special agency within the Department of Justice to investigate "subversive activities."

Cooperating in the Chamber's anti-labor campaign are fourteen national



Dr. Harry F. Ward, National Chairman of the American League Against War and Fascism, who heads the League delegation to the World Peace Congress in Brussels

organizations, including the Order of Elks, National Civic Federation, Kiwanis International, Military Order of the World War, United States Patriotic Society and the United States Flag Association.

On the Chamber's subversive activities committee are such bankers and industrialists as James A. Farrell, formerly president and still a director of U. S. Steel; Walter C. Teagle, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey; Felix McWhirter, Indianapolis banker; and Silas Strawn, Chicago lawyer and bank director.

Closely linked with the American Liberty League, and so with E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and with General Motors Corp., are three other organizations, not so well known—the Crusaders, the Sentinels of the Republic and the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution. The Crusaders, organized in 1929 against prohibition, was revived in 1934 "to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the U. S. . . ., to stand firm against any drift or drive towards Fascism, Communism or Socialism." Its advisory council includes John W. Davis, Morgan lawyer, also in the American Liberty League, and Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors Corp. The

American Liberty League contributed \$5,000 to the Crusaders.

Less important but recently reviving its activities, the Sentinels of the Republic exists to oppose progressive and labor legislation, now represented by the New Deal. Its support has come largely from the Pitcairn family of Philadelphia—to the extent of \$103,000 in the last six months of 1935. Two partners of J. P. Morgan & Co., E. T. Stotesbury and Horatio G. Lloyd, each gave \$1,000 to the Sentinels.

While the Sentinels are anti-Semitic, the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, active in Texas and Georgia, is anti-Negro. To promote the American Liberty League's idea of "liberty" among the farmers, the Farmers' Independence Council was organized in April, 1935.

Hitler and Mussolini

(c). Typical of the third kind of anti-labor organization, those which openly declare themselves Fascist, in support of Hitler and of Fascist Italy, is the American National Labor Party, formerly the American National Socialist League. This pro-Nazi party, started in 1935, with Anton Haegele as national leader, states that it "declares war on Communism, Socialism,

Pacifism." It is violently anti-Jewish, uses the swastika as its official emblem, and is in fact the official Nazi party, representing National Socialism in the United States. Its organ, the *National American*, has carried an interview lauding the late Brigadier-General Charles H. Sherrill, one of the three American members of the International Olympics Committee, for his sympathy with German and Italian Fascism.

More directly "American" in its appeal to the middle class in this country is such an organization as the Pioneer American Home Protective Association, with headquarters at Glens Falls, New York. Organized in 1932, it stands for "American Fascism," with a 15-point program which resembles Hitler's. It advocates sterilization, declares it is a "vigilance organization" and promotes vigilance committees to act against "anti-American" activity. It has published four issues of a paper called *The Vigilante*.

"Patriotic" Suppression

More than thirty of these Fascist, or potentially Fascist, organizations are described in *Labor Fact Book III*. The compilation shows that the depression, with its sharpening of the struggle between the capitalists and the working masses, has brought about the revival of the older "professional patriotic societies." It has also resulted in the rise of many new reactionary organizations, and has spurred the anti-labor activities of such regular employers' groups as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Association of Manufacturers and various state and local associations with similar names. All these groups carry on the work of reaction and suppression of democratic rights, under the mask either of patriotism or the defense of some "threatened" American tradition. Functioning in this period, their essentially anti-labor activities take on many of the aspects of Fascism. Some of these organizations may proceed more "legally," more respectably than others in carrying out their purposes, but their aim is the same; to fight against militant labor organizations, against the foreign-born, for the defense of big business and the profit system in the United States. Mouthpiece for them all is William Randolph Hearst, largest single propaganda force in the country, reaching probably 24,000,000 readers with his morning and Sunday newspapers.

To what extremes this Fascist and semi-Fascist activity may be carried we see in the terrorism of Night Riders in Michigan, Arkansas, Florida, Alabama and California. The Black Legion is only the most recently exposed and the most conspicuous of these night-riding groups. The more "legal," potentially Fascist organizations have mass support for their anti-labor purposes in these terrorist bands.

Outpost

(Continued from page 17)

The present dropped on the ground near the Chinese house. Three Chinese soldiers rushed out and picked it up with a yell of delight.

In return for the present, the Chinese soldiers sent a bundle to the Japanese. "Here is a bottle of rice wine for you!"

"What is it?" The Japanese did not understand the Chinese. They spoke too fast. But a package, shooting through the air like an arrow, dropped in front of Hamada. In the package was a bottle of Chinese rice wine.

The sergeant was opposed to accepting presents from the Chinese, and when Hamada opened the bottle, he uttered the suggestive word "Poison!"

"No, Sergeant, I don't believe it. Give me the bottle. I will taste it first," said Onishi.

"No, the first is mine." Hamada insisted on drinking his first. The bottle was passed to Onishi, who licked his lips, pleased with the good taste. Then it was passed among the eight soldiers, one by one—to all except the sergeant. The sake made them happy. The sergeant could no longer refrain from drinking and finally joined the others. He got drunk and his eyes turned red.

The evening of that day was different from the preceding one. They were no longer conscious of fear. A fire was lighted from the wood collected during the daytime. They sat in a circle and talked. The center of the talk was Onishi, who had worked in a foundry before he was drafted. He was bold and fearless. He told about the distress of his mother and sister.

"Even though I am serving my country in Manchuria, nobody takes care of or helps my family in their destitution. We are told that we fight for our country, but our country has been doing nothing for us or for the poor."

"You are right. War is no good for us."

"Manchurian railway stock went up higher because of the war. But who is getting the profit? It is not for us who have not a single share."

The sergeant attempted to change the subject. "Onishi, shut up. Talk about something else."

"No, Sergeant, I am not telling a lie. This is a fact." Onishi did not care what the sergeant said. The soldiers here were not afraid of him. They ignored army rule.

It was after nine o'clock and the wood had burned out. Hamada stood up and asked the new recruit, Goto, to go with him around the house to get wood. "I will carry my rifle in case of emergency. You don't need yours. If both of us are armed, we cannot carry wood."

"Is it safe for two of you to go out?" Onishi asked worriedly.

"Sure. Nothing will happen."

But another soldier stood up, prepared to follow the two who had already left. He did not take his rifle. The three soldiers marched together. The moonlight was reflected on the white field covered with frost. The land was frozen as hard as a rock. The ice crunched under their steps.

Near a ditch beyond their hut, Hamada was picking and gathering wood. He stretched himself to try to get dried branches of trees. Beyond the ditch he saw a black crowd of animals moving across the slope. It looked like a herd of small cattle.

"Look!" called Hamada with a yell of horror to the other two. "Mongolian dogs!"

Goto, facing an army of dogs, dropped the bundle of wood. The Mongolian dogs made a sudden attack like an infantry attack. Hamada aimed his rifle at them. The others held their swords. The dogs, snarling, bore down upon them. They rushed at the soldiers, jumped on their backs, at their throats and chests. Hamada recalled the bodies of soldiers torn by the Mongolian dogs on the battle fields. He fired at them as fast as he could and tried to run. But the army of dogs blocked his retreat. At first sight through the dim moonlight, he saw only twenty or thirty of them. Now he found them increased to more than fifty. The other soldiers were helpless without rifles. They tried to defend themselves with swords. But the dogs were stronger than the men. The three soldiers fought desperately.

Suddenly Hamada heard a sound of shooting. Behind the Chinese hut he saw black shadows aiming rifles at the dogs.

In the other hut, six Japanese soldiers looked out through the window.

The army of fierce dogs was advancing towards their hut like rolling waves. Soon the hut was encircled by snarling dogs. Their eyes glistened in the moonlight. The Japanese soldiers seized their guns and ran out. The dogs were aggressive and did not retreat. When one was shot to death, another rushed to attack, jumping over the dead bodies of dogs. Sounds of firing echoed over the desolate fields.

Finally, Hamada and the other two cut their way through the dogs and dashed to the rescuers.

"Thanks for your help! Now we are safe." Hamada thought they were the Japanese. But the answer was in a different tongue. He looked at them in the dim moonlight, and saw before him the Chinese who had sent the present of sake in the afternoon.

"Thank you! Thank you!" Hamada repeated.

The dogs gradually retreated, casting black shadows on the white field. The Chinese stood side by side with the Japanese and drove them back.

Three days later, the Japanese army made a sudden attack on all sections of the battle front. The company to which the scouts belonged also advanced.

The company commander was furious when he found that his soldiers had become friendly with the Chinese scouts. The Chinese and Japanese were eating together out of the same pot when the commander arrived.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted to his men. "Who do you think they are? Shoot them!"

But his order was not carried out. All stood still. An expression of hatred was on the faces of the soldiers.

"Shoot them!" the commander re-

"WE ARE THE REBEL BOYS" By Scheel



peated in a loud and angry voice. There was a moment of tense silence, suddenly broken by the sound of shots. Onishi and Hamada had taken aim, not at the Chinese, but at the commander.

Paper, Mister?

(Continued from page 11)

That balance of mind, that intellectual poise, that nobility of vision inherent in the cultured individual can hardly be achieved so long as the influence of Hearst and his press dominates the American scene. Of what use are our public schools if minds are poisoned daily by the press?

Culture, the perfection of the individual, is the enemy of Fascism and of regimentation. Hearst's diabolical breaking down of our essential cultural background is a process noted by few persons, for it has been going on for almost half a century. But it is a process that is real, and one that is dangerous.

If you value your liberty, stop Hearst! Our traditional liberty, our cultural heritage, our right to progress, our right to live are at stake.

Breadbasket

(Continued from page 7)

apparently becomes ineligible to receive work on a government project, or to receive relief grants to provide for the every-day needs of himself and his family. If a person is allowed work on a WPA project he receives \$48 per month whether he lives in the city or on the farm, or whether he has a family of two or a family of twelve. If he lives in town and has a family of twelve, he is expected to provide light, rent, water, clothing, food and medical care on \$48 per month, the same as is expected of a man who is supporting a family of two and who lives on a farm.

If he has a team of horses he may find work for them, and run the risk of losing money on them and taking from the wage he earns to provide for his family, to feed his horses. A team of horses is allowed 25 cents per hour on project work and allowed 100 hours per month. At that rate the monthly earnings of two horses is \$25 per month.

To feed a team of working horses adequately, at prevailing feed prices, costs in the neighborhood of \$32.50 per month, which totals the owner a loss of \$7.50 per month.

If the applicant for work is a single man he is absolutely refused. He may, however, sign up with a CCC camp and eventually wind up as a full-fledged soldier in the army, massacring or being massacred to protect the investments of the House of Morgan. In most cases, his family will be refused government assistance unless he does become a member of the CCC.

And while thousands of families are

(Continued on page 29)

Building the Leagues

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid



THE NORTHWEST—The farmers of this region are not only aware of the need for organized resistance to war and Fascism, but are joining with others in the struggle. The National Farm Holiday Association at its annual convention in St. Paul voted to affiliate with the American League. This action came after an address before the convention by Donald Lester, Minnesota state chairman of the League, and a resolution presented to the Convention by the Women's Committee. The resolution read: "We urge that the National Farm Holiday Association affiliate with the American League Against War and Fascism in order that we may join with the hundreds of organizations already in the League in bringing about the defeat of these twin evils which daily menace our safety and well-being. We further urge all locals of the Farm Holiday Association to establish Anti-War Committees and that these keep in close touch with the American League." Following this action by the



national organization, the North Dakota Farm Holiday passed a resolution endorsing the League. Such decisions not only show the anti-war temper of the farmers, but also reveal the excellent work done by the farm League members and by Waldo McNutt, our national organizer, who has been working in this region for the last seven months. An American League speaker will lead the anti-war session at the Farmer-Labor festival near Minneapolis on Labor Day week-end, when 20,000 people are expected.

MINNEAPOLIS—The machinists of this city are joining the fight against war and reaction. Recently two locals of the International Association of Machinists—No. 383 and No. 1313—affiliated with the Central Council of the League. Several new Branches are being organized, and several interesting fights are being carried on by our League people. One involves a concerted protest against the removal of Mrs. Selma Seestrom—a League member who was active on our Peace Pa-

rade Committee—from the local Welfare Board. Her removal came as the result of the efforts of a reactionary group who opposed Mrs. Seestrom's fight for adequate relief standards. The other campaign is centered around the exposure of the Student Patriot League, a local youth group with definite Fascist characteristics, led by one William Kelty and approved by Viola Ilma. The American League is protesting the use of the public schools by this organization.

CALIFORNIA—More complete reports from Senator Nye's tour for the League in California reveal that he spoke to over 4000 people at the Dreamland auditorium meeting in San Francisco, and concluded his address by urging the audience to affiliate themselves with a group such as the American League. At Martinez Senator Nye spoke under the auspices of the Central Labor Council, in spite of opposition stirred up by the Legion and reactionary groups. Over 1200 people heard him at Oakland, and 300 attended a meeting of the Women's City Club of San Francisco where he spoke. District No. 2 of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific and the Joint Board of the I. L. G. W. U. endorsed the large San Francisco meeting. Partly as a result of this successful meeting, a Trade Union Advisory Committee for the League has been set up. Membership includes representatives of the



Oliver Larkin, New England Chairman, American League Against War and Fascism

Maritime Federation of the Pacific, the I. L. G. W. U., Bakery Wagon Drivers' Union and Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Workers. The Committee will consider resolutions to be presented to the state convention of the A. F. of L. in September, and will be concerned with the fight against anti-labor legislation.

Under the able leadership of Bert Leech, our California organizer, a new Branch has been set up in Marin County with headquarters at Mill Valley. With the Reverend A. Juvinall as chairman and the County Superintendent of Schools as a member of the executive committee, this new Branch has worked out a set of seven pertinent questions to be used in securing the stand of Congressional candidates on issues involving war and Fascism.

NEW YORK CITY—On July 31st a mass meeting of protest against the attack of the Fascists and militarists on the people's government of Spain was held in Union Square under the auspices of a very broad united front committee. The League took part in this demonstration, Miss Eleanor Brannan, the chairman of the city League, being one of the speakers. Another such meeting is to be held in the Spanish section of Harlem on August 12th. Our New York office has been extremely busy these last few weeks planning for a monster Anti-War Parade on August 22nd. The support of many trade unions, national groups, community clubs, anti-Fascist organizations and church groups has been secured for this affair. The line of march will extend several miles through the German, Czechoslovakian, Italian and Spanish sections of the city. The parade will be featured by bands and banners, floats and flags, arm bands and slogans.

CHICAGO REGIONAL WORK—Since July 1st, Ralph M. Compere, our new organizer in this area, has made a circuit of our League organizations in Indiana, Illinois, and southern Wisconsin. His tour was of the nature of a survey of League activity and possibilities for extension. He has found a ready response among the trade unions, and plans to spend a week or more in each of the major areas of this region within the next three months. In Terre Haute he found organized labor faced

with an anti-picketing law and was quick to mobilize the League for the repeal of this vicious piece of legislation. In Kenosha, he secured the affiliation of Carpenters' Local No. 161 and of the Simmons Federal local. The Central Trade and Labor Council passed a resolution calling upon the State A. F. of L. Convention to cooperate with the League.

URBANA, ILLINOIS—Just when we feared that our League in this college center was suffering from a summer slump we received a comprehensive report of some very vital activities. The members have worked out a unique plan of extension work. Armed with an eight-point questionnaire on peace and war preparations they have been canvassing a neighborhood of 30



square blocks, getting people to answer the questionnaire, leaving a back copy of THE FIGHT, speaking of the League, and then returning later for subscriptions and membership.

MILWAUKEE—Our League in this city is spreading its organization and activity with excellent results. Thirteen organizations are now affiliated with the Central Council. Among the newest supporters are Cabinet Makers' Lodge No. 499, International Moulders Union No. 125, a German-American Workers' Club, and the local Association of Social Service Employees. The League protested the arrest of two anti-Fascists at a recent German day meeting and is staging an aggressive campaign against the local Nazis. During the summer months, open air meetings are being held each Friday night in one of the public parks. Carl Minkley, state secretary of the Socialist Party and former Socialist State Assemblyman, addressed one of these meetings. At a picnic of the *Freie Gemeinde*, the League had a speaker on the program—Ralph Compere—and sold THE FIGHT to the crowd. A booth has been secured for the Wisconsin State Fair, August 22-29, where THE FIGHT, literature and information about the League will be on display. A new

Branch of the League has been formed on the west side of the city.

AUGUST ANTI-WAR MEETINGS—At the August anti-war meetings all over the nation, the Spanish situation was the major point of concern. The Emergency Peace Campaign Committee of Pittsburgh joined



with the American League there in a meeting and demonstration at Schenley Park. Music by a W. P. A. band, an inter-racial chorus, mass singing, in addition to several stirring speeches featured the meeting. Charles L. Miller, vice-president of the Central Labor Union, the Reverend B. F. Crawford, chairman of the Emergency Peace Campaign, Miss Blanche Bray of the W. I. L., and Dr. R. H. Valinsky, chairman of the American League, addressed the meeting. A cable was sent to President Azana of Spain wishing success to the Spanish people's fight against the Fascists, and a telegram to Secretary Cordell Hull urging that the United States withhold recognition of Ethiopia as a part of the Italian empire. Scranton, Pennsylvania, staged an outdoor meeting on the court house lawn with Ray Condon of the National Youth Committee of the League as main speaker. This was the first open air public meeting permitted in Scranton for over two years. In Chicago a very impressive parade of over 5000 people followed a two-mile line of march and assembled at the Band Shell in Grant Park for a Jane Adams memorial meeting. The main speakers on this impressive occasion, with over 10,000 people assembled, were Professor Robert Morss Lovett, vice-chairman of the League, and Miss Lillian Herstein of the executive committee of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Speakers from many organizations, including the Emergency Peace Campaign, National Negro Congress, Conference of Jewish Women's Organizations, political parties, American Youth Congress, and the Ethiopia Aid Committee, brought greetings to the meeting. Mrs. Dorothy B. Blumberg, state chairman of the W. I. L., acted as chairman. Following the speakers, about 200 people took part in folk dances and songs, wearing various European costumes. Two meetings were held in San Francisco on August 1st. One took place at noon in the Union Recreation Center near the waterfront. Fourteen speakers, representing trade union, political and professional groups, gave brief talks and centered attention on the Copeland Bill and the war cargo issue. In the evening, a second

meeting was held in another part of the city with the theme, "It Shall Not Happen Again." Members of various German Societies, the Sailors of the Pacific and the Socialist Party attended this gathering. Louise Branstern, of our National Executive Committee, addressed the anti-war rally held in Palo Alto, California, at the Union Hall. Representatives of the American Student Union, National Negro Congress, the Peoples' Mandate to Governments and the Socialist Party took part. Philadelphia's August 1st meeting was preceded by several neighborhood rallies, and took the form of a mass meeting held on Reburn Plaza. The National Executive Secretary of the League, along with Negro, Farmer-Labor, and women speakers addressed this rally. A stirring cable of greetings was sent to the Spanish people. A resolution was adopted protesting the violence used against strikers in the R. C. A. strike at Camden, New Jersey. At Cleveland, an anti-war demonstration took place at the Annual League Picnic. Wilmer Tate of Akron, Ohio, president of the Summit County Central Labor Union, was one of the main speakers. An anti-war skit was presented by the People's Theater.

SEATTLE—Local No. 200 of the American Federation of Teachers has just affiliated with the American League. Teachers of this local and of many others in various parts of the country are planning to bring the American League before the National Convention of their Union which will take place at Philadelphia, August 18-22. The Philadelphia League has arranged for a booth at the convention where League literature, THE FIGHT, and information will be available. A special breakfast for League members and interested delegates has been planned, and the August 15th issue of Facts and Figures will contain material of special interest to teachers. Sample copies will be distributed to the delegates.



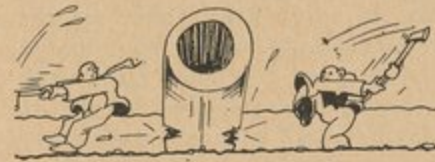
Carl H. Levy, Secretary, Cincinnati American League Against War and Fascism



By
James Lerner

Youth Notes

BETWEEN August 19th and 22nd the first of the American delegates to the World Youth Congress left for Geneva, Switzerland. In the group were William Hinckley, chairman of the American Youth Congress, Miss Elizabeth Scott of the St. James Presbyterian Church, New York, representing the Youth Congress, Miss Helen Vrabel of the International Workers Order, Harold Pederson of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Juniors, Jack Kling



of the Young Communist League and James Lerner representing, of course, the American League Against War and Fascism.

This group will join up with representatives of the Young Women's Christian Association and Y.M.C.A., Joseph Cadden, secretary of the National Student Federation, Joseph Lash of the American Student Union, two representatives of the National Council of Methodist Youth and several others from church, student and League of Nations Association groups to form the American delegation.

We have a report that a group of Nazis from Germany will attempt to "influence" the Congress to justify Hitler's "peace" program. We don't have to tell you that they're in for a battle. The International Committee arranging the Congress has agreed to permit the oppositional youth groups in Germany to send delegates.

On the delegation's return to the United States we hope to have several members tour throughout the country to tell their stories. If you want to arrange a meeting write to the National office.

A COUPLE of months ago, the Youth Committee answered a plea for help from persecuted Chinese students by circulating a petition protesting Japanese aggression in China and Chinese government aid in this aggression. The letter was signed by a number of national student leaders and forwarded to

China. We have since received several letters and publications from China showing the wonderful effect this had and thanking American youth for responding. The petition from America is being circulated throughout China.

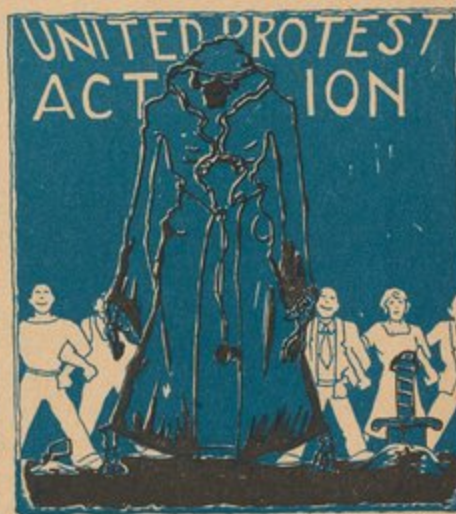
Now there is a move on to organize an American youth delegation to China to investigate conditions there and make firmer the bonds of international goodwill. Since the Far East is an important war spot this delegation can be of great value. More details later.

THE Student Union chapter at Cleveland Heights High School, in Cleveland, has started issuing a mimeographed publication. We mention this for two reasons. One, the chapter is affiliated to the American League, two, it is an undertaking which every youth group should be starting in order to acquaint the locality in which it works with the things it stands for and does.

THE Student Patriot League, organized two years ago in Minneapolis to fight the American League and progressive student groups, has hit right up against our chapter there as well as other peace forces. Waldo McNutt, working out there, informs us that at a hearing before the School Board the "Patriots" were shown to be of the Hearst variety, tied up with the shipwrecked crew of Viola Ilma which two years ago attempted to establish a Fascist youth movement. Waldo and several others testified before the School Board and got the following decisions:



1. Criticism of the Principal of a high school where the group had been operating because he had let matters slide;
2. Establishment of a committee to hear all complaints which according to McNutt will result in a real public gathering. Accompanying the matter was a good deal of newspaper publicity on the nature of the Patriot League. The outfit is, in the name of peace, tied up with the National Defense Council in Minnesota.



JOSEPH HENCHEL

The World Peace Congress assembles in Brussels, September 4-6, with delegates from the six continents

Breadbasket

(Continued from page 26)

seeking to ward off starvation by eking out a bare existence through the channels that the government offers them, an army of administrators, investigators and parasites gobbles up as high as 40 to 50 percent of government appropriations for salaries and expenses for doling out the remaining 50 or 60 percent.

North Dakota Rejects Armories

After seven years of drought and man-made depression, the truth that started to come to light at the close of the Great War is beginning to grow. The farmers and city workers are beginning to grow restless under the pressure that is bearing down on them. But the Fascist-bound have a plan to counteract any move that might be made toward an assertion of just rights. Some time during the past two years they made public the brilliant idea of building 25 brand new armories in the state of North Dakota, "to provide work projects and to give the farmers some meeting places." The farmers of North Dakota, however, feel that perhaps the armory program is just another link in the chain of steel being forged around the American people by the Fascist blunder-bound, or that maybe there is some connection between the armory proposal and the testimony of a National Guard officer who, before a Congressional committee, openly advocated a heavier military budget in order to "control" the people who, he said, are growing increasingly restless as the depression enters its seventh year. The armories will not be built in North Dakota.

Return to Pioneering

The farmers of North Dakota and the Middle West have recognized the growth of Fascism in America. They will not long remain divided by the flourish of political campaigns or by false campaign promises. They no longer believe that the existing major political parties are two and distinctly

different organizations. They no longer look to them for economic salvation. While some farmers may be "taken in" by Coughlin, most of them, through their political experiences, the crash and the drought, see him as the stooge for Landon. They are going to have a political party of their own and that party will be a national Farmer-Labor party founded upon the hopes, the aspirations and the dreams that are theirs and that were their fathers' who came to this state some fifty years ago.

Perhaps North Dakota will again become the land of opportunity, the "Breadbasket of the World" and the home of "No Millionaires; No Paupers."

Spanish Barricades

(Continued from page 24)

sailing of a boatload of soldiers for Morocco, the workers of Barcelona were masters of the city for a week. That uprising found immediate echo in many other centers of Spain, indicating unmistakably the temper of the nation. 1917, 1921 and finally 1931 are dates marking a constant progress in the struggle for power of the Spanish people.

A Nation in Birth Pains

Every subsequent revolt found a larger number of individuals, larger groups with more realistic programs participating. The many groups and parties, the local *candillos*, the trade unions, under the leadership of inexperienced and often outright corrupt elements, were progressing painfully toward their allotted goal.

Even the anarchists, fiery and naive at best, were federating, were actively organizing labor unions. And the work of organization was easy. Peasants living in caves near Madrid and in Aragon, miners of Asturias and from the Basque country, agricultural pariahs from Murcia and Andalusia, factory workers from the few industrial centers were rapidly forming that movement which was to bring about the

Popular Front. The Popular Front, a masterpiece of the common people's strategy, had its unavoidable weaknesses. It contained elements from the professional and middle classes that could not possibly keep on cooperating with the obscurantist clerical and feudal groups, and could not subscribe to the program advanced by the trade unions and working class political parties.

Alone they had no strength whatsoever. They hoped that with the backing of the left they might ultimately organize the Utopian republic dreamed by Pi y Margall. So they took power, hating the right and afraid of the left. Labor papers had been clamoring for months for the arrest of the Fascist plotters. But General Franco, in punishment for his plotting in Madrid, was "kicked up stairs" and made Governor of Spanish Morocco. Sotelo and Robles, openly and daily inciting and applauding every attempt on the lives of the anti-Fascists, were tolerated. The church, which in Spain has an almost complete monopoly of the school system, continued to use church, press and school as mainsprings of reaction. Corruption was making inroads in some labor organizations. Exploiting the woeful inexperience of the anarchist groups in questions of labor organization, the Fascists had succeeded in provoking strikes that could not possibly be won, like the building trades strike at Madrid, had fomented shootings like the one at Malaga, in June, where Socialists and Communists were victims of anarchists' revolvers.

Hoping to alienate the small middle class from the Popular Front, it organized pillaging of small businesses and used those very acts as a justification for every act of violence perpetrated by the Fascists. It was evident that the show-down was near. German and Italian agents were daily meeting with the Spanish Fascists.

The Fateful July 19th

The *Heraldo de Madrid*, a liberal daily, of July 14th, could no longer hide the gravity of the situation. The

death of Jose Calvo Sotelo, Catholic deputy in the Cortes, was being made the pretext for no end of Fascist violence everywhere. But although every finger pointed to a *coup d'état* in the very near future, Casares Quiroga, head of the cabinet, was doing absolutely nothing to forestall the Fascist uprising. The republican enthusiasm and probity of Quiroga are not doubted, but his incapacity to take drastic measures against the Fascists lies in the fact that he could not make himself grant the demands that the left was advancing.

And so, ineluctably, we arrive at the fateful July 19th when, had it not been for the ever vigilant anti-Fascist working class, Spain would have joined the ranks of Fascism with Italy and Germany.

After the first surprise, when the drift and meaning of the events began to be understood, the American press took a very decided partisan attitude in favor of the Fascists. In the articles published we see a lot of wishful thinking. Realizing that the Popular Front is the magnet that holds the worthwhile sections of Spain together, we have been served almost daily with news tending to show that it is in disintegration. The contrary is the truth. Not only is the middle class an integral part of the Popular Front now, but at what they themselves like to consider the extreme left; the anarchists have indicated that they understand and appreciate the importance of the united front. In Barcelona, at this writing, they are actively participating along with other working class groups in the organization of the economic life. The Popular Front is unbreakable.

If Democracy is Victorious

But what of the Fascists? Left alone, they are doomed. The smuggled arms and planes are necessarily limited in quantity. Against a whole nation no mercenary and limited army can win. But can Fascist Italy allow the establishment of a democratic Spain—for a democracy is what victory will give to Spain—in the Mediterranean? Can

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This is another interesting consumer fact in the August issue of *Consumers Union Reports*. It is contained in a report on oil burners, coal stokers, and other automatic heating devices. Before buying heating equipment costing several hundreds of dollars read this report, which rates sixteen makes of oil burners, including the Quiet May, General Electric, Deleo, Williams Oil-O-Matic, Gar-Wood, and Norge, seven makes of coal stokers, and other automatic heating equipment, as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable."

You will find other valuable information in this issue, including ratings of Bond, Dugan, Cushman, Grandmother's, Ward's Soft Bun, and other widely-known brands of white bread; and ratings of Lux, Rinso, Kirkman's, Ivory Flakes, and other brands of laundry soaps. Future issues will report on and rate widely advertised brands of shoes, shirts, liquors, drugs, cosmetics, and other products.

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Occupation.....

Address..... 109

Germany permit the strengthening of France that a democratic Spain would mean? Is not England playing for time and plotting with Germany, ready to bury the hatchet with Italy, fearing that a people's victory in Spain might bring to a quicker end the role of the imperialists? British officers at Gibraltar are openly siding with the Fascists. Every means is used to give covert aid to reactionary Spain. It is true that parleys and pacts are being planned, but can they be made to work, even if honestly arrived at? If shipments of munitions and planes to Spain are not halted another world war is not a far-fetched possibility.

The Spanish situation is no longer merely a civil war confined to a nation. Its interests and destinies are international in character and will become international in their solution.

The united front, heroically organized in Spain, will have to be organized wherever people feel that their destinies are identical with those of the Spanish Republic. A close watch must be established against any possible smuggling of arms to the Fascists and every help must be given to the anti-Fascist Republic of Spain. Two classes are fighting in Spain and two classes are openly taking sides the world over. Democracy or Fascism! Which?

Books

(Continued from page 19)

stein (214 pages; Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$2.00), very definitely does take sides between democracy and Fascism. It tells how Keets Wilber, American millionaire and hero-worshipper, makes a pilgrimage to the Fascist country of Bidlo to do homage before The Hero, who has rejuvenated the country, made the trains run on time, and put all unheroic people into concentration camps. In the person of The Hero it makes very keen fun of Hitler and Mussolini, and under all its jollity and its ridicule of dictator-loving Americans (like our late General Sherrill), it manages to get across some perfectly true descriptions of Fascist hypocrisy, as when the business men of Bidlo are firmly "suppressed" by the simple expedient of having all labor leaders thrown into jail.

Except for its banter (which I must confess to finding rather forced and not to be compared in humor with Bernstein's former masterpiece of hilarity, *L'Affaire Jones*), this work may be classed with the books of warning I mentioned above.

THE EARTH BELONGS TO THE LIVING, by Richard Carlyle (57 pages; Suttonhouse Ltd., Los Angeles; \$1.50), does not perhaps come into discussion here. It represents an entirely different type of fantasy, the sort we have seen in Ezra Pound's *Jefferson and/or Mussolini* and in James Truslow Adams's *The Living Jefferson*. In short, it is another attempt to make the father of the Declaration of Independence out to be an enemy of democracy. This case is quite brazen. The little work consists of a letter from Jefferson to his countrymen of 1936, in which he admits his mistake in supposing all men to be created equal and argues for a totalitarian state and the abolition of "faction democracy." I hope the reader will pardon me for mentioning its existence.

—DANIEL BROUSE

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Oh Say, Can You See?

A COUPLE of years ago, Americans knew Spain as the home of a sixteenth century queen who hocked some jewels to support a fellow named Columbus, but not as a country likely to make—and hold—twentieth century headlines. Certainly they never suspected that this semi-feudal home of siestas and mantillas would soon become the stage for a life and death struggle between democracy and Fascism. But history springs strange surprises on the unwary and Spain is important now, as Fascism is important, as democracy is important.

When the new republican government was seated in Spain, it knew it had enemies in high positions in the army. The government thought it was safe in not responding to pressure demanding the removal of these chiefs. Instead, they were sent to outlying posts, and it was precisely in these outlying posts that the revolt started. Things looked black for a while, and then the people's army sprang into ac-



tion, regained Barcelona, and kept the Fascist troops at bay in the Guadarrama mountains north of Madrid. France had suspected that the Fascist troops were getting supplies from Italy, but the forced landing, in French Morocco, of a convoy of Italian fighting planes bound for General Franco's headquarters left no room for doubt. It is a double breach of international law for a nation to send warring planes without permission over a peaceful country, when those planes are to be used against the constituted authority of another friendly country. Democratic France is alarmed at the prospect of being cut off from her allies by a ring of Fascist nations, and has called on England and Italy to confer on the matter of interference in Spain. Certainly, masses of progressive Frenchmen must have inwardly cheered Gabriel Peri when he said in the Chamber, "France's duty is to support the democracies which surround her, particularly in their hour of trouble."

Do you wake up in the morning feeling sour, resentful, about some Fascist author you read the night before? The American Writers' Union can help you!

They've started a Hall of Shame for American scribes and will gladly receive your suggestions for nominations. Help yourself and spare others by sending in your candidate's name to Local 1, 812 Broadway, New York City.

Townsend has let the cat out of the bag at last. Not that the cat hadn't



practically clawed its way out already. But now Townsend admits that if Lemke isn't "popular," he'll switch to Landon. No doubt that the purpose of the Lemke-Coughlin-Townsend triumvirate is to elect the Hearst-Liberty League-Landon crowd can now remain, even in the minds of the most ingenuous.

And now Dayton Dean, self-confessed trigger man of the fourteen Black Legionites now on trial, tells that six of his colleagues went out hunting one night and killed a Negro, "just for the hell of it."

It has been shown that Michigan authorities, because of their political tie-up with Black Legion officers, are unable to act effectively against this Fascist band. So defense organizations submitted facts to Attorney General Cummings in Washington, showing that no less than six federal laws make it mandatory for the Department of Justice at least to investigate. But the federal authorities still take dictation from political expediency. The Attorney General replied:

"Please be advised that after a careful and thorough analysis of the facts and law set forth in the submitted memorandum, the conclusion is reached that no sufficient factual or legal basis is shown thereby which would justify the Federal Government in assuming investigative jurisdiction of the Black Legion activities therein outlined."

Last November, when E. L. Jahncke, only American member of the International Olympic Committee, declared against sending our team to Germany, the Committee didn't oust him, for fear of repercussions of American protests. Now that the Americans are safely landed in Berlin, Jahncke has been replaced by the more tractable Avery Brundage. He likes Hitler, and will no

doubt see to it that our athletes don't "peeve the Nazis," as they did on their arrival, by again refusing to respond to the "Heil" salute.

New Jersey, with its experiments in cutting off relief that result in the starving of small children, is making a name for itself in more ways than one. Now Justice Frank T. Lloyd, sitting in the Supreme Court at Camden, N. J., denies the applications for writs of habeas corpus filed by twenty arrested R. C. A. strikers and sympathizers, including Powers Hapgood. The Judge says Hapgood didn't do anything illegal (he led a parade), but the results under the circumstances might have been "alarming." This solicitude should be extended to company guards who carry machine guns. Just suppose they should go off, Judge!

The initial big victory for the Steel Workers Organizing Committee in Illinois isn't the only encouraging news in the industrial union drive. For instance, Noel Beddow, district organizer for the S.W.O.C. in Birmingham, Alabama, reports that steel workers are pouring into union headquarters twenty-five to fifty at a time. Despite the fact that terror in the near-by town of Gadsen is so severe that a worker merely caught conversing with another worker fired for union membership is summarily dismissed.

Add to your list of things that would be funny if they weren't so terrible:

The British Home Office is seriously considering the matter of supplying gas masks to dogs.



The Seamen's Union scores a victory with the United States Department of Commerce's belated reversal of its mutiny charge against the striking deck hands from the Panama Pacific liner, California. The Department now says that it couldn't have been mutiny because the ship was safely docked at San Pedro, and thus the strike in no way endangered ship or passengers.

The Canton government in China has collapsed with the flight of General Chen Chi-tang to Hongkong. This

leaves the province of Kwantung to Chiang Kai-shek, who has always declared that without that province all resistance to Japanese aggression was futile. Authorities, aware of the strength of anti-Japanese feeling in Kwantung and Kwangsi, feel that Chiang's days of power may well be numbered if he uses the same repressive tactics there as he has in all other provinces under his control.

Just as we were ready to relinquish this page to the printer, news came that Jesse Owens, Ohio State Negro, had won the Olympic 100 meter sprint.



Hitler saw fit to leave the reviewing stand to avoid congratulating the victor, working perhaps on the theory that what *Der Fuehrer* refuses to recognize doesn't happen. But as there are sermons in running brooks, there may be text books in running legs—very effective textbooks on the Nordic myth—for the edification of the German spectators.

Carlson and Bates, in their book, *Hearst, Lord of San Simeon*, are inclined to attribute to Hearst's expulsion from Harvard the motivation for his later anti-teacher fixation. Well, the teachers don't care much for Hearst either, and you don't have to plumb their youthful experiences to find the reason. Teachers want freedom to teach without being harried by red-hunting snoopers. So six hundred educators from all over the country, gathered in New York for the Columbia summer session, voted for an investigation of William Randolph's "un-American activities." Meanwhile Mister Hearst has departed for a visit to his friends, Hitler and Mussolini.

Soviet Russia is replying to the threat of German-Austrian *Anschluss* by contracting with Roumania for a railroad to connect the Soviet Union with Czechoslovakia. Avoiding Polish territory, which in an emergency might be closed to troops and supplies, the railroad will give Russia ready access to the Balkan republics whose independence is so seriously threatened by their Fascist neighbors.

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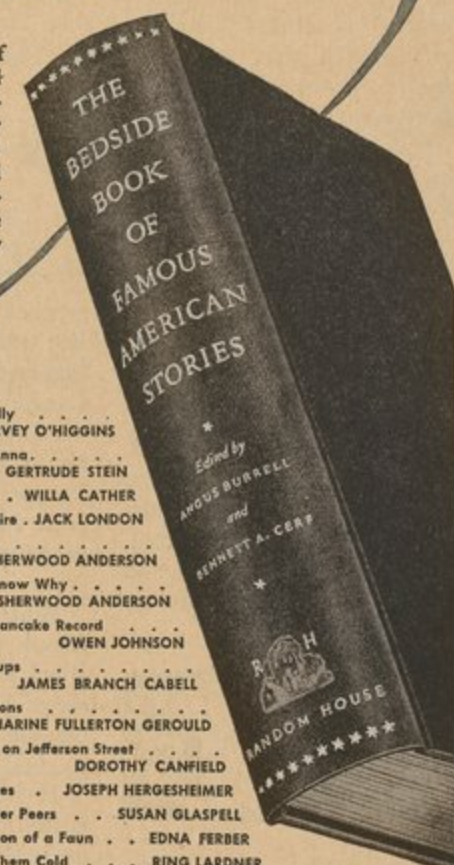
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Edited by **ANGUS BURRELL** and **BENNETT A. CERF**

THIS book was recently distributed, free, among members of the Book-of-the-Month Club as a book-dividend. Designed for the moments which many of us find most deeply enjoyable for reading—the quiet hour before sleep—it is equally valuable for vacation reading, for long journeys by boat or train—or merely for the library table, to pick up at odd moments instead of a magazine. It represents, with hardly any question, the best collection of American fiction ever included in a single volume. The foremost American writers from Irving and Poe to Hemingway are included, many of them with stories which laid the basis for their fame. The full list of contents is below.

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