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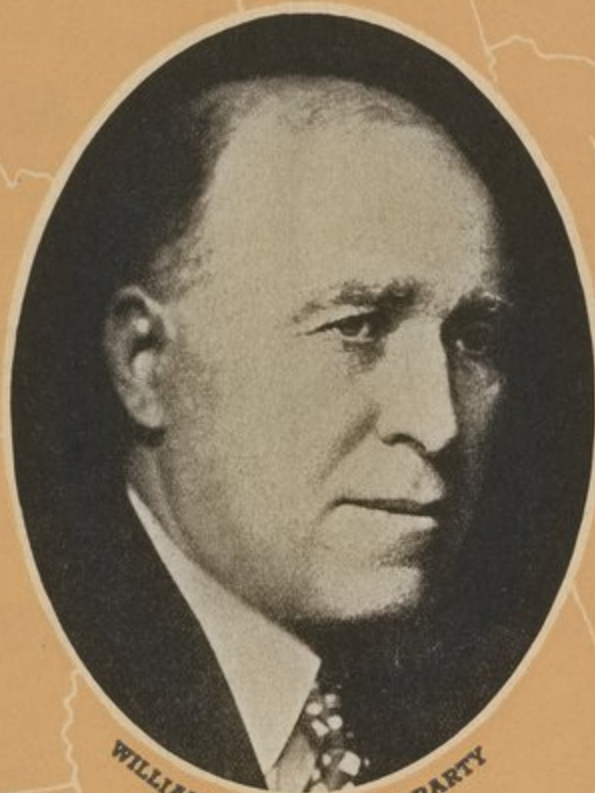
AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM



ALFRED M. LANDON, REPUBLICAN



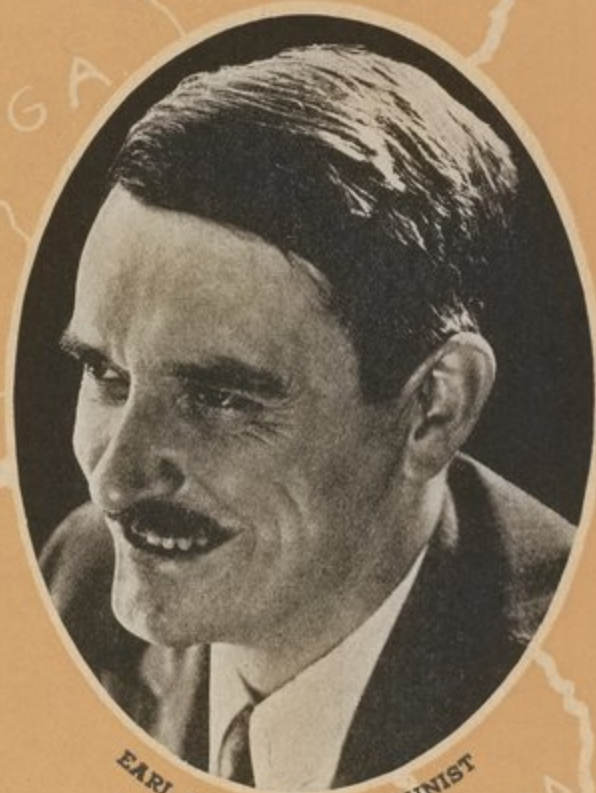
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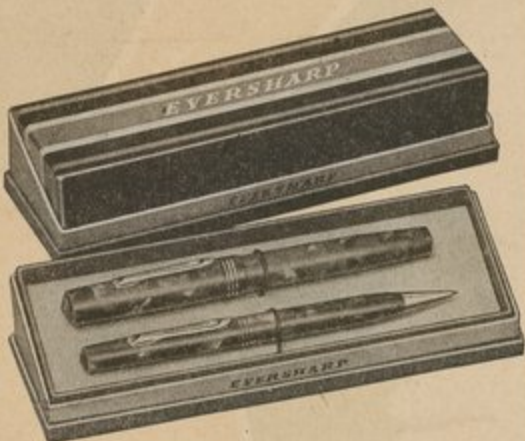
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With the Readers



WE have always liked the fall of the year, and Indian summer is almost here. There is Washington Square near our house where we sojourn occasionally for an hour or two to feel the fallen dry leaves under our feet and hear the crackling noise they make as we trample upon them.

IN the Square, almost in the shadow of Mark Twain's old home, we see and hear groups of men discussing, and arguing. Even while playing checkers on the park benches these discussions and arguments continue. Why, so much talk and what are these men talking about? *Spain and our Presidential election!*

WHAT a change in the lives of men in the short period of seven or eight years. Men and women seriously and passionately seeking a way out, and a way in to a better life. (Mark Twain would have liked that.) The decade of 1919-1929 is like a bad dream or a good one. Take it or leave it. This is 1936.

THE people on the Square and in every country store in America may not be political theoreticians, but their problems are the problems with which all anti-Fascists are concerned.

THE lines are sharply drawn around the election campaign issues, and the arguments marshalled by one side sound like a file of THE FIGHT or League pamphlets. And these men are not "radicals" either. Landon does not seem to be a favorite with the crowds around the Square.

BUT the Spanish uprising always draws blood. There are many Catholics around the Square. The daily press has been giving us front page "news" about the terrible treatment the Church has received at the hands of the anti-Fascists. Blood-curdling stories they are. But these people don't seem to be concerned with this Hearst dope and the Church does not enter the line of argument at all.

WE could not understand this until we noticed an A.P. dispatch the other day. It was headed: "Friars Join Madrid's Army and Nuns Sew Its Bandages." It read in part: "In Fuenterrabia . . . all the friars took off their cassocks and put on blue overalls. They are now fighting in the trenches with ready rifles . . . Nuns in many convents have offered spontaneously to assist anti-Fascists and are busy now making bandages, sewing overalls and other clothes for the militiamen." *There is a United Front for you!*

WE must leave our friends on the Square, the column is coming to an end. Eighty lines and no more says the printer and type won't squeeze we have been told a thousand times. But before we leave this favorite corner of ours, we would like to urge our readers to confine their letters to about one hundred and fifty words in length. Try it, it's good exercise. And we would also like to tell our readers that the letter from Miss Jessie Reed in our July issue was not the librarian, Miss Jessie Reed of the Frederick H. Hild Regional Board of the Chicago Public Library.

SUBSCRIPTION contest: the winner is Miss E. Goodman, 212 W. 72nd St., New York City. Where shall it be to? Paris, Madrid, London or Moscow? Happy voyage! Wish we were going too.



Madrid nuns in civilian clothes giving the clenched fist salute in their support of the anti-Fascist government

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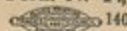
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JOSEPH PASS, Editor

The Fight Against War and Fascism, published monthly by the National Executive Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism. 268 Fourth Avenue, 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



SHERWOOD ANDERSON, author of *Death in the Woods, Beyond Desire, Perhaps Women, Winesburg, Ohio, Puzzled America*, and a dozen other novels and books of short stories, needs no introduction to readers of this magazine or any other in the English language. The story appearing in this issue is from an unpublished novel which will be issued very shortly by Scribner under the title, *Kit Brandon*.

WILLIAM B. SPOFFORD, who gives a short analysis of the election campaign from the point of view of an anti-Fascist, is editor of *The Witness*, an Episcopalian weekly, and Executive Secretary of the Church League for Industrial Democracy.

EMILY GREENE BALCH, Honorary International Secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, is the outstanding woman pacifist in America. Miss Balch is the author of many books, *Our Slavic Fellow Citizens, Approaches to the Great Settlement*, co-author of *Occupied Haiti*, etc., etc., and was a member of the faculty of Wellesley College, 1896-1918.

ROBERT K. SPEER, Professor of Education, New York University, writes the timely article on what faces our schools and colleges if the anti-American red-baiters have their way.

LANGSTON HUGHES, like many other good writers, is difficult to locate. When we want a story from him we write simultaneously to San Francisco, Cleveland and New York. He is the author of *Ways of White Folks, Dream Keeper*, etc., etc.

JOHANNES STEEL, the internationally known foreign correspondent, was formerly attached to the German Minister of Economics as economic observer abroad. He is the author of *Hitler as Frankenstein, The Second World War* and is now working on his autobiography which will be published shortly.

FRED ELLIS, illustrator of Langston Hughes' story is an outstanding labor artist who has recently returned from a six-year sojourn abroad. THE FIGHT is privileged to be the first magazine to publish Mr. Ellis' drawings since his return to America.

HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of *Steel-Dictator* and *Mellon's Millions*, knows steel, and how! Mr. O'Connor has long been associated with labor newspapers and has for the last few years been a resident of Pittsburgh.

THEODORE SCHEEL, a good old standby of ours, is almost staff artist here. (See about six pages of this number.) Mr. Scheel has contributed to *Collier's, Saturday Review of Literature* and other national publications.

GRACE LUMPKIN is author of the two novels, *To Make My Bread* and *A Sign for Cain*.

HUGO GELLERT likes to draw goats and he did what we think is a fine job, in this issue, when we gave him the article on Father Coughlin titled, *Judas-Goat*.

NOTICE: The offices of the American League and THE FIGHT have moved to 268 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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AMERICAN LEAGUE AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM
268 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Fight

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

October, 1936

THE GREAT mass of the American people are united in their desire to avoid an international war and to prevent the establishment in the United States of a Fascist state. The two they know to be intimately related—an international war, the inevitable outcome of present-day economy, would more than likely clamp upon the American people the rule of Fascism. Or Fascism, if it should come first, would but hasten the international blow-up, since it merely intensifies the evils of the profit system that is plunging us straight toward war. If to stop war and avoid Fascism is the paramount issue before us, how are we to vote this fall?

It is not an easy question to answer, and I presume it is only an innocent person like myself who would respond to an editor's request and make the attempt. However, I have always been a neck-sticker-outer so that there is no particular harm in again supplying folks with a target at which to direct their shots.

Since March, 1933

The country was on the verge of complete economic collapse when Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated in March, 1933. Banks were closed, factories were idle, millions were out of work. Declaring himself to be wholeheartedly for the "American system," by which he meant the profit system, he and his associates went to work to save it. He opened the banks by handing the private bankers billions of dol-

lars, leaving the management in their hands. Bankrupt industrialists were handed great gobs of money on little or no security in order that they too might again appear to be solvent. He then went into a huddle with these big boys and got them to subscribe to codes, to be enforced by law, which so limited the production of foodstuffs and manufactured goods that scarcity, essential to the profit system, might artificially be established. He topped his efforts by hastily launching a program of relief whereby billions of dollars of borrowed money was dribbled out to millions of destitute workers in order that they might be kept quiet with a loaf of stale bread. He set out to save the profit system and he took the steps necessary to do it.

The Reaction

Now comes November, 1936, and the American people are asked to decide whether they will support Mr. Roosevelt in his continuing efforts to save our present economic order, or whether we will turn him out in favor of another candidate, presumably with a different program. And, as one would expect, the people most anxious to turn him out are those that he has momentarily saved, Wall Street and the big industrialists. The caliber of their economic thinking is indicated by the slogans they are now plastering on billboards and shouting over the radio: "Our economic system, if left alone, will cure itself"; "Bring back the good old days we formerly enjoyed"; "Re-



Mr. President?

The race is on! Who will win? In a few short weeks the people will decide. Here is the dope on the purse at stake. And the purse is Democracy and the right to live

By Wm. B. Spofford

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB KRUCKMAN

place the visionaries with practical business men." Mr. Landon and his fellow Republicans are thoroughly convinced that the New Deal administration, through its wholesale expenditure of public funds (most of which they got), has retarded the return to that most desirable of all worlds which they enjoyed in the days of Cal Coolidge. Certain it is that either Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal Democrats or Mr. Landon and his reactionary Republicans will win in the November elections. Both of them, obviously, are wholeheartedly for the present profit system which contains the seeds both of war and Fascism. But many maintain that there is one real difference—Roosevelt knows that Old Man Profits can be saved only with a good stiff shot

in the arm, whereas Landon believes that the patient would be sound of limb and mind if he only stopped taking the pills and applying the ointments supplied by the man now in the White House. The New Dealers recognize that they are dealing with a very sick patient who needs to be restrained until he is well. Their chief opponents on the other hand maintain that he never was sick and would therefore discharge him at once to raise hell in an already mad world.

Old Man Profits and the Popoff

There are many enlightened people, fully aware of what is wrong with this cockeyed world, who maintain that the smart thing to do under the circum-

(Continued on page 25)

The '76 of Spain

The young Spanish Republic fights for its life. This is the story of thousands of heralded women who are fighting to keep Spain from returning to medieval darkness

By Berenice E. Noar

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WESTLEY

EMBATTLED women in song and story are picturesque and romantic figures. Stalwart Amazons, each with a breast removed, the better to poise their bows and arrows, march dramatically to the aid of a beleaguered Troy. A Maid of Orleans, spurred by mystic voices, mounts her charger and goes forth for the honor and glory of France.

But there is nothing of poetry or glamor in the actual situation of Loyalist Spanish women today, nothing but grim and sober prose in their fight for their lives, and more than their lives, against the opposing Fascist forces; a fight to defend the freedom so lately won, and to keep the Spain which is their children's heritage from return to medieval darkness. One sees the pictures of these women in the daily press; housewives, mothers, workers, many with youth far behind, yet with their tired faces stern with purpose, and their work-worn hands grasping rifles or machine guns. One reads in the daily press accounts of their astounding valor—as best one can through the blurring of one's eyes.

Mantillas, Shawls and Barricades

Story and song, which are responsible for so many popular misconceptions, have also created a set of associated ideas for the women of Spain; vivid and colorful ideas that set the stage with lace mantillas and richly hued shawls, and demure flirtations from behind barred windows. But here, too, the truth is far removed, and much less lovely. True, there are Spanish women whose lives more or less fit into the pattern; women of the upper classes which are struggling today for Fascist supremacy. But for the great mass of Spanish women, it is not

gorgeous shawls but ragged ones, not dancing and flirting but slaving and starving. There are twelve-hour days in sweat-shops to earn a pittance; there is insufficient food, and premature ageing. They live in squalid slums beyond description. They bear their children like animals, lying on bundles of rags on the floor, without care or medical attention. It is against all this that they have arisen, after centuries of down-trodden acquiescence; and it is to keep the yoke from being put back upon their shoulders that they are fighting now to the last drop of their blood. Better death than a return to bondage, just when the promised land is in sight.

Church, Kitchen, Bed

Even the so-called "fortunate" women of Spain, from the civilized standpoint, are far from enviable, under Fascist ideology. Gil Robles, Spanish Fascist leader, has been no different from other Fascist leaders in his stand upon "woman's place," making it, like his colleagues, "in the church, the kitchen, the bed." And to such an extent is the old-time idea of keeping women guarded still extant, that intelligent girls with some ideas in their heads, students and workers, are considered fair game for gibes and insults, when they walk unattended through the streets. Yes, these "fortunate" women, too, though they may not have the wisdom to know it, would in the long run be greatly the gainers by the defeat of the Fascist forces!

It is not that the poets of the future, recollecting emotion in that blessed tranquillity which now seems so far off, will not find plentiful material in the Spanish Loyalist women of today. There is perhaps in all history no woman more fitted to quicken the imag-



ination of a dramatist or poet than is Dolores Ibarruri, lovingly named "La Pasionaria," who has done more than any other one individual to spur the Loyalist forces to their unflagging efforts against the aggressor. La Pasionaria was born forty-one years ago, in the Basque country, the daughter of a miner. Endowed by nature with beauty and intelligence, she longed for an education. She wanted to be a teacher. But because of her lowly station and her family's poverty, this was denied her. Eager minds like hers, however, are not easily downed, and while earning her living as maid, as waitress, as laundress, she studied. And as her vision widened, it carried her beyond her own little life, and she came to think of her own hardships and frustrations as symbolic of those of all the unprivileged masses of the earth.

"For the Republic, We Die!"

Conviction translated into action, she took part in many strikes, married a labor leader, went to jail with him, and in 1934, after particularly stormy experiences during which she saw her home burned to the ground, she fled abroad. Last year's election opened the way for her return; and at the beginning of the recent Fascist uprisings, she swung into immediate action, to do her part in quelling them. She is head of the nation-wide Committee of Leftist Women, and has set up its headquarters, by a fine bit of irony, in the magnificent bedchamber of the Duke of Saragossa, in Madrid. She spends much of her time going to the battlefields. She keeps the broadcasting stations busy. The air carries her fiery denunciations of the reactionaries; and her voice reaches throughout all Spain, stirring both men and women to superhuman efforts in defense of liberty. "Forward!" she cries, "forward for our sons, for our husbands, for our brothers, for the future of our women, for labor, for happiness; forward, women of Spain!"

Heralded Women

But La Pasionaria is not the sole outstanding woman in the Spanish struggle. Señora Dolores Alvarez, Socialist, is another who stands beside her. They bury their political differences, and work together in a real People's Front. Two other names that will not be readily forgotten are Francisca Solano, "the heroine of the Espinar," who was captured by Fascist troops while tending a wounded comrade, and martyred Aida Lafuente, called "La Libertaria." Two years ago, at the age of seventeen, she led a young Labor group against the reactionary government and, dramatically defying the enemy, was killed outside the Church of San Pedro, in Oviedo.

Heralded women, staunchly supported by thousands individually unsung—Democratic Spain cannot, dare not, lose.



Should our teachers be blind leaders of the young generation?

Gagged Schools

Shall our children be men and women capable of facing life, or sawdust dummies?

By Robert K. Speer

ILLUSTRATED BY AD REINHARDT



Should education contribute its mite to social improvement?

SHOULD education be a force in social regeneration? Should education contribute its mite to social improvement? May schools, as one agency of education, properly be expected to assist other agencies in bringing about beneficial social change? Are children to be trained to accept current society or are they to be so educated that they will be impelled to modify it? Are they to accept it blindly or to criticize it intelligently? Are educators obliged to formulate an opinion concerning the merits and deficiencies of our current order? Are they to question even our social institutions and to lead their children to discover and to question social injustices? These are crucial questions. If your answers are "Yes," then you may understand better the thwarting effects of the gag legislation being enacted in the various states of our union. If your answers are "No," then I can understand why you support loyalty oath legislation, flag bills, and "Red" hunts.

Intimidation Affects Education

Most American citizens—and all decent-minded and enlightened people—really wish to have education so constituted that we and our children may be impelled to improve the social, economic and political conditions under which we live.

Not all these people realize that the legislation sponsored by super-patriotic organizations tends to prompt school teachers and other educational officers to draw into their intellectual shells. Not all these people realize that bills demanding that school teachers take an oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States and to the Constitution of the state in which they are employed are designed not so much to assure patriotic teachers for our children, but more to intimidate all teach-

ers who believe that education can be of any social consequence.

Whatever thwarts teaching affects the education of children. The legislatures of 22 states in the United States have passed laws requiring teachers to take loyalty oaths. A number of our state legislatures have voted money to investigate "subversive" activities in our high schools and colleges. Teachers are being discharged for their peace activities. The representatives of our people are sitting in solemn session on "Flag Bills"—bills calling for the display of the American flag not only in classrooms but, as in New York State, in any place, including private homes, where twenty or more people are gathered together discussing problems of social moment. Teachers are being harassed for their participation in teachers' unions. Teachers are not being rehired where it is believed that they have permitted their students to discuss various governmental forms. In many communities it is as much as a teacher's professional life is worth to permit pupils to discuss a local strike. For a teacher to allow his charges to look into the matter of the proper or improper distribution of the social income, in many areas, would call for a meeting of the School Board at which it would be voted to reorganize or to retrench—the real reason for dismissing such teachers is seldom given. Intimidation of school teachers is widespread. The cases presented in the public press are few but a "case," as we know it, is a situation in which the so-called offender refuses to be intimidated. That is why it becomes a "case." Tens of thousands of teachers are not teaching according to their best lights—they are intimidated—simply because they fear reprisals.

The whole story is a long and sordid one. The history of gag legislation in

one state—New York—is a good example of similar legislation in other states. One can best trace the route of a gag movement in the one state and each reader may then apply the pattern in his own home area. The pattern itself is substantially the same everywhere. In New York State we have the Ives Loyalty Oath Law and, more recently, the McNaboe resolution.

What is the McNaboe resolution? It calls for a legislative investigation of the high schools and colleges of the State of New York. It is vested with the authority to make a complete and thorough investigation into alleged abuses enumerated in a long-winded, ungrammatical statement of 17 whereases, interspersed with words and combinations of words such as "institutions jeopardized, subversive and un-American activity, disloyal doctrines, seditious and treasonable utterances, paid agitators and propagandists, intimidation of students, stifling patriotic acts, advocating sabotage, advocating overthrow of our government, setting up a new social order, veiled threats of revolutionary groups, disloyal faculty members, disloyal students." In brief, the McNaboe resolution calls for another "Red" hunt in the high schools and colleges of New York State. Notice this: It passed the Legislature as a resolution—the money to be taken from the contingent fund and the investigating committee to be appointed by the temporary President of the Senate and the Speaker of the New York Assembly. This subterfuge was resorted to because of the suspected attitude of Governor Lehman who has indicated since that had the matter been treated as a bill, calling for the Governor's signature, he would have vetoed it.

The resolution has been passed, the money has been voted, the committee

has been named, and we are about to see executed an investigation planned to terrorize school teachers and students in New York State.

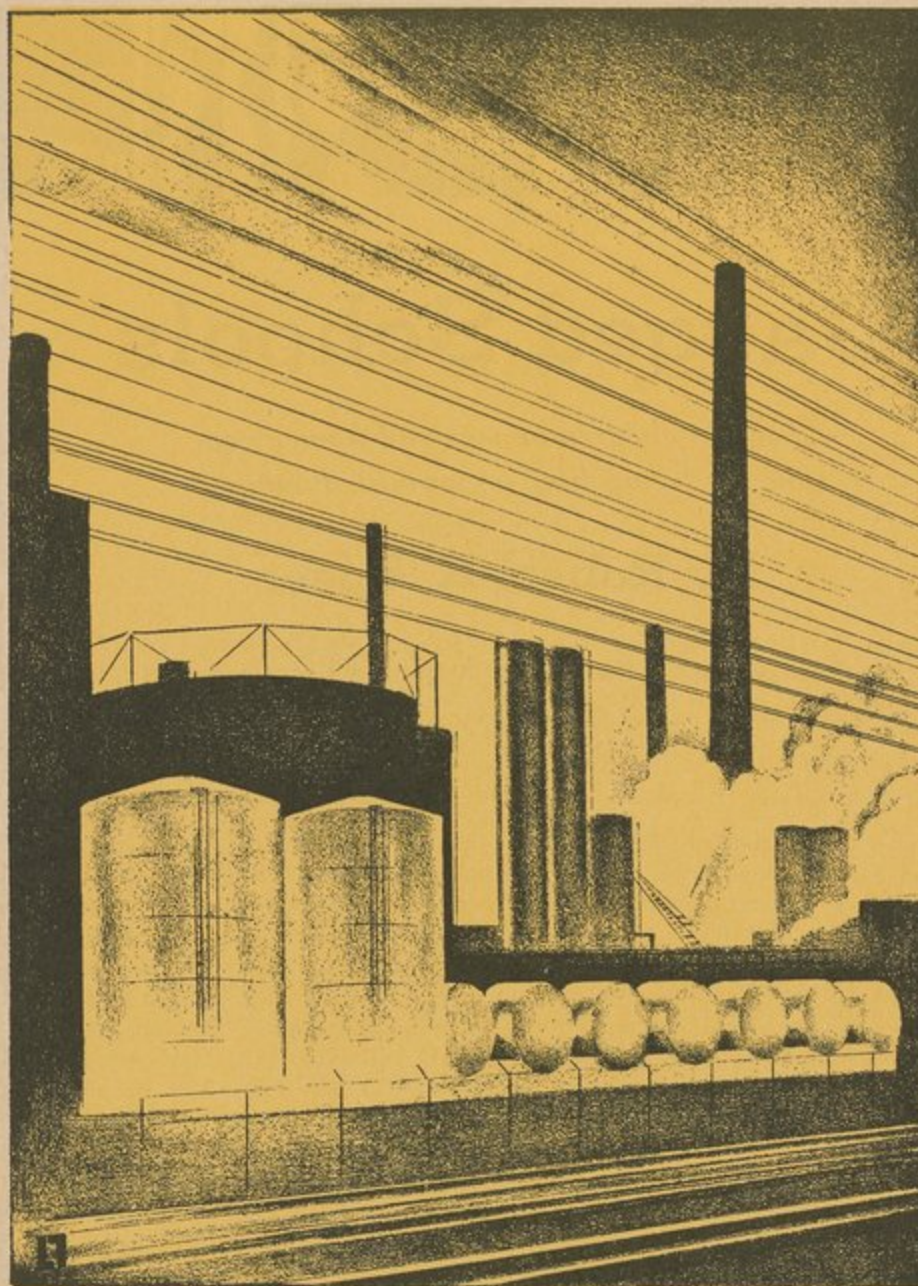
Terrorizing the Schools

It is obvious that the investigation into "subversive activities" in the high schools and colleges of New York State, now under way, is a child of the Hearstian imagination. This is true in other states as well. The McNaboe investigation is not, however, to be viewed as standing alone—as just one more fishing expedition. Its true significance is only discerned when one notes it as but one despicable Fascist link in a chain of acts designed to intimidate teachers and students and, if possible, make them completely docile—cringing slaves to Hearst, McNaboe and their ilk.

I say that this is but one step in a process. I mean just that. First, the loyalty oaths (including the Ives Law in New York State); second, the local interpretations of the oath of allegiance laws; and third, but not finally, this legislative investigation to persecute any and all who have asserted themselves in behalf of academic freedom—all who have believed it legitimate to view our institutions objectively and critically; all who have believed that various points of view should be presented to students and the student himself privileged to decide for himself the merits and deficiencies of various forms of governmental organization.

One thing is clear: If you hold opinions contrary to those held by Hearst, McNaboe, and their kind, you are a Red and consequently undesirable. If a teacher or a student acts in a way contrary to the ideas of San Simeon McNaboe, he is subject to investigation.

(Continued on page 29)



DOWN lanes formed by Bethlehem Steel's private police, Eugene G. (Million Dollar Bonus) Grace marched to inspect his new \$20,000,000 continuous strip mill at his Lackawanna works. Why did the Autocrat of Bethlehem consider it necessary to have his company police guard him within the confines of his own plant?

At Weirton, West Virginia, the feudal domain of Liberty Leaguer Ernest T. Weir, the Weirton Steel Employees Security League has been formed "to oppose any and all attempts by the C.I.O. (Committee for Industrial Organization) to disturb the satisfactory conditions under which we are working at the present time." The "Security League" was organized by the company union representatives at the Fox Hunters Club. Jack Larkin, \$15 a day roller (one of those few highly paid men on whom the Steel Corporation's publicity hounds dote as "representative" of steel wages), is president. He was one of those who appeared in Washington in 1934 at the Wagner labor bill hearings to assert that "the A. F. of L. is a racket, the United Mine

Furnace Fires

Steel is front page news these days and not stock market news either . . . John L. Lewis . . . Industrial Unionism . . . the C. I. O. . . . What does it all mean?

By Harvey O'Connor

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

Workers is a racket, the Amalgamated Association is a racket."

These two items give an inkling of what the bitterest labor struggle in Twentieth Century America is going to be like.

On the one side the most arrogant,

stupid, reactionary captains of industry, banded together in the American Iron and Steel Institute, instrument of monopoly. Back of them, the House of Morgan and allied interests of Wall Street, insolent, property-mad, conscious of the great power by which they

have repeatedly twisted the Government to their will. Flanking them, the twitchingly class-conscious capitalists of the Motor Empire, the General Motors—du Pont—Ford—Liberty League crowd. They know that unionism in steel dooms autocracy in Detroit.

Keystone of Industrial Tyranny

Why did Labor choose steel as the focal center of attack in the industrial union drive? Because it had no choice. *There lies the keystone of industrial tyranny.* The mighty United Mine Workers was able to whip the southern West Virginia coal barons into line, but it has been forced to stop short of U. S. Steel's H. C. Frick Coke Co. All other coal miners may be unionized, but not the Steel Corporation's. Roosevelt sent McGrady to Uniontown to plead with the coke region miners to break their strike for unionism. "Have faith in Roosevelt and the NRA," McGrady shouted to the unconvinced miners. Sullenly they returned to the Frick mines, cheated once more of their goal of union recognition. Yes, the power of the Iron and Steel Institute reaches far into our

government. Mostly it has found a compliant tool there; if not, Steel unlimbers its threat of sabotage and crows the United States Government into submission.

Steel's Brilliant Leadership

Powerful? Yes! Stupid, too? Yes, again! It was the Steel Trust, speaking through Elbert H. Gary, which declared that the end of the 12-hour day would ruin the industry. One year after the inhumanly long shift was officially abandoned, Steel's labor cost per ton actually declined. Bradley Stoughton, recognized technical authority on iron and steel, stated: "Shorter hours . . . have proved a boon to the industry both technically and financially. . . The greatest advance in the technique and quality of production in the history of the industry has been coincident with the era of shorter hours of labor during the past few years."

So much for the brilliant business leadership of the Steel Moguls who fought the 12-hour day for 40 years, and finally lost—to their own financial advantage!

Combine power and stupidity and you have brutality. Need the point be stressed, after Homestead, McKees Rocks, 1919, and the hundred other strikes workers have contested inch by inch, asking only the simple right of self-organization? Workers fought Pinkertons at Homestead in 1892, rifle against rifle, and won against an illegal private army of professional gunmen. Then Henry Clay Frick crooked his finger at Harrisburg and Washington and the state and federal troops poured in to disarm one of the few genuine working-class city administrations in our history. Frick and his financial ally, Andy Mellon, already overlord of the Pittsburgh region, then set back on their haunches to let starvation win at Fort Frick, as Homestead was dubbed.

Or consider 1919, when the coal and iron police and the state troopers rode roughshod over whatever civil rights a despised steel worker might believe he had under the Constitution. Where then were the Constitution-bleaters? Where then were the Liberty Leaguers and their solicitude for freedom? Where then was Landon? Fighting, as usual, for the liberty of their dollars against human flesh and blood. Clubs and hunger downed that great strike.

Arm in Arm

The threat to organize steel sends a shiver up the spines of the industrialists. If steel can be organized, the last stronghold of unorganized industry is gone—the rest will fall in line. The 1919 struggle in steel is not forgotten by our barons—when hundreds of thousands of workers laid down their tools and almost succeeded in their effort to establish decent living conditions and the right to breathe in their

own homes and have their own unions.

There is one advantage the steel workers possess today. Millions of organized and unorganized workers are conscious of the dangers confronting them today—the danger of losing whatever gains have been achieved in the last half-century—unless these 500,000 strong march arm in arm with coal miners, auto workers, rubber workers and other mass production employees toward the goal of industrial democracy.

There is a division in the upper house of labor on the issue of industrial *versus* craft unionism. This division has resulted in the suspension of many international unions with a membership of over one million. It is not the purpose of this article to go into this dispute. Nothing would please our lords better than to see Labor divided and the trade union movement weakened and then destroyed.

Profits for the Insiders

Whence comes this power of Steel to hold in the palm of its hand the lives of hundreds of thousands of men? Briefly, it is the drive of billions hungry for profit. In the lush days of capitalism, before the Crash, the steel corporations paid handsome dividends on watered stock, obsolete mills, uneconomical points of production. The ferocity of the anti-union fight in 1919 was aimed to conserve the precious golden flow for the pockets of the nation's favored class.

Since 1930, that golden stream has almost dried up. The billions of dollars represented in water and in miles of junky mills geographically misplaced pay few dividends. Nor is there much hope of a return to "normalcy." In the first quarter of 1933, the steel corporations sustained a bookkeeping loss of \$35,000,000, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In the first quarter of 1934 the loss was \$9,200,000. In that period of 1935 there was a slight profit of \$3,500,000 and in the first three months of this year, of \$8,300,000—a contemptible figure in the eyes of the Morgans, Schwabs, Weirs and Blocks who run steel.

I don't mean to paint too black a picture. The stockholders may be out in the cold, all right, but the insiders are getting theirs. Salaries in six figures are still being paid the Boyars of Steel. J. P. Morgan & Co. still has the use of the Steel Corporation's \$100,000,000 liquid cash reserves. There are still plenty of juicy new bond issues to fatten the Wall Street brokerage houses.

The point is that Steel will resist desperately any attempt to unionize its employees because that means the workers will demand a bigger share of the Steel dollar. That means less for the insiders, fewer crumbs for the stockholders. It forces nearer the day when a great basic industry must be socialized, if it is to make steel for a nation's

needs, instead of money for the insiders.

Steel: Autocracy or Democracy?

In the coming struggle for power in steel, civil liberties of the steel workers can be observed by the whole country. A distinguished observer of that industry, John A. Fitch, known for his liberalism, made a survey of labor relations last winter. He reported that for the first time in the 30 years of his own personal knowledge, men would talk freely on the streets of Homestead. He should return to Homestead today. Men won't talk. Only the hardier dare appear at open union meetings. The word has gone through the mill that that most precious (but still unrecognized) civil right of the worker—the right to join a union of his choice—means discharge, discrimination, layoff.

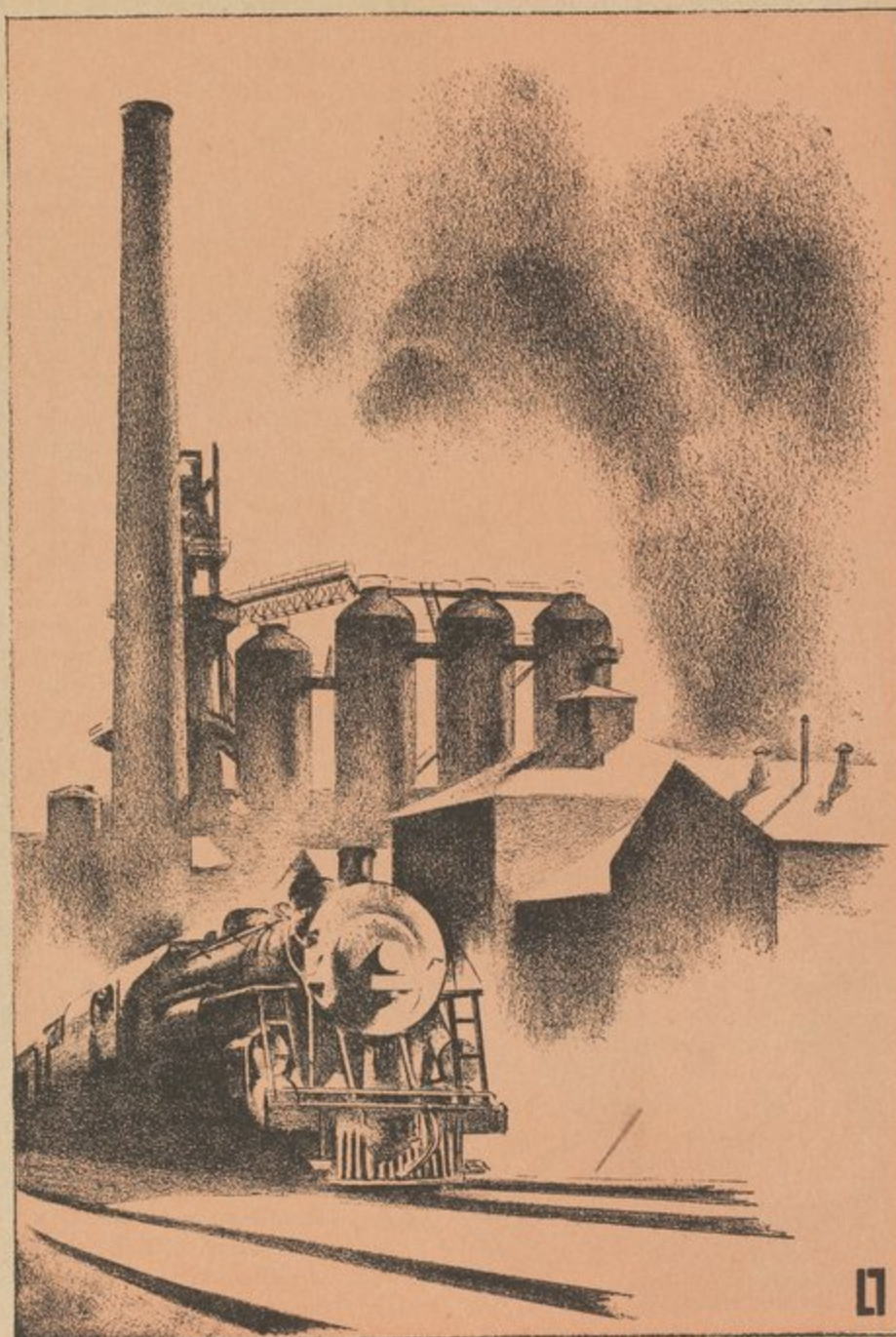
Hard-boiled Republic Steel laid down the law to its employees, stripped of the suave verbiage that sometimes envelopes U. S. Steel's pronouncements. Agitation for the union means outright discharge, said Tom Girdler, Repub-

lic's chairman and graduate of the notorious Jones & Laughlin school for steel executives.

The issue can be simply stated. Can an industrial autocracy of a peculiarly offensive stripe continue to exist in this country side by side with democratic institutions? Must not the Steel autocracy be humbled, or the democratic aspirations of our people sacrificed? Will it be Democracy or Fascism?

The steelmasters sneer at such questions. Confident in their private armies, their arsenals filled with the latest weapons of industrial warfare, the charged barbed wire fences and live-steam pipe lines that enclose their mills, the Autocrats of the Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, Jones & Laughlin are ready to kill American workers in order to preserve their industrial privilege and tyranny.

In this, the most momentous conflict thus far in Twentieth Century America, workers and all citizens who want economic as well as political freedom must stand arm in arm with the steel workers.



"THIS is the time for wholesale bargains in saviours—Papen, Schleicher and now Hitler. Hurrah! Every German once a Chancellor—here is the chance for families with many children."

Those were almost the last words that Carl von Ossietzky wrote before his arrest, well knowing the fate that awaited him at the hands of the Nazis but still refusing to take the urgent counsel of his friends and flee Germany.

To read, now, those last few issues of the old *Weltbuehne* magazine is like a revelation and a saga that have no analogy in the history of journalism or literature.

During those January, February and March months of 1933, one after the other, all the German newspapers left the sinking ship of the Weimar Republic whose institutions and constitution they themselves had corrupted. Only a few, a very few, "Das Faehlein der Versprengten" around von Ossietzky, fought to the last.

The entire democratic press went dirt yellow like the tree leaves in October. One after the other, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Germania*, buckled under and went down to inglorious defeat by counselling caution.

The *Weltbuehne* alone stood firm.

Too Noble for Exile

Today after more than three years of an exile that von Ossietzky was too noble and too proud to accept, I read those last articles in the January, February and March issues of the *Weltbuehne* over again and for the first time began to understand what the words political and personal courage really mean.

Here is a man. A man like few others on this earth. What political vision! What breadth of understanding, what compassionate desire for justice, what indomitable courage in the face of an avalanche of hate!

Carl von Ossietzky wrote on January 3rd, 1933:



Ernst Thaelmann

Hitler's Jail

Carl von Ossietzky, scion of a long line of Baltic barons, fighting for Democracy was jailed by Hitler. Read his story by a man who knew him

By Johannes Steel

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL LIMBACH

The years of masquerade are ended. The real power is out in the open. And the real power will rule dictatorially until a new power is formed to oppose it. The procession of praetorian Chancellors has begun . . . The powder puffs of the democratic press will not stop it.

On February 7th, 1933, he wrote:

The counter revolution has captured the mountain ranges and rules the valleys. We live in them, in these valleys.

To write a sentence like this after Hitler had achieved power was courting certain death. But von Ossietzky never held fear.

It is comparatively easy to stand firm when we do not know what is waiting for us. Von Ossietzky knew. He knew the inside of German jails. Once before he had had the choice between flight and imprisonment. He never hesitated a minute.

Courage Beyond Fear of Jails

On November 23rd, 1931, he and Walter Kreiser, whose article on German rearmament he had printed in his magazine, to the everlasting shame of the Weimar Republic, were sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment. Ossietzky's friends had arranged for him to flee to Switzerland, the authorities were prepared to let him go in order to avoid trial, but Ossietzky insisted on his right to have his say in court. So he was hardly out of jail when he dared the oppressors, now even more fiendish ones, again.

Again he could have fled. Everything was prepared. His friends implored him. A certain foreign embassy had offered him a diplomatic passport. But Ossietzky refused to give up his editorial chair until they took him away from it by force.

His last article appeared on February 27th, 1933. The next day he was arrested. The next number of the *Weltbuehne*, March 7th, 1933, contains a short paragraph in the question and answer box of the magazine, to the effect that Ossietzky had been arrested and that efforts would be made to have him released.

After that, silence. The next issue of the *Weltbuehne* comes out in Prague three months later, while von Ossietzky, its greatest editor and Ger-

many's greatest pamphleteer since Heinrich Heine, begins his Golgotha in Sonnenburg prison.

Concentration Camp Discipline

From Sonnenburg he was sent to the concentration camp of Papenburg-Esterwegen, the dreaded wet and cold moor grounds.

When he arrived there he was handed a manual of discipline.

It read in part as follows: "Paragraph 4: Without considering the origin, social standing or profession of the prisoners, they have to consider themselves inferior to every Nazi, even the simple storm trooper. Paragraph 5: To further manly discipline the prisoners are obliged to greet every storm trooper by military mark of respect. If a prisoner is addressed by a storm trooper he has to adopt military attitude . . . Paragraph 8: The working hours are unlimited and are exclusively established by the commander of the camp. There are three degrees of punishment. Newcomers are tentatively ranged in the second degree. The first degree is the lightest regime and applies only to prisoners before their release. The most rigorous rule is that of the third degree, which includes corporal punishment. (Ossietzky was always kept under the rules of the third degree.) Paragraph 9: All intellectuals are submitted to special physical tasks."

A year ago a Swedish eye-witness reported that he had seen von Ossietzky and found him in a state of complete physical and mental exhaustion as a result of the merciless beatings that the Nazis had inflicted upon him.

It is not easy to write these lines. The thought of Ossietzky in a Nazi dungeon, and I here in comparative security, makes me humble.

There have been other great men in history, but there has never been anyone like him in his singleness of purpose as a pacifist and his complete political as well as human understanding of the German people.

He loved them. With venom and a mordant pen he tried to save them from their own follies. He failed. It was a magnificent failure, a prophetic

failure, for his example will live forever.

And yet he never said, "I told you so," for he loved Germany as only a great European and internationalist can love Germany.

A World-Wide Echo

And this year of grace, 1936, is the third year of his imprisonment. They have beaten him, they have tortured him as only Nazis fed on Nazi mythology can torture a man. They have put him through the most degrading tasks. They have broken his health. They have shut him off from the rest of the world. We do not know what has become of him. They have silenced his voice, and yet they could not kill him.

On April 1st, 1936, one of the last public things, in a long life of service, that Jane Addams did was that she, the only living woman winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, nominated von Ossietzky for the 1935 Nobel Peace Prize. A call that found a world-wide echo. Though he didn't get the prize then, we are not giving up. He will get it yet.

As the scion of a long line of Baltic barons who was born on October 21st, 1887, at Hamburg, von Ossietzky is one of the three or four solitary members of the German aristocracy who threw in their lot wholeheartedly with the common people of Germany.

The second one was Hellmuth von Gerlach who died last year in his French exile.

The third is Paul Renn.

Paul Renn who wrote *War and After War*. Renn is the Baron Vieth von Golsenau, former Captain of the Saxon Grenadier Guards.

After the war this Captain of the Grenadier Guards became a volunteer instructor in military science to the Red Front fighters and Chairman of the Proletarian Communist Authors Society of Germany.

In his case, the Weimar Republic also anticipated the Nazis. Renn was



Carl von Ossietzky

arrested on November 25th, 1932, during a raid by the Berlin Police on a Communist Workers' School. So the Nazis found him already in jail when they came to power. On January 15th, 1934, he was sentenced to two and one-half years of labor on charges of high treason. An English eye-witness to the trial at Leipzig told me afterwards that Renn, who looked as ascetic as a monk, just smiled contemptuously at his judges, who became so nervous that they rushed the proceedings of the trial in order to get it over with.

Silent Martyrdom

There are many more men like these. True heroes who entered their martyrdom in silence and with a smile on their lips.

Of many we don't know what happened to them. Of some we don't even know their names. We do not know whether they are dead or in concentration camps or even where they died.

Kurt Hiller for example, another of the *Weltbuehne* men, disappeared completely until he was found on November 1st, 1934, in a prison even unknown to the regular police, namely the "Fruehere Militaer Arrest Anstalt" in Potsdam.

Then there was Muehsam, the poet.



Carl von Ossietzky and Ernst Thaelmann have become the symbols of those tens of thousands of martyrs who are tortured in Nazi concentration camps

He was found hanged in his prison cell after he had been beaten into insanity.

And so the list goes on. The more prominent, and the truer to their cause they were, the worse was their fate at the hands of the homosexual hordes that Hitler let loose on Germany.

Severing and Noske turned their pink coats like chameleons into a Nazi brown and licked the boots that had kicked them into the gutter where they belonged, but those who were men, remained men.

There are a full hundred thousand of them. The list is led by such names as that of Ossietzky, the pamphleteer and pacifist, Renn, the Red Front fighter, and Thaelmann, the stevedore.

The stevedore was arrested on March 3rd, 1933.

Less than a year previous, he had been the choice of five million voters as their President.

Ernst Thaelmann became a Communist immediately after Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg had been murdered and thrown into the river, when Noske and Severing warred upon the Spartacus.

From that day on he had slowly forged his way up to the head of the German working class. Already in 1925 he had won two million votes as candidate for President.

When the Nazis came to power, he had a million followers in Berlin alone.

Upon his arrest he simply said: "It will be the economic breakdown, not a political breakdown, which will end Hitler's rule. Such men cannot organize the economic life of a nation. Hunger is the nemesis which always defeats them."

Nazi Justice

In answer to an inquiry concerning Thaelmann's fate on May 14th, 1936, the Nazi Minister of Justice stated that since there was not sufficient evidence to convict Thaelmann in any court of law, the government will simply keep him imprisoned indefinitely without trial.

The witnesses called by Thaelmann's

defense, the Reichstag Deputies, Schwarz, Schehr, Steinfurt, Schoenherr, as well as the trade union officials, Vesper, and Albert Funk, have simply been shot.

The counsel for Thaelmann's defense, Dr. Roetter, a former naval captain and a Nazi of long standing, was arrested and fled to Czechoslovakia.

It stands to reason that Thaelmann will never be brought to trial so long as the Nazi government continues. This is so because they know that he can be relied upon to do another Dimitroff and make the Nazi judges the laughing-stock of the world.

So Ernst Thaelmann and Carl von

(Continued on page 30)

NOW THAT Father Coughlin has changed his mind again and gone back on the air after announcing that he would postpone his fall programs until the elections were over, let's take a look at the various utterances of this agile red-faced man and try to find out what, if anything, he really stands for.

He opposed America's entry into the World Court "because it would lead to war," but he favors military invasion of Mexico and the Soviet Union.

He denounces the World War as having been engineered by Wall Street but wants the United States to build 10,000 battle planes immediately.

First he rooted for Hoover, then he switched to Roosevelt and now he's backing Lemke for the purpose of electing Landon, the puppet nominated by one of Coughlin's best friends—William Randolph Hearst. But he welched on his \$25,000 bet that Lemke would carry Rhode Island, and has backed down on his promise to make radio speeches for his candidate.

He urged the automobile workers of Detroit to organize but forbade them to strike, no matter how serious their grievances.

He thundered against Henry Ford when the auto magnate was paying his men \$7 a day, but praised him after Ford cut wages to \$4 a day.

He favored job and old age insurance in October, 1934, but a month later declared such insurance would bankrupt the automobile industry.

He now praises John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization of the steel workers, but imported labor-hating Senator Rush Holt, one of Lewis' bitterest enemies, to address the National Union for Social Justice convention.

At this meeting Coughlin scored company unions, but not long ago he said: "Had the motor manufacturers been in the least intelligent they would have helped to organize a friendly and efficient union."

Although he says he favors union labor, Coughlin's new church was built and until recently all of his printing was done by non-union workers.

Radio

Coughlin's air record . . . Macfadden's brain child . . . Buchman thanks heaven . . . Spain and the C.B.S.

He also has advocated organization of government unions along the lines of those in "Germany and Italy."

The priest repeatedly has attacked the bankers of Wall Street, but he never has mentioned the names of the Rockefellers and has held repeated conferences with some of the biggest and most corrupt "money changers."

He advocated the purchase of silver by the Government and when this policy was adopted sold 500,000 ounces of silver and cleaned up \$120,000.

Coughlin scolds brokers for buying and selling on margins of less than 50 per cent or making 35 or 40 per cent on their deals. Yet on his own silver deal he operated on 10 per cent margin and made 500 per cent.

He claims to believe every word of the Bible—except in so far as it makes no distinction between "interest" and "usury." Interest is all right, he thinks, even 500 per cent interest on 500,000 pieces of silver.

And finally, any officer of the National Union for Social Justice can be removed from office without cause at any time by Coughlin, and members must vote as they are told or be expelled.

All in all, the good father's program looks suspiciously like the platform of empty phrases which Hitler put over on the German people.

Capitalizing Human Misery

MAJOR BOWES is just a piker after all. At least the Major paid his amateurs \$5 a performance and fed them occasionally at cheap cafeterias. But *Good Will Court*, which Chase and Sanborn Coffee presents over NBC in place of Bowes beginning September 27th, pays its performers with innocuous "legal advice" for baring their souls to thrill-hungry listeners.

Good Will Court, a brain child of that expert in pornography, Bernarr Macfadden, was, until recently, heard over WMCA, a minor New York station, but its money-making possibilities did not long remain undiscovered. No pay to performers . . . advice donated free by publicity-hungry judges . . . the thing was a gold mine!

The program is, in fact, a clearing house for misery, like nothing else on the air. Unfortunates who, because of the depression, have no money to pay to lawyers and, therefore, no means of righting the wrongs which a lopsided society has done to them, put their pride in their pockets and "tell all" to the microphone in the hope that by so debasing themselves they may find some way out of their troubles.

Girls with illegitimate babies, wives whose husbands' affections have waned, young lovers who cannot scrape together enough money to get married, repentant criminals, victims of New York's thousand and one rackets choke, stammer and sometimes faint as they blurt out stories which chill the blood or bring tears to the eyes.

When they finish, the judge on the "bench" speaks into the microphone a bit of stereotyped advice which always shies away from the cause of most of the trouble—our cockeyed economic system. Occasionally a kind-hearted listener offers more concrete aid, but usually the unfortunate receives no real assistance. He (or she) has put on a performance which no actor could equal. He has provided a coffee packer with invaluable publicity. And unwittingly he has kept a professional radio performer out of a job.

Returning to Major Bowes for a moment, it is interesting to note that a demobilized army of hungry amateurs is coming back to New York from various corners of the United States and making things hot for that

genial chiseler. Many of those amateurs left regular jobs to play in the Major's road companies. They travelled in buses, rehearsed at all hours, paid for their food and hotel rooms out of salaries averaging \$35 a week and found none of the golden opportunities they had been promised. Now, disillusioned and broke, they are saying some mighty mean things about the Major, just when he needs support for his new fall program.

Air Notes

THIS column presents an iron cross to Dr. Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman, leader of the religious organization known as the Oxford group.

Buchman, who has been hogging radio time recently, even getting several trans-Atlantic broadcasts on the plea that his organization is non-political and non-sectarian, has let the Aryan out of the cave at last.

"I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front line of defense against the anti-Christ of Communism," Buchman said in a recent interview. "Through such a man God could control a nation overnight and solve every last, bewildering problem."

It is interesting to note that the interview was granted at the time when the National Conference of Clergymen and Laymen was meeting at Asheville, N. C., and hammering out the most reactionary, Fascist program ever conceived by men of God.

The Columbia Broadcasting System sent a special correspondent to Madrid to report Spanish developments, but cut him off after his first talk because he "used too much government propaganda." After that the network depended on "analyses" by H. V. Kaltenborn, who hovered on the French border near the Hendaye rumor factory and gave aid and comfort to the rebels until a storm of protest from American listeners made him adopt something nearer to an impartial attitude.

—GEORGE SCOTT



Scheel



Love Is Like That!

By Theodore Scheel

Movies

HOLLYWOOD'S utter lack of moral responsibility in the matter of war films is aptly illustrated in a press release sent out by 20th Century-Fox which read:

After a comparative lull of a few years, motion picture producers are going back into the trenches again with large-scale productions involving war themes. With several alternatives available on the basis of past experience, they have elected to use the war situation as a background for a love story.

The release mentions *The Road to Glory* as 20th Century's current offering of the type, and lists *King of the Khyber Rifles* and *The Splinter Fleet* from the same studio and Warner's *The Charge of the Light Brigade* as future productions of that ilk. It also states:

The renaissance of war themes recalls that this type of picture has been one of the most reliable from the standpoint of box office success.

There you have your answer. Taking the profit out of war may or may not be a deterrent to armed conflict, but taking the profit out of war pictures would help stop war pictures.

How? There is only one way, the formation of a united front of anti-war forces in this country, organized as effectively as the Legion of Decency. We have proposed this before in these columns. There has been some discussion of such a move, but as we go to press no real action in this direction has

been announced. Who will take the leadership?

Hollywood trade papers hailed *The Road to Glory* as a bitter condemnation of war. Just how they arrived at this miracle of logic is difficult to understand. True, soldiers are shot down, and the tender heroine asks "why?" But the hero replies that he doesn't know the answer, and in the final shot gives a long speech glorifying the traditions of the regiment with the most repulsive sort of phoney heroics. **THE FIGHT** fights *The Road to Glory*.

Features

The surprise package of the year was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Romeo and Juliet*. When the first announcement was made of this production, we had visions of a very special screen version interspersed with a theme song and a few such musical gems as "Swing It, Juliet" and "Wherefore Art Thou, Romeo-do-de-do?"

But our fears were needless. The film version of *Romeo and Juliet* is truly a screen classic, faithfully transcribing all the tragic beauty of Shakespeare's romantic tragedy with as much, if not more, care and intelligence than it usually receives on the stage. Norma Shearer's performance as Juliet makes you revise your estimate of her histrionic ability, and although one might question the wisdom of casting Leslie Howard as Romeo,

it must be admitted that he gave an intelligent if studied interpretation.

Basically a typical Hollywood melodrama, *The General Died At Dawn*, Clifford Odets' first screen assignment, is notable in that it presents a new type of expatriate American hero. Instead of the usual Marine with a "mop-em-up" attitude, the leading character (Gary Cooper) is trying to help a downtrodden Chinese people rid themselves of an obnoxious war lord, and asks, "What's better work for an American than helping fight for democracy?" He also expresses the idea that he would be willing to sacrifice his life so that thousands of others might live as decent human beings. The picture has more of Lewis Milestone, the director, than of Odets but it does represent a forward step in screen ideology.

Newsreel

IT IS sometimes difficult to reconcile the impressions of events one receives from the newsreels with what one reads in the daily papers. For instance, there was President Roosevelt's inspiring denunciation of war, beginning, "I have seen war . . .", in which he very graphically described its horrors. About the same time he was quoted in the papers as saying that he wished we had more anti-aircraft guns.

As a sequel to the President's appeal for a World Peace parley, one clip showed some old shots of Versailles at the time of the signing of a peace treaty which sowed the seeds for future unrest. The same clip had a shot of King Edward who was saying, "Humanity cries out for peace . . ." The effect was somewhat spoiled by the fact that he was wearing a lavish army uniform.

March of Time continued to offer movie audiences food for thought with a discussion of the share-cropper situation in which it portrayed the vigilante tactics of Southern planters against union activities and the beating of Willie Sue Blagden and Claude Williams. The clip also brought out that half the share-croppers had been robbed of their share of the AAA payments by the planters and claimed that it would be political suicide for the Administration to halt this injustice. *March of Time's* inference was that the one-crop system has both planter and tenant in peonage and concluded that "only basic change can restore the one-time prosperity of the kingdom of cotton."

THE FIGHT RECOMMENDS:

Romeo and Juliet—One of the year's best films.

The General Died At Dawn—As "a forward step in screen ideology."

Swing Time—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in top form.

The Last of the Mohicans—Leave sophistication home and bring the kiddies.

Piccadilly Jim—Amusing Wodehouse yarn, enacted by Frank Morgan and Eric Blore among others.

FAIR:

Anthony Adverse—Colorful chapter or two from the Hervey Allen novel.

Gorgeous Hussy—Entertaining, if distorted historically.

Girls' Dormitory—Introducing Simone Simon.

Seven Sinners—English melodrama in *Thin Man* manner.

Pepper—Jane Withers and Irvin S. Cobb.

My American Wife—With Francis Lederer.

China Clipper—Newsreel melodrama.

THE FIGHT FIGHTS:

The Road to Glory, *Suzy, I Stand Condemned*, for their glorification of war.

Regardless of one's attitude toward America's entry into the Olympics, it must be admitted that it was heartening to view the newsreels of the event. One received the impression that Jesse Owens and his Negro colleagues on the American squad were running away with everything, which must have upset some of Hitler's racial theories.

How the Nazis permitted films of a Negro winning an event to leave Germany is difficult to understand in view of the iron hand by which Hitler, through the Olympics' film *fuehrer*, Leni Riefenstahl, ruled the newsreel companies, who were forced to agree to obey a German agent who acted as individual censor on the spot. A second censorship came when films were submitted to the Nazis.

Only German cameramen in Nazi uniforms could do the actual shooting. If a concession was made to permit an American operator to shoot the games, he too was forced to wear a Nazi uniform. That's pretty tough on a self-respecting American.

Newsreel companies were forced, on pain of expulsion, to obey daily orders issued by Miss Riefenstahl at a "conference."

Prints and negatives of all clips were to be turned over to Miss Riefenstahl. All copyrights were retained by the Nazis, the American companies agreeing that their product would not be used for feature purposes or compilations, as Germany intends to make a number of short subjects and a feature picture to be shipped abroad in the future under the guise of helping to develop sport.

—ROBERT SHAW

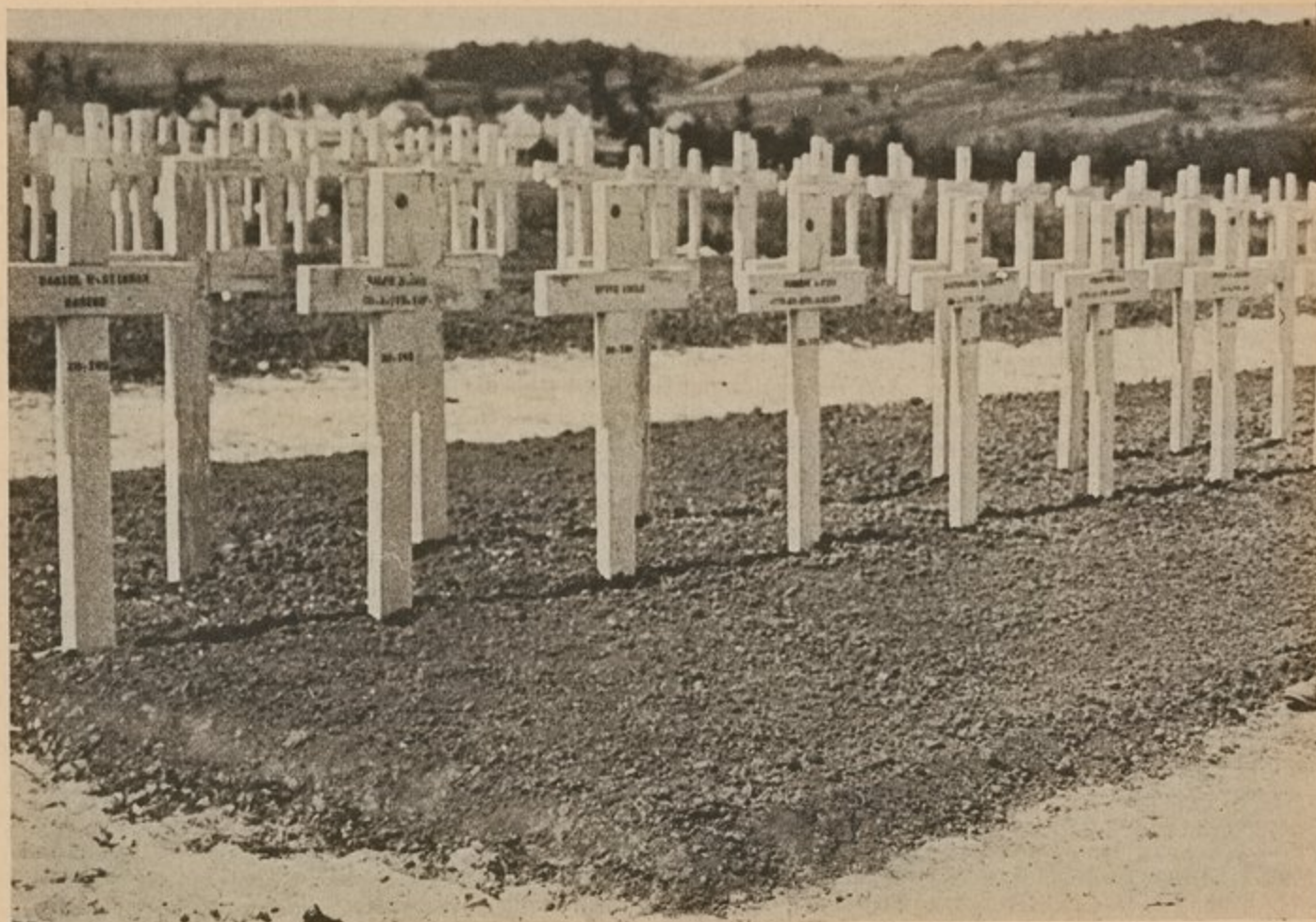


Madeleine Carroll as Judy Perrie and Gary Cooper as O'Hara in "The General Died at Dawn"

War and Peace

A distinguished American pacifist discusses here neutrality . . . Japan and Manchuria . . . Italy and Germany . . . League of Nations

By
Emily
Greene Balch



THAT the signs of the times are threatening no one can doubt. One does not need Wells' film, *Things to Come*, to realize what grim possibilities we are facing.

Every country, our own included, is pouring out money it can ill afford in competitive preparation for war. Most, if not all of them, believe that they are doing so in order to defend themselves. It does not take a prophet to foresee what such a race leads to, nevertheless.

War is not inevitable in the sense in which an earthquake is. Why, then, do people stare with a sense of despair and impotence at the spectre that seems to be approaching faster and faster?

There is no quick and simple remedy which can clear up the situation completely and once for all. It is too complicated and full of interlocking difficulties. This is not to say that it cannot be dealt with, given the time to do so and if no chance spark falls into the powder magazine that has been so laboriously accumulated.

This state of things is partly the result of the sweep of economic evolution. The fundamental changes brought about by technology and science necessitate a corresponding economic and social transition. Even with the greatest possible wisdom on the part of the governments, and of all the people concerned, this transition could not fail to be difficult and costly. For the present generation it is an equally inescapable fact that it has inherited the

whole political mess into which it was born. But it is the fault of those now living, or recently dead, that what they inherited has been further bedeviled by a series of blunders and crimes following the supreme crime and folly of the War itself.

It was not a necessity, as an earthquake is a necessity, that the German people should be driven into the arms of Hitler by unreasonable treatment.

It is the fault of statesmen and peoples that, in the terrible economic storm that we are just weathering, men did not all draw together into closer cooperation but, instead, fell prey to the divisive spirit of panic and greed.

In all of this, America has a heavy degree of responsibility; indeed, as regards the creation of a state of exasperation in Japan, perhaps the greatest.

Misconception of Neutrality

Above all, it is her fault, her most grievous fault, that in the face of world anarchy she can think of nothing better to do than to wash her hands and draw aside. Misled by a totally wrong conception of neutrality, which she confuses with non-belligerency, she proposes to make no distinction between the gangster and his victim. In fear of being forced to go to war against her will, she refuses her all-important aid in preventing it.

Admitting that wars are, in general, not outside human control, is it now too late to avert the war that threatens today? It would be suicidal folly and

cowardice to take this attitude. Instead, let us grapple with our problems. Let us really apply ourselves to understanding what we are facing. Let us pull ourselves together to deal with it realistically and at the same time greatly, as it must be dealt with.

The first and fundamental conclusion is that it cannot be cured by violence. Violence is no remedy for either our present economic injustice and waste or for the many-sided clash of political interests between States. About this, we have already learned something and can learn more from Gandhi, from Kagawa, from Jane Addams, from Richard Gregg and Aldous Huxley. Perception of this truth is slowly spreading, but, if it is to prevail, those who are already convinced must convince others. Those who are questioning it must think it through and test themselves till their mind is clear one way or the other.

If violence is no answer neither is passive non-violence. Concrete problems must have concrete treatment. Shirking is no way out.

Japan, Italy and Germany

Peace does not mean maintaining the present state of things. In fact it cannot be maintained, and it ought not to be if it could. There must be change but the worst way of all, of getting change, is the present way.

Japan snatches in Manchuria, and bullies and encroaches in China. Her most effective ally there is the opium

habit which she is apparently intentionally fostering in order to weaken Chinese morale.

Italy breaks her pledges, defies the League of Nations and world opinion, and works herself up to believe that what she has done in Ethiopia is to her glory and not to her shame.

Germany, too, in defiance of treaties, has already effected many of the changes that she desired, and she is on the way to effect more. In the center of Europe, as she is, she has not had the road open before her as Japan had in Asia and Italy in Africa. She has therefore proceeded piecemeal and each step has been too small for Europe to think it necessary to plunge into war to prevent it.

There is great danger that the present rulers of Germany, their cruel regime strengthened at home by the success of this policy, will continue the same method until they precipitate the cataclysm by crossing the line of what the other powers will tolerate.

Shame of the League

In face of all this, the powers that claim to stand for collective security—for law, peace and orderly processes—have failed in their attempt to enforce peace. Was there ever so dramatic a scene as the shaming of the nations in the Geneva Assembly Hall under the rebuke of the lonely representative of a despised and conquered people?

They have been afraid to resort to

(Continued on page 26)

TOM HALSEY was one of the lucky ones. A woman came to him when he was very young.

She was not a woman. She was a young girl but, in the mountains, young girls suddenly and mysteriously become women. Tom was working in a field, a sloping field, planted to corn in the spring, and the field went down to a mountain road. You went along the mountain road, perhaps a quarter of a mile, to the Halsey house, a large and rather comfortable log farmhouse. At the foot of the field, near the road, there was a spring. Locust trees grew there, spreading their branches out over the spring. The locust puts out its leaves late in the spring. How delicate and feathery they are. The honey locust blooms riotously and the trees are covered with bees. They make a soft, sometimes loud, murmuring sound. Tom was hoeing corn, working it for the first time, when an odd caravan came along the road.

But the caravan wasn't so odd. It was a sight Tom had seen before. Some little mountain farmer had failed. He had been living on a mountainside farm somewhere back up in the hills, a man of fifty, with pale watery eyes and a little scrawny red beard, now turning gray. It looked dirty and the man was dirty. He had a wife and several children, some of them quite young.

Why, what a producer. It was, in the mountains, a common enough sight. Look. There are twelve, thirteen, perhaps fourteen kids. The man has two half-broken-down old horses and there is a wagon, the wheels tied in place by ropes, and on the wagon, pretty much covered with younger children clinging on, there are a few sticks of furniture, some dirty torn blankets and equally torn and dirty bed ticks. On one of the blankets, held in the arms of a girl child of eight, a sickly looking pale child, there is a babe and it cries lustily. The babe is not sickly. It will still be at the breast of the woman, the mother, who sits on the wagon beside the man. She is a huge fat woman who looks like an old Indian squaw. She may be that. She sits so placidly as the wagon crawls creaking along, Tom, in the field, near the fence and the spring, watching. She may be an Indian. There are still small fragments of Indian tribes in the hills.

Tom is standing and looking. He looks with impersonal eyes. The hill farmer on the wagon has had ill luck. He had a crop of corn planted and there came a great rain. The corn was planted on new ground in a sloping field and the man and the children had worked all winter clearing the land. It was a piece of cheap land, the timber having been taken off some years before.

And then the great rain came, the water washed down the hill and across the face of the field. There was nothing to be done. The man stood help-

less. He was a man who had always had ill luck. His wife was slovenly, a bad housekeeper and a bad cook and as her children dropped from her . . . they came regularly, one after another, easily, falling from between her great thighs, they were all girl children. What is a man to do about that?

There was the great rain, all the good soil in the new ground washed away, the young corn gone, all washed away. There were three young calves and three cows and two sows, soon to farrow, in the field by the creek. It was a long narrow field and the grass was good. In the mountains when the great rains come, in country where the timber has been cut off, small mountain streams become suddenly torrents. It may happen without warning. The great rain may be above you, far up some mountain. It may be the rain comes at night, when a man is asleep. The calves, sows and cows were all drowned.

Last year the bean beetles took his beans. He had four fine hogs, fat, almost ready to kill. He had driven them down, out of an upper oak forest where they had grown fat on the fallen acorns. It was almost killing time but they all took the cholera and died.

What was the use? What was a man to do? The man had heard that in a distant town, far-away, a hundred miles, there was work to be had for women and girls. Some of his girls were quite big now. There was a cotton mill in the town. It took such girls. It was no place for a man. They did not take a man of fifty, did not want such men, but a man must do something. Hungry children must be fed. The man sat sadly on the broken seat of his broken wagon beside his fat silent placid wife, driving his bony team. In the town to which he was going, a growing industrial town, the girls would find work. They would earn money. There were some five or six girls, now old enough to go to work. He himself would have to sit at home, with the fat wife, in a house in a mill village.

Or in the afternoon, he would wander about. There would be other men like himself, "mill daddies." His old woman was slovenly, a bad housekeeper. It might be that, in the end, he would begin working about the house, doing women's work, making beds, sweeping, helping with the cooking.

The wagon went its painful way along the road. There had been a dry time and there was dust. The wheels made crazy tracks in the dust. Three or four older girls walked in the road behind the wagon. The caravan passed, young Tom standing and staring, no word, no sign passed between him and the man, between him and the girls. It went down the sloping road, the crooked wheels catching on protruding rocks. Often

the wagon came to a dead stop. Why doesn't he make that fat old mother get out and walk? There was a little creek to be forded and beyond a little rise just before you came to the Halsey house. The team struggled, the man slashing at them with a whip, Tom staring. "They'll never make it."

And how did the team manage to get up hills, up the sides of mountains? There were a hundred miles of such mountain road to be covered before the caravan reached the cotton-mill town.

Tom turned to go back to his work and then stopped. There was still another girl, belonging to the family, a slender pale woman child of fourteen or fifteen. She was coming along the road alone, stumbling along. She did not see Tom standing there.

She was bare-legged, bare-footed. She was ill. She stopped by the fence near the spring and struggled to get over, still not seeing Tom. Her cheeks were flushed, as with a fever, and she appeared as though drunken. Had the others forgotten her? She had become ill and had stopped beside the road to rest and was now trying to overtake the wagon, but she had noticed the spring just inside the field and was trying to get to it.

In such a family, one child would not be missed. She looked very ill. She might die. Something in Tom was touched.

Why, how pretty she was! Her illness had made her more pretty, even beautiful. She had got to the top of the rail fence, had one leg over—what a clear-cut lovely little face, now drawn with pain, lines of suffering showing on such a young face. She had yellow hair, a mass of it, fallen down over young shoulders. "She will fall," Tom thought. He sprang toward her.

It may have been his sudden appearance that startled her, threw her off balance. There was a little cry from her and she fell. She lay still on the grass under the fence.

And now something else happened. Tom had run to the girl under the fence, had picked her up, was holding her in his arms, and had faced about . . . she was unconscious, had perhaps struck her head in falling . . . he was facing the road and the Halsey house, and the wagon had struggled up the little slope and was before the house.

It broke down. There was a crash. One of the wheels had come off and the wagon with its contents, the few sticks of furniture, bedding, assortment of girl children of all ages, the fat old mother, the defeated mountain farmer, all were dumped in the road.

There were screams. There were cries. Tom, as he stood holding the unconscious girl child, saw his mother run out of the house to the road. At that time Tom was alone at home with his mother, a strong, rather manish-looking woman. He laid the unconscious girl as tenderly as he could



A Mountain Marriage

The story of mountain people
town . . . of Tom Halsey,
in love, who fought for

By Sherwood Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY



Mountain Marriage

Mountain people and a mill
Tom Halsey, a young farmer
Fought for his wife's life

Wood Anderson

ATED BY M. PASS

on the fence top, her arms and head hanging down on one side and her feet and bare slender legs on the other, and bolted over. With her in his arms he went, half running along the road to the house.

It was Tom Halsey himself who afterwards told Kit Brandon of what happened to his young wife, the mother of his son Gordon who became Kit's husband.

He got to his house that day and afterwards for several weeks she was ill there. It was not thought she would live and several times Tom rode off to a distant town to bring a doctor, sometimes at night. As for her family, the wagon again patched, they went on their way, having spent the night and a part of the next day at the Halsey place. To the fat mother and perhaps to the father she was just another girl child. Such a woman could drop another. It was easy for her, and Tom's mother, although she looked mannish, had a woman's heart. She was glad enough to get the girl. "If she lives, she may be a comfort," she thought.

She did live and she became Tom's wife, but she was never strong. Tom told Kit the story of his short life with her and of her death.

He had got his own place and already he had got into the liquor business in a small way. He had got his neighbors, who were liquor makers . . . there were enough of them, all small makers, little groups of men going in together, buying a still . . . he had got them all to bring the stuff to him.

He told Kit how it was with him at that time. His son had been born and his wife was again ill. She had begun nursing her child but one of her breasts had caked and he had to take her off to a distant town to have it lanced. He had wanted to take her to a big town, perhaps to the very cotton-mill town that had swallowed up her family . . . she had never heard from them again after they disappeared down the road . . . there was a hospital at that place . . . he hadn't the money. He had got a mountain doctor who had done his job crudely. His wife's breast became infected and there was high fever.

Tom was in a fix. He was worried. He was frightened. The doctor who had lanced the breast told him that it would be dangerous to try to move her. He had come with his young wife into a new neighborhood, some thirty miles from his father's house and had bought a little farm there. He did not know his neighbors very well yet and already he was in debt to some of them. He had taken their liquor to handle, had begun to build up a trade in distant towns. He had taken several trips with his loaded wagon at night but some of the money that should have gone to the liquor makers had been spent.

He told Kit of calling his neighbors together. "This is how it is with me.

My wife is dying and the doctor says she cannot be moved, but I intend to move her. I must have the money."

Beside the cotton-mill town there was another industrial town, some seventy miles away, but there was no hospital in that place. Tom had been there several times. There was a man of the town.

A note of bitterness, of contempt, crept into Tom's voice when he spoke of that man.

It wasn't a pleasant picture. He was a man of fifty-five. There may be more such men among successful Americans than we other Americans care to realize. He had made money rapidly after a long early struggle . . . a big man, with a big head, big shoulders and body. Once he had been a laborer in a lumber camp. Often such men, when they succeed . . . they have done hard, heavy manual work during youth and early manhood . . . they are inclined to eat hugely, drink hugely.

Later they sit all day and every day at a desk. They go on with the heavy living and while they still appear strong there is a gradual breaking down of something inside. Tom said that this one had got hold of some invention. It was a tool, widely used and useful to farmers, not of the hills but of the Northern plains, and was built largely of wood. He had understood how to get money from banks, how to advertise. Perhaps he had come South, into a Southern industrial town, because wood was cheap there and labor cheap. He had been married but had no children and his wife had died.

He prided himself on being a sport, on living flashily. His mind had taken that turn. He drove a big sport motor car and wore heavy homespun clothes imported from England. He had got him a big house, at the edge of the town where he had set up his factory and had guests down from Northern cities. "You must come down to my place. It is in the mountains, in the Blue Ridge."

"If you want to bring a woman along . . ." Laughter. He poked the man in the ribs or slapped him on the back. "You know . . . make it a vacation," he said. This was before prohibition but there was local option in the county and he had built a bar in the basement of his house.

The Southern industrial town was a county seat and before and after the coming of prohibition, the jail there was constantly filled with violators of illicit liquor laws. They were all poor men or the sons of poor men, laborers in the factories in the town, sons of laborers, mountain farmers, caught at the still, sons of these men bringing moon whiskey in to serve the town. The rich and the well-to-do and the sons of these did not get into jail. The whole town knew of the bar in the rich man's house. He gave money to charity. He

helped support the churches of the town.

Tom told Kit, speaking bitterly, stories of how the man lived. He loved getting the sons and daughters of the town people, sons and daughters of merchants, lawyers, successful doctors into his house and getting them drunk. He had become somewhat jaded about women but still loved touching them, the young ones. He wanted to put his hands on them, stand close, run his hands over young female bodies. There are such men. Once perhaps they had something to give a woman. It got lost, was petered away.

"I'd do anything for you, little girl. Do you want a fur coat?" . . . his hands on her. Hands creeping down over hips, over breasts. Men of the town, the respectable women of the town, older women, leaders in the churches, knew of these things. The town was filled with whispers. Nothing was done. The young people continued to go to the parties at his house. It was a little hard to refuse. "Be careful. Do not offend this man. He has power."

He wanted to be known as a sport, a dashing figure of a man, but he was also frugal. Men who grow rich are frugal and careful in small things. For his bar he brought in liquors from Northern cities . . . "You see," he said . . . he put on a white apron, became a bartender for his guests . . . "You see, it is good stuff. It is the real stuff."

But at the same time . . . you understand . . . when people have become a little drunk . . . how do they know? It is really foolish to waste good liquor. Mountain moon may be had at a low price. It may be colored with prune juice. A bottle of imported liquor costing, I assure you, enough, may be refilled.

Tom Halsey drove at night . . . it was a Saturday night . . . in at the man's driveway and on past the brightly-lighted house to where there was a big brick garage. There was room in the garage for several cars. Tom drove his team—the wagon well loaded, and it made racket enough. It was no wonder that, later, when he became a successful illicit liquor man, making plenty of money, he insisted on big powerful, silent cars. The house of the successful manufacturer was surrounded by several acres of land and was outside the town limits.

It was a summer night and the house and yard were filled with young couples. Some of the young men, seen by Tom, as he drove in . . . they strolled along paths, past lighted windows . . . were in evening clothes. Young women were in light summer dresses. It is so nice, with your hands, to feel the body of a young woman, under a light summer dress.

Tom was in a hurry. There was a Negro man, dressed in uniform, who

(Continued on page 25)

Books

The Process of Disintegration

THE BIG MONEY, by John Dos Passos; 561 pages; Harcourt, Brace & Co.; \$2.50.

I THINK it is necessary in reading Dos Passos to remember that he is writing about an urban and industrial America. And I think it is this background, noisy, superficial, greedy, almost savage, that sets the pattern for the form or method he uses, which seems to fit the subject matter so well. While reading the book a person feels that this method only is the single way in which the writer could picture the people about whom he writes and the background that surrounds them.

Unlike many writers, Dos Passos does not take individuals arbitrarily separated from their environment. On the contrary, he takes the society first. It is there, wholly and inexorably presented. And, somewhat like a scientist, he breaks up this whole organism into its parts. He does not judge the society by taking certain individuals from it, but the individual parts of the society, the characters, are presented as natural and real units of the society. Just as a scientist breaks up a whole organism and discovers its characteristics and component parts by putting the smaller parts of that organism under the microscope, so he shows us the characteristics of our society by presenting, sympathetically and truly, the actual parts of the organism in which we live.

His method of doing this is fascinating and exciting and I know of no one else who uses this method so effectively. It is his own. And *The Big Money*, along with his other novels about the same characters, builds up a monumental and unforgettable picture of America.

This is a book about cities and city people, about industry and strikes. It is poignant and revealing. Charley Anderson, the returned soldier, is not Charley Anderson in a vacuum. He has the War behind him, and ahead the life of an industrial creator. Very subtly Dos Passos shows that Anderson has the choice of actual creation and that in spite of this freedom of choice, inevitably, because of personal reasons, because of the society in which he lives, where quick success and big money are the ideals, he drifts into a non-creative

life which dulls his creative instinct, and eventually kills him even before he is physically dead. Watching Charley Anderson live and die is like watching the gradual disintegration of an opium user.

Yet it is not only Charley Anderson and Eveline Hutchins who disintegrate. Here is a picture of a whole society in the process of disintegration. Yet along with the futility, along with the disintegration, even a part of it, are seen new cells which will eventually overcome the old ones.

The book is absolutely realistic and true, yet strangely unrealistic, like a bad dream. And it is as fascinating as a dream that one remembers again and again, trying to reach back and catch each small detail.

This novel, in a form that is not congenial to me, since I prefer the straight novel form, kept my interest from the first word (except a few of the insertions between chapters). And the characters remain, superficial and ugly as most of them are, with reality and poignancy in my memory.

—GRACE LUMPKIN

Thunder in the East

WAR IN THE PACIFIC, by Sutherland Denlinger and Charles B. Gary; 338 pages; Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$3.00.

IT IS, indeed, an ironic fact that over the broad waters of the ocean named Pacific by Balboa, there steam the ships of war of Japan and the United States, ever maneuvering, constantly menacing, awaiting only the final signal to transform this dress-rehearsal into the reality of war. "Manifest destiny," shouted Theodore Roosevelt, for whom the Pacific held the secret of the destiny of American imperialism.

In 1920, after the World War, Japan and the United States eyed each other jealously across the waters, knowing that here they would one day engage in bloody conflict for the domination of the Far East. Today, as the dark storm clouds of war overhang the world, as treaties and pacts are thrown on the scrap-heap, as the Washington and London treaties of 1922 and 1930 are torn up by Japan, the curtain is rising on the last act of the tragedy.

A naval race unparalleled in history has begun. Already in Washington, Tokyo, and London, admirals and officials are consulting maps, announcing the construction of more and greater ships, feverishly planning and preparing new bases and fortifications in the Pacific—north and south, east and west. Naval maneuvers assume a realism and a secrecy previously unknown. In 1935, the entire fleets of Japan and the United States almost simultaneously conducted war games in the region between the Kuriles and the Aleutians—where the actual engagements in a war would inevitably take place.

The authors of this informative work are well aware of these problems and have attempted to treat them in a realistic manner. They realize that war is not merely a question of strategy and tactics, but that it embraces fundamental economic and political factors. "Apparently we must either rest upon the hope that greed will be bred out of the race . . . or upon the belief that this impulse may be controlled under a society erected upon some sturdier foundation than the appetite for profit." But the authors, cynical and disillusioned, place no belief in either of these possibilities. For them, the urge toward war courses eternally in the blood of man: "The roots of war are as much biological as physical; they wind their deep-reaching tentacles about the basic human instincts and impulses of us all." Hence, with King Richard III, their motto is: "Let strong

arms be our conscience, swords our law." And, like the poet Vergil, they sing with eloquence of arms and the man—the ships, the guns, and the men of the United States Navy.

Here is presented and dissected the whole complex mechanism of a modern fleet: guns, range-finders, fire-control systems, armor, turrets, shells. The operation and function of battleships, cruisers, airplane carriers, destroyers, and submarines are described. Fleet movements, naval strategy, the role and possibilities of aircraft, battle formations are treated in some detail. Last, but not least, there are comparisons between the various types of ships of the United States and Japanese navies. The authors look to the American Navy and find it strong, beautiful and—invincible. Class distinctions, for them, do not exist. The navy is "a band of brothers"; "The American Navy is unique in that no privileged class provides its officers; no lower class, its men." Truly, the authors have retained some illusions.

The grand finale of *War in the Pacific* is the American-Japanese War. In the cold mists of the North Pacific, off the Aleutian Islands, the two giant battle fleets engage in a struggle to the death. Here is thunder and excitement, but almost nothing of the horror of war. And, as the last Japanese ship is pounded into smoldering debris, the dulcet strains of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," float over the tranquil Pacific. Finis.

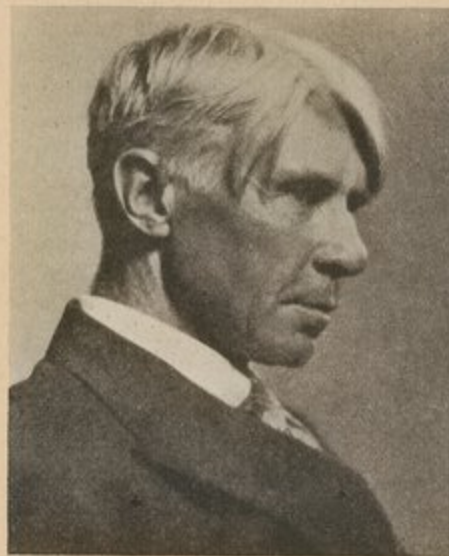
Fearful of the dark vision they have invoked, the authors hesitate. Better, perhaps, to withdraw from the Far East, and allow Japan to enjoy alone the succulent fruits. Never! What of our "dignity," what of our "honor"? Rather let us go down, "colors flying, beneath the indifferent waters of the ocean."

—E. P. GREENE

Prelude to Battle

THE BELLS OF BASEL, by Louis Aragon; translated by Haakon M. Chevalier; 348 pages; Harcourt, Brace & Co.; \$2.50.

THERE can be little doubt now that the most vital anti-Fascist literature of the moment finds its origin in France. There was André Malraux, with his magnificent novel,



Carl Sandburg, author of *The People, Yes*, published by Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Man's Fate, and the slighter achievement, *Days of Wrath*; now there is Louis Aragon's novel of pre-war France, and all three are fictional accomplishments of which any writer of integrity, no matter what the nature of his political beliefs, might well be proud.

Additional significance attaches to this first novel, inasmuch as its author was at one time the acknowledged figure-head of the Dadaist movement in letters, a movement that found its origin in the thoroughgoing disillusionment of its proponents. Overwhelmed by the post-war disregard for art, the philistinism of their contemporaries and the insecurity of the artist's life, these men and women threw themselves wholeheartedly into an attempt to create literary symbols and images that had no basis in actual life, and accomplished what they set out to do: startle the bourgeoisie. Derogatory commentary and actual scorn, they felt, were better than no attention at all.

Aragon, among others, has survived this movement and outgrown it. Like Malraux, he has so far outgrown it as to give testimony in his own person of the concern he feels for the lives of his contemporaries, and the lives of future generations. Fully aware of the menace of Fascism, he has joined forces with other artists who have also seen the impossibility of remaining aloof from the more immediate problems of the day, and he has, in one sense, bent his art to an attack upon these problems and an elucidation of man's fate. Being an artist as well as a fully conscious human being, his art has not suffered by the change of attitude; to the contrary, it has developed, found its roots and achieved the basis of immediacy without which art is unworthy of the name.

The bells of the great cathedral in Basel rang in 1912 upon the occasion of the great International Congress Against War that was held in that town. Ironically, they were the heralds of the holocaust to come and the temporary dispersion of all the socially conscious and socially responsible men and women whose forces are once more becoming consolidated throughout the world. The narrative that finds its climax in this Congress, at which Clara Zetkin spoke ("... she is the woman of today. The equal. The one to whom this whole book points, the one in whom the social problem of woman is solved and left behind. The one for whom this problem simply no longer presents itself. With her the social problem of woman is no longer different from that of man."), that narrative is the story of France before the war. In it Aragon has made manifest the forces that make for war; the intricate interrelationships of men and women of good will and of bad; the gradual emergence from exploitation and confusion of the working men and women who are the cannon-fodder of any future war; their

momentary triumphs and defeats; their gradual consolidation. It is a narrative distinctly of our time, and immediately applicable to our problems. It should be read.

—ALVAH C. BESSIE

Three Books on a Single Theme

ROAD TO EXILE, by Emilio Lusso; 238 pages; Covici-Friede; \$2.50.

FIRES UNDERGROUND, by Heinz Liepmann; 300 pages; J. B. Lippincott Co.; \$2.00.

FROM THE SOUTH SEAS TO HITLER, by Ivy Carl; 283 pages; E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.00.

OF THESE three books on a similar theme, Emilio Lusso's work is not only the most important one but also the noblest.

It is a great book by a great man, and if ever there was a true patriot anywhere, this sturdy Sardinian is certainly one.

For whatever may happen in Italy in the future, Emilio Lusso will always be remembered as one of those "who didn't run away" or knuckle under when Fascism came.

This in itself was no mean achievement considering the Giolittis, Bonomis, Salandras, De Nicolas, d'Aragonas, Caos and countless others.

Here is the story of a man who kept on working quietly within the orbit of his influence, on behalf of the people who had elected him, all the while the Fascist tides rose around him higher and higher and his friends were leaving the sinking ship of democracy, like rats scurrying to safety.

This book, as no other heretofore, shows that the vacillation, the confusion and wish-thinking, on the part of the so-called liberal and democratic as well as radical leadership, was partially responsible for the comparative ease with which Mussolini came to power.

The remarkable thing about this book, however, is not only the fact that it is an excellent historical and political document of unusual clearness, but that it reveals to us a personality and a man.

The simplicity and dignity of Lusso's story give testimony to his character. The style, the detachment and the quiet humor in which it is written make the book a literary achievement of the first rank.

It is, together with Silone's *Fontamara*, the most important book by an Italian since the advent of Fascism.

In *Fires Underground* the well-known German anti-Fascist author, Heinz Liepmann, gives a vivid and dramatic account of the underground struggle carried on by illegal organizations of the Left in Germany.

Heinz Liepmann himself suffered in a concentration camp, was and still is active in the underground struggle and his book bears the unmistakable mark of authenticity.



From *Aesop Said So*, by Hugo Gellert, to be published shortly by Covici-Friede

He has used his remarkable skill as novelist to the best advantage and has produced an exciting volume that will rank high in the ever-increasing and growing library of anti-Fascist literature.

From the South Seas to Hitler is the story of a very naive young lady who, as the daughter of a political adventurer, was dragged as a child all over the world, including Honolulu, Yokohama, Buenos Aires and Munich.

Miss Carl's heart is obviously in the right place and she succeeds in showing that she is no anti-Semite.

She is a good girl and may some day grow up and write a book.

—JOHANNES STEEL

Charles A. Beard on War

THE DEVIL THEORY OF WAR: AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF HISTORY AND THE POSSIBILITY OF KEEPING OUT OF WAR, by Charles A. Beard; 124 pages; *The Vanguard Press*; \$1.50.

THIS little book concentrates into one cold shock the story of how we let ourselves be carried into the World War as revealed by the Nye munitions committee early this year. Every stage of the story, as retold by Beard, is based on documents, which he reprints, and the documents themselves, believe it or not, are for once even more exciting to read than the author's simply written, lively explanation of them.

Act One of the drama disclosed by the Nye investigation opens with a let-

ter from the only creditable person in the whole piece. It is Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, and he is replying to a query by J. P. Morgan & Co., telling them that in his opinion loans to belligerent nations are "inconsistent with the true spirit of neutrality." The date is August 15th, 1914.

But in Act Two, which takes place during the next year, the bankers have put the government on the spot. American business was making tons of money out of war orders, but unless the foreign governments got credits they could not continue to place such orders here, and there might be a slump. This was the opinion of the National City Bank, which it privately communicated to Robert Lansing of the State Department, who in turn went over the head of his chief, Bryan, and put it up to the President. President Wilson thought "credits" were all right, though "loans" were not, as long as there was not too much publicity given to his opinion. In other words, as long as only the bankers, and not the public, knew about it.

Act Three, August, 1915, Bryan has resigned, Allied credit is running low, American prosperity is again in danger, there will be a crash unless American investors lend the Allies the money to pay American industrialists, a Chicago banker gets this idea across to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, who passes it on to the President, who again discreetly gives his permission in the following masterpiece of shadiness:

My opinion . . . is that we should say that "parties would take no action either for or

(Continued on page 24)

Wall Street

Ducking boomerangs . . . Election bets . . . Trained seals . . . Aircraft profits . . . Platinum up, up!

AS ELECTION DAY draws near, and the increasing fizzle of the Landon-Hearst campaign becomes apparent even through the political astigmatism of Wall Street's "experts" on the matter, these worthies have begun practicing how to duck a boomerang of their own making. For many months the Wall Street boys have been bellowing forth their perpetual war cry, "Roosevelt's re-election would mean disaster," while at the same time raking in the increased dividends and stock market take produced by the Roosevelt profit boom. However, the blind staggers developed by the wind-puff from Kansas has sent the great minds in the financial district scurrying in a new direction. Suppose Roosevelt is re-elected? And suppose the rank and file of the security buying public should take seriously our prophecies of calamity and disaster? What then will happen to "investment confidence?" To brokers' orders? To the stock market?

And so with its customary hypocritical agility, the Street is now dragging out its trained seals to recite: "Business is good and will continue good; Natural economic forces are stronger than boondoggling; Even Roosevelt can't stop the boom." A survey by one prominent Wall Street firm, Edward B. Smith & Co., is a good example. Its blurb says: "There is a complete absence of the fear psychology of earlier years, business will continue to advance."

Who's Looney Now?

THE Street's dilemma as between its present harvest of profits under Roosevelt, and its hoggish hunger for still greater concessions under an outright Wall Street administration, has, in fact, created considerable confusion within high finance circles. Having contributed generously to the Hearst-Landon-Liberty League reaction, and having only recently had some doubts about a victory, some of the boys in

the past have frequently shown evidence of believing their own demagogy. But when it came to a question of laying money on the barrel-head, the Street belied its own predictions. During all the pre-election betting arranged in Wall Street, at no time did the odds fall lower than 6 to 5 on Roosevelt, and little G.O.P. money was available at that figure, even during the ballyhoo immediately after Landon's nomination. The odds have been lengthening in favor of Roosevelt ever since, the latest being 2 to 1, where considerable money has been placed.

Thanks a Million

A LITTLE aside from the campaign, the number of business men who have reason to give thanks to Roosevelt for federal munificence is steadily growing. Especially fortunate among these beneficiaries of governmental activity are the aviation manufacturers, now reaping a bountiful dol-

lar harvest from Roosevelt's unprecedented armament drive.

In the first half of 1936, the combined net profits of the five largest aviation equipment manufacturers were \$1,846,095, as compared with \$696,146 in the first half of 1935, an increase of 165 per cent. Orders for military aircraft from the United States government were primarily responsible for this increase, even though the largest part of the government orders will not be completed until the latter half of this year, or the first half of next year, and thus will not be reflected in sales and profits figures until that time.

Douglas Aircraft, the largest plane manufacturer, had unfilled orders on July 24th of \$23,938,170 as compared with \$19,918,500 on April 10th, \$16,800,000 on February 8th and \$3,901,000 on July 10th, 1935. Of the current orders, more than \$16,000,000 are for military planes for the United States Army and Navy, with the most recent addition being a \$3,636,000 order from the Navy for 114 torpedo bomber planes. In addition, the Northrop Corp., a controlled subsidiary of Douglas, has unfilled orders of about \$5,000,000, including 205 planes for the Army and 54 bombing planes for the Navy.

United Aircraft had unfilled orders of about \$16,000,000 at the end of June, of which substantially more than 50 per cent represented military orders from the government. During June, this company completed delivery of 84 battle planes to the Navy and received orders for 54 more naval bombing planes. In addition, United Aircraft received orders during the first half of the year for 84 airplane engines for the Navy and 200 engines for the Army, the latter purchase involving \$1,877,030.

The Curtiss-Wright Corp. had unfilled orders of about \$12,500,000 at the end of June. During the first

half of the year, Curtiss-Wright received orders for 1,300 Wright engines, mainly from the Army. These included one Army order of \$3,850,000 for 432 engines. Subsequently, on August 3rd, the War Department ordered 150 more Wright engines for \$1,327,235. The Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Co., a subsidiary, received a secret Navy order on May 21st for 40 planes and parts of new design, involving \$900,000, and on June 14th was given a \$2,290,000 Navy order for 87 scout bombers. On August 9th, Curtiss received another secret government order for three pursuit ships of a new type, which will be followed by a larger order if the new planes prove satisfactory. In addition, Curtiss-Wright's foreign business has increased to 30 per cent of its total business from the previous ratio of about 20 per cent. This increase is attributed by the Curtiss-Wright management to the fact that the British, German and French aviation manufacturers are operating at capacity on military orders from their respective governments, and thus are not able to fill orders for military planes from the smaller European states.

The Consolidated Aircraft Corp. had unfilled orders of \$13,000,000 on June 30th. The company is now working on a \$5,485,115 Navy order for 110 flying boats and in July delivered 50 pursuit planes to the Army, at a cost of \$2,300,000. In May, Consolidated received an \$870,000 order from an unnamed South American republic for military planes. Increased orders have compelled this company to double its plant capacity. In the year 1935, Consolidated had total sales of \$2,841,753, of which \$2,314,726 were to the Navy.

The Boeing Airplane Co. has received this year a \$2,500,000 Army order for 13 four-engined bombers. Stearman Aircraft, its subsidiary, has delivered this year a fleet of small military planes to Argentina, 61 planes to the U. S. Navy and three to the Philippine Air Corps and is now producing 26 planes for the U. S. Army. In addition, Stearman received in July a further Army order for 50 training planes, costing \$329,659.

Among the smaller companies, Seversky Aircraft had unfilled orders of \$2,686,250 on July 15th, mainly from the Army. These included a \$1,636,025 Army order for 77 pursuit ships.

Platinum

SPECULATORS are now including platinum in their hopes for profits because of war threats. Demands for this metal have increased tremendously in recent months because of the armament race, and the price has risen to around \$70 an ounce from an average of \$32 in 1935 and about \$21 an ounce in 1933. During the World War platinum sold as high as \$124 an ounce.



U.S.A. war planes. (See item on this page)

TWO WHITE men met on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred Thirty Six, at the lunch hour.

Hello, Sam!
Hello, Red!



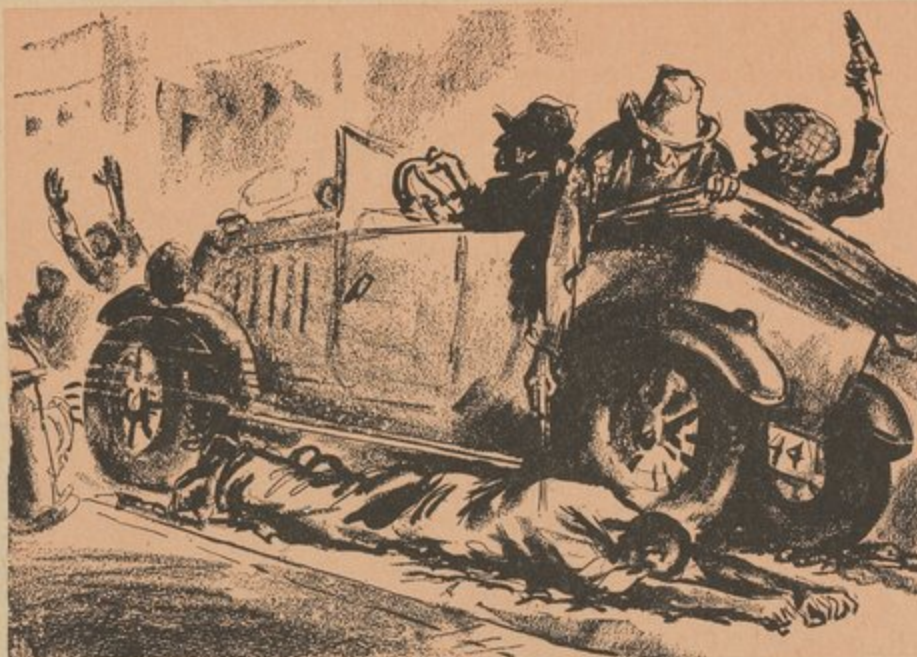
As a usual thing when two men meet at lunch time, they talk about their homes, baseball, jobs or politics, but here . . . read it for yourself

Conversation

By Langston Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ELLIS

Where you been?
Been down home a spell.
Down home where?
In Alabama.
What'd you do down there?
I shot four niggers!
I know they must-a needed it, or you wouldn't-a done it.
Course not. But when I got down home, everybody was acting like they was scared.
Scared o' what?
Word had gone round that the reds were rousin' up the niggers.
Um-huh!
"And how come niggers to get roused?" I said to Pa. "There ain't a thing to it. Somebody's just startin'



in the Ford and shot four niggers! Which niggers?

Oh, just four niggers. It was Saturday night and there was too many of 'em on the street. White folks couldn't hardly walk down town. So I shot myself four, like I said.



What did your Pa say when you told him?

He said, "I reckon they'll stay in they places now!"

I said, "They sure will. They in the ground!"

Did the niggers know what you was shootin' 'em for?

Sure, they knowed. There wasn't one of 'em left on the streets by nine o'clock. They knowed they been gettin' too damn restless lately.

And you took 'em down a peg or two, huh, boy?

I sure did!

Good for you, Sam! Well, I got to be gettin' back to work now. Done



a rumor."

"Yes, there is somethin' to it," Pa said. "These niggers is restless."

"Which niggers?" I asked, looking to see if I had any shells.

"We run two or three out o' town

last week," said Pa, "but that passel that's here, I don't trust 'em."

"Ain't they been here for years, Pa?" I says.

"Sure they been here. But they ain't been no reds around till lately settin' their minds against us white folks. Funny how the reds has got 'em all worked up like they are, 'cause we treat niggers right in this town. They sleep and they eat. Why, don't we pay Mollie two dollars a week? And Sam gets nine a month just for drivin' me around and takin' care o' the yard and feeding the stock. What more do they want?"

"It's that government relief what's spoiled 'em," Ma said. "That there federal relief come down here a-givin' niggers as much as they give white folks! And when we got it straight that they don't need as much to eat as white folks do, and they cut down on the niggers, that made 'em mad.

A nigger sure is hard to please!"

"Well, I'll please 'em," I said, "with this Winchester." And I got out my gun I use for hunting. Ain't had a gun in my hands since I been living in Washington, but at home I always keep a gun handy. When folks are as scared o' niggers as they is nowadays, you need a gun, so I took my pocket full o' shells and went out.

Ma says, "Where you goin'?"

I said, "To kill me a nigger." And I wasn't joking neither. I won't have my mother afraid o' niggers.

Pa said, "You be careful, son. There's some new cops around town since you was here last."

I said, "Don't worry about me. I'm a hundred per cent American! And I reckon I can kill a nigger if I want to."

"I reckon you can," said Pa.

And don't you know, boy, Fats Clancy and Chick Mackie and me got drunk that night and went out riding



fed my face, and it's most one o'clock. I don't have but an hour for lunch.

So long, Red!

So long, Sam, old boy!

I'll be seein' you!

O. K.

Judas-Goat

"Democracy is a failure," cry the squint-eyed demagogues everywhere. "I'll do your thinking," says Father Coughlin. Is Fascism coming to the U. S. A.?

By Charles Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HUGO GELLERT

A "Judas-Goat" is turned loose in a pen of sheep, awaiting the butcher's axe. His bleats attract the sheep, and they follow him to the slaughter abattoir. They go in with their skins whole but emerge as mutton chops. He sneaks out the back way with a whole skin and lives to repeat this trick days on end until he dies of old age and gets an honorable burial.

STEALING up on the horizon of our national consciousness is the worst political tornado against which we as a nation have ever had to batten our storm-cellars of liberty.

Father Coughlin has timed this storm to break with fullest fury at election time this year. To insure its greatest destruction he has charged his followers "not to do any discussing of politics from now until the middle of October."

Unless contrary cross-currents blow it some other way, this storm may destroy that fine edifice, made of century-seasoned oak and christened with the blood of our patriot forebears, our democratic liberties. For Father Charles Edward Coughlin is attempting as rapidly as possible to Fascistize America, to set back our civilization hundreds of years and reduce it to the level of Hitler Germany and Mussolini Italy.

Following the launching of his Union Party at Cleveland, even Father Coughlin's co-religionists realize that there is something distinctly odorous about his whole movement.

Hints are being made on one side that a Catholic laymen's national group is being organized to battle Father Coughlin. The reason given is that "the ultimate aim of Father Coughlin is to arouse class discontent and fan the flames of religious bigotry. The priest's economic views defy fair discussion. His reckless challenge to make bets on the outcome of the election violates priestly behavior. The excitement of politics inflamed his blood, disturbing his mind and that judicial calm desirable in a priest."

A few days after this, Father Coughlin appeared in the role of Jew-baiter, drawing down a storm of protest from a group of leading Catholics, Prot-

estants and Jews who make up the leadership of The National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Father Coughlin had declared at the National Convention:

We are a Christian organization in that we believe in the principle of "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself." With that principle I challenge every Jew in this nation to tell me that he does or does not believe in this.

"I'll Do Your Thinking"

Father Coughlin will never overwork democracy. The constitution adopted at his convention saw to that.

It gives the leader high powers, authorizing him, immediately upon his election as president, to appoint a nomi-

nating committee, "who shall nominate candidates to be elected as members of the board of trustees" and submit their names to the convention.

It is further provided that the election of the president shall take place at regular conventions, adding:

Candidates for the office of presidency of this corporation shall be nominated from the floor of the convention, but no person shall be eligible for nomination, who is not, at the time his name is offered for nomination, a member of the board of trustees.

How's that for holding an organization in your vest pocket?

Father Coughlin is the spear-head, more than Huey Long ever was, of a mounting Fascist movement in Amer-

ica which has reached its high point with its under-cover program for electing Alf Landon.

Coughlin has even gone so far as to bluster:

If the overthrow of the international bankers cannot be accomplished in one way (presumably by the ballot), I swear to God that we will accomplish it in another way (presumably by Fascist force).

Mussolini's "we are violent when it is necessary" means very much the same as Coughlin's "another way."

His latest is the order to his adherents, "keep your mouths shut, I'll do your thinking for you."

Integrity and Silver

Father Coughlin's career began when he became gratuitous bellwether to a flock that he had rallied around him with the cry of "Social Justice." Somewhere along a way that has been abundantly spotted with reaction, anti-labor tirades linking the A.F. of L. with the International Bankers, fence-straddling, use of open-shop methods in building a new church and in printing his sermons, Father Coughlin has gradually lost whatever integrity he may have had at the start. There has been a gradual falling apart, a selling-out that has reached its climax now with the covert help he is giving to Landon and the Liberty League and Hearst.

Somewhere along the path, Father Coughlin attracted the attention of the

The Judas-Goat's bleat attracts the sheep and they follow him to the



big-business men of America who have, by their flattery, their referring to him as a monetary "expert," quite turned the priest's head until he has become a tool for the things they wish to have done for their own secret interests. Personal publicity, the opportunity to meet the best people have swept away whatever small amount of integrity Father Coughlin ever possessed. Now he has exchanged his role of bellwether for that of "Judas-Goat."

In the stock-yards, a "Judas-Goat" is worth his weight in gold (or silver). It seems Father Coughlin chose silver. Coughlin's secretary, Miss Amy Collins, was shown to be the heaviest holder of silver—500,000 ounces—when the list of silver-holders of Michigan was made public.

Father Coughlin, if America lets him, will lead the people to the slaughter-pen of the Fascists and will sneak out the back way with an extra ration of feed for a job well done.

In Hitler's Footsteps

Coughlin's career parallels Hitler's in startling fashion. When he began, he was grateful, like Hitler, for the small group of (Munich) adherents.

Still recruiting new strength, he becomes impatient of all resistance and criticism. Then he becomes insolent (a stage now reached in his calling the President a "liar" and his dictum to the Jews), and tries to intimidate opposition.

Even columnists like Mr. Westbrook

Pegler (himself a Catholic) are growing increasingly conscious of what this is all about. In a masterly column, Pegler says:

I wish this man Coughlin and this man Smith would get together with themselves and decide whether they are speaking for themselves or for God in their political orations. If they are speaking for themselves, all right, but if they claim to represent God, I would like to know what God and see their credentials.

Thus far, Coughlin has closely followed the pattern. The Nazis, too, advocated a Central National Bank, the abolition of interest, government control of labor, a better return for agricultural effort, the sacredness of human over property rights. Now these have all been conveniently forgotten. But in the uphill going they made fine political propaganda.

His National Union for Social Justice has become one of the most undemocratic things in America today. It can exert pressure without any chance of being penalized, it promises a perpetual balance of power and throws all its emphasis on getting the highest price from the highest bidder.

Tie-up With Bankers

There is grave reason to believe that this business of the highest bidder has already been consummated. Although Coughlin attempts to deny his Hearst, Liberty League, du Pont connections, his alignment with the notoriously Fascist Committee for the Nation is ad-

mitted, even by Father Coughlin.

"It's the Committee for the Nation that has come over to us," Coughlin answered in typical fashion when he was faced with the question, "You have formed an agreement with the Committee for the Nation. Isn't this an organization of big bankers and industrialists including Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly head of the National City Bank?"

Soon afterwards, Coughlin qualified as a "monetary expert." This was right after his first meeting with George L. Le Blanc, the original articulate inflationist of America and a key force in the formation of the Committee for the Nation.

In this country where experts are born almost overnight out of the agile minds of publicity men, even this was something of a record.

Coughlin's speeches have hardly borne this out. His statements have at times taken on a wildness that should disqualify him. Since much of his research has been done at times by the strange John Dockerty, an exceedingly unreliable under-cover man for Hearst, Macfadden and others, many of Coughlin's statements as an "expert" have come undoubtedly from Dockerty.

Le Blanc has been regarded for years as a harmless bug by the hilarious financial writers as they tossed his publicity handouts toward the ceiling on the premise that what stuck there they would print. Yet Coughlin leans on Le Blanc's judgment.

Coughlin wants the people to believe that a Central Bank of Issue will solve the fundamental money and credit troubles. This obviously is a fraud for it could only settle some of the differences between various groups of money changers, most of whom would favor a more centralized banking system if they were sure they could control it and manipulate it for their own ends. They not only want to hold all the cards but play them crookedly as well.

Odd, isn't it, that Coughlin, the big monetary "expert," instead of calling for legislation to make the control and management of the Federal Reserve Bank more democratic, wants the bank itself abolished. Since Mr. Hearst is also opposed to the nationalizing of banks and is also fighting the French Government for their nationalization of the Bank of France, the complete picture begins to float into sharper focus.

The program of the National Union for Social Justice, if written by a cub reporter, would get the cub fired from any newspaper because it is not specific in any one sense.

Like Hitler, Coughlin is making all manner of vague, Fascist promises as bait to get as many as possible into the Fascist net. Everything is by inference, nothing is concrete.

Point four of his platform says: "Congress shall legislate that there will be an assurance of a living wage for all laborers capable of working and willing to work."

Does the living wage here possibly have any connection with Landon's \$1.08 per week?

If Coughlin meant that the Government shall assume responsibility, why didn't he say so? How is the laborer to get a job? The answer is easy. Coughlin cannot face that problem or else the whole Fascist corruption is exposed.

Links and Tirades

Landon and the Liberty League should win this election because they have two sets of people working for them. The out-in-the-open crowd are Hearst and the Liberty League. The under-cover crowd are Coughlin and Lemke with the same Liberty League support.

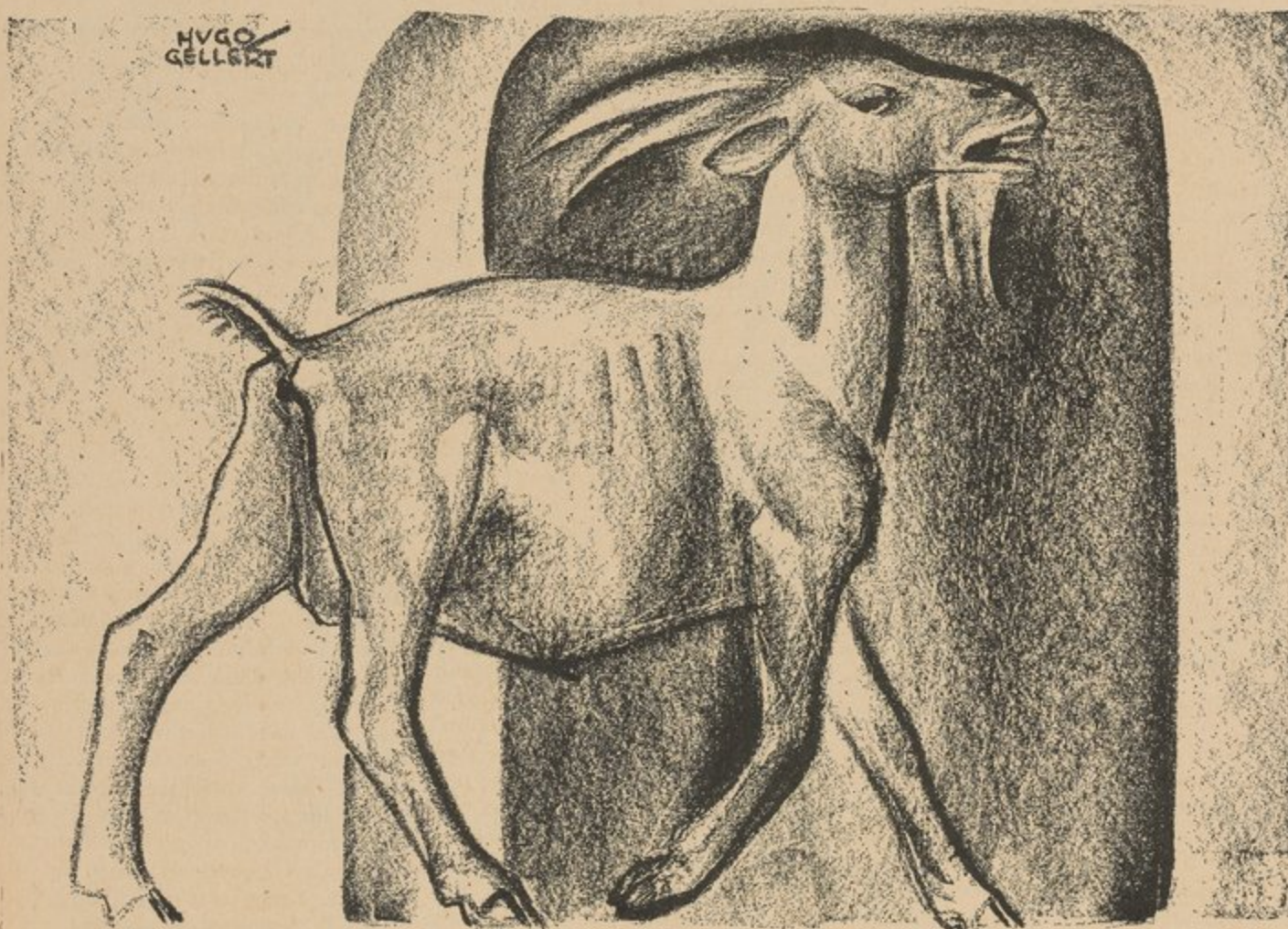
Every once in a while little things crop up that show the link. Then again Coughlin tries to sink every suspicion beneath a tirade against Mr. Hearst.

For instance, Coughlin repudiated the Hearst link at the convention in Cleveland. He did not wish to disparage the publisher, he said, but he could not forget that it was Mr. Hearst and one or two other editors who "happened upon a skeleton buried in the Middle West and built upon his bones a Presidential candidacy."

Before the convention, in his newspaper, *Social Justice*, of August 3rd,

(Continued on page 24)

slaughter house. They become mutton chops and he sneaks out the back way



Letters

New Mexico wants to organize a chapter of the American League . . . How Westchester County, New York, dealt with the K.K.K. . . . A bouquet for Oscar Ameringer

From New Mexico

THIS is in the manner of a request for guidance and advice. I am a graduate student at the University of New Mexico. There is a growing sentiment here against war and Fascism. But we lack the proper organizational set-up to direct and make effective this sentiment. We have a rather large group of people ready to organize themselves into a chapter of the American League. The composition of this group is as follows: University students, local townspeople, religious groups and WPA workers. I would like to receive from your office any material that will aid us in setting up an American League chapter. We need organizational material, statements concerning the aim of the League, etc., etc.—MILBURN THARP, *Albuquerque, N. M.*

Human Document

I HAVE just read Oscar Ameringer's story in your September issue of *THE FIGHT* and it interested me a great deal, to say the least. Not only do I believe that Mr. Ameringer has contributed more to the American labor movement than any other living member in the Socialist movement but it's such human documents, as the story printed in *THE FIGHT*, that convince people of the real dangers of war and Fascism better than any long, dry article would. Congratulations.—FRANK C. BURTON, *Philadelphia, Pa.*



Out Goes the K.K.K.

WHAT was to have been a large scale attempt on the part of the Ku Klux Klan in Westchester County to regain its lost prestige and membership materialized into a huge joke and succeeded only in further discrediting the organization, as a result of the work done by

the American League Against War and Fascism.

From 1923 to 1933, the K.K.K. was strongly organized and exerted tremendous influence in our county . . . It was a political force to be seriously reckoned with . . . Figuring that, in the few months before a serious presidential election, it might be able to find some reactionary support, the Klan planned



a large membership campaign . . . Thousands of ochre colored handbills were distributed throughout the County. They advertised a three-day rally . . . The League sent a letter to the Village President, reminding him of the past unpleasant activities of the Klan, and we forwarded the letter to the Peekskill *Star*, a daily newspaper. The following day it carried a streamer headline: "Peace League Protests Klan Meeting." . . . Father Francis X. Doyle and a committee came to the Town Council, demanding action against the burning of the Cross . . . A barrage of letters and telegrams directed by the League demanded action against the Klan and its activities. . . . Publicity continued in the newspapers . . . And finally, instead of the ten thousand expected at the meetings fifty turned up on Saturday and twenty on Sunday . . . From its once powerful position in the County the Klan has succeeded in thoroughly discrediting itself and making itself a laughing-stock rather than a power.—DAVID BOGDANOFF, *Westchester County, N. Y.*

For Junior Leagues

SINCE I was away at camp, I was unable to report on the progress of the Junior section of the League.

The Youth of '76 branch sold 336 copies of the June issue of *THE FIGHT*, 75 copies of the July one. We haven't as yet set ourselves a quota which is

mainly due to the fact that most of the members are away at camp at the present time.

At last something is being done towards organizing the children of New York City into the League. While I was at camp, one of the camp counselors and myself organized a Social Problems group. We discussed Housing, War, Hearst, Fascism, Strikes and Socialized Medicine. It was really amazing to see how the campers were interested . . . This will lead to the organizing of new Junior branches throughout the city . . .—JOE JANKOWITZ, *New York, N. Y.*

Books

(Continued from page 19)

against such a transaction," but that this should be orally conveyed, so far as we are concerned, and not put in writing.

And now, in Act Four, American money having been poured into the battlefields of Europe, and the Allied cause beginning to look in doubt, there seemed no better course open to our bankers and statesmen than that the American people should go into those battlefields after "their" money. Ambassador Page writes from England that Morgan is at the end of his rope and only a U.S. government loan to the Allies can save prosperity for America. Of course that means a declaration of war. So we declared war. Up to April, 1917, American industry fished 7 billion dollars worth of business out of the war; since April, 1917, the American people have sunk 100 billion dollars in the war. So much for prosperity; we are not talking of lives and suffering.

Now Professor Beard's little book has a long sub-title, and I for one think it has involved him in a contradiction. Inquiring into "the nature of history," he finds that no devil is responsible for our getting into war. Insofar as the bankers did it, it was only because as bankers they had to do it, because banking is only part of a system that, under certain conditions, is simply a war-manufacturing machine. And, discussing "the possibility of keeping out of war," he suggests a policy of absolute neutrality involving the shutting off of all foreign trade, during which we till our own gardens and spend all our war funds on ourselves even if this policy means an end of capitalism.

But before the American people will have achieved such a desirable state of affairs, it is very much to be feared that there will be another world war; and, "the nature of history" being what it is, we may again be sucked into it. And so it may well seem best to devote some of our energies to preventing the outbreak of a war, and to do that we cannot afford to remain in a pretended isolation while our bankers again quietly choose the sides on which they will order us to fight. We must actively

join forces with all those who are sincerely interested in keeping the peace.

—DANIEL BROUSE

Judas - Goat

(Continued from page 23)

1936, Father Coughlin had a signed story calling himself the target of a "Hearst Press Plot" and presumably calling down the *Detroit Times* for maligning his name. The *Times* has been one of his great psalm-singers. Father Coughlin wrote in part:

As the publisher of one newspaper to another, I am addressing these paragraphs to William Randolph Hearst who has been so serenely duped by certain of his employees bent on wrecking his property known as the *Detroit Times*.

Mr. Hearst owes me nothing except an apology and I owe him nothing other than to defend myself at his expense in so far as the apology which his papers owe me has not been forthcoming.

The point at issue is concerned not with malicious misrepresentation but with that sort of false headlines and vicious news articles which could be born only in the minds of Mr. Hearst's underpaid hirelings. On Saturday, July 18, the Hearstian *Detroit Times* printed the screaming, paper-selling headlines: BISHOP GALLAGHER RAPS COUGHLIN "LIAR" SPEECH.

At least in Detroit, I am told, my name in a headline helps the sale of newspapers. Formerly the *Detroit Times* officials have admitted that to me. Thus, fabricating headlines unfounded in truth, the editor of the *Detroit Times* and other Hearst papers stumbled into the gutter of yellow journalism by trying to sell papers with stupid and untrue Coughlin headlines.

From such a master of invective, it seems that such a remonstrance savors more of sorrow than anger.

Unemployment, Old Age and Youth

Coughlin's platform has nothing to say about relief of the unemployed and promises vaguely an "assurance" to the aged and young, a Fascist policy studied out by Hitler and Mussolini. Again they don't indicate where the money is coming from.

Here's another example on the youth of the nation.

Congress shall reestablish conditions so that the youths of the nation as they emerge from schools and colleges will have the opportunity to earn a decent living while in the process of perfecting themselves in a trade or profession.

What conditions and how shall they be reestablished? Gerald Smith (Storm Troop Smith), speaking to the delegates, belittled that his organization, presumably the Townsend movement which he is attempting to take over from Townsend, planned to "recruit 1,000,000 God-fearing, carefully selected, patriotic young men who will see that our ballots are cast in the daytime and counted correctly at night." More storm troops on the way? Coughlin and his gang want to decoy them into storm troops as the way out.

Another gesture is aimed at the farmer. Posing as a friend, Coughlin's

(Continued on page 26)

Mr. President?

(Continued from page 5)

stances is to allow Roosevelt to restrain the patient for another four years, hoping during that time to nurse their own offspring, suffering at the moment from a badly split personality, to such vigorous health that he can put over the body blow to Old Man Profits in 1940. They know that Mr. Roosevelt has no concrete plan, and can have none since he does not apparently recognize the fundamental evils of the profit system. But they do believe that he is wholeheartedly for a democratic system of government and will continue to make such concessions as are required to prevent a final popoff. And by so doing he will give them time, if they hurry, to cement the forces in America that are committed to a fundamental change in our economic system, a system which is the godmother of war and Fascism. The Republicans on the other hand, if returned to power, would first stupidly try to return to the good old days, and failing in that, as they inevitably would, they would preserve their profit system by clamping on the country the gangster rule of Fascism, using the entire coercive power of the state to stifle protest, suppress all civil liberties and ruthlessly to crush any who opposed their system of greed. (See Hearst and the Liberty League.)

There are tested anti-Fascists, and I am told many of them, who will for this reason vote to continue Roosevelt in power. They are not kidding themselves about Roosevelt. They recognize in him a defender of the present economic system, which is the real enemy, and an intelligent defender who knows that the present system can continue only through the concessions offered by a social service state. All of which suits them, since the concessions will keep the dying Old Man alive until they have time to bring together the workers, farmers and many middle class people of this country into a real movement . . . a united People's Front against war and Fascism.

Lemke the Stooge

Others insist that to choose between Roosevelt and Landon is Tweedledee-Tweedledum stuff and that the smart thing to do is to support a candidate and a party that promises more to the masses. Some will turn to William Lemke and the Union Party. He is running about the country promising good things to come, security for all, regulation of industry and banking—all coupled with a strong nationalism that is very reminiscent of the beginnings of Fascism in Italy and Nazism in Germany. Indeed his whole line, and that of his chief supporters, Coughlin-Smith-Townsend, runs true to the "radical" declarations of Mussolini and Hitler before they took power, only to be dropped once they were in the saddle



A remarkable scene in Tokyo when hundreds of school girls paraded in gas masks

for the gangster rule of the big industrialists.

Opposed to these parties, wishing at all costs to maintain the profit system, are two parties that are definitely revolutionary. Socialists and Communists alike recognize that the present profit system has run its course and must soon give way to collectivism. Leaders of these parties of course recognize that the vote for their candidates this fall will be light compared to the vote for the two parties of capitalism, but both hope to show increased strength over 1932 in order that they may be the rallying point for a united People's Front in 1940. Whatever the result of the election, certain it is that Fascism will not long be delayed unless an effective, united opposition is created to stand against it. It is therefore imperative that Socialists, Communists, Non-Partisan Laborites, Liberals and the various other groups that represent the industrial workers and farmers of America forget their relatively unimportant differences and unite to stop Fascism and the impending international blow-up. And as I see it, it is the chief function of the American League Against War and Fascism to bring this about.

For Peace and Democracy

To the forty million American citizens who will cast their votes on No-

vember 3rd: Are you for peace or war? Are you for Democracy or Fascism?

Mountain Marriage

(Continued from page 17)

came to him when he had stopped the team near the garage and Tom spoke to him. He didn't waste words. "Look here, nigger, I'm in a hurry. You tell your boss. Goddam your black soul, you get him out here, and quick."

He said no more. The man went and presently there was the big man, the rich man, the flashy one.

He was angry. He was upset. "Why, yes. I have bought stuff from you but for God's sake, man . . . haven't you any sense?" . . . he made a sign towards Tom's team . . . bringing that in here. There are people here.

"I'll have nothing more to do with a man who is such a damned fool."

The two men were walking in a path near the garage. There was a light over the garage door and they went along the side of the building and stopped. Tom tried to explain. "But my wife is very ill. She may die. I must have money. I could unload it back here."

He even pleaded, but as the man did not at once respond his voice grew harsh. However he did not shout. He was sizing up his man. "He is pretty

big." Tom was himself a small man. "He has led a certain kind of life for a long time now. He's probably soft." "That nigger of yours, in that uniform . . . there are 150 gallons . . . I want you to take it all . . . it is a hurry up matter with me . . . I tell you my wife is ill . . . I've got to have money and right now . . . it will be \$300 . . . I know damned well you always have cash, plenty of it . . . you are the kind." His voice was growing more and more harsh. "You are the kind that likes to pull a big roll, flash it before people. Goddam you."

He was astonishing the man, throwing him off guard. "There are some bushes here." He pointed. They stood near the wall of the garage. "I'll unload it quickly enough. Your nigger can put it away. While I am unloading you will go into the house and get the money.

"If you haven't it on you. Have you?"

The man laughed. After all he had once been a lumberjack. If he had only taken care of his big body through the years. The man before him was after all small. "Why, you impertinent little runt!"

He got no further. Tom leaped and had him by the throat. He was like a wild cat fastened on to the throat of a horse. After all, the man would not shout. He would not dare. "Oh, these big bugs," Tom said, long afterwards, telling of the moment.

It didn't last long, a short struggle, the man's arms flailing about, hitting nothing, his breath going. Tom was close in where the big fists couldn't hurt him. His rather small hands were very powerful. "Will you or won't you? If you shout and they come I'll kill you and them." He let go the man's throat. He knew he had him. "If you go in there and don't come out with it, at once, I'll come in after you.

"I'm sorry," he said, "my wife's dying." The man went.

Tom drove home. He told Kit that he forgot about the liquor, did not remember to unload it. The road home was over very rough roads and the liquor was in glass fruit jars. They kept breaking, he said. There was a drip, drip, drip of mountain liquor in a mountain road. He lashed his team, nearly killing the horses. When he got to his house there were several men, mountain men, neighbors, loitering in the dark road before his house. Their women were inside. They were the men who had trusted him with the liquor but they were not there to collect. Their wives were trying to save Tom's wife, but it was too late. She died that night, just as he stopped his team before the house . . . steam arising in clouds from the half-dead animals . . . they breathed in gasps, nostrils vibrating . . . it was a pretty good team, young horses. His wife died but his son lived.

War and Peace

(Continued from page 15)

war to enforce peace. So much sense they have had. They fear war, and thank Heaven that they do. But is the way to avoid war simply to acquiesce in the actions of a bully? If ever there was a case when the old adage about dealing with nettles by grasping them was valid, it is here.

The powers fail not because they fear war but because they will not accept the changes necessary to a stable peace and unite to effect them peacefully. There are things that ought to be set right and set right resolutely by common consent. The nations must pull themselves together to work out "a constructive peace settlement."

Economic Internationalism

Obviously, a very important class of questions is economic and financial. The expectation of war makes these more difficult than they need be. For instance, it is largely with an eye to war that nations madly endeavor to make themselves self-sufficient by protective tariffs, and that they are so anxious to secure colonies as sources of raw material. Moreover, many of the present economic measures, and especially currency manipulations, are themselves a kind of war.

The only way out is by some degree of pooling of interests, of economic internationalism. This would be costly and cause many pinches, dislocations and losses. Yet this cost would be as nothing compared to that of war and it would be incurred for the sake of building up, not pulling down, the structure of human welfare.

Problems of another sort are territorial, including the question of colonies. Others, again, turn largely on conceptions of prestige and national status.

The question of disarmament is a thorny problem on which a vast amount of effort has been expended, so far almost in vain. To suppress the munitions interests is a necessary step but it is not enough. The perfectly good arguments that prove that increasing the armies and navies does not increase safety, but the contrary, will fall on deaf ears so long as the peoples of the world are afraid. When the menace is taken out of the demand for change, a sense of security outside of military preparation can develop and the peoples will no longer vote taxes for big military budgets.

World Cooperation

Problems of world organization make another great chapter. They include such questions as: how to secure peaceful settlement of all international disputes, through the World Court and otherwise; how to deal with breaches of public faith; whether it is possible, or even desirable, to police the world

through an armed League of Nations; and the question of what administrative fields are best dealt with internationally, as, for instance, the prevention of world epidemics with which the League is now dealing.

As soon as the first actual steps toward working out a fresh peace settlement are taken the effect will begin to be felt, in that the minds of those who are thinking in terms of armed force, of threats and of *faits accomplis*, will hold their hand and wait to see what can be secured at the council table. Not even the wildest and worst really want indiscriminate slaughter (the outcome of which must be highly problematical at best) if they can secure the things they want, or even a reasonable part of them, more cheaply.

More cheaply indeed, but not without sacrifice. The problem is to offer a solution that seems to each party at least preferable to war. Those who have the most may have to make the largest contribution. The United States, if she is to play a worthy part and deserve well of the republic of mankind, must do her share of sacrificing. An agreed settlement is a balance, an intricate interlocking arrangement or bargain. It is unthinkable that the result should be ideal. This is not an "ideal" world by any yardstick to which we have access, nor is it inhabited by ideal personalities. But if we will but begin we can hope for something at least relatively reasonable, based essentially on right intentions and with at least elements of high and generous feeling.

Patriotism of Humanity

As a matter of fact we already have in this world a large amount of inter-

national good-will, of active love of other peoples, of interest in them and admiration for them, and some conception of world citizenship. The patriotism of humanity, the religion of humanity, has perhaps always existed here and there and to some degree. Today, in spite of the present welter of national feeling, there are many who are moved by it. They appear both among the "high-brow" and among the simplest and least sophisticated. But there are not enough of them, and their state of mind is not highly charged enough to be contagious, as it needs to be.

The idea of constructive peace here put forward is not something out of dreamland. Efforts are being made in that direction. Official discussion of possible changes in the League of Nations was inaugurated at the last Assembly held at Geneva. Member states are invited to send in any proposals as to improving the League; these are to be examined and classified by the Secretary General and reported on to the Assembly when it meets in September.

There is intense diplomatic activity along the lines of "pacts." Time will show how far these resemble, in spirit and effect, the bad old military alliances. It is to be hoped that they are, instead, steps towards bringing the self-willed sovereign states of Europe into organization for peace.

Peace Race?

It is encouraging that Turkey has set a good example by refraining from trying to secure by her own action the changes that she wishes in the matter of the Dardanelles, and by bringing them for settlement before a conference

of those most concerned. But there is in the air everywhere the idea of much wider conferences to reconsider the whole state of Europe and the world, in relation both to existing treaty arrangements and the changes that need to be made in them, and to economic and financial questions.

Can it be, then, that mankind is staggering and stumbling into peace as, in 1914, it stumbled and staggered into war? Are these the groping steps that are taking mankind out of chaos into a world where the grossest form of violence—mechanized mass destruction for political ends—is finally left behind?

Judas - Goat

(Continued from page 24)

Social Justice platform declares:

Congress shall re-finance all present agricultural indebtedness for the farmer and all the home mortgage indebtedness of the city owner by the use of its money and credit.

Where shall we get the credit and what has happened to the Frazier-Lemke bill that called for inflation? Is that thrown overboard for something worse?

Civil Liberties and Mexico

One of the worst features of the Social Justice program is the complete destruction of civil liberties and democratic rights of the people. Not a word is said about civil rights and when Coughlin was challenged on that, he weakly referred to the fact that it was to be found in point one of the program. Point one reads as follows. If you can find anything in that you're a better man than most.

I believe in the right of liberty of conscience and liberty of education, not permitting the state to dictate either my worship to my God or my chosen avocation.

Coughlin chose to make people think he covered it in these words:

Congress shall restore representative government to the people of the United States to preserve the sovereignty of the individual states of the United States by the ruthless eradication of bureaucracies.

Taken verbally from Hearst, this is the worst of all. Nothing is said about curbing the Supreme Court, no tangible way is suggested for securing this vague sentiment. Nothing is said about how the Supreme Court threatens the power of the people by usurping their rights.

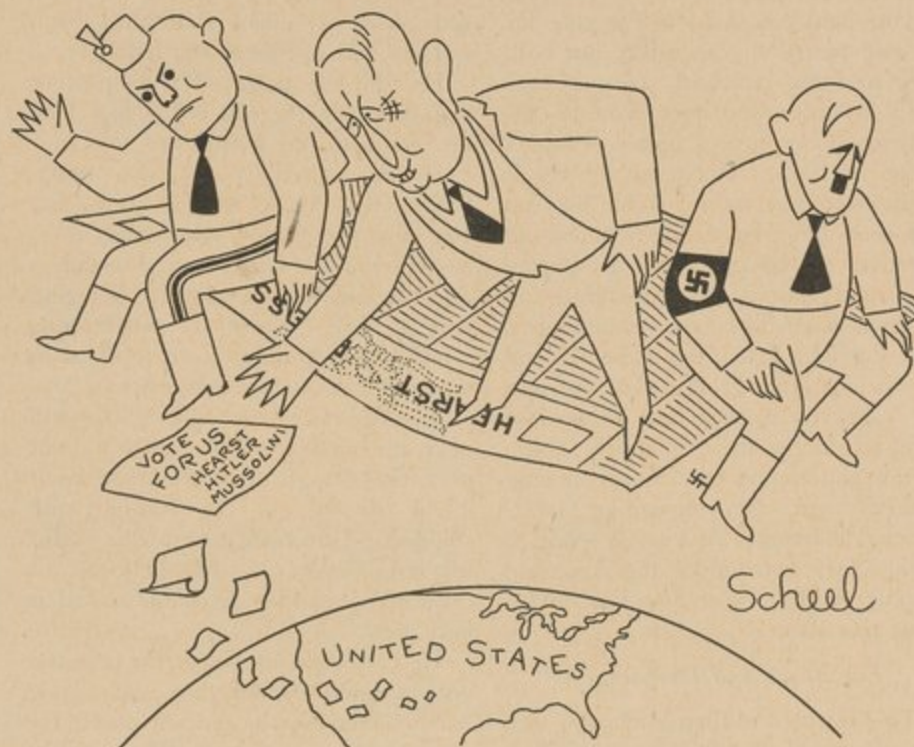
Coughlin and Lemke pick up the people's complaint against bureaucracy to help bring Landon's victory. Landon then can abolish all relief.

"From now until the middle of October, there shall be no discussion among the membership," cries Coughlin.

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THE MAGIC CARPET

By Scheel



Building the League

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid

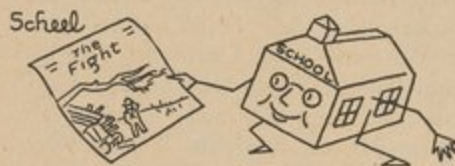


DURING the month of August despite the hot weather, our National Office is glad to announce, many new branches have cropped up in various parts of the country.

Seattle, Wash., has just sent in a money order paying for new members and subscriptions to our magazine. Also enclosed was a leaflet informing us of their campaign against Hearst. We learn that activity is being revived and plans are under way for regional and local conferences in Denver, Colorado, and vicinity.

From Milwaukee we learn of a very successful meeting around the Spanish situation. Also they inform us that they have contracted a booth in a very good location of the Industrial Building at the Wisconsin State Fair. There they will sell League literature, popularize our organization and will undoubtedly be able to gain many members and raise the prestige of the organization.

Somebody has been doing good propaganda work for the American League's program for women against war and Fascism. Reports have come into the National Office of twenty summer schools and camps where the women's number of *THE FIGHT* has been used



as source material or as the basis for actual discussion in the classes. These summer schools and camps have been attended by thousands of industrial girls, church women and youth, and business and professional women.

One of the League's energetic members says that he always carries a Mandate petition when he is selling *THE FIGHT*. "One serves as an introduction to the other," he says, "and I get just that much more done."

OHIO—We were happy to learn of a very successful Cleveland meeting on the Spanish situation at which they raised \$1,000 for the Spanish fund, and attracted about 1,000 people to a well organized meeting with a well balanced program of speakers representing all shades of opinion. Our Toledo Committee is at work again, this time in a strenuous fight to maintain civil rights in the action taken by the leadership of

the Central Labor Union against progressive members of the C. L. U. At the same time they are organizing an intensive campaign to help with the signature drive under the auspices of the Peoples Mandate Committee. From Canton we learn that our branch is being reorganized, a meeting in the Spanish colony was held and a base laid for organizing branches in that territory.

CHICAGO—We learn from our Chicago Committee that they had a very successful anti-war meeting. As a result they revived the activity of the organization, and are giving able assistance to the Peoples Mandate Committee. Due to the success of the parade, the Arrangements Committee voted to make this a permanent committee and have begun plans for next year's August 1st Peace Parade. At this time they are planning a Jane Addams' Memorial scheduled for November 11th. Strenuous efforts are being made to cement a healthy relationship with other Peace Groups.

Chicago is doing things this Fall. They are already making arrangements for a big women's luncheon, in October, where a report of the Brussels Congress will be given by one of the prominent women who attended that Congress. Maybe this is just one of a series to be given all over the country.

NEW YORK—Albany is at present working hard in organizing a meeting around the Spanish situation and has



Mrs. R. E. Garvey, Secretary, Ironwood, Mich., American League Against War and Fascism

called upon the National Office for assistance. Our Westchester County Committee has been very alert and has succeeded in offsetting a vicious campaign planned by the Ku Klux Klan. Hempstead, Long Island, reports a successful meeting at which 600 people were present, which will surely lend good organizational results.

Buffalo has been at a standstill for a while, but with a newly elected Executive Committee we are hopeful of real work in the coming months. Already, with the Spanish situation and other activities, we have seen the Buffalo Committee come to life in the last few weeks. The mass meeting on Spain is scheduled for September 14th.

PENNSYLVANIA—Scranton has also reorganized recently and has put up a splendid fight for civil rights at the meeting which was planned for August 22nd, Sacco and Vanzetti Day, and which was linked with the Ku Klux Klan, Hearst and all other un-democratic and anti-Semitic acts which are manifested in that region and other parts of the country.

Bedminster reports that the Committee is reviving its work and has secured an affiliation of a Young People's Progressive Group. From West Palm Beach comes a call, "Please advise how we may organize a branch and what our obligations would be." West Leesport, a very active group, is all set to build a branch of the League and the National Office promises all assistance necessary.

PITTSBURGH—Before we go any further, we want to express our heartiest thanks and congratulations to our Pittsburgh City Committee for being such charming hosts to our Conference held August 28th through the 31st. At the same time, we learn that our Pittsburgh Committee is conducting a vigorous fight for civil liberties, this time centered in Uniontown where attempts were made to cancel a Communist meeting. The League, together with the Civil Liberties Union, is involved in this campaign. They are planning a series of lectures with outstanding speakers.

CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles is busy arranging neighborhood meetings in the Mexican section, etc., on the Spanish situation. They held a People's Peace

Parade Conference at which they planned for a People's Peace Parade on September 19th. A call has been sent out for the Conference as follows: "Call for a People's Parade Conference to organize a Peace Parade to be held in Los Angeles on September 19th; to force the police commission to grant a permit; to test the right of the people to dramatize their determination to keep America out of war."

Berkeley is busy in a campaign to fight finger-printing, around which



they have rallied trade unions and other organizations. East Bay is planning an important meeting for October around the anti-Hearst campaign.

San Francisco is very busy raising funds to aid the Spanish people in their valiant fight against Fascism. They are also arranging for a meeting to be held on September 9th and, if we can judge correctly, it is certain to be a success. Already they have ordered 10,000 leaflets issued by the National Office on the developments in Spain.

WOMEN'S COMMITTEE—A few members of the Women's Committee of the American League Against War and Fascism have just been in to report that they are checking up on the Fascist propaganda that is carried on in women's magazines under the guise of fiction. As a counteraction they are writing to the editors of the magazines which are publishing this type of fiction and asking them just what is the idea.

They also report that the film *The Bride Walks Out* is directed against the woman who works and as such should be avoided or protested.

Representatives of the Women's Section of the American League were received by both President Roosevelt and Governor Landon as part of the Peoples Mandate Committee. President Roosevelt told the women that the only way to secure peace was through a People's Movement. He warned them that they need not expect much from governments unless the people of those governments were organized to demand that peace. Governor Landon was not able to give as much time to

the delegation as the President but he also wished the women well and gave his approval to the attempt to secure five million signatures for the reduction of armaments and the strengthening of the existing machinery for peace. These five million signatures will be presented at the Inter-American Peace Conference in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on the first of December.

NEW YORK CITY—We are glad to report that as a result of the very successful anti-war parade held August 22nd, linked with the Spanish situation,



preparations are under way for a conference to be held September 15th at which an intensive campaign will be planned on how best to fight against Fascism in Spain and incidentally intensifying the movement against Fascist manifestations in our own country. At the same time the People's Committee against Hearst is on the job, and many more activities too numerous to mention in this limited space.

NEW ENGLAND — Springfield, Mass., is in the process of organizing a Committee in Education, Research, Program, Entertainment and Membership. This is an indication that they are preparing for serious work.

The Norwalk, Conn., branch of the League arranged a concert at which the membership voted to send a resolution to the International Solidarity Fund, in London, in favor of the democratically elected government of Spain in its struggle against Fascist aggression and violence, and raised \$17.52 for that purpose. Sixty-seven people attended the meeting.

THE SOUTHWEST—In looking through our mail in the last two days we found that a committee is being formed in Houston, Texas, and in the near future we can look forward to a League Branch there. From Texarkana, Texas, we received the following



William Caldwell, Secretary, Milwaukee American League Against War and Fascism

letter: "Dear Sir: I believe I know enough about your program to be heartily in sympathy with it. I also know several persons here who might be interested in forming an organization. Will you send me a copy of your program, also detailed information as to how groups are organized," etc. The material is on its way. Go to it!

From Oklahoma City. We are informed that there is a possibility for a strong League branch there since a number of farm organizations and individuals are very eager to get started.

Hot Springs, Ark., has just informed us that there is a group all set to receive application blanks and other material in organizing a membership branch in that city.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.—Our City Committee is involved in a serious campaign demanding the use of the High School auditorium for an anti-war meeting. To date they have not re-



ceived permission from the Board of Education. Since the meeting is scheduled to be held in November, we are certain that a very interesting campaign will develop with possibilities of many organizations and individuals assisting our Perth Amboy branch.

FLASH—The People's Committee Against Hearst has just reported that elaborate plans are under way for a public trial of The People vs. Hearst, to take place on October 22nd at the Hippodrome. Representatives of various organizations will testify for the people: Labor, Education, Child Welfare, Civil Liberties, etc., etc. A number of outstanding speakers have been asked to participate. So far the following have accepted: U.S. Senator Schwollenbach, Mayor Dore of Seattle and A. F. Whitney, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST—We have heard from our Youth Group called The Youth of '76, as follows: "A new person has been put in charge of the Junior work at the New York City office and at last we now have a person who can devote time to the job." We have started to organize a few Junior branches throughout the city, in Y. M. H. A.'s, settlement houses and social halls. A new Junior branch has just been organized around McKinley Square, New York. Within a few weeks we expect to organize quite a few new Junior branches with the help of the Social Problems Group contacts. We quote further, "The Youth of '76 will get back on the job of selling THE FIGHT when school reopens. Many members have been away at camp. We expect to sell a few hundred copies of the October issue."



By
James Lerner

Mouth Notes

THIS month we are pleased to announce another important addition to our Youth Section. The Armenian Youth of America, meeting in their third national convention at the Hotel Bradford in Boston, voted affiliation. We welcome them into the ranks of the young people throughout the country who are sincerely fighting against war and Fascism, for peace and Democracy. In addition to affiliation they voted our delegate, Maurice Gates, an honorary member.

WHEN this column is printed, I, in company with a representative delegation of American youth, will be returning from participation in the discussions of the World Youth Congress at Geneva, Switzerland. The deliberations of this Congress will be of tremendous importance in rallying the youth of the world on the side of those progressive and humane forces in the world which are valiantly struggling to maintain the peace of the world. A tour on my return to America is being



planned. Branches or other organizations interested in hearing an account of this important Congress are urged to write to the National Office where they may receive more detailed information.

AT THE recent Secretaries' Conference of the American League, held at Pittsburgh, the delegates were enthusiastic in their discussion of youth work. Seemingly every delegate present was tremendously interested in this phase of youth work. Let's hope that this enthusiasm does not die down but is translated into immediate action.

THE FIGHT is engaged in a special campaign to boost its circulation. Everywhere the news of this campaign has been greeted with pleasure and enthusiasm. Our youth branches and young people in our adult branches have a signal opportunity to distinguish themselves in this endeavor. The National Youth Committee urges every member to join in and help put over

the quotas assumed by their branches. Young students, especially, will be in an excellent position to accomplish this because, with the beginning of the school year, they are enabled to approach their faculty and fellow students for subscriptions. This ought to be easy. Let's get going! New York City has already undertaken a FIGHT and membership campaign. They have pledged themselves to double their membership, and to double their FIGHT sales. What about the other branches? Are you going to let New York beat you? How about a little competition!

A UNIQUE innovation in League work has been instituted by the New York branches. It is called a mothers' and fathers' week. A large tea will be given on a city-wide basis for the mothers and fathers of the members of the youth section. Individual branches will also give teas for their parents.

FROM Cape Town, South Africa, we have received some very welcome news and that is, that an anti-war movement has been formed there. There exist only two anti-war organizations in South African universities. One at the University of Cape Town and the other at Witwatersrand University, at Johannesburg. These two organizations have amalgamated and formed the South African Students' Pacifist Organization. We, of America, wish them every possible success in their endeavors.

WE HAVE received a communication from the World Student Association transmitting an appeal from the National Union of Spanish Students, appealing to American students for aid in their present struggle against the Fascist rebels. We urge our branches to respond to this appeal by raising the issue in the schools and collecting funds for Labor's Red Cross for Spain. Such

Scheel



funds should be sent to the National Office of the League for transmission to the office of Labor's Red Cross for Spain.



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Gagged Schools

(Continued from page 7)

Let us follow the process. First, the loyalty oaths and particularly the Ives Law in New York State. What is the Ives Law? The Ives Law requires all teachers, in all public institutions in the State and in all non-taxpaying institutions, to take an oath of allegiance to the Federal Constitution, to the New York State Constitution, and to perform their duties in their positions to the best of their abilities.

Second, how was this law interpreted locally? We claimed that while on its face the Ives Law might not look particularly pernicious, that in reality it would be used to discipline any teacher who stuck his head above the parapet. Supporters of the law denied our contention. Were we right? Well, within a few days after its passage, Dr. George F. Ryan, then President of the Board of Education of New York City, wrote a letter to the Board of Examiners requesting that body (in the light of the new law) to adopt what amounts to a political test for appointment. And Dr. George Smith of the Board of Examiners replied to Dr. Ryan. He said that they were in hearty accord with Dr. Ryan. He accepted the idea of a political test.

Who Is McNaboe?

The McNaboe resolution in New York State is merely illustrative of the Hearstian influence in the nation. Are you acquainted with the red rider in the District of Columbia where teachers are obliged every two weeks to take an oath that they have not presented subversive doctrines in their classes? It is an insult to the teaching profession, but one takes the oath every two weeks or one does not get paid.

But let us get back to the New York State scene and specifically to Mr. McNaboe. Who is this man McNaboe? What has he stood for? Let us view him as a whole in order that we may perceive the better the motives of the man. Is he a true friend of the people? Is he correct-minded? Are his motives entirely unselfish? What is his record? What do reputable organizations and reputable individuals think of him? I draw rather freely from materials compiled by the Research Committee of the New York City Teachers Union, Local 5:

Newly discovered by Hearst and the American Legion leaders, McNaboe's fame revived early this year. He now has a particular animus against the foreign-born, although he cultivates their votes with the usual picnics and food baskets. Among his recent bills was one to restrict chauffeurs' licenses to citizens, and another to bar non-citizens from medical license examinations. But if he hates "furriners," he likes certain foreign practices, particularly those of Fascist governments.

Thus his bill (S.1071) would give village mayors, trustees, and commissioners the full power of policemen, including the right to shoot those whom they accuse of resisting arrest. How useful such a law could be to the rulers of a small community in case of a strike might well be imagined.

The Flag Bill and the "Reds"

This patriotic fervor culminated in the Flag Bill and the present resolution to investigate "subversive" activities in the schools. The former, originally written to require the presence of an American flag of specified dimensions at every gathering of twenty persons, whether in a private home, clubroom, or classroom, was a Hearst-inspired measure growing out of the publisher's dramatic discovery that the American flag was absent from Madison Square Garden when Norman Thomas debated with Earl Browder. Now, patrioteers believe in flag-waving but not in Thomas or Browder, and most of them couldn't see how a Red becomes any less Red if he speaks within reach of a flag. Others went further and, like the State Chamber of Commerce (hardly a Red organization!) denounced the Flag Bill as a measure which would make a farce of patriotism in the interests of domestic and foreign manufacturers of American flags.

McNaboe fared a little better with his resolution to investigate "subversive activities" in the schools. For, though the appropriation was cut from \$150,000 to \$15,000, McNaboe's hysterical wording was retained intact. It is significant that the same man who would throw away \$150,000 on jobs and "expenses" for a "Red" hunt is also the man who outdid himself at this last legislative session in opposing the Governor's program for social security measures.

The Hearst Connection

Why the present resolution? Was McNaboe affected by truly subversive influences? Can Hearst be really tied into the McNaboe investigation? Again, I draw rather freely from additional materials collected and documented by the Teachers Union of New York City. These materials are taken from the record:

Hearst called for the investigation in no uncertain terms; McNaboe acted as an agent for Hearst in this and other instances. The complete resources of a newspaper, including editorials, cartoons, special feature articles and news items, over a period of four months were devoted to bringing about the passage of the resolution.

It was the formation of the American Student Union at Columbus, Ohio, last December which led Hearst into his latest offensive against education. On January 10th, 1936, the New York *American* featured a half-page

The story that couldn't be kept "OFF THE RECORD"

The whole authentic, startling story—the complete revelation of Hearst's amazing effect on American journalism, on war and peace, the frank disclosure of his fabulous personal life and of his leanings toward fascism. To understand the career of one of America's most sensational and dominating living figures, this hard-hitting biography is required reading. Illustrated \$3

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spread editorial entitled "College Students Should Purge Their Ranks of Communists," which was a vicious attack on the A.S.U. On January 13th, 1936, Senator McNaboe introduced into the Senate of the State Legislature a resolution to investigate "un-American activities" in the schools of the State of New York. By the wording of the resolution these un-American activities were largely the activities of the A.S.U. as interpreted by the Hearst editorial of January 10th.

McNaboe acted as Hearst's voice in the State Legislature on more than one occasion. In fact, the two pieces of state legislation that Hearst pressed more than any others were both introduced by McNaboe. The first was the McNaboe Bill permitting newspapers to protect confidential sources of information. It will be remembered that this was an outgrowth of the case of Mooney, a Hearst reporter. The other was the McNaboe Investigation Resolution. McNaboe further introduced the so-called flag manufacturers' bill, requiring the display of the American flag in every classroom—another measure to warm the heart of Hearst.

Is it only the fact that all good "Americans" think alike that accounts for the "parallelism" between McNaboe measures and Hearst editorials? On January 5th McNaboe introduced his "Press Freedom Bill"; on January 6th there appeared in the New York *American* the first of a series of articles on mortgages written by State Senator John J. McNaboe. This series continued for the next five days and at the first session of the State Legislature, after the last of these articles, the McNaboe Investigation Resolution was introduced. Hearst pays for special feature articles.

Everywhere the Same Story

This man McNaboe is to investigate the teachers and students in our high schools and colleges. The committee of which he is a member "may sit and conduct its investigations anywhere within or without the state; take and hear proofs and testimony; subpoena and compel the attendance of witnesses, the production of records and documents."

This is the story of the attack on academic freedom in New York State. *It is much the same story elsewhere.* All friends of academic freedom should examine the records of those who have led the fight for legislation to control education. The Hearst tie-up invariably is present. Find their stand on child labor legislation; their stand on general labor legislation; their votes on social security bills. Men of such inclinations usually have a queer quirk that leads them to sponsor other ridiculous legislation. Attack them head-on but also make flank movements on them by holding them up to ridicule for their "skunk" legislation. If they are lawyers, investigate who their

clients are. Those legislative members with a large criminal or big-business following will often throw a smoke screen around their questionable practices by supporting bills that appeal to the professional patriot. Last, and most important, fight such people in their own districts. Continue to talk and to write, but do more than this—organize against them at the polls. Get all decent-minded citizens to fight against them the next time their names appear on the ballot. We, in New York, will fight McNaboe this Fall. If men who hide behind allegedly patriotic legislation have their way, education cannot fulfill its legitimate social purposes and educators themselves will be socially and professionally impotent.

Judas - Goat

(Continued from page 26)

Shades of Hitler, ghosts of Mussolini!

Where is all this going to end? Where does Fascism usually end? In war. Does Coughlin want war? Coughlin does. He is crying for a war with Mexico, the Catholics are in danger, we must save them. True, Hitler is persecuting the Catholics in Germany, but never mind that. The Black Legion? Oh, yes, they are persecuting Catholics in Detroit, not far from Royal Oak. Never mind that. Mexico is persecuting Catholics. Mexico happens to have silver, vast quantities of it. Mr. Hearst owns a lot of the mines, Lemke is reported to have Mexican interests. Let's have a war against Mexico. The Catholics need us.

That in substance is what Coughlin would like to see. It follows logically the Fascist pattern.

Against this black reactionary picture, one hope looms. That is the formation of a party to really establish social justice. Now the Tories have wrapped their fat carcasses in the Stars and Stripes, exuding the slow poison of reaction. But there's an antidote. A people's movement to fight against war and Fascism and for peace.

Hitler's Jail

(Continued from page 11)

Ossietzky have become the symbols of those tens of thousands of martyrs in the concentration camps and those hundreds of thousands of other Germans who also know that the freedom of Thaelmann and von Ossietzky will be the signal for the social revolution that will give freedom to all of them.

Today, the fate of Thaelmann and Ossietzky lies in the hands of the Nazi gangsters.

They may kill both Thaelmann and Ossietzky but in our hearts the example of these two men will burn like torches that light the way to freedom.

For Literature Agents Only!



How would you like one for Christmas this year?

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Oh Say, Can You See?

A STORY almost too pat to have happened has been going the rounds of newspapers. It's about a little Spanish town that had been rebel and was taken by loyalist troops. The people were astonished in several ways. Since when, they wanted to know, had Spanish been spoken in Russia? Since when did Russians look so much like themselves?



And since when did an invading army treat its captors so well? When told that they had been fighting their own elected government, everything was different. Quite different.

Now, we suppose we will get letters chiding us as a doubting Thomas. People will come forward with proof; there may be documents and affidavits and all that. But we don't care. We are satisfied with it as a fable—a story containing too much truth to have happened all at one time, a story containing the essence of hundreds of true stories about the Spanish war. We prefer to remember and tell it as a fable—or is that what you call a parable?

At a time when in Seville alone there were over 100 German and Italian airplanes, there was a meeting in Paris of 30,000 friends of the Spanish people's government, and what do you suppose they sent? Greetings. Greetings!

Nobody can say that the friends of democracy haven't leaned over backwards in an attempt to oppose force with reason, and counter treachery with civil tactics.

If you want to do something about it, send contributions to the American League Against War and Fascism, 268 Fourth Ave., New York City, where a fund is being collected for medical supplies, and food for the defenders of Spain.

A letter written in 1732 by an immigrant to America says: "We were 24 weeks coming from Rotterdam to Martha's Vineyard. There were at first more than 150 persons—more than 100 perished. To keep from starving, we had to eat rats and mice. We paid from 8 pence to 2 shillings for a mouse, 4 pence for a quart of water

..." They must have wanted to come mighty bad, to be willing to face that. Yet, there was to be worse in store for certain immigrants 204 years later—deportation to Hitler's jails from which they had fled.

Take the case of Erich Becker, for example. An anti-Nazi slated for deportation to Germany, he died in Illinois the other day from sunstroke suffered during his efforts to mobilize forces in his fight for democratic rights. His last words were, "Stop deportations—and win right of asylum for political refugees." He is survived (we hope he is still survived) by two brothers, both in Hitler's concentration camps.

In the six and a half months before they won their strike, the Milwaukee employees of the Hearst *Wisconsin News* had reduced its circulation about fifty per cent. And, according to Media Records (lineage authority), Hearst's *Chicago Herald and Examiner* and his *New York American* were the only two dailies in those cities to show less advertising in July than a year ago.

A sweet girl graduate has had to sue for her diploma, and is doing it. Jean-



ette Gootzeit, one of those denied the sheepskin on account of anti-war activities, has brought suit against the New York City Board of Education.

And while we are speaking of New York City, proud, liberal, cosmopolitan, and oh! so advanced, Columbia University, you know, dismissed Robert Burke, president-elect of the junior class, because he tried to organize elevator operators, and was a leader of the peace strike.

In Denmark the agrarian-Fascist movement is being organized and led by the Nazi, Count Knuth. Their instructor is Sehested, the hunting steward, and assisting are two German squires and former officers of the Prussian army, one of whom, Baronet von Plessen, has just taken out Danish citizenship papers; as a citizen of the Third Reich, he ardently supported efforts to introduce Nazi methods in Denmark. It is proposed to organize

a "farmers' guard" consisting of a preliminary 10,000, modeled after the storm troops. Money for the purpose, according to Nordisk Pressebureau, was furnished by large landowners, and plans were speeded in order to be ready for the milk strike of September 13th.

"The leader of the general staff of rebels in Majorca is the bishop of that island, seconded by twelve monks, priests and officers," says *Hispanio Press*.

In Barcelona the delegates of the World Committee Against War and Fascism broadcast in French and German three times within a few days. The Fascists and the military clique were charged with full responsibility, and Hitler and Mussolini with conspiracy. Within a few days the party visited over 100 towns.

A new publication is coming from the World Committee Against War and Fascism. A monthly, it is being published only in French at present, under the direction of Professor Paul Langevin, Romain Rolland and Sir Norman Angell. A number of the most eminent persons in the political, scientific and literary world will collaborate: Pierre Cot (French Air Minister), Léon Jouhaux (General Secretary of the C. G. T.), Victor Basch (President of the Rassemblement Populaire), Jean Longuet and Jean Zyromski (leaders of the Socialist Party), Jacques Kayser and Albert Bayet (of the Radical Party), Marcel Cachin and Gabriel Péri (of the Communist Party), André Malraux and J. R. Bloch (well-known writers).

The delegates to the World Youth Congress were youngsters who could not have qualified in the last war, but are now just gassing age and flying



size. They proposed "automatic economic sanctions" and the internationalization of armed forces for the preservation of peace.

Secret documents subpoenaed by the La Follette committee on civil liberties have been allegedly destroyed, and the Railway Audit and Inspection Com-

pany (detective agency and crew of labor spies to you) are being charged with attempts to block the investigation. Their officials have failed to appear in court after being served with summonses; records that would incriminate them have been found in their waste-baskets, torn up.

We quote from the *Pacific Weekly*: "One of the main strike-breaking tools used by the Government has been the weapon of deportation. Every strike in California for instance, in which the



Mexican 'fruit tramps' have taken part, has been followed by wholesale deportation to Mexico; the same occurred to Mexican miners in Gallup. With Fascist countries demanding the death penalty or torture for anti-Nazis, deportation to Fascist countries is a hideous gesture on the part of the United States which stood in the past for some measure of freedom and asylum for members of persecuted races."

Governor Talmadge says he is interested in just one new book, *Mein Kampf*, written by that German literary light and economic authority, Adolf Hitler. The Governor certainly knows his sources. We had thought he might be confused, and had considered psychoanalyzing him, and telling him (and his constituents) what he was actually thinking. But he saves us the bother. He has his own number and he has told all. There is no confusion. He will read *Mein Kampf* and not make the mistake, for example, of trying our new armaments pamphlet.

The Black Legion investigation has now revealed that 64 members held responsible public offices: a State Representative, a liquor inspector, the manager of State Sales Tax, a prosecuting attorney, 8 deputy sheriffs, a city treasurer, 2 police chiefs, 3 detectives, 13 patrolmen and so on. Certain forces will, we predict, shroud and mothball the trial just as much as possible, but the airing it has received has resulted in the removal from public office of many of the offenders. So great is power of the opinions of the people, yes!

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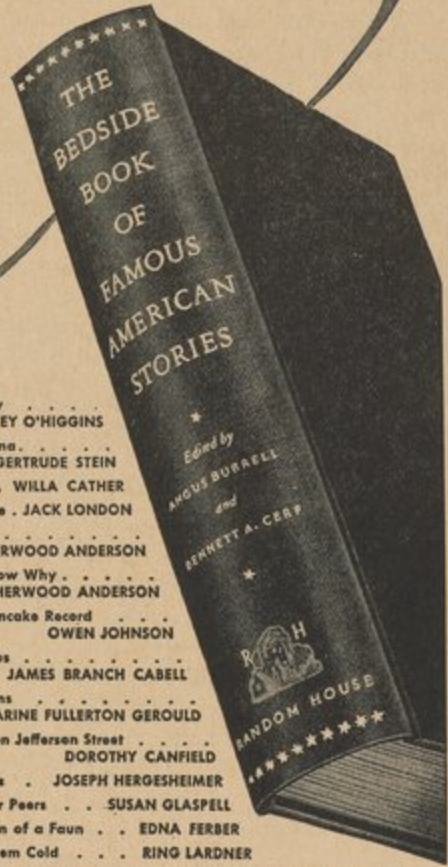
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