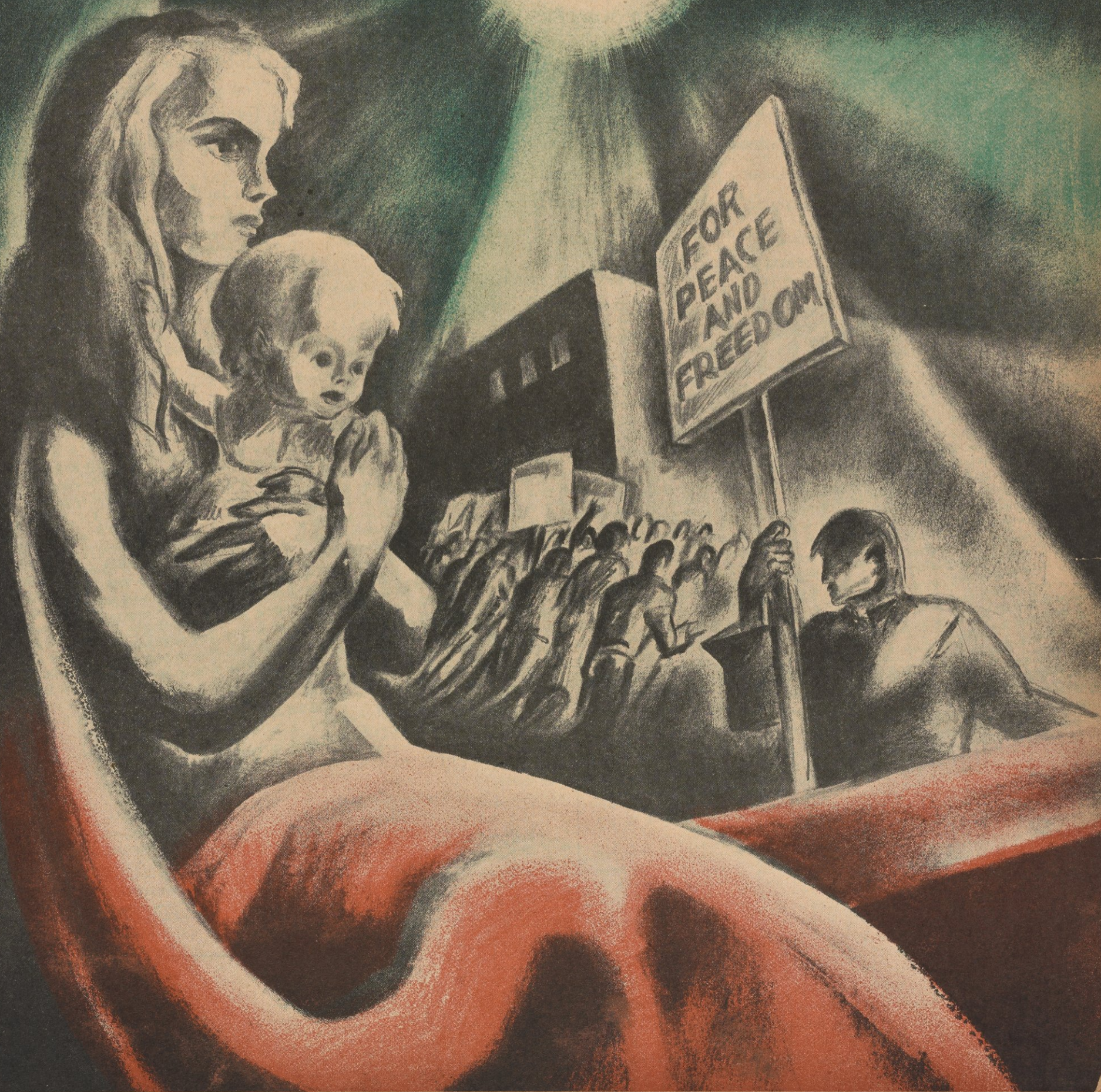


December
1936

The Fight

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

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With the Readers



MOODS are almost intangible things and very often "mysterious." Well, we have them today. And how! *But there is a difference.* This mood we understand only too well. And since the best way to get rid of a mood is to talk it out, here goes. We share everything with our readers, especially our troubles.

HERE we are sitting in an office at a typewriter, looking down on a beautiful, clean, lighted street where a constant stream of cars with white and red lights glide by endlessly, endlessly, and we are wondering all the time what is wrong with many of our friends. We have been talking and arguing with them ever since the election. No, not so much talking and arguing as listening in amazement.

NOVEMBER the third is past and Roosevelt has been elected. We agree on that. Reactionary forces have suffered a defeat. We agree on that. But what of it? *Fascism has been defeated, say our friends.* No, we can't agree on that.

OUR friends are happy because Mr. Hearst and the Liberty League and the du Ponts and Coughlin have received a setback. And so are we happy. The American people demonstrated their capacity to beat down the anti-democratic forces. Yes, a victory of a negative sort, although an important victory, a sort of a spring training game with the people batting home 46 states.

BUT hold on, we say. The war has just begun. We must remember that our economic set-up is of such nature that we know of no way out of the dark alley of Fascism until the people have opened the main highway.

WE admire the gullibility of our friends. They are so gentle. We admire, in a way, their skull machinery, too. How simple and happy they are. How often have they been "taken in!" How often have they been disillusioned! But up they come smiling . . . for another wallop on the bean.

SOME people call this the liberal mind. (It is intended as an insult.) We disagree. We have too many liberal friends and we like them. No, this is only further proof that we love to think everything is hunky-dory.

WE like to see people happy and we hate to spoil a swell party, but we could not resist asking: "Don't you think that Fascism and war can come under our present administration? Do you remember 1917 and Woodrow Wilson?"

WE, too, would like to think that a great victory has been achieved. We know of a valley where the snow is deep and where there is a house we would like to live in and do some work we have been planning to do for a long time. We like snow in December and we like that house and we like that work. But we are afraid, very much afraid that the Fascists and the war-mongers won't let us rest.

THE reactionaries were halted this last November by the will of the people. The will of the people can help shape the policies of the present administration. And only the organized will of the people and their strong arm can stop war and Fascism and give us peace and liberty. The fight has just begun!

FIGHT, December 1936



Pacific Coast waterfront strike reaches New York

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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; Education, Robert K. Speer; 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



GEORGE SELDES, recognized as a great journalist and distinguished foreign correspondent, is now up in a New England state putting finishing touches to a new book. Mr. Seldes is the author of *Sawdust Caesar, Iron, Blood and Profits, You Can't Print That, The Vatican: Yesterday-Today-Tomorrow*, etc. The article here is a tidbit from his forthcoming book which will probably be titled *Farewell To Freedom?*

ROSE M. STEIN, a resident of Pittsburgh and author of *M-Day*, the book which was a pain in the neck to our munitions makers and to the House of Morgan, writes here on Ernest Weir, the great steel magnate. We hope Mr. Weir enjoys reading this article. We know the steel workers will.

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF writes on Hitler and his Christmas gift to the world. Mr. Zacharoff has contributed to various newspapers and magazines here and abroad, including the *New York Times, Herald-Tribune, Baltimore Sun*, etc., etc.

REVEREND LUIS SARASOLA, Catholic historian and theologian, has written one of the outstanding books on the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Engaged in original and profound research work covering the 16th century, he is the typical product of a section of Spain, scholar, priest and believer in Democracy. His article here is part of a speech he delivered in Paris. He is now touring the U.S.A. on behalf of the Spanish Republic.

HARRY STERNBERG, the artist, has recently been through the steel centers with his pencil and brush.

ADRIANA SPADONI, popular novelist, has contributed to many publications and is the author of a number of novels, *Mrs. Phelps' Husband, Swing of the Pendulum, Noise of the World*, etc., etc. Her story here is from her forthcoming anti-Fascist novel, *Not All Rivers*, to be published by Doubleday, Doran.

CHARLES RECHT has traveled and seen and heard things recently in Japan and China. Mr. Recht, an attorney and writer, is the author of *Rue With a Difference, American Deportation and Exclusion Laws*, etc., etc. and contributor to *The Nation, New Republic, The Christian Science Monitor* and other publications.

HUGO GELLERT is our favorite artist for meeting deadlines. If you ever see him on Broadway with a mask and beard, be sure that he has spied an editor who is about to say, "Hey, Hugo, where is that drawing?"

DOROTHY McCONNELL has recently sailed for South America as the American League delegate to the People's Congress for Peace in Buenos Aires. She will also present, with two other people, the signatures to the Peoples' Mandate to the Pan-American conference in that city. Miss McConnell is the secretary of the Women's Section of the American League.

LYND WARD made the cover and we like that cover. Mr. Ward has contributed to many publications and is the author of a number of novels in woodcuts. Random House is about to publish his new book, titled *Song Without Words*.



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268 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

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This age old yuletide sentiment takes on a new significance this year, as a worried and anxious world, slithering helplessly into the holocaust of another world war, seeks frantically to avert catastrophe. Peace sentiment is stronger around Christmas than at any other time during the year; and this year it will be even stronger.

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The Press

*Do the public utilities control our press?
Vote this way, said 85 per cent of the American press.
And the overwhelming majority
of the American people voted the other way*

By George Seldes

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JAMES

HOW LARGE a proportion of the American press is the enemy of the American people? I cannot answer this question and I doubt if any investigation would give us statistical documentation. But I do know that a corrupt newspaper is an enemy of the people, and that the public utilities, which spent an average of \$25,000,000 a year in bribing newspapers, complained, with as much surprise as chagrin, that *only four-fifths* of the newspapers of the United States could be "reached" by them.

The purpose of the public utility campaign was to insure profits for the power, light and affiliated interests, to prevent public information on the benefits of cooperative or municipal ownership, to raise the red flag of bolshevism whenever a movement for government or cooperative ownership or reform laws or lower prices appeared, and in general, to trick, deceive, befuddle and pervert the public mind. The only way to do so effectively was through the newspaper press, although college professors were corrupted, public schools were filled with reactionary propaganda, magazines, books and pamphlets were issued, speakers were sent out, the radio was used, and "everything but skywriting" employed to prevent the people of the United States from stopping or lowering the profits of the robber barons and economic royalists.

This business is still going on. Although the \$25,000,000 a year fund is

not openly used to bribe and corrupt four-fifths of the American press, other means are employed. To some extent it is no longer necessary to bribe and corrupt, inasmuch as the owners of a large part of the press are already affiliated with the public utilities.

Humbert Wolfe's verses:

You cannot hope to bribe or twist,
Thank God! the British journalist
But, seeing what the man will do
Unbribed, there's no occasion to,—

apply fittingly to the American publisher—but not to our journalists, at least not to the majority.

Corrupting Forces Control Press

In fact, the best proof of my contention that the press is the enemy of the people is in the flesh and bones and minds of the journalists of our country who have organized a union and who have been driven by the inimical actions of the publishers into a program which is definitely Newspapermen versus Newspapers. Not only is a large portion of the American people opening its eyes to the fact that the press only pretends to serve its interests, but the entire body of writers, with the exception of the small group which from earliest history have been known as "prostitutes of the press," confirmed this fact by joining with the majority, the wage workers of the country, in the present social and economic warfare. The American Newspaper Guild is definitely a militant labor union.

My contention, in 380 pages, (*Freedom of the Press*), largely documentary evidence, that the corrupting forces—advertising, patent medicines, the public utilities, the oil and political interests combined, propagandists and big business in general—had gained control of the majority of American newspapers, was followed by some violent attacks in the official organs of the publishers, and considerable sneering on the part of certain newspaper book reviewers. But it also resulted in more than one hundred letters containing additional documents and facts from that many newspaper men. Three heads of Washington bureaus of great newspapers have sent me evidence of the suppression or corruption of news by the Associated Press, the Hearst service, and by newspapers in general, and scores of reporters brought metropolitan and provincial instances to my attention. Several of the letters were anonymous, the newspaper men stating frankly they could not risk their jobs by signing their names to a statement of corruption in their own offices.

Seven heads of schools of journalism have also written confirmations of the general thesis and specific facts, and Professor Lumley of Ohio State University has suggested that I publish an annual pamphlet or book supplementing the documentation on the corruption of the American press—adding an annual honor roll of honest newspapers—so that those interested may have an up-to-date guide to the character of our press. In this article, because of limitation of space, therefore, I will present only a fraction of the new material which confirms the fact that the majority of the newspapers of the United States by serving special interests, by suppressing news, by stressing false news, by fighting labor and protecting the industrial bourbons, and by

upholding Fascistic theories and Fascist practices are inimical to the rights and liberties of all of us.

The Herald Tribune and Strikes

Here is a comparatively important illustration. My previous contention that unseen ties were making powerful organs of public opinion mere agents of big business was illustrated by the publication of the will of the widow of Whitelaw Reid, owner of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which showed the assets of May 26th, 1934, included \$16,210,809 in securities, including public utilities, steel, Standard Oils, railroads, Mexican and Cuban bonds, etc. I then stated that "every move the American Government made toward intervention in Cuba or Mexico affected Whitelaw Reid's and Mrs. Reid's Mexican and Cuban investments. Every adverse policy of the public utility commissions or President Roosevelt is a blow to the utility portfolio of the Reid estate."

January 8th, 1935, a strike occurred at the National Biscuit Company. The bakers' union published a statement declaring the company "deliberately violated union agreements forcing a strike of 6,000 union employees in five cities. The National Biscuit Company locked out its 6,000 employees, . . . has refused to bargain collectively . . . has dropped the life insurance paid for ten years by its employees . . . has refused offers by city, state and federal agencies to call a joint conference . . . wants lower wages for its employees . . . seeks to dismiss aged and infirm . . . has scabs and gunmen delivering crackers. . . . The National Biscuit Company (Ogden Mills is a director) frustrates governmental agencies."

The news of this strike was almost completely suppressed in the five cities. The case for the strikers was never

published. A strike parade which covered twenty blocks was not even mentioned in eight New York dailies. Only when violence occurred did the story get into the press, and then in most instances labor was blamed. There was the episode of several overturned trucks. When the picture appeared in the columns of Hearst's *Daily Mirror*, of which Stanley Walker was then editor, the name of the National Biscuit Company was carefully omitted from the accompanying caption but, on the other hand, the workers were charged with vandalism.

The bakers' union and the liberal weeklies were of the opinion that the directorship of Ogden L. Mills in the National Biscuit Company and the directorship of his relative, Ogden Reid of the *Herald Tribune*, in the Mills Estate, Inc., was responsible for the oppressive silence of that newspaper. This was a supposition. But the following two facts are not suppositions: In the biannual statement of the *Herald Tribune* Mr. Mills is listed among the owners, and in the list of stock holdings of the Reid estate will be found:

54,250 shares National Biscuit Co.	
common	\$5,971,218
plus dividend	58,975

In other words, the owner of the *Herald Tribune* owns some \$6,000,000 worth of National Biscuit stock, making him one of the men most vitally affected by the strike. Naturally he serves his own interests by suppressing general news about it and headlining charges of violence. He does not serve the people, either the 6,000 on strike, or the millions who eat biscuits.

Harry Chandler's "High Ideals"

The leading anti-labor paper in America is the Los Angeles *Times*. In 1929 its gross receipts were more than \$29,000,000, the largest of any newspaper in the country. When Harry Chandler and his wife, Marian Otis-Chandler, inherited this property they announced that "in so far as human power and limitations will permit, the *Times* will be conducted in harmony with the indomitable spirit, high ideals and well-considered injunctions of its great architect and builder, Harrison Gray Otis."

The high ideals and injunctions were then quoted. Otis had announced the policy of the *Times* as follows:

"Scourge as with a whip of scorpions dishonesty, pretense, hypocrisy, scoundrelism, treason to Truth and the country and every form of evil that threatens with destruction the home, the community or the country, and at the same time encouraging every sound tendency and condition on high and right lines. . . . Fear God and do right."

Harry Chandler is the leading member of the strike-breaking unit of the American Publishers Association.

He is a leading red-baiter.

Naturally he is a reactionary.

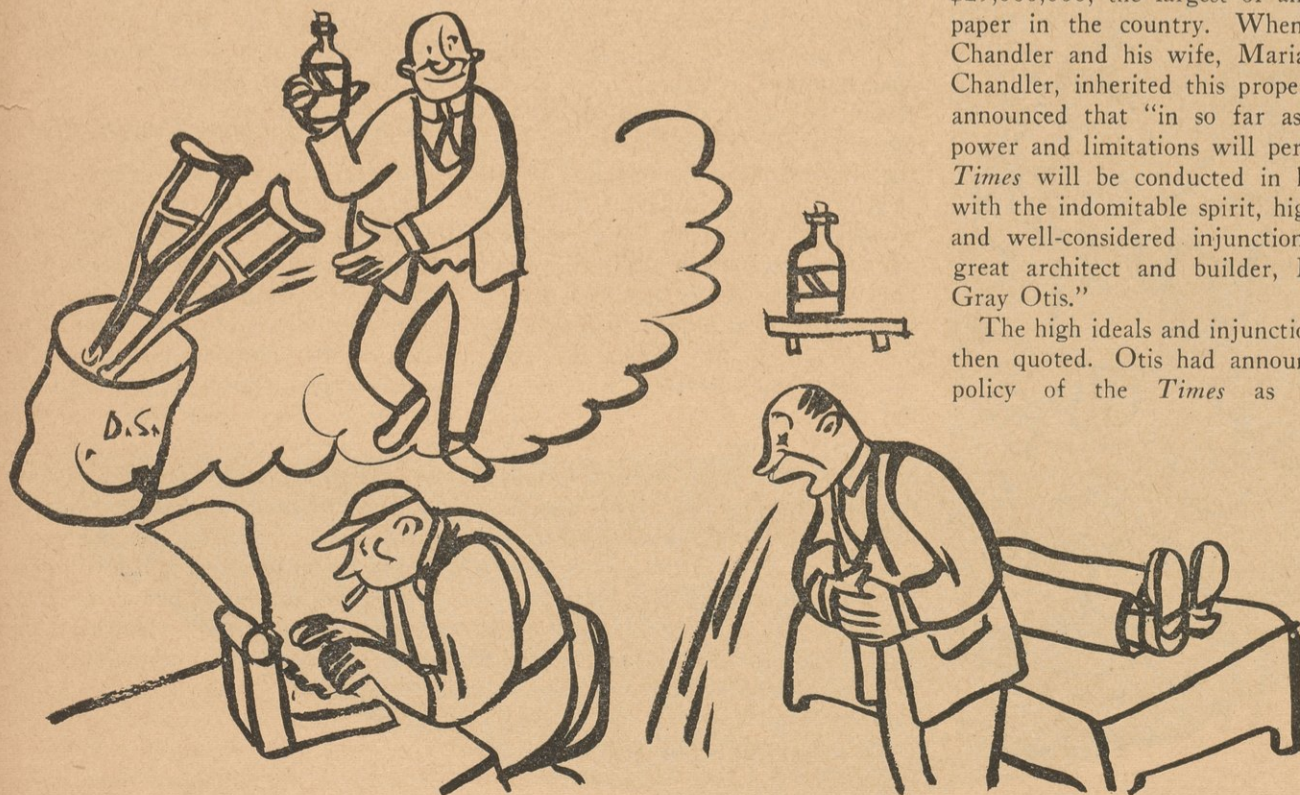
One of his policies is interference with Mexico. Ever since the dictator Diaz, who sold his country to foreign capital, was overthrown by the people of Mexico, there have been numerous interests in the United States favoring intervention, military control, even complete annexation of the southern republic. Order and Patriotism have usually been advanced by newspapers for such action. Of course anyone who is not an ignoramus could suspect, and all who investigated the situation knew, that the financial motivation for all the Mexican activities was then, as it is today, the protection of oil, silver, copper and other corporations, most of which obtained their holdings by crookedness and even by murder. (Copies of the documents of the case of the Huesteca Petroleum Company—one of the Doheny group—versus the vice-president of the Compañía Mexicana de Combustible, S. A., Mr. William H. Mealy, have been furnished me by Robert Hammond Murray, for many years New York *World* correspondent in Mexico City, and later chief witness in the Senate investigation of the forged documents published by the Hearst press. The oil documents consisting of sworn statements, evidence in lawsuits, and interpellations in the Mexican Congress, prove that American corporations hired gunmen to shoot the Mexican owners of oil-fields who refused to sell out, and on one occasion to poison an owner who had been shot but not killed. "Probably ninety per cent of the titles of the Huesteca company are usurpations," one of the documents declares.)

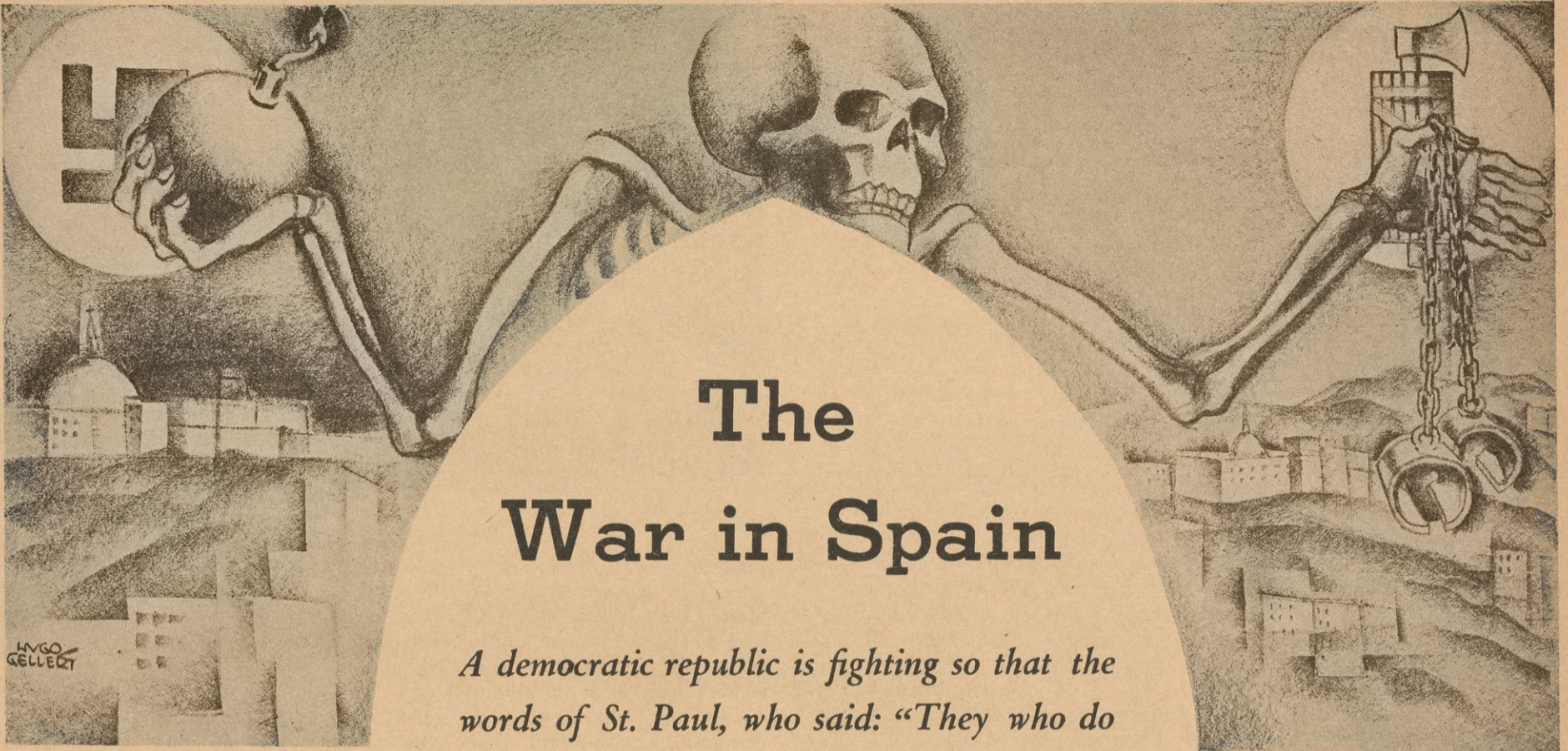
Newspaperman or Businessman?

In addition to interfering in the internal affairs of Mexico, Harry Chandler is the leading upholder of the rights of the landowners and packers of California, the chief enemy of the agricultural workers. All his activities are done in the name of honesty, integrity, the salvation of the home, the community, the country. He is for child labor as "the greatest training school for city-bred boys in existence."

Can there possibly be a financial reason for the views and activities of Harry Chandler and the Los Angeles *Times*? Can the motivation for invasion of Mexico, red-baiting, vigilante-fostering, anti-labor editorials, be

(Continued on page 24)





The War in Spain

A democratic republic is fighting so that the words of St. Paul, who said: "They who do not work shall not eat," may be fulfilled

By Rev. Father Luis Sarasola

ILLUSTRATED BY HUGO GELLERT

I WANT to make it clear that I do not belong to any political party. Neither my way of life, devoted as it is entirely to learning, nor the native elements of my character, permit me to yield my personal freedom to the demands of political factions. When in Spain, I was a Spaniard loving my country and deeply concerned about its problems and its needs. And now, separated from Spain by the terrible tragedy which is devastating it, I find my love for the country of my birth stronger than ever.

I feel myself able, therefore, to judge events in Spain with complete impartiality. For I am actuated by but one passion: for truth and for justice.

Because of my travels, and a thorough reading of the cosmopolitan press, I am aware that the Catholic world is following the civil war in Spain with great interest. And I want to point out that, contrary to certain representations, by no means all the Spanish Catholics are on the side of the rebels. Some of the most cultivated and eminent among them are condemning the civil war, and aligning themselves decisively with the legitimate government of the Republic. Furthermore, in certain important sections, such as Catalonia and the Basque country, the Catholics are fighting in the ranks of the People's Front. This is especially significant, in that the Catalans are said to be the most cultured Catholics in all Spain, and the people of the Basque country are among the most deeply religious, applying their Catholic beliefs to their daily existences. All of these people, defending the autonomy

of their region, see not the least incompatibility between their religious beliefs and the support of the democratic Republic against the rebels.

Reform in the Army

The rebels in Spain, who rather ambiguously call themselves Rightists, include many different classes and social groups. Chief among them, of course, are the militarists, who control and direct the rebellion. The leaders and officers of the Army, the Navy, and the Aviation Service, defaulting on their oath of allegiance, and lost to honor as officers, have taken arms against the democratic Republic, and against the parties put into power by the legislative elections in February of this year. Before the establishment of the Republic, the Spanish army was like a monstrous beast with many heads; it had an incredible number of leaders and officers. Most of them were of the privileged classes, and one dared not express the most dispassionate and judicial criticism of them, for fear of prison. These were the people who, in the last years of the monarchy, were responsible for much disastrous mismanagement. One might cite, as example, the extremely bad administration of Morocco, with its enormous cost to Spain in blood and wealth.

Azana, first War Minister of the Republic, set about the reformation of the army, to the great satisfaction of the whole country. But though he dismissed nearly 7,000 officers, they continued to receive their salaries. In spite of this, however, they resented the advent of the Republic, and the reforms which it instituted. The hostility of the majority of the army officers to the Republic, and all that it represented, has never been any secret in Spain. They were reluctant to lose their privileges and position as "great lords." And so they have taken arms against their own country; they have shown themselves inheritors of the famous *pronunciamientos* and of the militarist *Juntas*, names with shameful implications in this day of belief in the justice of constitutional government.

I don't know how much Catholicism there might be still alive in this military class. But the foreign Catholics are guilty of serious error if they believe them to be soldiers of a religious crusade. I know one thing: they have sinned against their duty as Christians and as patriots, in rising up against the legitimate powers of the nation, and in breaking their oath of honor and fidelity to the state. Can those be called Christians and Spaniards who have brought over to Spain the most bar-

barous tribes of Morocco, to plunder and rape and devastate the country?

Another group in the rebel ranks is the aristocracy of the great bourgeoisie and the great landowners. These, by reason of possessing nearly the entire country, have power over the most fertile parts of all Spain, with enormous farms and cattle lands. In Andalusia, in Estremadura, and a part of Castile, entire provinces are in the hands of a few families. I admit that in some cases such fortunes may have originated legitimately; but in many others, they can be traced to the caprice of a king, and to a somewhat hidden or even quite open robbery of communal possessions. There are many documents in the Spanish archives substantiating these tales of lawlessness and royal whim. The landed ownership of many of these families began when, during the reign of the monarchy, the perpetual holding of the great properties of the Church was nullified, and these vast estates could be bought for a pittance.

And another dark source of great private wealth in Spain is the labor and the tears and the sweat of innumerable unfortunate people.

We are guilty of no injustice when we declare that the effect of the great Spanish landowners has been disastrous in the extreme. We denounce the monarchy and the ruling classes of Spain as those who are entirely responsible for the lack of literacy, the misery and despair of the peasant masses who are the majority of the Spanish population. Before the Republic, the ruling classes were omnipotent and feudal. The poor peasant and

(Continued on page 29)

Weir's Alcazar

A feudal stronghold in America? Impossible, you say. Read this article on Weirton, West Virginia, the steel town, and its baron

By Rose M. Stein

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY STERNBERG

WEIRTON, West Virginia, is the nearest approach to a feudal stronghold to be found in modern times. The feudal lord is E. T. Weir, from whom the town derives its name, its livelihood, its essential services. In return, 13,000 employees work in his steel mills, grinding out profits even in depression years. The entire population, including mill employees, tradesmen, the few professionals, their respective families, all those who call Weirton home, obey Weir's policies, accept orders from his police, tolerate his spies, kowtow to his bank, and up to three years ago unanimously exercised their sovereign right to the ballot by voting in exact accordance with the master's wishes. Mr. Weir does not deny the totalitarian nature of his authority. What he does deny is the privilege of anyone to question such authority. He stoutly denies that there is anything unethical or anti-social in his policies. Does not the plant belong to him and his associates? And do not owners have the exclusive and absolute right to prescribe conditions under which their employees should work? Is he not society's benefactor as long as he is able and willing to assume business risks and keep a large number of people employed? What would these people do if it were not for him? Would they not be forced to go on relief or starve?

Weir, the Self-Made Man

Mr. Weir is a self-made man and re-sents being called an economic royalist. Royalty, he says, implies inherited special privilege, and anyone who, like Mr. Weir, started to work at the tender age of 15, at \$3 a week, cannot be accused of having enjoyed such an advantage. His achievement, he emphasizes, is due entirely to his own efforts and to opportunities inherent in the American system. Let others try as hard, and they, too, will succeed. It is Mr. Weir's firm belief that opportunities such as he had have been by no means exhausted, that, on the contrary, they are more plentiful today than in 1890 when he embarked upon his career. It is hard to doubt the sincerity of his belief or to challenge

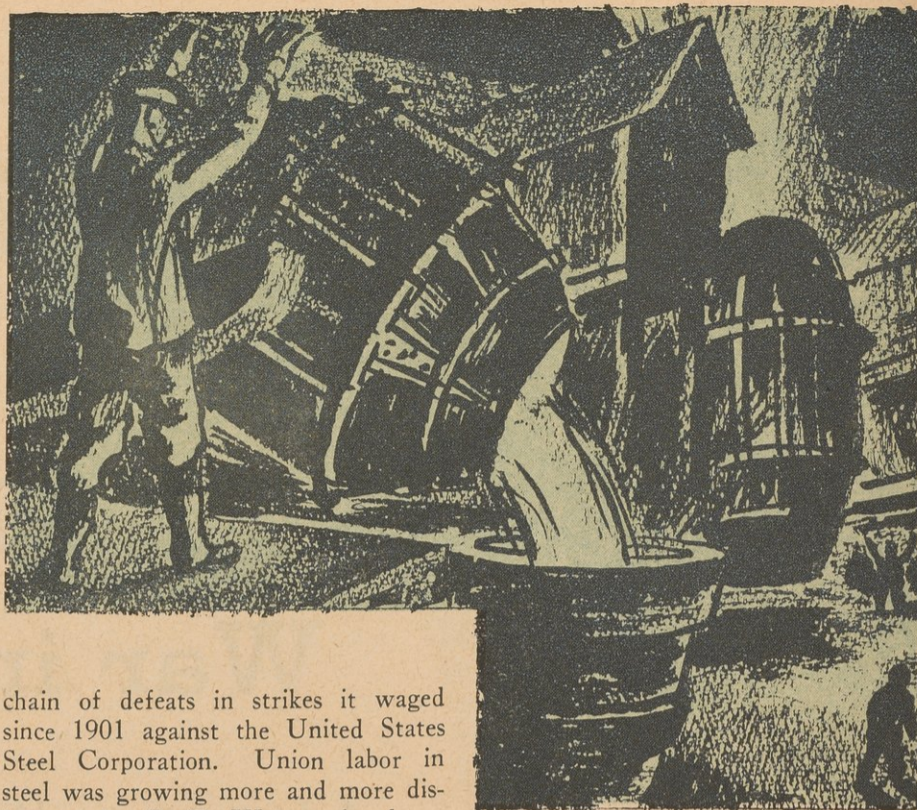
the validity of his claim. Certainly there must be some \$3 a week jobs left for the ambitious youths who start out, in this year of our Lord 1936, to make their mark. Beyond that point, Mr. Weir would no doubt insist, it must take a special kind of genius to move forward as he did.

E. T. Weir's career embodies all the classic elements of a success story. From office boy he rose to be the head and virtual dictator of the \$175,000,000 National Steel Corporation of which Weirton Steel, world's second largest tin plate producer, is a subsidiary. In addition, he is not only director of several affiliated steel and coal concerns, banks and insurance companies, but he now has the time and means to devote himself to spiritual and cultural pursuits. He is trustee of his church and of the University of Pittsburgh. He is especially proud of his active association with the Falk Foundation, which derives most of its funds from National Steel, and which helped to finance the recent Brookings Institution studies on America's capacity to produce and to consume. Now Mr. Weir knows on good authority how much more his mill employees could consume if he paid them sufficient wages to satisfy their normal wants and needs.

In 1905 Mr. Weir, then aged 30, became part owner of a small steel plant in Clarksburg, West Virginia. In a recent article in *Fortune*, he tells of the many hardships he encountered in the face of competition from well organized low-cost producers, and of the difficulties he had in finding enough money to keep the project going on a cash basis until he was able to establish the necessary credit. Despite these obstacles, however, the mills showed enough actual and potential profit to justify the building, within a few years, of additional mills entailing an investment of \$200,000.

Weir's Non-Union Town

Construction on the Weirton plant, consisting now of eight mills, began in 1910. The year before, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers suffered another of a



chain of defeats in strikes it waged since 1901 against the United States Steel Corporation. Union labor in steel was growing more and more disheartened. E. T. Weir took advantage of this spirit of defeatism and disaffection in union ranks and recruited a hand-picked labor crew committed to having nothing to do with unionism. Some of the present company union representatives are men who were defeated and blacklisted in the 1909 strike and still hold it against the Amalgamated.

The Weirton plant is located 35 miles west of Pittsburgh. Those who accepted employment in it had to move away from the old steel center and build a new community where, up to that time, there had been only farm land. Before long the two sloping hills, since turned grassless, which enclose a narrow valley on the edge of the Ohio River, were dotted with colorless frame shacks where steel workers settled to live and to propagate, and from which they looked down directly upon the mill property and inhaled its heavy gray smoke. Only steel workers, and a few tradesmen who supplied their needs, settled in Weirton then. Only steel workers and a few tradesmen live in Weirton now. There is no reason why anyone else should ever want to live in Weirton.

It is a company town of approximately 27,000 souls, the largest unincorporated town in the country. The Weirton Steel Company operates plants which supply the inhabitants with water and electricity at meter rates. It also furnishes to the community, "without charge," water and electricity for municipal purposes, as well as fire protection, playgrounds, garbage disposal, and emergency hospital facilities. The company boasts of this generosity. "What would the community do if the company did not supply these services?" ask company spokesmen. "We would then organize a civilized community," answer some of the workers and a few of the

business people, behind closed doors. They would not dare say it in the open. It takes very simple arithmetic to prove that they tell the truth. If the company permitted the town to incorporate, and if the incorporated community would then levy upon the company the usual municipal tax, based upon a fair valuation of its property, the various services, and much more besides, would then belong to the citizens, and would not be threatened with curtailment at the company's whim or discretion. But Weir and his henchmen have adamantly opposed the incorporation of Weirton. Every time such a bill is introduced into the West Virginia legislature, company lobbyists fight it tooth and nail. A mill employee who ran for the legislature, on a platform providing for Weirton's incorporation, was promptly dismissed from his job. The company prefers to be the town's benefactor and, incidentally, not only save taxes but maintain a complete stranglehold upon the community's very life.

Weir, the Chiseler

Up to 1933 there had been no union organization in Weirton. Workers within the community, even when they finally got over their rancor and prejudice against unions, were so keenly aware of the company's anti-union attitude, and of their own dependence upon the company, that they dared not even mention the subject. Whenever outside organizers dared to venture into Weir's stronghold, they were turned back with dispatch and with firm warning. Everybody in Weirton knows everybody else, and outsiders are promptly spotted. The company has its private police and its spies. It has, besides, informers in the grocer, the barber, the shoemaker, men and women who, more out of habitual sub-



servience than maliciousness, notify the main office if an unfamiliar face is seen in the community. In this manner Weirton was shielded from trade union influence for more than two decades. During the 1919 steel strike the Weirton plant was the only one which operated straight through and in full force.

During the depression, Weirton mills operated at a consistently higher rate than the average for the entire steel industry. This was made possible by underbidding, which earned Mr. Weir the reputation of champion chiseler among steel producers. Underbidding, in turn, was made possible by repeated wage cuts and special deductions. The Weirton mills earned money all through the depression. At one time, the company contended that it could keep the mills in operation only on condition that employees agree to pay storage charges on products which could not be promptly disposed of. There was no actual storage to pay, but such deductions enabled Weir to bid below his competitors. Another time, employees were made to pay transportation charges on an order allegedly requiring long distance delivery. Rather than go without work altogether, employees agreed without protest to one deduction after another. But bitterness and resentment were accumulating, and were bound to find expression at the first opportune moment. That moment came with the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act in June 1933.

This law was the signal for labor to organize without employer interference, and Weirton Steel employees were among the first to respond. The drive was spontaneous, and, for Weirton, phenomenal. By September 1933, almost 9,000 of Weir's employees had signed union cards, and on Labor Day

of that year more than 10,000 persons paraded through the town with bands and banners, and gathered at an outdoor meeting addressed by trade union leaders. The enthusiasm, hopefulness and solidarity of this community, theretofore thought to be inhabited by slaves, was amazing. Weirton had been liberated. As one worker put it, "Weirton became part of the United States." The union meant at that time much more than a mere agency for collective bargaining, or for getting better wages and better working conditions. It meant freedom and power of a kind the workers never felt before.

Weir Caught Napping

Three weeks later a strike occurred. No one quite knew why or how it happened. It was not a deliberate move, and no adequate preparation had been made for it. The immediate controversy was occasioned by a dispute over Sunday night work in one department involving no more than 400 men. It might have been adjusted had not the very air been charged with revolt. For the first time in almost a quarter of a century, Weirton workers were conscious of a sense of power and they wanted to get the actual feel of it, to find out whether it was real and not a mere dream. Within three days the whole plant was shut down. E. T. Weir himself had to get permission from the union before he could pass through the picket line and enter the plant. It was a blow to his dictatorial pride which he could never forgive or forget.

He had been caught unawares. The whole steel industry had been caught unawares, and was not only shocked but was ready to come to Weir's aid, despite the resentment against him because of his chiseling record. Here was an extraordinary demonstration of



union strength in the most guarded section of the traditionally non-union industry, all the more extraordinary because it sprang up so quickly. No one expected that this town of barbed wire fences, spies, and company domination, extending from garbage can to hospital, could come to life so suddenly. To this day Weirton workers speak of the 1933 strike with a sigh of regret for past glory. Ah, those were the days!

Weir Awakes, and how!

Had an impartial election been held then, there is every reason to believe that at least 90 per cent of Weir's employees would have voted for the Amalgamated Association to represent them in collective bargaining. The company was genuinely frightened. It recognized as imperative the need to call off the strike. Only then could the Weir forces of reaction and suppression be unleashed and put to work. Unfortunately, the Roosevelt Administration, which Mr. Weir has been denouncing as radical and communistic, sided with the company, although obviously for different reasons. It was the Government's uniform policy to send strikers back to work so as

to avoid interference with recovery from the depression. Coincidentally, this policy played right into Weir's hands. He promptly responded to the Labor Board's invitation to come to Washington, and was in full accord with the Board's request that the strikers return to work. Beyond that he made no promises and no concessions. His main objective attained through the good offices of the National Labor Board, he thereafter proceeded flagrantly to defy every order of the Board or any other governmental agency. His every move was aimed as a direct blow to unionism, and the blows never ceased until not even ten members remained to maintain a lodge or a union charter. The farcical election of employee representatives, which in an effort to roll up a substantial vote utilized methods of which Adolf Hitler himself would be proud, the drawn-out battle in the courts, the countless discriminations against union men, and the dismissal of those whose will could not be broken, all these played their part in breaking the miraculous spirit which rose to the surface in 1933. Within his own domain Weir had killed the Recovery Act long before the Supreme Court pronounced it dead.

Weir's Company Union

All was quiet on the Weirton front until the summer of 1936. It was a quiet, not of peace but of a blow which stuns to insensibility. The company was confident it had nothing to fear, and so it sent the hill-billies hired during the labor disturbance back where they came from and took back with but few exceptions former employees. Sins were forgiven and forgotten in the interest of improved production. Then just as unionism seemed dead in Weirton, John L. Lewis began his drive to organize steel. This time Mr. Weir was not to be caught napping. As soon as the Steel Workers Organizing Committee swung into action, and before an organizer was sent into the Weirton district, the company organized The Employees' Security League, a kind of yellow-dog contract device. Every employee was called into the office individually and asked to sign a pledge to support the company union and to stay away from the Lewis forces. A few brave souls hesitated about signing, but when they were told in all candor that it would mean their jobs, they signed, most of them with tongue in cheek. The company then gave wide publicity to a statement that almost 100 per cent of its employees voted against joining the Amalgamated.

Then followed the dismissal of several strategic persons. Among the first to feel the axe was Kenneth Koch. "Kenney," as he is generally called, is young, energetic, intelligent, and extremely well liked. He was active

(Continued on page 25)



The century old German translation of Shakespeare gets the axe

Nazified Culture

The Bard of Avon on the grill . . . New arithmetic problems for children . . . A new type of lawyers' congress . . . "Mein Kampf" and what has happened to the book reading public in Germany

By Lucien Zacharoff

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL T. LIMBACH

SURPRISES to which the Nazi press treats its readers throughout the year usually reach their apogee with the New Year's editions. Precisely what it will be when the rapidly approaching 1937 arrives is utterly impossible to foretell. That it will be startling to the *n*th degree may be definitely assumed on the basis of high-powered shocks recorded on the eve of 1936, when the central organ of German Fascism, *Voelkischer Beobachter*, edited by Alfred Rosenberg, announced:

"We regard Shakespeare with his Nordic delineation of the world as a German classic."

The minor obstacle—to wit, that the German classic wrote in English—did

not deter the Nazi journalists trained to think along annexationist lines.

Such a drastic step was not a product of sheer fancy, however; it was dictated by desperate necessity. It so happens that before adopting for literature's purposes the theory of "the sudden blow" (the pet strategic concept of the Reichswehr General Staff), the *Beobachter* had been waging a whirlwind campaign against the works of Heinrich Heine. Its editorial sages must have been meditating on how to fill the substantial gap created in German literature by Heine's expulsion. The literary lights of the National Socialist movement were obscure and unrecognized in Germany itself. The solution was grandiose in its simplicity. No

contemporary poet in their own country could fill the shoes of the banished titan, and the Nazis fulfilled their historic mission of seizing from another country.

Another item of Nazi Shakespeareana. There used to thrive in Germany an able translation of the Bard of Avon, made by Schlegel. For a century the translation had filled the most exacting demands. But now it turns out that said Schlegel was an exceedingly unreliable creature—liberal, cosmopolitan, friendly with and perhaps even related to the Jews. In brief, he now stands revealed for what he is worth, and that certainly is not up to the lofty level of pure Aryan readers.

The long-awaited Aryan translation

by one Herr Rote is now ready. Herr Rote's National Socialist virtues are still to be ascertained by us, but it is reasonably certain that he is either on very intimate terms with the Storm Troops or is himself a member of the Motorized Corps. At least that—for was he not singled out for the honor of rendering into German the newly-annexed Shakespeare?

Gasps of horror still resound from the readers who recently sampled the Rote rendition of the German Shakespeare. The concoction is duller than a column of local news in the *Angriff*.

Aware of the mocking attitude of Shakespearean scholars abroad, the Nazi *kulturtragers* are facing a dilemma: To renounce the ugly and muti-

lated "translation" or to sally forth manfully to the defense of the honor of the German nation and continue to extol Rote the dauber.

The question is still to be settled at this writing, but your correspondent unequivocally lays heavy odds on the Aryan Shakespeare.

Fascist Arithmetic Problems

In the post-Weimar arithmetic textbooks for the German schools two of the sections are titled respectively, "The Defended and Armed Nation" and "The Jewish Peril." Among the problems:

Incendiary bombs sometimes weigh as little as 1½ pounds. How many such bombs can be transported by a bombing plane? How many bombs will go off, if we assume that 70% will not go off?

A squadron of 46 bombers is carrying 500 bombs. Each bomb weighs 1,500 grams. Compute the total weight of the bombs. How many fires will be started if only ⅓ of the bombs hit the mark, and of those only 20% set fire?

Bombers are capable of covering 280 kilometers per hour. On night flights they cover 240 kilometers per hour. Compute the flying time Breslau-Prague, Munich-Strasbourg, Cologne-Metz.

Thus, the pupils grasp not only the efficacy of aerial warfare but are instructed in the exact direction. We only need recall that Prague is the capital of Czechoslovakia, Strasbourg of Alsace and Metz of Lorraine.

Among the gems of anti-Semitic scholarship offered to the youth is the following:

During the last census, only inhabitants of Judaic religion were registered as Jews. Besides these undoubted Jews, there are 300,000 of impure and 750,-

000 of mixed blood. The number of pure-blooded Jews in 1933 was 500,000. There is 66,200,000 population in Germany. How many non-Aryans are there for each 1,000 population?

In the section devoted to the solution of the Jewish question, alongside the purely mathematical posers are to be encountered studies in equally pure logic. For instance:

In 1925 there lived in Berlin 173,000 pure-blooded Jews. Toward 1933 their number diminished to 160,000. By 1935 some 20,000 new Jews had crept into Berlin, largely from other German cities, of course. The Jew feels himself especially at home in the big capital. Why?

Fanfare and drum beats filled the Leipzig railroad station as the Storm Troop band greeted the arriving delegates to the congress of Fascist lawyers. Groups of welcoming Storm Troopers were on hand. Prudently they remained behind a special barrier, economizing on the platform admission tickets.

Banners and other decorations bedecked Leipzig. It had lost its customary appearance and resembled an army field camp. Special autos were darting through the city, marked with legends like "Press Staff" or "Admit Everywhere." In the vehicles rode the convening jurists in the SS or Storm Troop uniforms.

Preservers of Justice

Saloons and hotels displayed signs certifying that therein were housed delegations from Berlin, Silesia, Saar, Danzig, etc. In front of the Kaiserhof Hotel a detachment of SS guards in full military regalia were protecting the "foreign guests." The latter consisted of a few Japanese, two or three foreign barristers, but mostly members of various German diplomatic missions abroad who had been sent as official delegates.

In front of the city hall, the SS were undergoing elaborate drills in preparation for the mayor's reception to the delegates. Through the city roamed groups of Storm Troopers with badges attesting their affiliation to the Preservers of Justice.

One visiting foreign correspondent relates: "The first evening we were in Leipzig we heard the stamp of marching young men in a somewhat unusual uniform and boots with miniature horseshoes that resounded loudly through old Leipzig's narrow side streets. We have not seen such uniforms anywhere else in Germany. Who were these young people the like of whom was never before seen in Leipzig? They turned out to be the living exponents of the latest achievement on the juridical front of the Third Reich. Preparing the cadres of new judges, prosecutors and masters of the jailing art, German Fascists think that the important thing is not the legal erudition of students from various insti-

tutions of learning but their 'physical qualities and characters.' For this purpose there had been created near Leipzig a camp for the students of jurisprudence. Every two months a new group of 700 law seniors enters the camp for a course in military training."

Soldiers of Law

The overawed correspondent goes on to describe the daily routine of the camp. At 6:20 A.M., the companies—the camp is divided into four companies—arise to engage in "sports" exercises which include goosestep marching, running in formation, sharpshooting, the throwing of grenades and other disciplines essential to a future German lawyer. After the morning coffee, the "soldiers of law" go to the shooting range. Before and after dinner they hear lectures and reports on the racial theory, after which they indulge in additional military drills. From 4:30 to 5:15 P.M., they struggle with political ABC's consisting of such crystal-clear theoretical sciences as the Nuremberg Anti-Jewish Laws or History of Judaic Religion.

After the future Nazi judges finally grasp just why Jews in Germany are not allowed to hire female domestic servants under 35 years of age, they wash the floors, do general housecleaning and induce sleep by choral singing of Fascist tunes. This rounds out the "character" formation of jurists to be.

These 700, in companies headed by commanders, were dispatched to Leipzig to serve as the principal decoration of the congress. To say that they adorned the sessions would hardly describe it, for there were hardly any sessions, the servitors of Fascist Nemesis spending most of their time in interminable parades, demonstrations, torch processions and the like.

Another favored pastime was the so-called Comrades' Evenings, at which the lawyer delegates from various provinces drank beer together in Leipzig saloons, to promote mutual understanding and esteem among the Preservers of Justice from different parts of Germany.

The congress lasted three days. The so-called theoretical reports were scintillating enough to merit a separate article. The reports, however, were not the keynote of the assemblage. On the eve of the congress, the *Berliner Tageblatt* had promised in an editorial that the black- and brown-shirted participants' minds would not be unduly burdened by "learned dissertations" and by "all kinds of world outlooks, principles and points of view," as used to happen at juridical conclaves in pre-Nazi Germany.

There was one promise that the National Socialists kept.

The decline in the German book business has been nothing short of catastrophic. Extraordinary conditions call for extraordinary measures by

National Socialist authorities to "stimulate" domestic consumption of literature. All schools, army units and Fascist organizations, all government employees are simply ordered to acquire Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. *Mein Kampf* is a certificate of political reliability.

As for sales of fiction, the Nazi book concerns resort to the most ingenious tricks of the trade to force the reader to buy and swallow the most imbecilic concoctions of the Fascist Josts and Everses.

A forward young man enters the office of a Berlin physician D. He introduces himself as an agent for a most important Fascist publishing firm, takes out a catalogue and plunges into action: "Be kind enough to check off whichever of these books you need."

"But I don't need these books," the doctor protests.

"You don't need them? And we thought you were a real German. . . . Excuse me. . . ."

Demonstratively the aggressive young salesman replaces the catalogue in his brief case and hastens toward the exit.

Upset by the psychological attack, the doctor runs after the agent.

"Pardon me, I have changed my mind. Some of these books are absolutely indispensable to me!"

Such methods of spreading culture notwithstanding, book circulations in the Third Reich are steadily contracting. Abroad, the buying of German books had virtually ceased. The best German authors are in exile. Scandinavia, England, United States buy far more willingly the works of Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger and other émigré writers than the novels of ignoramus transformed into geniuses by Goebbels' decrees.

(Continued on page 30)



The Old Peddler

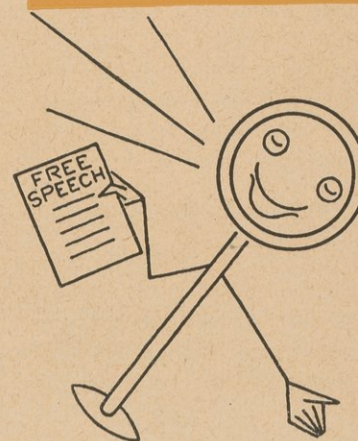


Keeping the home fires burning



Radio

The networks give the press a run for its money . . . Television again . . . Chewing gum king



Scheel

THE POWER of the Press will play second fiddle to the Power of the Radio hereafter as the result of the re-election of President Roosevelt. Even four years ago, a candidate opposed by the great majority of this country's newspapers undoubtedly would have been defeated. Just that condition prevailed during this campaign, however, and look at the results.

This does not mean that his radio talks were entirely responsible for Roosevelt's re-election. The average American's fear of war and Fascism, Democratic support of a comparatively liberal policy, labor's almost unanimous backing of the President and the very viciousness of the attack by the Hearst press and the once-respectable newspapers had much to do with the final result. Yet, without the radio, the Chief Executive would have been hamstrung in his attempt to carry a message to the people.

The absolutely impartial stand of the big networks also put the press to shame. Despite the fact that the greatest possible pressure was brought to bear upon them by both sides, neither NBC, CBS nor Mutual deviated from their policy of giving all parties an even break. It was good business tactics and, moreover, won them hosts of friends.

Hill Blackett, big shot advertising and publicity man who steered Landon's radio campaign, must bear chief responsibility for the Republican debacle. Instead of being content to pit the press against the radio in a clean-cut battle for power, he pushed his stuttering candidate before the microphones to compete with Roosevelt on the latter's own ground.

If, as the *New Republic* pointed out, Blackett and his high-pressure crew had dramatized the differences between the characters of Landon and Roosevelt instead of advertising them, the Kansas governor might have had a fighting chance. If a "Silent Alf" had been kept hard at work before his desk in the capitol of drought-ravaged Kansas while Roosevelt used the radio at will, the average American would have been



intrigued and perhaps converted. But when Landon was compelled to take part in a long series of Amateur Night performances, he inevitably was made a laughing-stock by the professional from Hyde Park.

Even the Democrats failed to take full advantage of the radio, however. Programs were scheduled at the last moment, speakers and their topics seldom were announced in time for listing by the papers. The result was that many broadcasts were tuned in only by accident. Luckily, the Republicans operated their publicity offices in Chicago where they were even more out of touch with radio and press headquarters.

On the other hand, the Communists, making their first campaign on the air, did a remarkably good job. The party scheduled its speakers far in advance so newspapers could not fail to list them. Earl Browder's fight for free speech on the air put him repeatedly on the front pages of a hostile press (and incidentally caused the National Civic Federation to ask the Federal Communications Commission to revoke NBC's broadcasting license).

The probable result of the Democratic landslide will be that the radio people will, in the future, take a much more belligerent stand in their continual struggle with the press. The time has passed when the broadcasters can be bulldozed and frightened by papers which threaten not to list their programs. Hearst tried that this summer, by the way, and had to surrender to the demands of listeners. Several years ago, newspapers forced the broadcasters to curtail their news programs. It will be interesting to see what happens the next time this question comes up.

Television

NOW that the elections are over, big things are brewing in the

radio field. Television, super-power stations, a second Columbia network and a vast increase in the number of transmitters throughout the country are to be expected.

Television undoubtedly is being held up by the big industrialists who control both the radio and the movies, for fear that its introduction might ruin their theatre holdings. Repeated semi-secret tests of newly-developed apparatus indicate that television stations can broadcast perfect images within a territory bounded by the horizon, and that such programs could be relayed throughout the country by means of coaxial cables, the first of which is now being laid from New York to Philadelphia. Receiving sets at a cost within the reach of all could be put on the market within a few months.

As for super-power, the big networks also are fighting this because they fear that independent stations might blanket the country if given 500 kilowatts, just as WLW at Cincinnati does the Middle West today. The result is that the Federal Communications Commission has postponed consideration of power increases until next year. This despite the fact that Arthur Van Dyck, RCA engineer, said at a recent FCC hearing in Washington that stations using 5,000 kilowatts, and capable of being heard all over the world without network hook-ups, were on the way.

On the other hand, FCC is granting licenses to a horde of new stations so that it is possible that 700 transmitters may be operating in the United States by the first of the year. And Columbia is busy obtaining affiliates all over the country and increasing its staff as if it were on the verge of emulating NBC and forming two chains.

Question: Can the FCC guarantee that the hundreds of new programs which will result from these policies

will provide worth-while entertainment and instruction?

The National Committee on Education by Radio doesn't think so. It is demanding that the government force American stations to turn over a much larger percentage of broadcasting facilities to non-profit groups. The N.C.E.R. contends that in granting new licenses by the hundred the Commission as well as the industry has made little or no provision for cultural and educational programs.

And according to the Crossley Report, the most accurate survey of its kind in the field, the ten most successful programs are Major Bowes, *Good Will Court*, Eddie Cantor, *Lux Theatre*, Rudy Vallee-Fleischmann, *Kraft Music Hall*, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, *Hollywood Hotel* and Fred Allen. The Ford Sunday Night Symphonic program ranks twentieth. No wonder the N.C.E.R. is discouraged and annoyed.

Air Notes

COLUMBIA now is demanding that its announcers pay the network 20 per cent of any commissions they may make outside of office hours. Although an announcer agrees to pay this sum for a period of three years, the company reserves its right to discharge him on two weeks notice.

Wrigley, the chewing gum king, stopped sponsoring the *March of Time* because he didn't like the way the program dramatized the lettuce-pickers' strike in Salinas, Cal. *March of Time* showed that the strike was entirely justified and disclosed the terror unleashed against the starving workers.

Hearst continues to annoy listeners in as usual. WINS, his New York outlet, has just started a series of red-baiting programs. WISN, Milwaukee, has been rebuked by the FCC for failure to keep its equipment in good shape. The station asked for more power because its advertisers were cancelling their contracts. The Commission replied that the station's antenna was obsolete and of inadequate size.

—GEORGE SCOTT



Spain: "Land of Democracy, hear our cry!"

By William Westley

NEARLY a year ago, Franklin D. Roosevelt first suggested that an Inter-American Peace Conference be held sometime soon in South America. At first the date was set for September, then moved forward to November, now it will be held in December at Buenos Aires, Argentina. The Conference was a direct outgrowth of the Good Neighbor policy of the Roosevelt régime and, surprisingly enough, in view of the cynicism with which most of Latin America looks upon proposals coming from the United States, the suggestion was welcomed.

Although many rumors were started about the proposals which were to be made by the United States, none of them seemed to be founded on fact. The published agenda is a vague and general suggestion for discussion. There is no place assigned to the Monroe Doctrine, a burning issue in some parts of Latin America, there will be no proposals for the forming of an American League of Nations, and, at the present writing, no new peace treaties apparently are to be brought forward. Instead, according to the agenda, there will be an attempt to strengthen the existing peace pacts, Secretary Hull will present his trade policy, and the State Department will submit some sort of neutrality plans which it will not disclose before the time of the opening of the Conference.

Treaties Among the Americas

In spite of Roosevelt's huge armament program, the Latin American governments seem to believe Roosevelt is absolutely sincere, at present, in his desire for peace. His removal of Marine rule in the Central Americas and in the Islands have helped him. His policy of non-intervention is taken at face value, and the fact that United States business men look on his policies with resentment and sometimes with open antagonism has made the Latin American feel even warmer toward him. But in all the articles in magazines and newspapers Hull's policy on the reciprocal trade treaties, as a means toward peace, have been thought of as the core of the Conference. And it is the adoption or rejection of this policy by the Latin American States which will decide how far the Roosevelt-Hull international policy can be carried.

There have been many peace pacts between the Americas. Four have been signed since 1923—the most famous ones being the Gondra Treaty and the Saavedras Lamas Treaty. They have not been very effective. For one thing, no treaty has been ratified by all of the Latin American States. For another, those who have ratified the treaties, and who have had the necessary strength to get away with it, have made reservations to the agreements which almost cancel out their effectiveness. In those cases where courts of adjudication were

Pan-America

How can we preserve peace in the two Americas? The governments and the people are meeting in two conferences to discuss ways and means

By Dorothy McConnell

to be appointed, many States did not even bother to name representatives. Some gains have been made, though, I believe, at the time I write, Peru and Ecuador are sitting in Washington with non-partisan referees from the United States to settle boundary disputes. But the treaties and agreements have not been strong enough to put a brake on the serious conflicts which have arisen during the past few years, such as the conflict in the Gran Chaco between Bolivia and Paraguay.

Trade and Peace

The strength of the United States and the economic advantage the United States has over Latin America tend, of course, to make peace treaties between the Americas one-sided. Moreover, the growing nationalistic feeling in Latin America prepares the way for all sorts of regional reservations to enter into any sort of treaty and clog it up. The smaller nation has always had to "take it" in the past. In Latin America, where even the more powerful nations are subject to foreign imperialism, the smaller nation has rough going to get any show at all.

As the Conference comes closer, you hear more voices raised for the equal nation clause in peace treaties and in trade treaties. Surely, it would seem only logical that all nations entering an agreement, whether for peace or for trade, should be on the same footing and receive the same treatment. It has been difficult, however, to put it into practice because of the existing economic and national differences between the Latin American States. It may be that instead of working toward a single treaty which would include all States, that it will be advisable to form pacts of mutual aid, regional treaties of all sorts and promote some form of limitation of armaments which would serve to slow up, at least, the forces in conflict. It may be that the neutrality proposals, which are being guarded so carefully by the State Department, will help in this case.

In any internal conflict in Latin America the peace of the Americas has been seriously threatened by the presence of the foreign business man. He

takes a practical interest in politics and will tell you with complete frankness that he will back to the limit the government which will give him the best break on raw materials or which will open new markets for him. The opportunism of Big Business is not hidden away in Latin American countries and is recognized by the business men and the Latin Americans. Foreign interests, such as Germany and Great Britain, have their business men in Latin America playing exactly the same game as those from the United States. But, no matter how difficult it may be, methods will have to be found and carefully followed if there is to be any success in doing away with conflict.

And now we come to the consideration of the Hull trade policy. Hull believes in working toward equal trade treaties. The smaller nations in Latin America demand some arrangement whereby all Latin American States will be dealt with on the same basis in trade—which, of course, is another form of the equal nation plea.

At the present time, some Latin American countries have treaties with the United States and with foreign interests abroad which give them ad-

vantages over the other Latin American countries. For instance, Brazil has a very advantageous treaty on the export of coffee and manganese to the United States in return for textiles and machinery. This makes Brazil a "favored nation" in trade. Hull proposes that any State be permitted to enter into that agreement between the two States provided the third State accepts the terms of the agreement. Eventually, according to Hull, the plan would do away with favored nations in the field of international trade.

Of course, it is not as simple as that. Some nations are in an economic position to trade on terms which other nations cannot possibly meet. It is because of this that the Latin American States are debating the Hull trade proposals with a great difference of opinion. Foreign business men who have worked to secure favored nation treaties are violently opposed to it. Some of the South American countries are not enthusiastic about it. There is no doubt, however, of the universal interest in the problem.

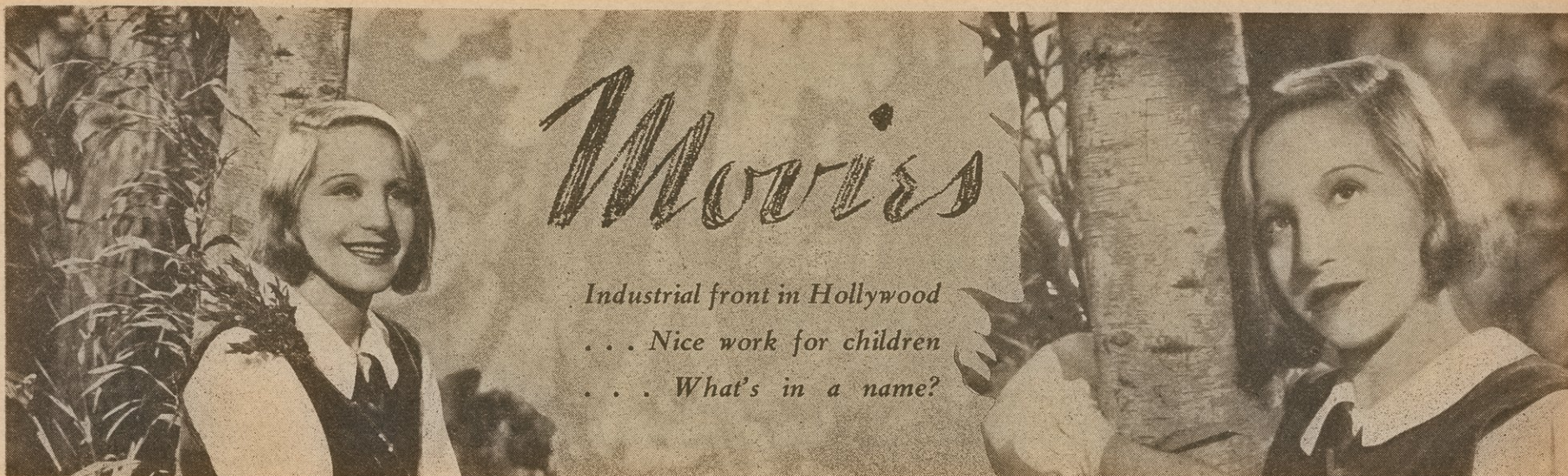
Indications of Harmony

These, then, are the measures to be discussed at Buenos Aires—not world-shaking nor even very novel. But the seriousness with which the Conference is looked upon denotes some very significant trends to the man sincerely interested in peace. One is that both the United States and Latin America are afraid of a world conflict and they are willing to get together on any sort of minimum program that will take away some of the chances of conflict. The desire for harmony at the Conference has appeared over and over again as the Latin Americas or the United States have veered away from too controversial subjects for the agenda—*i.e.*, the Monroe Doctrine or an American League of Nations. Another

(Continued on page 29)



Avenue of Palms, Buenos Aires, where the Pan-American Conference will be held



Elisabeth Bergner, great German actress and exile, in her new picture "As You Like It"

THERE was a presidential election, and Looie B. Mayer denounced the "Reds" in Hollywood. The 20th Century-Fox studios disclosed plans for a picture based on the siege of the Alcazar in Spain, with the Fascists as heroes, and the Hal Roach studios put guns into the hands of its child actors and told them to go out and play in comedies. The industrial front in Hollywood moved steadily toward a pitched battle for union recognition by the producers, and the 55th Street Playhouse withdrew a film about Greek mythology when protests were raised against its Nazi backing. Verily, verily, America marched on toward the season of peace on earth and good will to men.

The Mayer hysterics were fetchingly displayed at a luncheon given in his honor in San Francisco. The production head of the vast Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios took the occasion to holler his head off about "Communists in Hollywood who are drawing down \$2,500 a week. . . . The industry knows who they are, and knows too that they are financed and supported by the Third Internationale." Looie apparently forgot to find out why the Third Internationale supported "Communists" who were already drawing down \$2,500 a week.

The net result of his speech, according to the *Daily Variety*, was the publication of a letter sent out to members of the Screen Actors' Guild by Kenneth Thomson, executive secretary of the Guild, denying that the organization contemplated a strike. Despite Mr. Thomson, however, there were definite indications during the month that a showdown on union recognition is not far off. The Screen Playwrights, Inc., formed of dissenting members of the Screen Writers' Guild, threw a party for the producers as a preliminary step toward possible recognition, but the alliance of the Screen Writers' Guild with the Authors' League of America presaged a bitter battle over which organization will finally receive it. Dur-

ing the month there was also formed a guild of motion picture cartoonists, the leaders of which are keeping a watchful eye on industrial developments in the studios.

We come now to a publicity handout from the Hal Roach studios. It concerns one Charley Oelze, who is apparently head of the property department. And one of its paragraphs reads as follows:

Recently Oelze was called upon to fit out an army of youngsters of the War Between the States period for the Hal Roach feature comedy, *General Spanky*, starring Spanky McFarland. Cannons, trench mortars, drums, fifes—everything in the way of war equipment which would give the appearance of a full-sized army through sight and sound at a distance was required.

Nice work for Charley. Nice work for children too, when you come to it. It all adds up to the promotion of peace and harmony. Like the projected *Siege of the Alcazar*, to be made with H. R. Knickerbocker, a Hearst correspondent, acting as technical adviser. It's wonderful what the movies can do to promote peace when the producers really set their minds to it.

As far as the film releases for the month are concerned, there were some notable feats of valor and some incredible exhibitions of stupidity. Under valor we may list such pictures as *The*

Devil is a Sissy, with its three child stars, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney; *The President's Mystery*, which delved into the matter of farm and industrial cooperatives as a means of reducing unemployment; and *Nine Days a Queen*, which dealt movingly with the tragic career of Lady Jane Grey, a child pawn in the hands of scheming politicians of Tudor England. Here, too, we may include two performances of the month, Rosalind Russell as Harriet Craig in *Craig's Wife*, and Gladys George as Carrie Snyder in *Valiant is the Word for Carrie*. And since we're on the subject, we might as well commend to your attention the French version of *Les Miserables*, with a fine, beautifully etched performance by Harry Baur as Jean Valjean.

And under stupidity, we give you *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, from the studios of the Frères Warner, and *East Meets West*, from the hand of George Arliss. The former picture, suggested by Tennyson's poem, is a thrilling epic of how noble cavalry officers fight with their brothers over a lady, and then order their men to lay down their lives storming impregnable enemy positions, and the latter has Mr. Arliss dressed in fancy clothes as an Indian rajah, and dealing with British imperialism in his own refined, quiet

way. Needless to say, since it was a British picture in the first place, British imperialism comes off quite nicely, thank you.

Newsreel

AS THE FIGHT goes to press, William Randolph Hearst has returned to America and the word is out that his name will not be removed from Hearst-Metrotone News. This dictum will undoubtedly cause genuine grief to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which had hoped to gain permission of the Lord of San Simeon to obliterate what has become the most hated name in America today.

W. R. Wilkerson, Hollywood anti-labor leader and publisher of the reactionary *Hollywood Reporter*, a Coast trade paper, spilled the beans last month. He said in an editorial:

Picketing is one thing and communistic (sic!) disturbances resulting in such picketing is still another thing, and a situation that has many exhibitors worried. It has M-G-M worried also, and probably is causing some concern in the Hearst forces. This may result, according to inner office rumors, in M-G-M, with the permission of Hearst, removing the Hearst name from the newsreel in an effort to spare the exhibitor embarrassment, loss of business, and disturbances that are not for the best conduct of a theater. . . .

Hearst's name was never required to sell his newsreel, and when some act of the publisher, in the conduct of his papers, makes it more difficult to sell those reels and much more difficult for some exhibitors to exhibit them, it's probably to the best interest of all to take the line of least resistance.

Just what effect the removal of Hearst's name would have is highly problematical. The reel is not the leader in reactionary tactics, an honor reserved for Pathe. It would be a splendid demonstration of the power of the widespread forces opposed to Hearst if his name were clipped, however.

As we come to the end of our page, the telephone buzzes to announce that Hearst has changed the name of his reel to *News of the Day*.

—ROBERT SHAW

THE FIGHT RECOMMENDS:

The Devil is a Sissy—A vivid drama of three incipient gangsters, admirably played by Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney.

The President's Mystery—Actually a routine mystery melodrama, but one that takes up such problems as co-operatives and unemployment relief, all too seldom found in the movies.

Les Miserables—Victor Hugo's novel filmed in France, with Harry Baur giving a sterling performance as Jean Valjean.

Libeled Lady, *The Gay Desperado*, and *The Big Broadcast of 1937*—Three of the most senseless military maneuver in history. Dangerous because of its pictorial thrills.

Nine Days a Queen—A beautiful, profound study of tragedy in Tudor England.

THE FIGHT FIGHTS:

The Charge of the Light Brigade—An heroic, epic, panoramic transcription of the most senseless military maneuver in history. Dangerous because of its pictorial thrills.

East Meets West—George Arliss dealing with British imperialism, and both of them coming out very well indeed.

DAVID drove slowly, his hands lax on the wheel. In less than an hour he would be back in the comfortable hotel room with Rhoda. She would be reading in bed as she liked to do or lying in the dark waiting for him. She would hold him close, comfort him for his failure. His failure to do what? Keep hungry men in a fight he would never have to fight. Like a sharp stone he felt the impact of the little grey man's words: "You're a good lawyer, Mr. Evans, but books don't tell how it feels to get kicked and chased across the county line with a gun at your back." Worse than stones striking his body, he felt Bob's apology for Pete, a sword buried in him: "We're a pretty rough, outspoken lot but we're mighty grateful for all you've done for us."

We. You. He might fraternize for a little while with those who were grateful for his help, but always he must cross a dividing line, to reach them. We, hungry, ragged and pursued. You, well clothed, well fed and safe. What gauge, other than his hatred of injustice, did he possess to measure the weakening force of hunger and blows? Bob could measure them and still go on. But Bob was young and had no wife or child dependent on him. José could measure, but he had always known hunger and abuse in his adobe village below the border, in the country that welcomed him to dig its ditches, that despised him and called him Greaser. Youth and long pent bitterness could understand but he, the comfortably secure lawyer, was not expected to understand.

David reached the end of the lane and turned into the side road that led back to the highway. It was narrow and very dark under the overhanging trees and he was obliged to drive carefully, for the roadbed was worn with interlacing roots and many deep depressions from the winter rains. But the darkness about him was no darker than his own thoughts, for he knew that neither Bob's courage nor José's hopelessness could keep the strike going more than a few days. They had lost their fight and he had lost his fight to help them.

Suddenly David came from his thoughts, his attention attracted by the sound of another car on the narrow black road. He glanced through the reflector and saw, some yards behind, the bulk of a large car coming slowly, its headlights dimmed. Strange that he had not seen it before. Stranger that it should be on this little used side road at all. Where had it turned in? Puzzled, David speeded up until he reached a wider space where the car behind might pass. He reached it and drew a little to one side, his eyes still on the reflector, but the car did not hasten its speed. Evidently it had no intention of passing. So David turned back into the center of the road and put

on the gas. The car behind did the same. He slowed up. It slowed up, regulating its speed to that of his car.

"I don't like the looks of this. The sooner I get into the open the better."

David put on the gas and came almost to the end of the dark road when, with a roar, the car behind passed, cleared his by inches, went on a few yards swung around and blocked the way. David undid the heavy silver belt buckle, slipped the belt through the supporting straps and gripped it, the buckle swinging free. Now the three men who had left their car were coming toward him and, in the path of light cast by his own headlights, he saw the three men who had been talking with the desk clerk back in town. His grip on the belt tightened, but before he could decide whether to get out or stay where he was, the door was wrenched open and a clenched fist struck him full on the face.

"There, you dirty Bolshevik, take that as a sample of what's coming to you. We've had enough of you in these parts."

Gorilla-strong arms dragged him out, the belt was torn from him, and while his arms flailed uselessly, he was bound hand and foot, a sack dropped over his head. Half dragged, half kicked toward the other car, he was thrown in and wedged firmly down between the front and back seats. Two of the men got in, planted their feet on his back, and, when the other had returned from slashing David's tires, the car started. With every nerve alert, David tried to keep his sense of direction, but it was impossible. Now the car swung to the left, now to the right. Sometimes it ran over a hard dirt road, sometimes over loose earth and rocks, but always it climbed up into the hills. At last it began a long steep climb that seemed to go on forever. Then, suddenly, it reached the summit, the driver clashed into low gear and the big car went swaying down over rocks and stumps.

Strong Rivers Will

A swiftly moving story of David, a young lawyer of strikers, meets up with a band of vigilantes. "Mr. Evans," a worker once told him, "but to get kicked and chased across the county line."

By Adriana

ILLUSTRATED BY SA

At the bottom of the decline it came to a jolting stop, the driver shut off the engine, got down and opened the door. The two men removed their feet, got out, and dragged David out and threw him on the ground. One of them ripped the sack from his head while the other turned a strong flash light on him.

"Better take a good look at us while you can see. I'm Tom Parsons, that's John Wesley and that's Bert Croyden. In case you forget the names—when you get ready to serve the warrants, just inquire from the Chamber of Commerce for the executive committee of the Council for Safety. Got us all tagged? All right, boys, give him the works."

Three lengths of rubber hose whistled through the air, struck, rose, struck again with all the righteous fury of men defending law and order. David tried to protect his head by burrowing into the earth but when he did this they laughed and kicked him fur-

ther among the stones that offered no protection. He grit his teeth and tensed his muscles to break the impact of the blows, but nothing served to lessen their force and he felt consciousness leaving him. At last, with a final kick at David's prostrate body, the biggest called a halt.

"I guess that'll teach you for the time being but remember it won't be rubber hose next time. Now get up and walk back to town if you can walk—MISTER EVANS."

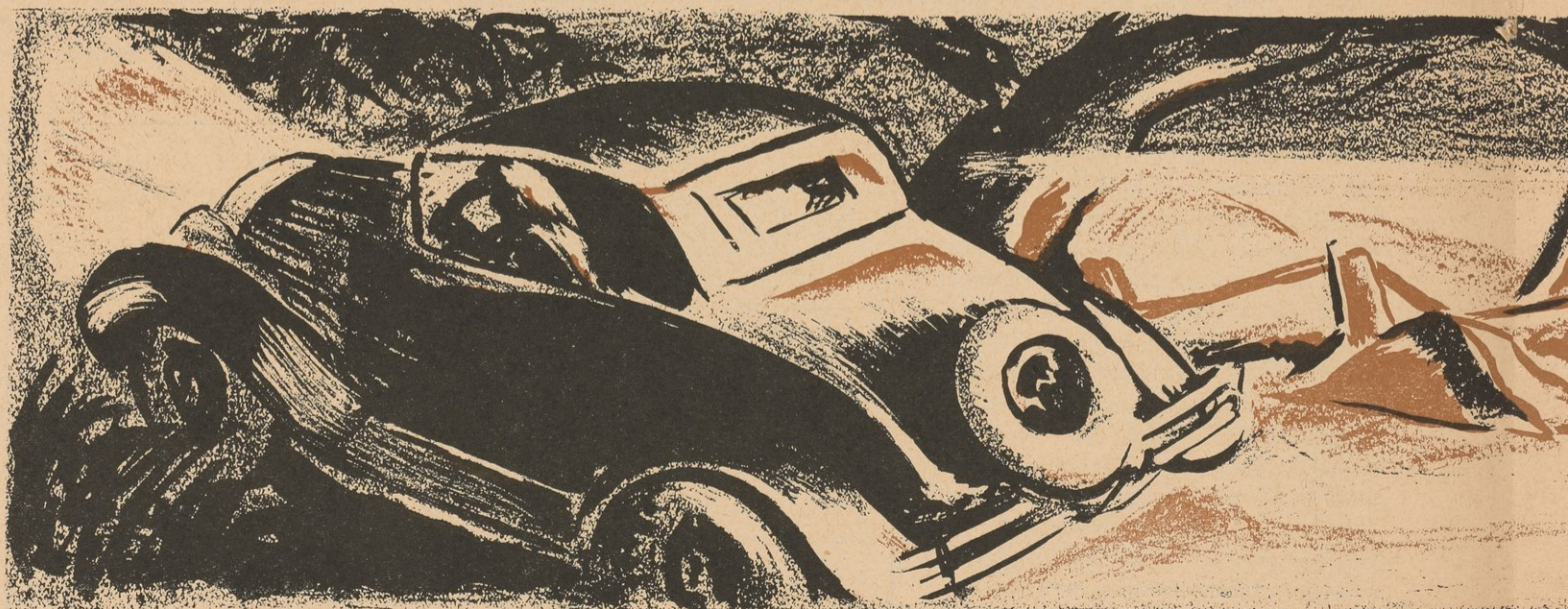
"Oh, I say, Tom, not with his pants and shoes. That would be too easy."

David dimly heard the words and the loud laugh that approved, as the speaker bent and ripped off shoes and trousers.

"You'll find these at the hotel waiting for you. So long. Have a nice nap."

They got back into the car, the engine started and, as David dropped down into the blackness he could no longer hold off, the car went lurching and grinding its way up the slope.

David put on the gas and came almost to the end of the dark road when, with a roar, the car behind



Will Reach the Sea

young lawyer, who, while defending a group of vigilantes. "You're a good lawyer, m, "but books don't tell you how it feels e county line with a gun at your back."

iana Spadoni

BY SAM SWERDLOFF

For a long time David lay unaware of the furry little animals which, emboldened by his motionless silence, scampered over this strangely shaped log so suddenly deposited in their midst. He did not hear the ripple of the stream on whose banks he lay nor did he see the slow paling of the stars above. They had almost all gone and the night breeze had died out before he opened his eyes and knew, first in feeble flickerings, then in a dull steady light, what had happened. He had been beaten, by his fellow men, his body thrown aside like the body of an animal for which they had no further use. But beyond this his bruised and aching flesh refused a passage to thought. As a watch stops when thrown from a great height, so his brain had ceased to function. Only his beaten and humiliated body was alive and wanted Rhoda. He must get back to her.

Inch by inch, David forced himself to a sitting position and looked about

him. He was in a narrow canyon whose high wooded slopes seemed to reach the sky. At the bottom of the canyon a little stream gurgled softly. If only he could reach it, feel its cool sweetness ease his flesh. Again and again he tried to stand and sank down again.

"I've got to get to it," he thought and, when he had loosened the binding ropes, began to crawl forward on his hands and knees.

At last he reached the little stream and lay with his face in it and drank deeply. The water was cold and sweet and, as it ran through him, his brain cleared a little and he knew that he must follow the stream down the canyon because sometime, somewhere it would reach the valley where Rhoda was waiting for him. With one long last gulp, he staggered to his feet and began the long walk back to her.

Stones cut his feet, he stumbled and fell but always went on, drawn by the thought of Rhoda. Nettles stung him, night birds cried out in terror as he

plunged on, slipping, falling, rising again. Then the night birds stopped calling, the last of the stars went out and David knew vaguely that he was now in that empty space of time between the death of one day and the birth of the next, that space when man is so utterly alone that no other living thing seems to inhabit the earth.

How much longer must he go on? Why go on at all? Only he and the little stream were alive and moving. He looked down, seeking comfort from the little stream and there was no stream. For a long time David stood staring at the coarse bunch grass growing among the loose stones and could not understand what had happened. The stream had been there and now it wasn't there. Where had it gone? Why had it deserted him? He must find it again. It couldn't disappear like that. He needed it to guide him to Rhoda. It must be only hiding from him because it, too, had to reach the valley on its way to the sea. Every stream wound somewhere to the sea. He stumbled on again.

2

IT GREW slowly cooler. The glare faded from the dazzling blue sky and soft shadows lay upon the valley, while David sat, his eyes fixed upon the opening in the hills through which Rhoda must come. At last a car turned the shoulder of the nearest rise and he hurried as fast as he could to meet it. A short distance from the fence through which he had stumbled at dawn to fall face down in the dust, the car stopped, Rhoda jumped down and threw herself into his arms.

He took her face between his hands and smiled down at her and now Rhoda saw the big bruise on his cheek and the cut over his eye.

"David! You were hurt! Something dreadful did happen."

His arm about her, he led her across the yard to a tiny gully where they

could not see the sick horse lying in the dust or hear the noisy grunting of the pig. In winter the gully was a running stream filled with water from the hills but now it was dry and filled with rusty cans and broken bottles. Nevertheless, a little oak had managed to take root on the bank and its leaves were fresh and green. Hand in hand, they sat down near the little oak.

Rhoda's face whitened. "You were beaten! YOU! How dared—"

"All ye who are not with Me are against Me.' As far as my ability went, I was against them. Hence I was an enemy and they treated me as one."

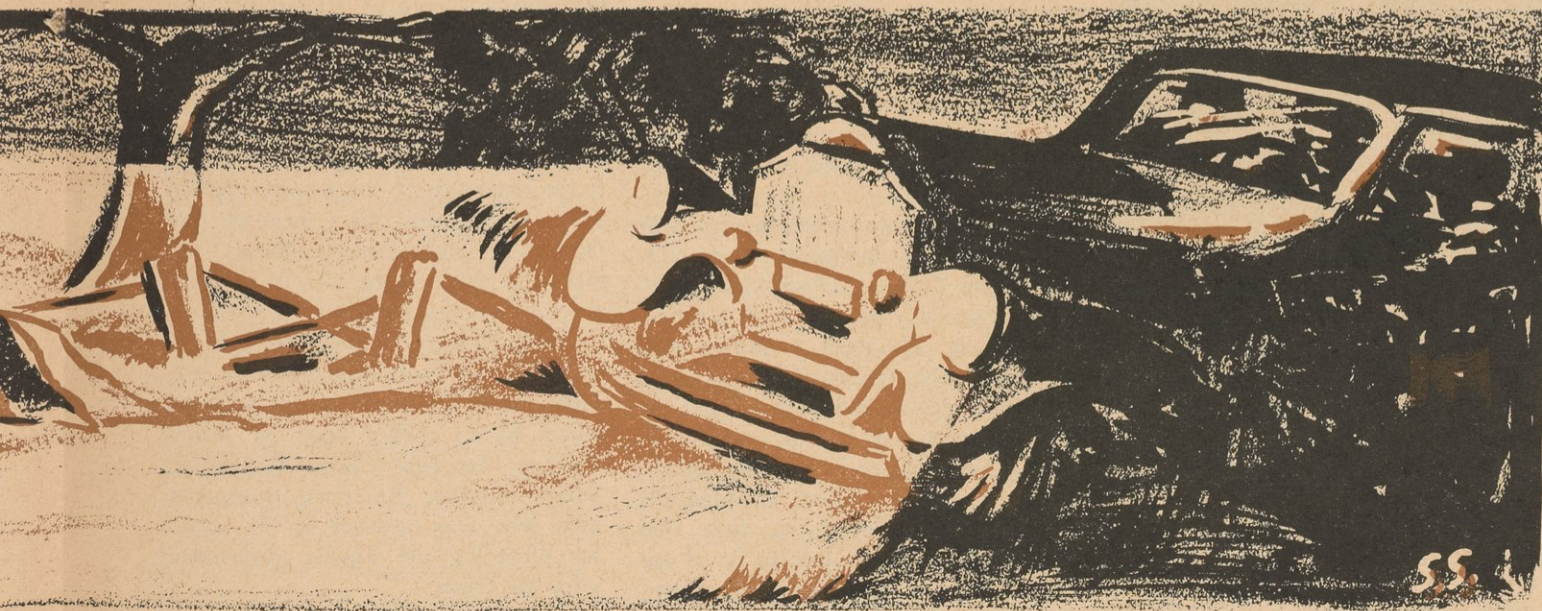
"I could strangle them with my own hands," Rhoda cried, her eyes blazing.

"I felt that way, too, as long as I could think. When those three men dragged me out of my car, bound my hands and feet, wrapped my head in a sack, I would have killed them if I could. But I don't feel that way any more. The man they beat and left unconscious was another man, Ro. . . . There is no dividing line between the We's and the They's; only between those who have grasped the power to oppress their fellow men and those against whom they try to use that power. We and all our kind belong among the last, Ro. . . . We don't mind thinking about injustice and oppression, in fact it gives us a certain intellectual prestige to be concerned with them, but we don't want to risk our well-being by doing anything. When we're pushed into a corner, we fall back on the comfortable belief that nothing can be done, that human nature has always been as it is and always will be; that a few have always reaped the harvest others have sown. But we can do something. We may not be able to eradicate greed but we can erect barriers against it. We can do just what an engineer does when he wishes to control the flow of a river; clear the channel, cut a new one, direct the water to where it will do the most good."

"David, do you remember telling me, the first night I met you at Jane's, that every river winds somewhere to the sea?"

"Please, dearest, don't remind me of all the foolish, cocksure things I've said. I've said plenty and that was one of them. Only those rivers reach the sea that are strong enough to surmount all obstacles. That's another thing I learned last night. From a little stream that had lost its strength to go on." And he told her of the stream from which he had drunk and how dazed he had been when he had found it gone. "I was almost angry, as if it had played a trick on me. But now I know that somewhere along the way it had found obstructions too big for it to hurdle, so it gave up trying to be a river at all and sank into the sand. But we're not going to sink into the sand, Ro. We're not going to let those who believe with us that the world can be made a better place, grow too sluggish and weary to go on."

the car behind passed, cleared his by inches, went on a few yards, swung around and blocked the way



Books

In Two Democracies

FRANCE FACES THE FUTURE, by *Ralph Fox*; with an introduction by *André Marty*; 134 pages; International Publishers; \$.25.

FRANCE TODAY AND THE PEOPLE'S FRONT, by *Maurice Thorez*; translated from the French manuscript by *Emile Burns*; 255 pages; International Publishers; \$1.25.

SPAIN IN REVOLT, by *Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard*; 235 pages; Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.00.

THE APPEARANCE of these three popular and inexpensive expositions of the state of affairs in two of the few remaining democracies of Europe is nothing less than a piece of good fortune for those of us who have been reading millions of words in the daily press with breathless but confused interest. They are at once a necessary background to the events described and a corrective to the misinformation sent us by biased or ignorant correspondents. They supply what is often suppressed; they give the lie to untrue reports; they explain the why of "sudden," "unexpected," "surprising" developments.

Moreover, these books should be read together. First, because France and Spain are in the same boat, battling for their lives against the same menace, Fascism, and ultimately depending for their lives on each other. Spain is experiencing as a life-and-death struggle what took place on the scale of street-riots in France; France can see across its southern border what will be its own fate if it is not clear-headed and vigilant. Already the French Fascists are impatient for their turn to receive aid from Hitler and Mussolini against the people of France.

Secondly, these books go together because their authors share the same optimism. All three believe that the Popular Front movement *must* defeat its enemies in the end, if for no other reason than that it is the expression of the deepest will of the people at large, of a people aroused to the danger and willing to bury its honest differences among itself in order to defeat those who would profit by their division to enslave them all.

The Fascists have managed to reawaken in Frenchmen and Spaniards

what we know here as the Spirit of '76, but not in the lying sense Father Coughlin intends when he calls the Fascists "patriots," for in Spain the Fascists are the redcoats, invading the country with foreign mercenaries and faced by a nation of embattled minutemen.

Ralph Fox's pamphlet is a well-nigh perfect job of journalism, simple, clear, judiciously calm, yet exciting in what he has to tell and without phony impartiality in the telling. As an example of his occasional irony I offer from page 36: "It is an axiom of modern politics that members of the Right have an inalienable right to demonstrate freely. It is an accepted convention of political life in all countries that they shall not be attacked and shot down, a fate reserved for the less respectable members of the Left, who do not respect private property or religion." Mr. Fox is an Englishman, and the reader will remember how coyly the British government has been refusing to check Oswald Moseley's Blackshirt hoodlums for fear of limiting their freedom of assembly!

The other two books are equally clear, simple, and exciting; but where Fox limits his story to the period between the Fascist riots of February 6th, 1934, and the election of Blum's People's Front government, Maurice Thorez, general secretary of the French Communist Party, also ana-



David Darrah, for seven years Rome correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, expelled by Mussolini; author of *Hail Caesar!* (Hale, Cushman & Flint publishes this book.)

lyzes the economic background of these events and forecasts the path that should be taken by the People's Front. His figures contain some surprising refutations of the current platitudes about the sort of country France is.

Spain in Revolt is the most comprehensive of the three since it goes very far back into Spain's history in order to explain that country's present position in Europe: its industrial backwardness and poverty; its feudalism, its parasitic army, and the special position of the Roman Catholic Church; and why it was first in Spain that Fascism raised a civil war of extermination against the people and their democratic government.

—DANIEL BROUSE

An American in Rome

HAIL CAESAR!, by *David Darrah*; 337 pages; Hale, Cushman & Flint; \$2.50.

IN JUNE 1935, David Darrah, Rome correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, was ordered out of Italy without any notice and escorted to the border by two policemen. His crime had been to send his newspaper news dispatches that were not particularly flattering to the Fascist government. One of them dealt with the popular unrest that existed in Italy over the Ethiopian adventure, manifesting itself in rebellions such as those that broke out among soldiers in Abruzzi and Sardinia. Another described in detail the precarious state of Italy's finances. The truth of the information that Mr. Darrah incorporated in those stories has not been disputed or denied by the Fascist government to this day. But Mr. Darrah's insistence on reporting facts was more than a system operated on lies could bear.

During the seven eventful years in which he served as Italian correspondent for the *Tribune*, Darrah had never been particularly popular with the Fascist régime. He went to Rome with the silly notion of reporting facts as he saw them. He soon discovered that the Italian government had no intention of letting him indulge in anything of the sort. His cables were "accidentally on purpose" delayed, so that they reached Chicago too late to be of any news value, or else they were "lost." Excuses were made for such "slips," his

office and apartment were ransacked periodically, and he was furnished with assistants who were in the employ of the Fascist police; but never would the government admit that foreign correspondents were subjected to censorship. In Rome this summer, I asked the representative of a well-known news syndicate about the censorship. He smiled cynically. "There is no censorship," he said, "provided, of course, we restrict ourselves to news from 'official sources.'"

The Propaganda Department uses various methods to cajole foreign correspondents into restricting themselves to news from "official sources." Conferring the title of *Commendatore* on those journalists who "behave" is one of them; exempting them from a great deal of red tape and taxation is another. The most successful stratagem used is an organization, supposedly made up entirely of foreign correspondents, known as *Stampa Estera*. It is completely controlled by Fascist agents. Mr. Darrah writes: "I soon found that if one wanted to render lip service to Mussolini on any and all occasions, the *Stampa Estera* could prove of inestimable advantage in making life easy in Rome; it would get you privileges and facilities. But if one didn't—well it was only your own fault if you didn't get notification of coming events, copies of communications and so on."

Although the emphasis of *Hail Caesar!* is on the censorship methods used by Italian Fascism to help keep itself in power, Mr. Darrah also deals with the various phases of Italian life that came to his attention during his seven year sojourn. One of the chapters is a good exposition of the Fascists' large and intricate network of spies and police, which, according to the author, is the mainstay of the present régime. Mr. Darrah also offers intimate portrayals of high Fascist officials and gives the reader some idea of the serious conflicts that exist among them.

Although some of the material in the book does not contribute anything new, *Hail Caesar!* serves as an adequate sequel to an earlier book on Italian Fascism, *Sawdust Caesar* by George Seldes—another American newspaperman who was escorted to the border for offending the Fascist government with the truth.

—JERRE MANGIONE

Spain

SEVEN RED SUNDAYS, by Ramón J. Sender; translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell; 439 pages; Liveright; \$2.50.

THE DAILY headlines from the Iberian peninsula find a logical extension in two recent novels of Spanish revolutionary activity: Ralph Bates' *The Olive Field* and Ramón J. Sender's somewhat more recent *Seven Red Sundays*.

Both books are remarkable in that their respective authors, British and Spanish, have testified in their own lives to the vitality of the convictions expressed in their novels; Sender may be working for the People's Front government of Spain—I am not certain—but if he isn't, he has been engaged in the more recent past, through editorial work and activity of a more revolutionary character, in the struggle for Spanish freedom. Bates, a foreigner, is reported to be at the Loyalist front.

Both authors, sprung of a middle-class intellectual background, are preoccupied in their work and identified in their persons with the cause of a class they were theoretically taught had little in common with their own, and it is of some significance that this identification has resulted in a ripening and a deepening of their product.

Six of the seven Sundays (printed in red on Villacampa's wall-calendar) are concerned with the general strike that was the direct consequence and outgrowth of police brutality. The seventh—"only in the future"—foresees the eventuality of working-class freedom from oppression, from cruelty, from starvation. Between the first and the hypothetical seventh lies a narrative of unusual power, a narrative that is uniquely conceived, uniquely presented, swift in tempo and moving in its factual material as well as in its deeper implications.

You will find in it a multiplicity of characters drawn from every stratum of society, of every shade of political conviction, of every degree of mental acuity and moral integrity. Here are Fascists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, Communists, bourgeois workers, tradesmen, journalists, ruling class aristocrats. Señor Sender has made an attempt to avoid writing an open-and-shut case for the working class or against the ruling class; he has made it amply manifest (if it were ever necessary to question the fact) that not all revolutionary leaders possess great integrity and great intellectual acumen; that not all ruling class leaders are necessarily swine, exploiters or conscious or unconscious villains. And this very objectivity of approach (for the author intrudes his own interpretation of men and events only at rare intervals) somehow clinches the case against the elements who have fomented the present Fascist uprising in Spain, and

for the people who are daily giving their lives to put down this Fascist uprising. And, in a broader sense, he has clinched the case of the working population of the world against the ruling minorities.

The strike and the uprising it precipitated over the six red Sundays did not "succeed"; death came to multitudes of the participants, disillusionment to some; mystical rationalizations of death and defeat to at least one character, Samar, the bourgeois journalist. But in the same sense, that no strike is ever truly "lost," it becomes apparent throughout the course of this exciting narrative, that the only hope of world Democracy and world peace lies with the progressive elements of the working populations of the world, whether they call themselves Liberals, Democrats, Republicans, Anarchists or Communists. Theirs is the way of love of life. Fascism is the way of love of death.

—ALVAH C. BESSIE

A Letter to a Friend

AESOP SAID SO, by Hugo Gellert; Covici-Friede; \$1.75.

DEAR HUGO: In looking at your lithographs and reading the fables which you have so wisely chosen to illustrate, I could not help but remember those days and nights of five and six years ago when you, Bill Gropper and I, in company with a group of our friends, discussed and argued on the function of the written word and pictures. Although many foolish things were said then and many foolish things were done, we all know now that that period was worth while and important. A foundation was laid for the new culture which is just beginning to come to life in America, a culture so necessary in the struggle against war and Fascism.

Only a half-dozen years ago, no militant artist in America would have thought it necessary to illustrate such an old fogy as Aesop. But as you say in your foreword: "Twenty-five hundred years cannot dull the wit, nor dim the truth and wisdom that his voice carries." Yes, all that was truth and beauty in the past belongs to us today in the march for peace and freedom. What can a Hearst have in common with a Mark Twain or a Walt Whitman? Or a General Franco with a Goya? Or a Hitler with a Heine? It is paradoxical but true, nevertheless, that the Fascists who want to "preserve" the past are killing the old beauty, and the anti-Fascists who want a new world are preserving the best of the old. Maybe it is not such a paradox, the spirit of man has always been in search of wings for the mountains and good bread for the table.

It is difficult to believe that the fables are two thousand years old. Aesop is easy to read today and your

lithographs are easy to look at. (I don't like the jacket, it mars a little and jars with the soft printing in the book itself.) Although two or three of the fables and your illustrations have appeared in *THE FIGHT* prior to book publication, I am a little jealous of you. We, here, should have thought of this before and should have had Aesop illustrated for our readers.

I like so many of the fables and illustrations that it is difficult to choose one here. But this one on Roosevelt will do:

In the days when a man was allowed more wives than one, a middle-aged man, who could be called neither young nor old, and whose hair was only just beginning to turn gray, fell in love with two women at once, and married them both.

The one was young and blooming, and



wished her husband to appear as youthful as herself. The other was advanced in age, and was as anxious that her husband should appear a suitable match for her. So, while the young one seized every opportunity for pulling out the good man's gray hairs, the old one was as industrious in plucking out every black hair she could find. For a while the man was highly gratified by their attention, 'til he found one morning that, between the one and the other, he had not a hair left.

If I were a rich man (heaven forbid) and I had a thousand friends (heaven forbid), I would give each and every one of them your book as a Christmas gift. As ever,

—JOSEPH PASS

Advice to the War Makers

HOW TO RUN A WAR, by Bruce Winston Knight; 243 pages; Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.00.

WHEN a professor of economics proceeds to tell the Upper Class how to run a war it's time for all classes to sit up and take notice. His blueprints are presented to the class which owns America, cares nothing about statehood bills, and is determined to use every influence possible to preserve the integrity of its estate. Since the members of this class are primarily responsible for American policies and opinions, Mr. Knight charges them with the choice of starting another war—with even more disastrous consequences than the

last one—or throwing their influence on the side of peace.

This amazing work, written in an engaging style, presents the process of the business of war in the fields of politics, propaganda, military science and economics. The directions on how to get into war—that is how to start your own or muscle into somebody else's—are not only a caustic commentary on the World War, but also on the war-breeding character of imperialism and Fascism. The science of war propaganda—how to lie for your country—is neatly developed under the three principles of purpose, appeal and plausibility. Old atrocity stories seem to have an ever new appeal. Modern science adds variations, of course, but the basic gullibility of the propagandized public guarantees effectiveness in any case. The details of rounding up the victims cover the draft, fixing the pacifists and snaring the country boys who have a taste for the bright lights, and the red. Along the economic front, the job is "to wear out the foe in a contest of mutual exhaustion." As much as possible of your country's resources must be transferred to the death industry, a task suitable for the Big Men of the Upper Class.

When it comes to paying for the war there are several possibilities. You may make the enemy pay the costs—or try to at least. Or you may put the debts on your allies. These methods have not succeeded in the past, so you turn to the poor in your own country. You can make them pay something, but not all. Your descendants for generations will still be collecting, but they will never get the total amount. Computing the dividends with such difficulties of collection facing you is a rather difficult problem.

Though addressed to the Upper Class, this is a book for all to read—for the sophisticate and the skeptic, for the soldier and the sailor, for the peace advocate and the anti-war fighter.

—PAUL REID

A Note

IT BECOMES increasingly impossible to review all the books of interest to our readers. Two or three pages a month devoted to books on war, Fascism and Democracy is not sufficient. Ten to twelve pages *might* do it. Writers are writing, artists are drawing, publishers are issuing these many books. They come to our office almost every day, one, two or three new books, and space of course is our dictator. We cannot review all of them. We hope, maybe in the near future, when *THE FIGHT* grows up a little more to be able to present to our readers a more comprehensive book section.

Meanwhile, we suggest: if you are interested in any specific book, let us know. We will only be too happy to tell you something about its contents.—EDITOR

THE Street's peace of mind, induced in pre-depression years by the lullaby of enormous stock market profits and booming corporation earnings, has been rudely shattered by two sharp blows between the eyes.

The first blow was the sweeping popular repudiation of Wall Street rule by the election landslide. Although the rise in stock market prices immediately after the election heaped ridicule upon the previous predictions of disaster if Roosevelt were returned to the White House, the emphatic thumbs-down given by the mass of the people to the Morgan-Rockefeller-du Pont-Liberty League coalition behind Landon has dampened the accustomed arrogance with which the Street regards its control of the wealth of the nation. And the voters' disregard of the red scare, panic propaganda, employer pressure, and the other traditional Wall Street political tricks exerted in support of Landon, has blasted the overweening confidence of the Street's political maestros.

The second blow was the panicky and blundering retreat of the steel barons, governing the industry that is closest to Wall Street's heart, before the growing onslaught of the C.I.O. organization campaign for steel labor. Forgetting the lessons of the last big labor drive in steel—in 1919—when labor militancy forced four national wage increases within twelve months, the wise men of the Street until recently had firmly believed that the great "cleverness" of the steel bosses in foisting company unions upon their workers would forestall any increase in labor's share of the boom in the steel business. In fact, Wall Street's true objective was the preservation of the classic pattern of big business economics—more profits for the owners, more dividends for the stockholders and a smaller share for the workers



Peace of mind, lullabies and steel

. . . Ford the Generous . . .

The profits are rolling in, boys

from the fruits of their labor. This pattern has been working overtime in the steel industry all this year.

The unkindest cut of all, in the mind of Wall Street, has been the stiffening backbone developed by the hitherto docile steel company unions under the C.I.O. pressure. But now that the steel companies, after prolonged stalling, have bestowed an inadequate "cost of living" wage rise on the company unions, the credulous brokers are convinced that this additional "cleverness" by the steel barons will keep the steel workers out of a genuine union which would fight for a genuine readjustment of values in the interests of labor.

The gross inadequacy of the 10% average wage boosts offered by the steel magnates is shown by the record this year of the Morgan controlled U. S. Steel Corp., the archtype of American monopoly capital. During the first nine months of 1936, U. S. Steel's operating profits were \$77,084,519, a gain of 92.6% over the comparable period of 1935. Its net profits, after

all deductions, were \$29,874,904 as compared with a net loss of \$4,241,499. Its dividends to stockholders increased by 250% to \$18,914,758. But the average pay of its workers increased only 11.8% to \$1,119 for the entire nine months and this increase was wholly due to longer hours worked.

Efforts will be made, moreover, to force the general public to pay for even the inadequate wage rise that has now been offered, in order that profits may continue to boom. And where the company union wage increase would be frozen to the "cost of living", to be rescinded if living costs decline, no such conditions would be attached to the increased steel prices now being considered. For example, Eugene C. Grace, the million-dollar-bonus-grabbing president of Bethlehem Steel, the second largest company, proclaimed that in the event of a wage advance "we would have to find the money to take care of the increased costs. It would then be necessary and natural to get increased revenues through higher prices for steel products." Grace did not feel it necessary to add that from his standpoint it would be "unnatural" to pay for higher wages through limitation on profits and dividends. In the first nine months of 1936, Bethlehem's net profits increased to \$8,609,514 from \$1,895,227 in the like period of 1935.

Ford the Crusader

THE inner conflicts and antagonisms of big business sometimes break into the open in a form that is easily distorted into a mock crusade against "the interests." An example is the "radicalism," so bitterly attacked in Wall Street, of Marriner S. Eccles and Jesse Jones, the two financial bigwigs of the New Deal who preside over the Federal Reserve Board and the Reconstruction Finance Corp. Actually, businessmen don't come any more conservative than these two gentlemen, and the real essence of the dispute has not been "radicalism" at all

but rather the efforts of Messrs. Eccles and Jones to strengthen the Western financial interests they represent by chiseling away some of Wall Street's lucrative influence.

But no big business man has been more successful in fostering and profiting from the myth of his "battles" with Wall Street than has Henry Ford. The Ford propaganda of high wages (actually Ford's wages for some time have been at best no more than the going rate and frequently less than his principal competitor's) and his constant shouting against bankers and the Wall Street octopus have misled many groups into believing that Ford was the true exception to the rule, was the "enlightened" industrialist interested only in the welfare of his workers and the public rather than in profits.

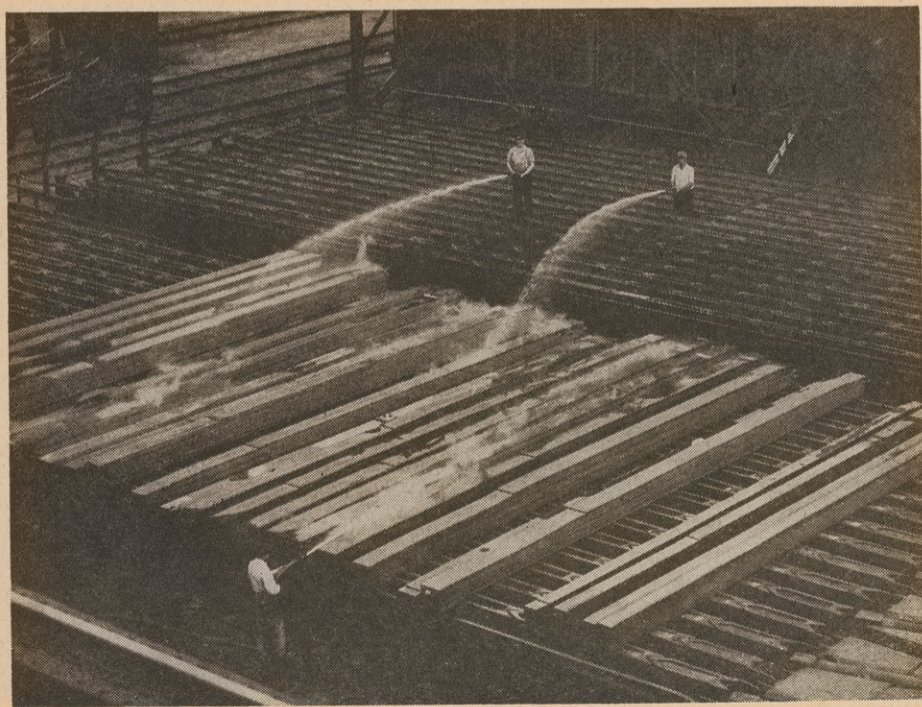
But Ford's October love-fest with Landon was the final demonstration that the actual distance separating his basic position from that of the dominant Wall Street interests is at the most no more than the breadth of an emaciated hair.

Speeding the War Boom

THE frantic world rearmament drive and the continual excursion of war rumors on the international front are spelling millions of dollars of increased profits this year for the owners of the industries producing basic war materials. Especially clear-cut has been the influence of war orders in the boom this year in the copper and nickel fields, both metals being primary armament materials. As a result, the shares of leading companies in these fields have been favorites for months among the gamblers on the New York Stock Exchange and have had a tremendous rise in value.

For the first ten months of the year, sales of copper by American companies have totaled 1,512,240,000 pounds, an increase of 53% over the comparable period of 1935. Large amounts of these sales have been to foreign consumers. As a result, prices have mounted, with the price of copper for export reaching the highest level since 1931 at close to 11 cents a pound. While some of the increased sales have been absorbed by peace-time industries, it is conceded that the armament drive has been the major factor in the boom this year. The price of lead has been raised \$6 a ton also.

And the profits have rolled in. For the first half of the year, the profits of the four largest American copper producers together with those of International Nickel, the dominant world producer of that metal, were \$41,905,000, an increase of 64%. Still greater profits are in prospect for the second half of the year. The demand for copper by war industries has necessitated several boosts in the production quotas by which the industry maintains monopoly prices.



Cooling sheets in a steel mill, Youngstown, Ohio

"CURIOUS people," the Japanese," said the man from Shanghai. "Whenever they visit the United States, they come armed with cameras and scatter over the States like buzzards, snapping everything from battleships to babies' perambulators and gocarts. Yet if an American takes a picture in Japan, he has the whole police force on his trail. They warn you by proclamation on board the ship that it is unlawful to photograph any part of a fortified zone, and attach to the warning a map of the fortified zones which conveniently makes every blooming port area a fort."

"Sneaky as hell," the military man said. "They tell a funny episode which occurred here in the Whampoo. A Japanese flagship anchored here one day, and a foreign admiral who was in port paid the customary call on the Japanese commander. The next day the Japanese admiral returned the courtesy call. But he did not come alone, no sir. He brought with him a dozen officers. While the two commanders exchanged compliments, the Japs scattered about the foreign warship, examining guns, breeches, elevators and making notes and sketches."

The Same Pattern

"It's the same in business," the importer added. "Never leave a sample of merchandise where a Japanese can lay hands on it. There will be an imitation of your wares on the market before you can say Jack Robinson. And as their labor is sweated and cheap and their goods trashy, they will kill your trade by damaging the reputation of your wares by a dirt-cheap and shoddy replica."

"In their relation to China," stated an American professor, "they are much in the position of ancient Rome to Greece—rapacious barbarians who took the Greek culture on the surface but at base remained tradesmen, conquerors and colonizers."

"Yes, and after they have expanded like Rome," the military man consoled, "they'll go busted. Except Rome at least gave to the world some civilization. This small yellow crowd has contributed nothing except that a gun does not give a damn who operates the business end of it, that a kowtow and a toothsome smile can fool many a European statesman, especially if he has a wife who so admires the Fujiyama and a nice silk kimono which is full of rayon substitute."

"I must put in a good word for them," interjected a coal operator from Tientsin. "Before they came to Shantung, while the Kuomintang crowd was there, we had a lot of trouble with labor. Unions and delegates and all those pests. Since the Japanese troops have taken hold of Tientsin we have none of that. They'll go out of their way to suppress any labor disturbance. All we have to do is mention it to the

Colonel and it'll be just too bad for any Chinese accused of trying to organize."

Two Japans

"It is very easy to hate the Japanese," the New Yorker who was a Red-suspect said after a while. "It would be especially easy for me having fallen into the clutches of their military police. But the militarists, the Mitsubushis and the Mitsuis are not the Japanese people. The peasants in the field, the factory workers and many intellectuals are as much opposed to this flaunting and defying of world opinion as we are. Their hollow mimicry awakens in the Occidental mind the reaction of contempt. To see a sleek fashion-plate Japanese burgher seated in a Gothic style grillroom in a commercial city like Dairen, drinking beer and listening to a screeching Japanese phonograph give a Nippon rendition of "Swanee River," is merely one of the many shoddy imitations of Westernism. Yet

to these burghers it spells the expansionist mood of the arrivist. To them it is not *outré*, any more than a kimonoed switchboard operator directing traffic in the newly fortified zone at Reishin in Korea. Remember that the West has handed them its technique without the price of time and blood it had cost the West to achieve.

"If, then, our Eastern neighbors have taken the outer shell of our civilization, they are at an advantage. It has not interfered with a directness and singleness of purpose, which is, Japanese imperialism's conquest of the world's markets. The result thus far has been a phenomenal success. Their Western teachers might resent this soulless accomplishment. Chagrined, they see this Frankenstein of their own creation stalking with seven-league boots from island to island across the Pacific and on to the mainland of Asia. He wears the boiled shirt and the tails of the Western statesman, and it makes but

small difference if the "Swanee River," Shakespeare, their English, the fox trot and excursions into esthetics of the West are a *mélange* of hapless caricatures. The steel on the bridges is almost as well tempered as Bessemer, the mazdas burn as brightly as those of General Electric and cost much less. The cry that their goods are shoddy is the complaint of the outwitted merchant. These little men with nimble fingers are quickly working the yardstick to suit the common purse. The little men scoot through the four corners of the earth with their cameras and copy, copy and copy for the benefit of one concern—expansion and competition. But to the universal common man of Nagasaki, Belfast or Des Moines, the board rooms of Tokyo, the stock exchange, corporate entities, shipping and railroad combines are merely the same crudescence of a system which has its counterparts in Threadneedle and Wall Streets. Despite my experience with the Japanese jingos, I cannot weep when I see how Mitsui is about to squeeze Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum from the banks of the Yellow River. I feel only one concern—and that is for the Chinese and Japanese people, who are about to be crushed under the heel of this ugly colossus."

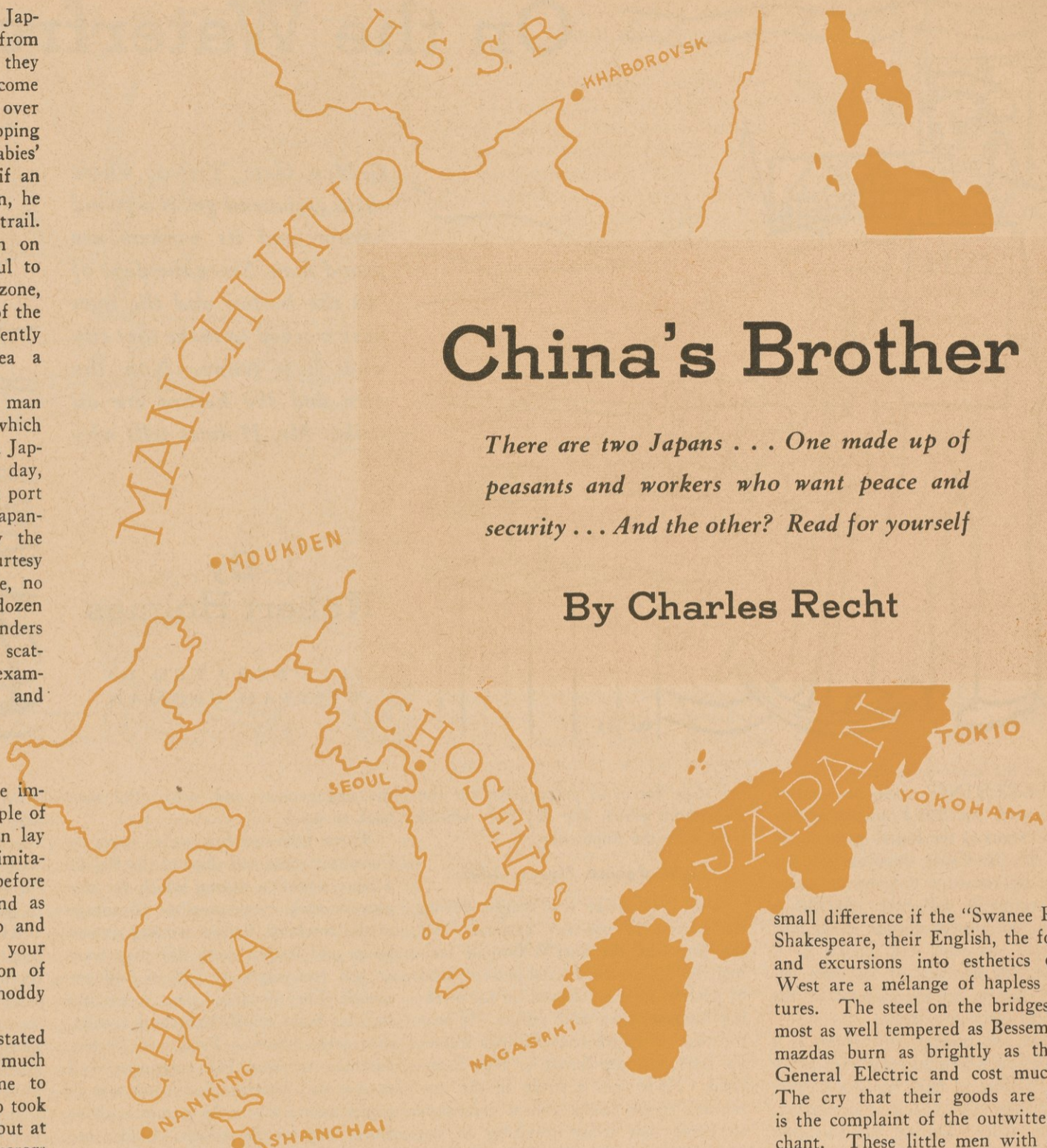
The man from New York was asked to describe his experience with the Jap-

(Continued on page 25)

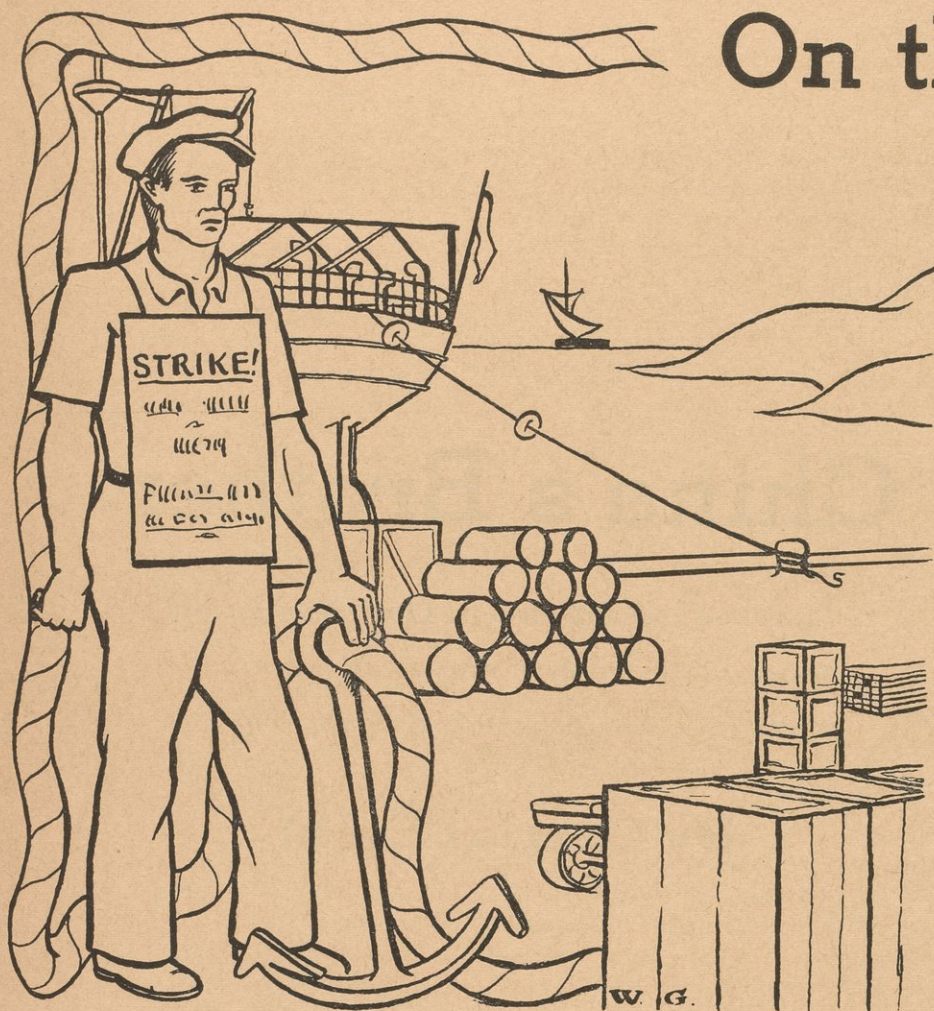
China's Brother

There are two Japans . . . One made up of peasants and workers who want peace and security . . . And the other? Read for yourself

By Charles Recht



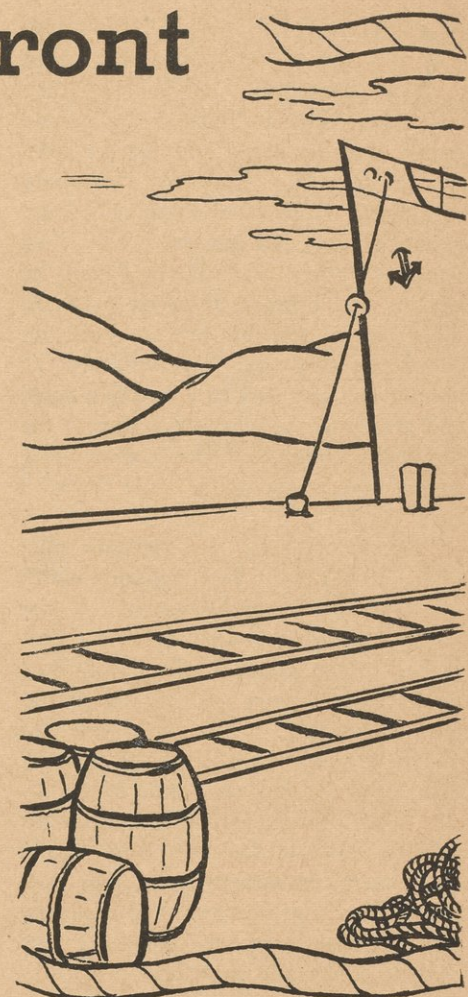
On the Waterfront



Golden Gate 'Frisco, where ships come and go, is a proud harbor and its workers are proud men. Since the days of '49 the harbor and the men have worked to make that city what it is today. Now the men and the harbor are on strike. Mr. Holmes tells why

By
Robert Holmes

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM GROMAN



A SEETHING calm has settled over the San Francisco waterfront as the fourth great strike in the Pacific Coast shipping industry during this century prepares to shape the direction it will take. As this is written, the present dispute either may be settled peaceably and quickly or it may develop into one of the most important battles yet experienced by the American labor movement.

Behind the present controversy is a story packed with significance for every person willing to fight for peace, freedom and security. It is a vital, moving, dramatic story. During the past two years, the longshoremen and maritime workers of the West Coast have established democratic control in their unions. They have achieved the best conditions of any similar group of workers anywhere in the world. They have defeated every effort of the reactionary, labor-baiting shipowners to disrupt their unions and intimidate and malign their leaders. They have maintained a solid front against the war-makers and the Fascists.

The present powerful and important position of these unions was not won easily. It is a place achieved only after years of constant effort when many times the outlook was black and apparently hopeless. For the sixteen years preceding the great strike of 1934 there was no bona fide longshoremen's organization on the Pacific. The seafaring unions existed, but only in the most casual sort of way. During these years the workers were frightfully abused, but always they were gather-

ing their forces in preparation for the showdown which one day they would have with the shipowners.

Fight Against Heavy Odds

The 1916 strike was waged during the period of pre-war hysteria. All the jingoism, the anti-Wilsonian feeling, the false one-hundred-percent kind of patriotism was released on the striking longshoremen and sailors. It was the year of the Mooney-Billings frame-up trial and conviction in San Francisco. There was a strike in the restaurant trades and a violent campaign to break that strike resulting in the passing of an anti-picketing ordinance. All the labor-hating elements of the community gathered in the Merchants Exchange Building and there the famous Law and Order Committee, forerunner of the present Industrial Association, was created. A million dollars was pledged to break the waterfront strike and the restaurant strike. Police followed the instructions of the millionaire strike-breakers. The workers fought bravely, but the forces against them were too great. The open-shoppers won a temporary victory.

Again in 1919 the longshoremen, organized in the Riggers and Stevedores Union, struck to improve their conditions. Again they were beaten as in 1916, and their union was banished from the 'front not to return until 1933. Yet another strike was called, the sailors' walkout of 1921. With the aid of the United States Shipping Board, replaced by the new Maritime Commission, the shipowners again won

the engagement and drove the men back to work.

There followed for twelve years on the waterfronts and ships of the Pacific a labor situation during which the employers took every possible advantage of the workers. Sailors worked sixteen hours and longer every day they were at sea, for wages of \$30 to \$40 per month. They lived and slept in stinking foc's'les from which light and ventilation were absent. Food was rotten. Firemen received like treatment, and even worse, because their work was in engine rooms where the heat rose above ninety degrees fahrenheit. Cooks and stewards were on call for seventeen and eighteen hours and their pay and living conditions were as bad as the sailors'.

Who Got the Subsidies?

The longshoremen suffered intolerable conditions. Men came down to the docks at six o'clock every morning of the year, Sundays, holidays, rain or storm or good weather. They stood around in the foggy, chill morning air of the Embarcadero waiting for jobs. The strawbosses picked their gangs for the day. The lucky few went to work, the others drifted home or along the 'front to idle the day away. To get a job in those years, a longshoreman had to pay tribute to the company-controlled Blue Book union, an infamous organization on which racketeers in the favor of the shipowners grew rich. Workers had to buy liquor for the bosses, give a kick-back from their pay envelope, or agree to some other form of petty graft to have a job.

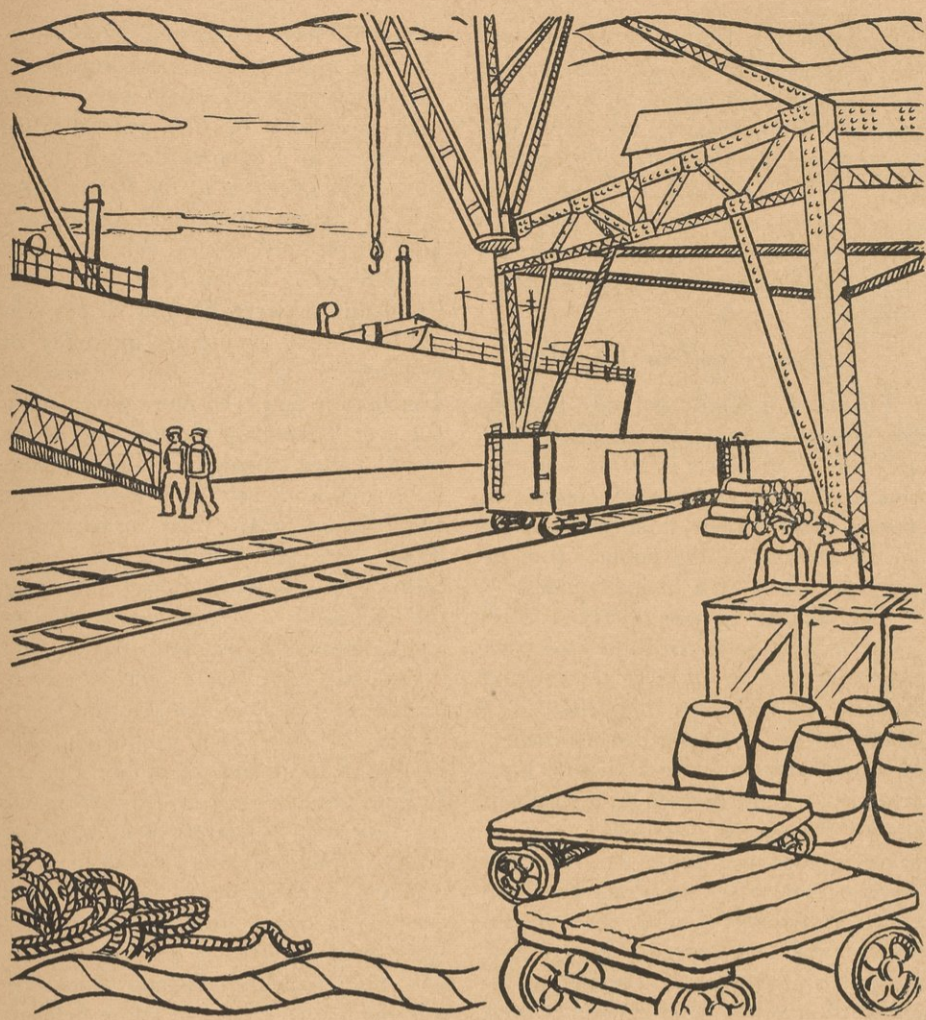
This casual system of hiring with its attendant abuses was the reason why the men's first demand in the 1934 strike was a union hiring hall to which the employers should send orders for longshoremen.

Most of the longshoremen averaged less than \$15 a week. When they did work, they might be compelled to labor twenty-four or thirty-six hours at a stretch. In the record of the National Longshoremen's Board, which conducted the arbitration following the 1934 strike, is the sworn testimony of a longshoreman who worked seventy-two hours without rest. Conditions of work were hazardous. Sling-loads were top-heavy. The speed-up was the order of the day. Accidents were numerous. The men were driven heartlessly in the employers' quests for more and greater profits.

While the shipowners were squeezing the last drop of blood out of their workers, they were pirating the government for subsidies, and receiving tremendous bonuses and salaries. The Admiral Oriental Line, organized by the Dollar Line (which is leading the present attack against the unions) in 1922 with a cash investment of \$500 and with notes given for capital stock in the sum of \$499,500, had made profits because of government subsidies up to 1932 of \$6,767,957.72.

The First Real Victory

In the fall of 1933, under the opportunity given by Section 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act, providing for collective bargaining, the West



Coast longshoremen reorganized themselves into the International Longshoremen's Association. For eight months, they attempted to secure agreements with shipowners providing for improved conditions, but the latter arrogantly refused to make any concessions. The only alternative was to strike, and that the I. L. A. did on May 9th, 1934. Within several days it was joined by the seafaring unions, all of whom had long standing grievances. These unions were: Sailors' Unions of the Pacific, Marine Firemen, Oilers, Watertenders and Wipers Association, Marine Cooks and Stewards, Marine Engineers Beneficial Association, and the Masters, Mates and Pilots. Then unorganized, these unions have since been joined by the American Radio Telegraphists Association.

The strike was long drawn out and bitter. For eighty-three days shipping came to an almost complete standstill as more than 30,000 longshore and seafaring workers picketed West Coast waterfronts in the struggle for their demands. Leading the strike was fighting, shrewd, incorruptible Harry Bridges. His leadership was that of the rank-and-file. He was one of the men. He had worked on the San Francisco waterfront for twelve years and before that had sailed on American vessels for four years. He couldn't be bought or bribed or intimidated, although all of these actions were employed by the shipowners and their provocateurs. Harry Bridges led the strikers to a tremendous victory. Now he is Pacific Coast district president

of the Longshoremen's Association.

Every method that desperate wealth can command was used in the attempt to break the strike. More than a thousand workers were arrested in San Francisco alone, most of them on fictitious charges. Armed thugs and finks were imported from the gangster headquarters of the country. Vigilantes raided union halls and the homes of private individuals sympathetic to the strikers. The press, led by Hearst, concocted fantastic red horror stories. Police laid down tear gas on picket lines, swung their clubs, used riot guns to injure strikers and murder two men on July 5th. The deaths of Howard Sperry and Nick Bordoise on "Bloody Thursday" were the turning point in uniting the workers. The two murdered men were followed to their graves by a funeral procession in which ten thousand silent, bareheaded strikers marched up Market Street. The General Strike which followed on July 16th and lasted until July 19th was directly traceable to the killings and the impressive demonstration which they caused.

The General Strike, poorly organized and sabotaged by the reactionary labor leaders, quickly collapsed. It was a spontaneous strike, however, which could not have been prevented. It was blasted as revolutionary, and the strikers were vilified by press, radio, and civic leaders. Hysteria gripped San Francisco. The militia, already on the scene, tightened its control over the city. One by one, the unions which joined the General Strike went back

Whatever its faults or lack of complete success, the General Strike proved the power of labor.

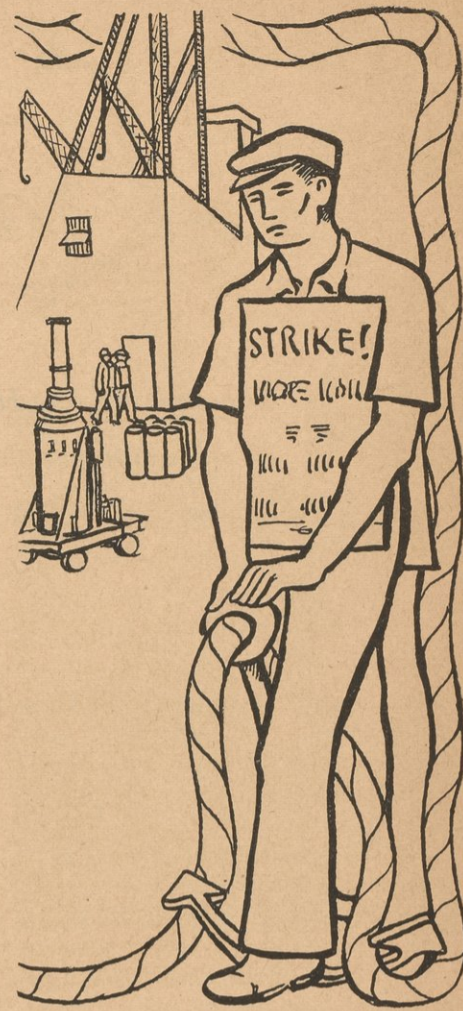
Now the strike moved quickly toward its finish. On July 31st, after a struggle which already was recognized as the most significant showing of labor strength since the 1919 steel strike, the longshore and seafaring workers returned to their jobs. The matters in dispute between longshoremen and shipowners were arbitrated. Proof of the justness of the men's demands was in the award of the Board which (1) established the hiring hall with a union dispatcher; (2) established a six-hour day, five-day thirty-hour week; (3) raised the hourly straight time wage from 85 cents to \$1.00. As a result of the award, 4,500 longshoremen were provided with steady work, free from the fear of being blacklisted, at average monthly wages of \$150 per month. When Harry Bridges told a women's club open forum several weeks ago that in 1933 there were 1,500 longshoremen on relief while today not a single longshoreman was on the relief rolls, he was cheered.

On September 30th of this year the agreements between the unions and shipowners, after notice provided for in the agreements, expired. It was the apparent intention of the employers, led by the reactionary minority of Dollar, Matson and American-Hawaiian, to lock out the men and make the attempt to destroy the unions. Immediately, the new Maritime Commission and Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady entered the controversy and secured a temporary peace, and finally induced the employers to renew existing agreements for one year, while the Commission investigated. The only logical explanation as to why the operators receded from their earlier adamant intention to force a break is that the Maritime Commission, which has one hundred million dollars to deal out in subsidies, has promised to make up any additional labor costs incurred by the employers for going along with the Commission.

The Present Struggle

The unions insisted that they would strike if their fundamental, minimum demands were not met by October 28th. These demands included: (1) preferential employment for licensed engineers and deck officers; (2) cash payment for overtime instead of time off as at present; (3) all seafaring personnel to be employed through hiring halls; (4) eight-hour day for all seafaring personnel; (5) retention of present hiring hall and six-hour day for longshoremen.

While some of these demands represent conditions which now exist in practice if not recognized by agreement, such as hiring seafaring men through union halls, and other demands can easily be met by shipowners, the work-



ers' insistence on them has brought the present break. The Eastern and foreign lines, and the Western steam schooner operators (coastwise lumber boats) would grant the demands but are prevented from doing so by the die-hard Western offshore group of Dollar, Matson and American-Hawaiian.

When the demands were not met, 39,000 longshoremen and maritime workers went on strike at midnight, October 29th, after a referendum vote authorizing strike action. The Dollar group hates the unions and Harry Bridges with a bitter, violent, uncompromising hatred. Only reluctantly did this group accede to the Commission's peace plan. Now that the break has come, it will want to fight the unions because it is convinced that it must wage war on them sooner or later. Not yet have they realized that the unions may suffer temporary setbacks but will always return because they represent a need of the workers.

Quiet has settled on the waterfront as both sides prepare for what may become a bloody battle that will dwarf the struggle of 1934. Teamsters have quit the Embarcadero, for all goods now on the docks is hot cargo. The Mayor, in an action entirely uncalled for, has declared a "state of emergency." Police have set up a central station in the Ferry Building and two hundred extra officers have been detailed for strike duty. The unions are organized in an incomparably stronger manner than in 1934. Picket lines have been thrown up. Port and coast strike

(Continued on page 26)

Letters

Some people like Hearst and don't like us and some people don't like him and like us . . . How about it, Canada?

We Are Scolded

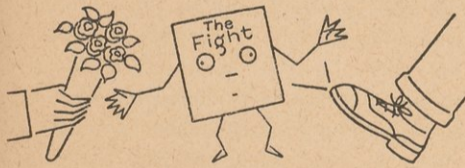
WE wish to inform you that your League is not "American." We know you too well. You are one of those disguised Soviet plans to lead Americans astray. You are a Communist outfit.

Alf M. Landon will be elected by a large majority and then you can take a run for yourself. Go to Russia.

William Randolph Hearst—American, a Friend of the People, a dangerous foe of Communists and a Patriot.
—ALF BARTLETT, Oakland, Cal.

We Are Applauded

PLEASE place my name on your mailing list to receive all printed material that you issue in the future, and, if possible, please send me anything you may have issued in the past re William Randolph Hearst. As you doubtless know, we have in the District of Columbia a People's Committee against Hearst, in which I am very much interested. This committee has already gained cooperation from an amazing number of people. All success to you in your courageous endeavors.—N.A.H., Washington, D. C.

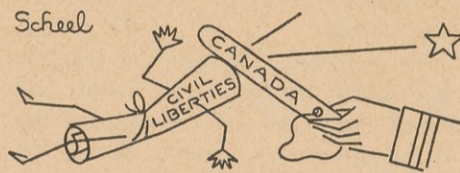


Canadian Fascism

ABOUT two weeks ago, a public meeting was to be held in one of our hockey arenas; it had already been advertised in the press and had been approved by the city authorities, when a band of about three hundred Fascist-minded Canadian students from a Catholic university in the city paraded to the city hall demanding that the meeting be banned, threatening violence if it was not, saying that they would not tolerate any such meetings in the city. Well, our upholders of "law and order" did that very thing, going over the head of the police director, incidentally, who had already said the meeting would and could be held. You

may be wondering who the speakers were. None other than the three Spanish Government delegates who have since spoken in New York City and other places.

Anyway, these foregoing events took place in the afternoon of the evening



they were scheduled to speak. Early in the evening the students paraded towards the hockey arena to make sure the meeting wouldn't come off, not trusting what the city executive had told them . . .—MRS. C. D., Montreal, Canada.

The Press

(Continued from page 6)

nothing but the Chandler money bags? The reader can judge for himself, and not from the accusations of radicals but a straightforward report in the conservative weekly *Time*.

"In the 18 years that he has had sole control of the *Times*," says *Time*, (July 15th, 1935), "Harry Chandler has proved himself not only a capable newspaperman manager, but also an inspired capitalist. Back in 1899 he launched a syndicate which bought up 862,000 acres in Lower California. He and his associates built Hollywood, founded a vast agricultural colony at Calexico which produced \$18,000,000 worth of cotton in 1919. He owns a 281,000-acre ranch in Los Angeles and Kern Counties stocked with fine cattle, a 340,000-acre hunting preserve in Colorado, an interest in another 500,000-acre sporting preserve in New Mexico, is officer or director in 35 California corporations, including oil, shipping, banking. The whisper, 'Chandler's in it,' signifies a good thing to most California businessmen."

As for William Randolph Hearst, he is two hundred times a millionaire, and one of the most important indus-

trialists in the United States, as well as the owner of two score newspapers. Mr. Hearst has been the bitterest opponent of all the Mexican presidents who have succeeded Diaz. His "championship" of Catholicism has served him as a fine religious cloak under which to hide his fears for his millions invested in land and minerals during the corrupt rule of the tyrant.

A Danger to Our Liberties

Of course I would not care to make the statement that all publishers who are heavily involved in other business, and in the directorship of companies, always protect their financial interests at the expense of the public. But apparently this is true in many cases.

The danger to our liberties arises when business gains the control of what is generally admitted to be the greatest bulwark of freedom, the press. The danger is even greater when the owners of newspapers who have become business men, use the press as an instrument against the people.

In its dealings with its own employees, who have organized the American Newspaper Guild, the newspapers of the country, with a very few exceptions, have shown themselves inimical to union labor in general as well as to the union idea among "gentlemen" workers. In the fight against the ratification of the child labor amendment by the states, the newspaper owners' association has shown itself hypocritical as well.

Exploiters of Child Labor

The worst field of child exploitation at present is the newspaper field, and two quotations of cause and effect tell the story pretty well. "Boys under twelve years of age engaged in selling newspapers in 1934 averaged 82 cents for 18 hours of work per week," says the report of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor. "Recently I had a census taken here in Sing Sing to determine the number of inmates who had sold newspapers in their youth. . . . Of the 2,300 men, over 69 per cent had done so," reports Warden Lawes. But the newspapers, the only industry which will now be seriously affected by a law prohibiting the use of children, stand to lose some money, therefore they not only are using their power which is preventing the passage of the constitutional amendment, but they issue statements calling newsboys "little merchants" and their work in the streets the great school of experience for manhood success. And, moreover, the red flag is raised, and the proposed amendment called the "sovietizing of American youth" and the amendment itself called the work of a sinister hand in Moscow.

A Politically Dishonest Press

But I know from my own and the experience of every one of the two or three hundred newspaper workers with

whom I have compared experiences, that the newspapers are the enemies of the people in many other ways. (Several exceptions to this generalization are listed in a chapter devoted to this purpose in *Freedom of the Press*. There are of course numerous additions—and, regrettably, several subtractions—to be noted.) In the 1936 presidential campaign, between 85 and 90 per cent of the press, including hundreds of newspapers which called themselves Democratic and even more which, without ever looking up the meaning of the word, called themselves Independent, were anti-Roosevelt in a more violent and vicious way than pro-Landon. They were anti-Roosevelt, they said, because he was many things, including the impossible combination of Fascist and Communist. But with few, if any, exceptions, they were anti-Roosevelt because of economic, not political fears, because of their own profits and the profits of the members of the Liberty League and chambers of commerce, and the fear that Roosevelt would curtail profits. This fear was cloaked in more nonsense than editorial writers have uttered in many lifetimes. I do not for a moment want to give the impression that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the bright knight in white fighting the cause of the common people against the vested interests, but he was in fact the representative of the more liberal and reform element, and he did in fact favor social security legislation which had a dollar and cents effect upon the possessions of the wealthier and more reactionary elements. If there had been more honesty among newspaper publishers, the campaign would have been reported objectively and honestly. The press, however, chose to flimflam the public. The great majority of papers have broken every item in the publishers' and editors' code of ethics. In doing so, they have naturally proved that they are enemies instead of friends of the people. And inasmuch as the keystone, cornerstone and main bulwark of all our civil liberties is a free press, and inasmuch as only quibblers and hypocrites pretend that the American press is a free press so far as social justice and a social conscience are concerned, we must become aware of the fact that our greatest danger in the future lies in the pages of the newspapers.

In fact, it was the opinion of Sir Norman Angell just at the close of the World War that the world press had already become "one of the worst obstacles to the development of a capacity for real self-government, perhaps the worst of all the menaces to modern Democracy." And since the World War, Italy, Germany, Greece and other Fascist nations have completely lost their semi-free press while that of the United States has generally become more and more reactionary and therefore more and more a danger to the liberties of the people.

Weir's Alcazar

(Continued from page 9)

during the 1933 unionization drive, testified against the company at its trial with the Government, but through it all managed to hold on to his job. When, this last summer, after a year or more of enforced silence, he was again able to recommend to his co-workers that they join a union, he simply could not be muzzled, come what may. He committed another sin. He went to the State Democratic convention as a delegate and there stoutly denounced company henchmen who endeavored to gain control of proceedings. That was too much. Immediately upon his return he was fired. Within a week the Steel Workers Organizing Committee put him to work as an organizer in Weirton.

His dismissal was unquestionably a tactical error. Koch might have been a pain in the company's neck while working in the mill, he was bound to be fifty times as severe a pain outside the mill, and when he was no longer dependent upon it for his livelihood. The error was noted too late to be mended. The only other alternative was to get rid of Koch. In a steel town it generally means one of two things: send him off to jail or to a hospital, and one or the other of these objectives is sought by jungle methods. Within two weeks from the time he became an organizer, he was called on the telephone and told: "Mr. Koch, this is to warn you that your automobile will be wrecked tonight." He knew what that warning meant. It was an invitation to him to fire some shots and get himself tangled up with the law. He failed to oblige. True to the warning, the car was wrecked. From a darkened window he could see the company police, in the familiar yellow car, slow up in front of his house, hurl a brick at the car, hurl another at the house, and move on. It was hard to resist hurling back the bricks but a labor organizer in Weirton must exercise self-control. Another stunt was tried.

While distributing *Steel Labor*, SWOC's official paper, in broad daylight and on the main street, just as shifts were changing, Koch was attacked by six thugs. He was knocked to the pavement, dragged along for about 25 feet with one of the thugs all the while tramping on his leg and shouting, "we'll send him to the hospital this time for sure." Hundreds of witnesses saw the attack. They saw the assailants come from the Weirton office and return to it after a drive around the block, and testified to this effect. Nevertheless, the grand jury could not find a true bill against them. The thugs are free while Koch is nursing a bad limp. But it did not necessitate his going to the hospital. He is up and about, driving harder than ever to build a union organiza-



For the Spanish Democracy! Top: Young women in Madrid, making clothes. Right: Packing food and clothes in New York

tion. There is much indignation against these terroristic practices. A number of Koch's friends are uniting for protection. The company, on the other hand, is hiring more private police and is said to be storing up munitions. The war is on.

Liberty vs. Slavery

In a very definite sense E. T. Weir and Kenneth Koch personify the current struggle in America between capital and labor. Mr. Weir is 61 years old, Mr. Koch 31. Had Kenneth Koch been born 30 years sooner he might have followed in Mr. Weir's footsteps, for Koch in 1936, like Mr. Weir in 1905, is ambitious to make his mark in the world. Unlike Mr. Weir of 30 years ago, he cannot forge ahead by himself. He cannot, as did Mr. Weir, lift himself by his own bootstraps because the bootstraps have been worn off from long pulling. What are Koch's chances for a career? At the end of twelve years of service for Mr. Weir he was fired summarily, without a moment's notice, and because he worked only part time and at low wages he had not a cent of reserve. What was left for him to do? He might have had his job by keeping quiet. He might even have become foreman or superintendent if he had turned against his fellow workmen, if he had spied on them, if he had testified against them instead of against the company. But Kenneth Koch does not want to get ahead at such a price neither do most of the other 13,000 men who work for Mr. Weir. They must have jobs but they are not prepared to pay for them with their self-respect.

"The American citizen *does have* freedom of economic opportunity," says Mr. Weir. "My own career bears witness to this."

"There is no chance for a worker these days to get ahead on his own," says Mr. Koch. "He must stick to his class."

Weir is determined to defend his belief in rugged individualism and his own absolute authority. Kenneth Koch is equally determined to defend his belief that workers have a right to

organize into unions of their own choosing. Mr. Weir has barbed wire fences, tear gas, machine guns, hired thugs and spies. Mr. Koch has only his young strength and his life. But Koch also has on his side the inexorable trend of events, and the inalienable right of each generation to forge ahead according to its own lights. The struggle is bound to be a fierce and bitter one. It is hard to predict its cost or duration, but there is little doubt that in the end the Kochs must conquer the Weirs, for that is the way of life.

China's Brother

(Continued from page 21)

anese police. He related that having applied to the Japanese Consulate for a visa he had been told that he would find no difficulty in traveling through Japanese possessions, including Manchuria. As soon as he set foot on a Japanese steamer, he was surrounded by secret agents who watched his every step. In Hsinking he was taken to the police headquarters and plied with questions. How much money did he have? Why did he come to Japan and Manchuria? Did he have cameras? He did, but advisedly did not use them. Thereupon his luggage was searched minutely and one of his cameras deliberately smashed, the other damaged so it could not be used. The police headquarters were filled with White Russian agents and he was repeatedly interrogated on what he saw from the car window in Siberia. What about Moscow? Was the Five Year Plan a success? Finally, after smuggling out a cable protesting his detention, he was released with smiles and compliments.

The Japanese Tourist Office representative came later to offer apologies. "We spend millions in travel propaganda," he complained, "and the police do this constantly. Recently we had an American banker who wanted to go home by the Siberian Railroad. The police hounded this man and his wife at every hotel in Japan where they put up, the only apparent reason being the Soviet visa on their passport." The



news is leaking out that every guide is a police agent and every geisha girl a spy. It makes Japanese travel propaganda rather difficult in America. They seldom trouble the British; the targets seem to be the Americans and Russians. When you have such instances as the outrages to American tourists by Japanese troops in Peking and Tientsin, the pretension of friendliness in pro-Japanese propaganda in America seems meaningless. The military and the police, the Japanese Tourist representative explained, were "jumpy". Jumpy indeed, the American agreed, and the present jump seems to be into China and then push every one out.

Divide and Rule

The jumpiness of the Japanese military men over China has apparently little justification. In her policy of biting more and more of the melon, the Mikado's men have had no real interference by any of the Powers. Wisely, they have chosen a time when Europe is entangled in toils of her own diplomatic wiles and America is absorbed with her domestic difficulties. The economic penetration of China and her conquest by the Japanese military machine presents itself in two broad aspects. It could be foisted upon a weak and disunited China, or accomplished by friendly overtures. The Japanese government has been pursuing both courses but has stressed military occupation more than rapprochement. The former policy has not required much sacrifice either in men or arms. By intrigue they have been fostering division so that they could rule. By bribery they have set up an independent Northern Government. The screen of

this "independent" Northern Government is transparent, but the artifice suffices before a world opinion too heavily laden with cares about Abyssinia and Hitler's threats. They sell ammunition to Canton so that the Southwest can rise against the Nanking Government under the slogan of anti-Japanese war. They urge independence of the Northern generals who are known to be anti-Japanese. They encourage Chiang Kai-shek in his Fascist and pro-Japanese policy, knowing that their methods of *divide et impera* have weakened him partially and that a pro-Japanese act on his part would strengthen his unpopularity with the Chinese masses. In the interim, incidents are created, a murder here, a smuggling pursuit there, which give pretexts for sending more troops into China to protect the Japanese residents against the hatred of the Chinese. The militarists are followed by colonizers and business entrepreneurs. Shares of foreign corporations are acquired by Japanese, surveys are conducted for growing cotton in North China and mixed combines of Chinese and Japanese capitalists are created. To protect all this, the navy and army appropriations are increased annually until they consume half the country's budget. The burden falls on the workers and peasants in all the lands where the flag of the Rising Sun is planted.

Only Officials Emigrate

Yet we are told that Japan is poor in markets and natural resources and needs territory for her surplus population. Poor as she may claim to be, she is rich in contradictions. In the book of propaganda called *Manchukuo*, printed in Tokyo and distributed in the United States, it is stated that this newly acquired land is the size of Germany and France together; that it abounds in iron, coal and other minerals and is a potential storehouse of foodstuffs. Is Manchuria being colonized by Japan's surplus population? Yes, by surplus officialdom which is displacing very rapidly the remaining Chinese managers, clerks and officials from Manchurian jobs. But emigration from Japan is as insignificant as that into Korea which she has ruled for three decades. Japan possesses thousands of islands in the northern Pacific and commercially she dominates Siam, penetrates Inner Mongolia, Burma, French Indo-China and has made a substantial foothold in the markets of the Philippines and South America. She has a commercial agreement with Germany and Finland. She has attempted colonization of northern Chinese coolies in Manchuria. But we read even in the jingoistic sheet, *Osaka Mainichi*, that most of the coolies brought to Manchuria have returned to China. Benighted as they are, they evidently prefer their native misery to the land of plenty under Japanese thralldom. Since apparently the Chinese masses do not take kindly to the *kultur* of the conqueror, it might

be a better policy to offer them the real friendship of "the Big Brother," to use the stereotyped phrase of Tokyo's statesmen.

Innocent Victims

Under a less ambitious régime, the Island Empire could obviously find ample space for her people within the vast orbit under her dominion. She could improve immeasurably the standard of living at home by saving vast war expenditures. But China, with her four hundred million possible consumers, is too tempting a bait, which overshadows reason and moderation.

The laboring man in Japan has as little in common with the plans and machinations of the Japanese military trends as the dock laborer in New Orleans had with the régime of Huey Long. The cult of the sword is the cult of Fascism. It not only implants the seed of hatred and bigotry in the masses but stifles attempts to raise them toward higher cultural levels. It distorts all offers of international cooperation and understanding by false standards of destiny or special super-nationalism. The broad masses, the farmers and workers of Japan, have not improved their lot by the rape of Manchuria. They are as innocent victims of imperialism as the coolies of China. The liberation of China would be no loss to them. They know that they cannot emigrate into the overcrowded provinces of the Heavenly Kingdom. Their fate in the entire enterprise is tragic. It consists of taxes, conscription and growing unemployment. Under a more civilized arrangement, there is no reason why the Japanese and Chinese could not in amity complement each other culturally as well as economically. Pan-Asianism could then become a factor in world peace and a boon to world civilization. Pan-Asianism at the point of a gun spells war—human and economic waste.

On the Waterfront

(Continued from page 23)

committees have been created. Relief kitchens are open. Legal defense is being centralized and prepared. More than a quarter of a million dollars is in the strike chest. Every longshoreman and seafaring worker on the Pacific is on strike as more than one hundred and sixty ships are tied up from Honolulu to San Diego to Seattle. Public support has been rallied.

So far, the shipowners have made no open efforts to bring in strike-breakers or guards. If this strike lasts more than two weeks, then will come the tear gas and riot guns and bullets and vigilantes and militia. The workers who are fighting to maintain the gains won in 1934 and to protect their unions will stand up now as they did then. Theirs will be the victory in the battle of 1936.

This Book Hits the Warmakers Where It Hurts

How to Run a War

By BRUCE W. KNIGHT

How to Run a War packs the most devastating wallop against war that you will find in any book today. Every word has a sting like nitric acid to penetrate the callous hides of the men who talk about "the advantages of another good, big war," and the stupid skulls of those who discuss "the next war" as though nothing could be done to stop its coming.

If you are personally opposed to war; if you write against it, talk against it, fight against it, work against it—you will want a copy of *How to Run a War*. Read it, quote it, talk about it, and get everybody you can to read it. It is the book the anti-war forces in America have been waiting for, couched in terms of hot, bitter satire that will make even the most hard-boiled militarist writhe.

Here is what *The New Yorker* says about *How to Run a War*:

"Addressed with candor to the upper classes, this Swiftian satire ranges, in perspective, 'the more solid principles, practices, and values of international slaughter.' Mr. Knight explains how to get into a war, lie for your country, round up the victims, get the killing tools, organize the killing business, kill people, make the enemy or (better) your allies or (best) the poor pay for it all, and, finally, how to compute the dividends."

The author of *How to Run a War*, Bruce W. Knight, is Professor of Economics at Dartmouth. He writes with a thorough knowledge of the forces which make for war, both economic and human. His punches have real authority behind them. Use the coupon below to order your copy of *How to Run a War*.

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ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE.....

Building the League

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid



ILLINOIS—Chicago has been a regular maelstrom of activity in League circles during the past month. On October 20th, a banquet, mandarin style at the Old Cathay restaurant, was tendered to Tom McKenna, outgoing secretary, and to Frank G. Spencer, incoming secretary of the League. The same week, the League called a conference to organize a people's committee against Hearst and started the ball rolling for a mass campaign against America's number one exponent of Fascism. In behalf of



the defenders of Democracy in Spain a Spanish fiesta was held, with over a thousand people in attendance, and with nearly \$700 realized on the affair. October 25th saw the launching of a conference on the Spanish situation with a large attendance of delegates from many organizations. In the midst of all these activities the headquarters of the Chicago office have been re-decorated, and plans have been laid for the Mid-West regional conference, January 8th to 10th. The League will also join in welcoming the visiting Spanish delegation on December 3rd. Education has not been forgotten, either, for the Northwest Branch is arranging a series of eight talks and discussions on Fascism. Verily, these things augur well for a militant fight against war and Fascism in Chicago! The Champaign-Urbana Branch of the League has arranged a lecture series for the winter with outstanding labor, religious and racial leaders as speakers.

CALIFORNIA—The East Bay Committee of the League—Berkeley and Oakland—recently took action against the use of the University of California R.O.T.C. unit for anti-labor tactics. These student soldiers were given a written examination in Military Science which projected a strike situation on the waterfront near the campus, with a considerable part of the population in sympathy with the unions. Invasion of the campus was posed as the issue to be met by the R.O.T.C. boys. The League immediately brought the situation to the attention of the

public. Trade unions were called upon to protest such potential strike-breaking tactics. The Alameda Central Labor Council called for the removal of the military science instructors in the name of 56 member unions. The Painters' Union protested "such a misuse of a state institution largely supported by taxes paid by labor." This situation has given impetus to the organization of a local People's Committee Against Hearst to combat all types of reactionary activities. A new Branch of the League has just been organized on the campus at Berkeley. The Marin County Branch is carrying the fight for the use of the local high school for League meetings to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The members are also investigating the attempt of citizens of San Rafael to raise funds to purchase gas bombs and other equipment for the police of that city. Santa Barbara has just reorganized the League work in its community and has special committees investigating the red scare, the local activities of Hearst and the situation in the agricultural region. Bert Leech, our California organizer, has discovered that the Silver Shirts are organized and active in Atascadero. Immediate steps were taken to develop a Branch of the League there and counteract this new insurgence of Fascism. On October 21st, San Francisco held a mass meeting protesting the Fascist war on Spain, with English, Spanish



N. P. Atkinson, Pacific Northwest Chairman, American League Against War and Fascism

and Italian speakers. The Spanish delegation now on tour received a wide hearing in this area and strong support for the loyalist government of Spain is being developed. Los Angeles started an immediate protest when they learned that 20th Century-Fox was to produce *The Siege of the Alcazar* with the collaboration of H. R. Knickerbocker, prize Hearst reporter. The local Artists' Branch of the League took the leadership in subjecting this projected picture to wide criticism. This issue has been added to the anti-Hearst campaign and extensive work is under way all along the Fascist line of Mr. Hearst. Significant support for this drive has been secured from a number of trade unions of this city.

NEW JERSEY—Perth Amboy's fight for the right to use the public high school for a League meeting was carried before the State Department of Education on October 27th, when a public hearing was held before a representative of the State Commissioner of Education. The testimony of the members of the Board of Education of Perth Amboy revealed the nature of their refusal to permit the League to meet in the schools. "We haven't got war and Fascism here," said the president of the Board, "why should we study it?" Another member said that the Board hesitated to provide police protection for a meeting because policemen in uniform "might cause trouble." Attorney Julius Kass, retained by the American Civil Liberties Union for the League, called witnesses who revealed that the high school had been used by the Democratic and Republican parties, that a local newspaper had conducted evening cooking classes in the school, that no riot had ever resulted from League meetings, and that even the Declaration of Independence was a controversial issue. The decision of the State Commissioner on this absurd case is expected soon. The Trenton League has instituted a public petition as a means of eliminating the Hearst newsreels from the Capitol Theatre in that city. By the end of the month they expect over 2,000 signatures. Irvington Leaguers conducted a political symposium on "How to Keep America Out of War," with representatives from four political parties participating. The Republican speaker declared that the United States must keep out

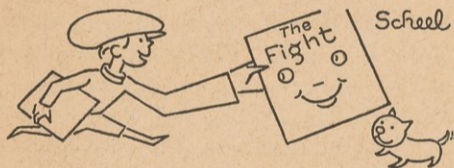
of the League of Nations and the World Court, while the Democratic speaker supported the President's strict neutrality policy. The other speakers pointed out how the present economic system breeds war and urged anti-war action on the part of the citizens themselves. Jersey City recently held a meeting and collected a tidy sum for support and supplies to the defenders of Spanish Democracy. An anti-Hearst campaign is also being developed in this city of repression. Work toward the establishment of new Branches has been started in Atlantic City and Somerset.

NEW YORK—The mock trial of Hearst, staged by the New York City division of the League at the Hippodrome on October 22nd, was tremendously effective and drew widespread interest. The house was sold out and hundreds of people were turned away. Under the able guidance of Arthur Garfield Hays, who acted as prosecuting attorney, an impressive list of witnesses appeared and testified against the Fascist character of Hearst. Among them were Governor Hjalmar Petersen of Minnesota, Oswald Garrison Villard, Professor Robert K. Speer of New York University, Charles J. Hendley of the Teachers' Union, the Reverend William Lloyd Imes and Representative Vito Marcantonio. The verdict was guilty on all counts, and the crowd promised to carry out the slogan, "Don't read Hearst, don't see Hearst, don't hear Hearst." Four days later, New York Leaguers joined in welcoming a distinguished delegation of Spanish Loyalists at a huge Madison Square Garden meeting. Over 20,000 people packed the huge arena to hear



Spain speak in the persons of the Honorable Marcelino Domingo, president of the Left Republican Party and former Minister of Education, Señora Isabella de Palencia, a woman leader of Spain and just appointed Minister to Sweden, and the Reverend Father Luis Sarasola, Catholic priest and historian. Nearly \$20,000 was collected in cash and pledges for medical supplies, food

and clothing for the Spanish people. The mass meeting was held under the auspices of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the organization which is directing the delegation's tour throughout Canada and the United States. Bishop Robert L. Paddock and Harry F. Ward served as chairmen of the meeting, with Roger Baldwin making the plea for funds. Joseph Cadden, member of the American youth delegation that visited Spain, also spoke. The New York City League is also collecting clothing and food for Spain. Margaret Forsyth, chairman of the Women's Section of the League, reported on the Brussels Peace Congress at a luncheon, November 7th, at the Parc Vendome Hotel. Hubert Herring, of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, gave an interesting analytical talk on Pan-American relationships. Eleanor Brannan, chairman of the New York City League, Anna Schneiderman, chairman of the Women's Committee, and Mrs. Bakst of the Brooklyn League also spoke. The luncheon followed a farewell dinner for Dorothy McConnell, secretary of the Women's Section, who sailed for the Buenos Aires Peace Conference. Miss McConnell is an accredited delegate of the Peoples' Mandate to Governments, the American League, and the Women's Section. She will attend both the government conference which begins December 1st and the people's conference which precedes it. Our Junior correspondent—Joseph Jankowitz—writes, "A new Junior Branch was organized in the Bronx and another in Bensonhurst. . . We have sold 62 copies of the October



FIGHT and over 100 copies of the November issue." League members arrested in Ossining, New York, on August 25th for distributing handbills announcing a rally for the defense of Spanish Democracy, were brought to trial October 10th and found guilty of violating a local ordinance regarding distribution of literature. Attorney Samuel P. Puner, retained by the American Civil Liberties Union for the League, maintained that the application of the ordinance was an infringement of freedom of speech and appealed the case to the next higher court. It was also contended that strict application of the ordinance would have prevented the distribution of campaign literature of the Democratic and Republican parties. Albany held a large peace meeting on November 6th, with William B. Spofford of the National Bureau of the League as chief speaker. The Gloversville League conducted a booth at the

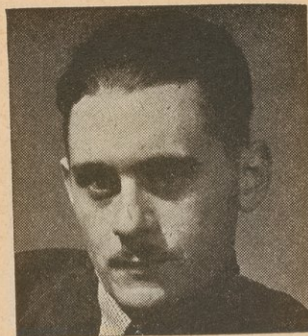
Fulton-Hamilton County Fair and sold much literature on this occasion. Dr. Nathaniel Cantor recently addressed a League meeting in Buffalo where a drive for new members was instituted. The League is waiting to welcome the Spanish delegation when it arrives in the city on December 11th.

ST. LOUIS—A League conference in this city, the week-end of October 31st, brought over 125 elected delegates, representing over 10,000 people, and a number of visitors. Speakers included Professor J. R. Shannon, member of the faculty of Indiana State Teachers College, Martin Wagner of the Gas House Workers' Union and R. N. McKibben, organizational secretary of the Pittsburgh League.

HERE AND THERE—The American League, along with other groups in Philadelphia, recently prevented a "military parade" of the German-American Volksbund, an organization of Nazi sympathizers. The League sent a delegation to the mayor protesting this military affair. Askov, Minnesota, Leaguers have sent in 140 signatures to the Peoples' Mandate to Governments, collected from farm people of that region. In Minneapolis on November 6th, the League cooperated with other peace groups in sponsoring a large peace meeting addressed by Dr. Edward Lindeman of the New York School for Social Work. Houston, Texas, is now on the map for the League with 27 new members in less than a month and the affiliation of Local No. 227 of the Oil Field, Gas Well and Refinery Workers, numbering 2,000 members. Robert Morss Lovett, one of the national vice-presidents of the League, recently addressed a dinner meeting of a hundred League members and friends in this city. Kansas City, Missouri, had Señorita Eliza Perez as speaker at its Spanish meeting recently.



"So Smells Defeat" by George Grosz, a picture from an anti-war exhibition at Smith College



By
James Lerner

NEW YORK Youth Section gets first prize this month for aiding Spain. A center for the collection of food, clothing and medical supplies has been opened here. A large youth conference was held; a youth committee for Spain was established.

Included among the organizations participating in the conference were: National Council of Jewish Juniors, the American Student Union, the Lincoln Settlement House of the Urban League, the International Workers Order Youth Section, the 23rd Street Y.M.C.A., the Goddard Settlement House, the Young Pioneers, the International Relations Club, and the League of Nations Association. The groups present decided to form themselves into an organizational committee.

SPEAKING about Spain, we are happy to announce that a youth dele-



gation of three will soon be coming to this country from Spain. They will tour the United States in an intensive drive to get aid for their government. Although some of the large cities will be covered, we intend concentrating on the smaller cities which are being missed by the delegation now touring the United States under the auspices of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. The youth tour will be under the auspices of the Youth Committee for Spain set up by the American youth delegation which went to that country.

We have available, now, the findings of our youth delegation to Spain. "Spain, 1936" by Joseph Cadden, secretary of the National Student Federation of America, is sold for three cents. It is particularly suitable for youth groups.

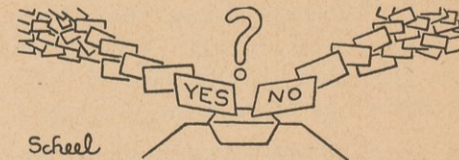
ONE of the delegates at the World Youth Congress, Fred Tomlin, representing the National Council of Methodist Youth, who took motion pictures of the Congress is now prepared to show the films, accompanied by a talk on the subject. The film includes all the highlights of the Con-

gress as well as general material on war and what it means. Write to the National Office for particulars.

DURING the last year, quite a bit of progress has been made in bringing peace education to children. In Pittsburgh and Cleveland, as previously reported in these columns, essay contests got wide response in the school systems. Last Armistice Day, a children's peace festival was held in New York with 1700 children participating. It was such a huge success that this year it has been tried again. The preliminary program sent out announced mass singing, radio broadcasts with the children speaking, impersonations, an anti-war movie and a parade through Spanish Harlem. A number of prominent labor, settlement house, church, Negro and fraternal leaders endorsed the undertaking. Speaking of children's groups, Philadelphia writes that two branches are about to be formed by the American League.

THE American Continuations Committee of the World Youth Congress has had its first meetings. A temporary committee to prepare a program of education and activity is in the process of being formed. At the first meeting there was the broadest representation ever seen at any youth gathering around these parts.

THE United Student Peace Committee announced last month that it has prepared a peace poll. Now that



the questions are ready and the Armistice Day program out of the way, college editors will be asked to recommend a suitable time to launch the poll.

THE American Student Union chapter at Cornell writes for help in preparing a Hearst trial modeled after the successful one held in New York. If any other groups want to launch such a worthy project, we are prepared to give them all the dope on how it's done.

The War in Spain

(Continued from page 7)

his family had to submit in all circumstances to the will and caprice of the master. The oligarchies of the *caciques*, which persisted up to the Republic, owed their existence to the feudal reign of the great landowners and their administrators, who mercilessly tortured the peasants. The social and political oppression, the isolation and lack of education of the masses, are the terrible plagues devastating Spain up to our day.

Greed vs. Christianity

I do not want to discuss the Catholicism of these rich people. I know only one thing: that the Catholic religion has nothing to do with the ferocious egoism of wealth-privilege, be it wealth acquired more or less honestly, or accumulated through the blood and tears of others. It avails nothing that these people call themselves Catholics, and that they give much money to the church and to the clergy. The cry for justice, and the tears of their brothers, accuse them!

One must need be ingenuous indeed, and wholly lacking in perspective, to believe that the aristocrats, the rich people, and the great landowners in Spain are making common cause with the rebels for religious reasons. The Catholic religion, to which their position and their oftentimes scandalous behavior is an insult, is the last thing which matters to them. The honest clergy and the sincere Catholics, who love their religion, know only too well that the rich people and the great landowners of Spain for the most part do not feel the truth of Catholicism, and dishonor it by using it merely as a convenient cloak for their egoism and their pursuit of selfish pleasure.

Another group joined with the rebels are the Traditionalists, or Carlists. They are unfortunately strong in number; and (especially those from the province of Navarra) they follow an antiquated ideal, dreaming of the restoration of the Catholic kings and the Austrians, of a revival of the Inquisition, the censorship of publication, and kindred abuses of the Dark Ages. They are extreme reactionaries, and therefore fierce opponents of all democratic gains. Allied with them are the monarchists of the Benovation Espagnole, nearly all aristocrats and partisans of Alfonso XIII.

Fascist Terrorism

The Fascists are with them, too; they who, in the legislative elections of this year, did not obtain a single deputy at the Cortes. After the triumph of the People's Front, they began a direct and violent terrorism, with organized or individual attacks against members of the working parties, and so on. Hundreds of workers were killed during

the few months of their reign of terror. Associated with them were the majority of the partisans of the Catholic Action Popular, led by Gil Robles, and subjected to merciless defeat in government affairs in 1933-5.

Spanish Fascism, learning from the terrorist proceedings and the demagogy in Italy and Germany, has rapidly grown, to the great disquietude of the truly Christian souls in Spain.

It can be seen from all this, that there never really existed a strong social Christian movement in Spain. The ecclesiasts instituted a social agrarian movement, but it was feeble and sterile. It did not attack the root of the evil, which lay in the fact that immense territories were being accumulated in the hands of a few people. It is sad, but undeniable, that the oppression of the Spanish peasants, and their spiritual and physical misery, are shameful fruits of a so-called "religious" monarchy!

Social Reforms of the Republic

The Republic tried to alter these conditions, attempting a timid agrarian reform, though respecting all the big territorial proprietorships. When three years ago the political parties controlled by the Catholic Action Popular came into control, an opposition began against social reforms of benefit to the peasants. The Fascist leader Gil Robles and his followers are those who are most largely responsible for that inhuman and anti-Christian performance.

The Republic, aiming to extend education throughout Spain, with the support of the Spanish working classes, sought to create a system which would place primary schools in the most humble and most hidden villages of the country. More than 7,000 such schools were established in the Republic's régime. But its dream of driving illiteracy from Spain was spoiled by the Action Popular, which abolished all progressive reforms planned by the Republic in the interest of civilization.

And this reactionary ruling party called itself Catholic. As a result of this falsity, the separation of the Church from the great majority of the Spanish workers and peasants has rapidly taken place. The lack of a social Christian movement in favor of the workers, the alliance of the archbishops and the clergy with the rich, their oft-expressed hostility to the justifiable claims of the workers have placed the Spanish Catholic Church in a deplorable position, and alienated a great section of the masses of its followers.

Some people say, with deliberate intent to defame the Spanish Republic and the People's Front, that it is Soviet Communism and Occidental Christian civilization which are warring in Spain. I declare that these people do not know what they are talking about, nor do they understand the situation in Spain

in all its complexity. I won't discuss now the significance of Communism, nor the rather vague matter of "the Occidental Christian civilization." But can one apply that name to the capitalist civilization, the ruling civilization, which owns all the vast territories of Spain, and which is keeping the large masses of the Spanish peasants in slavery, misery and despair? No, this is no Christian civilization, but a civilization fundamentally opposed to Christianity!

And the Republican Spain, the Spain of the workers and peasants, is fighting against this spurious civilization, is fighting for spiritual and economic freedom, for emancipation from slavery to the ruling classes, for the social and cultural opportunities which are their human rights and which up to now have been denied them.

It is fighting so that the Christian will of St. Paul, who said: "They who do not work shall not eat," may be fulfilled.

Pan-America

(Continued from page 14)

is that the United States is determined to keep on friendly terms with States whose trade might go in another direction altogether.

Of course the United States is bent on what every imperialistic nation is bent on—benefit to its economic interests—just as every State attending the Conference will be bent on economic benefit. But it seems as if, for the moment, the States are looking toward the preservation of peace as a means of economic benefit.

The Peoples' Conference

Naturally, such a conference will be subjected to all sorts of social pressure and it will take very skilful handling to get anything through that will be of benefit to the people as a whole. American business men, with their usual nearsightedness, will fight through their own channels of influence. On the other side of the picture you find men and women interested in peace. They have called a Peoples' Conference to be held before the official conference at which they are discussing the matters to be discussed at the official conference, and at which they will attempt to bring together some workable proposals for the maintenance of peace. This conference will be attended by delegates from all over Latin America and by delegates from the United States. It will interest the readers of this magazine to know that the American League Against War and Fascism has been invited to send a delegate to sit in the Peoples' Conference. Persons close to Latin American affairs report that this conference will have an incalculable effect on the decisions of the official conference.

At the official conference itself, peace

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groups will bring pressure toward effective measures for peace. The Peoples' Mandate to Governments Committee is flying to Buenos Aires with five million signatures to the Peoples' Mandate to Governments which asks particularly for reduction of armaments and the strengthening of existing peace machinery. The American League Against War and Fascism has its representative in the Peoples' Mandate Committee and, by making it possible for one of the committee to go, is contributing some part toward bringing peace pressure on the Conference. Five million signatures stand for a social pressure which cannot be thrown off lightly.

The Conference will be an interesting one to watch. It will be interesting, not only from the point of view of what it accomplishes, but it will be interesting to see how far a conference of this kind, made up of official delegates from imperialistic governments, can come together on a real minimum program against war. To any believer in united action for peace and freedom it should be an absorbing study in tactics.

Nazified Culture

(Continued from page 11)

Of late, a series of embarrassing incidents have been the lot of German booksellers in several countries. In their strivings to fulfill their Fascist masters' directives, the book exporters are becoming the laughing-stock of the world book markets.

At Stockholm they started to dispose of German books with the aid of "dumping" prices. But even the 60 per cent discount failed to bring results sought by the Nazis.

The owner of a big book store at Basel received a tempting proposition from Leipzig:

"We are in a position to offer a shipment of books at exceptionally low prices. . . ."

Although aware of the Swiss public's reluctance to read German output, the store owner was seduced by the opportunity to make a tidy sum. He put on sale "forged" books—from the covers of which all references to their Leipzig origin had been removed.

A shower of protests descended on him in a few days. Even two law suits resulted from the customers' complaints.

Goebbels' tricks are of no avail. Fascist Germany's book exports are falling uninterruptedly.

The publisher of a few coordinated German newspapers came to Switzerland on personal business. There he unburdened his soul to a correspondent of the *Basel Nazionalzeitung*.

"You ask me about the condition of the German press," the wisely anonymous publisher said. "Here you are. Millions of Germans today are not reading newspapers. Millions of people for whom, not long ago, the news-

paper was as much a necessity as water and soap. This statement first of all applies to the official National Socialist organs."

"But are not those newspapers shouting about the growth of their circulations?"

"So what? The circulations are screwed up by forcing all who can possibly be forced to subscribe to the papers. Street vendors are threatened with charges of sabotage and all the consequences thereof for poor disposal. And so people subscribe, buy, but do not read."

"What is it that so repels the reader from this press?"

"The reader wants to have the news—news which is not doctored up. And he does not believe that which the official press presents to him. Another cause—the low level of editors and other members of the literary personnel. The limit of this gentry's culture is circumscribed by the 'study' of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Rosenberg's *Myth of the 20th Century*."

The publisher continued in the same vein. He quoted the organ of German journalists, the *Deutsche Presse*, which in a fit of frankness had admitted that "the journalists of the Third Reich write much, but they have nothing to say."

In 1934 there had expired 3,298 newspapers and magazines, in 1935 1,590 more. During the first three years of the Fascist dictatorship fully one-half of the pre-Nazi press ceased to exist. The reader had no mercy even on the papers that had been published for 200 and 300 years.

When some time ago the press of Italy found itself in a similar plight, Mussolini's Union of Italian Journalists had resorted to a drastic step which we here offer for the instruction of perplexed Nazi scribes.

It so happens that Italian Fascists regard themselves as the perpetuators of the cause of the ancient Rome, and the black-shirted journalists proclaimed Caius Julius Caesar as their "patron-protector." It was pointed out in an official communiqué that the promotion of the ancient Roman military genius to the rank of "honorary journalist" was in recognition of the fact that in his time he used to publish the *Acta Diurna* (daily), in which were recorded all the topics of the day and which therefore constituted the first newspaper of Rome. By that stroke, the Italian Fascists wanted to establish the "succession" from the helmsman of state in the old Rome, Journalist Julius Caesar, to the leader of contemporary Italy, Journalist Mussolini.

We don't know what stimulus to Italian newspaper circulations was provided by the act, but we fear that in seeking an "honorary journalist" in German antiquity with ideology kindred to that of Hitler, the Nazis will have to probe new lows in the scale of evolution.

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Oh Say, Can You See?

AS WE write, the Spanish Fascists are in the suburbs of Madrid and the Loyalists are digging in to defend the streets and every last three-room walk-up flat from General Franco and his invading Moors. The removal of the government to Valencia seems to have little effect on these staunch defenders. Even bombs from Italian and German planes have failed to change their minds. Madrid belongs to the people of Spain; they are determined to keep it. Very foolish attitude, thinks the *New York Times*, though that worthy paper admits that the fall of the city to the Fascist forces does not mean the defeat of the Loyalist cause by a long shot.

What with the Non-Intervention Committee white-washing the charges of aid to the rebels on the part of Portugal and Italy, with Montreal forbidding the visiting Spanish delegation to speak, and with the American customs agents searching a Spanish ship in New York harbor for arms, there must be something wrong with the state of Democracy everywhere. American newspapers persistently confuse the situation by calling the Fascist rebels "nationalists" and the People's Front government a "leftist" regime. The Catholic Church joins hands with the mercenary Moors, while American and Canadian Catholics falsely brand Father Luis Sarasola, one of the members of the Spanish Loyalist delegation in this country, as an "apostate."

Our State Department frankly admits that our Neutrality Law "has no application in the present situa-



tion, since that applies only in the event of war between or among nations," but still refuses to give export licenses for the shipment of munitions to the democratically elected government of Spain which is struggling to put down a military revolt against a legally constituted government. This action on the part of our government is contrary to international law and custom. Popular pressure on the President and Secretary of State will soon alter this situation.

Fascism anywhere is a foe to Democracy everywhere—especially to or-

ganized labor. Poor little Danzig is the latest case in point. There the local branch of the International Transport Workers' Union has been dissolved. Protests have been sent from the headquarters of the union in Amsterdam to the League of Nations and to Poland, with appeals to the French and British governments. The leaders of the Fascist revolt in Spain have also intimated that organized labor would not fare well under their rule. We hope that the A. F. of L. will look beyond Tampa when it maps its program for the next year and prepare to join hands with the defenders of Democracy everywhere. And by the way, Tampa itself is a good starting point!

The election is over and the epidemic of explanation, analysis, interpretation and prophecy has beset the land. At dinner the other night, we



sat next to a comfortable, fairly intelligent, middle class lady who actually believed up to the last minute that Landon would win. She had no doubt, however, that the vote indicated that the people were against reaction. Lots of people wanted Roosevelt—millions of them—but now that they have him, what is he going to do?

Well, our hunch is that he can do blame near anything he wants to, from giving the NRA a strong shot in the arm to building a navy twice as big as the present one. For three days after the election the *New York Times* was telling the President in editorials what to do. Others, by less public methods, will be trying to reach his ear. Frankly, we looked forward to the defeat of Landon as providing a little longer breathing spell for the forces of peace and Democracy to organize and strike more effective blows against war and Fascism. We have that chance now. This election was not a repudiation of the Administration's big Navy and big Army program. The next four years will in all probability see the formation of an avowed and "respectable" Fascist party. What else can reactionaries do? What other program can they have? On the other hand, the next four years *must* see the formation

of a real people's party that is definitely anti-Fascist and anti-war if the peace and democratic government of this nation are to be maintained.

Secretary Hull has already departed for Buenos Aires and the Pan-American peace conference. The President will soon follow via the warship Indianapolis. Delegates from American peace



organizations including the Peoples' Mandate Committee are on their way, among them Dorothy McConnell, Secretary of the Women's Section of the American League. Just what the government conference will accomplish it is difficult to predict. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt is trying to convince American industrialists that being a "good neighbor" will result in good markets. The peace conference may be just another item in his foreign policy, calculated to win back lost prestige in South America for the United States or to consolidate our back door. For the popular peace congress which convenes before the governmental show gets under way we have greater hopes. The people of the Americas really want peace.

There are too many Fascist trends in the Roosevelt regime for the masses of the people to rest easy under the election avalanche. The deeds rather than the words of the President reveal these tendencies, and the motives or drives behind these deeds are even more illuminating. The decay and contradictions within our economic system force the Administration and big business more and more into the channels of Fascism. And by the way, we haven't been able to improve on the definition of Fascism that Harry F. Ward gave at the Cleveland Congress of the American League last January. Here it is! Keep it handy as a yardstick by which to judge the situation: "Fascism in this country is the destruction of Democracy by violence; the substitution of the rule of force for the attempt of the people to govern themselves; and this, for the sake of preserving profits, property income and the profit system."

We were amazed—and greatly

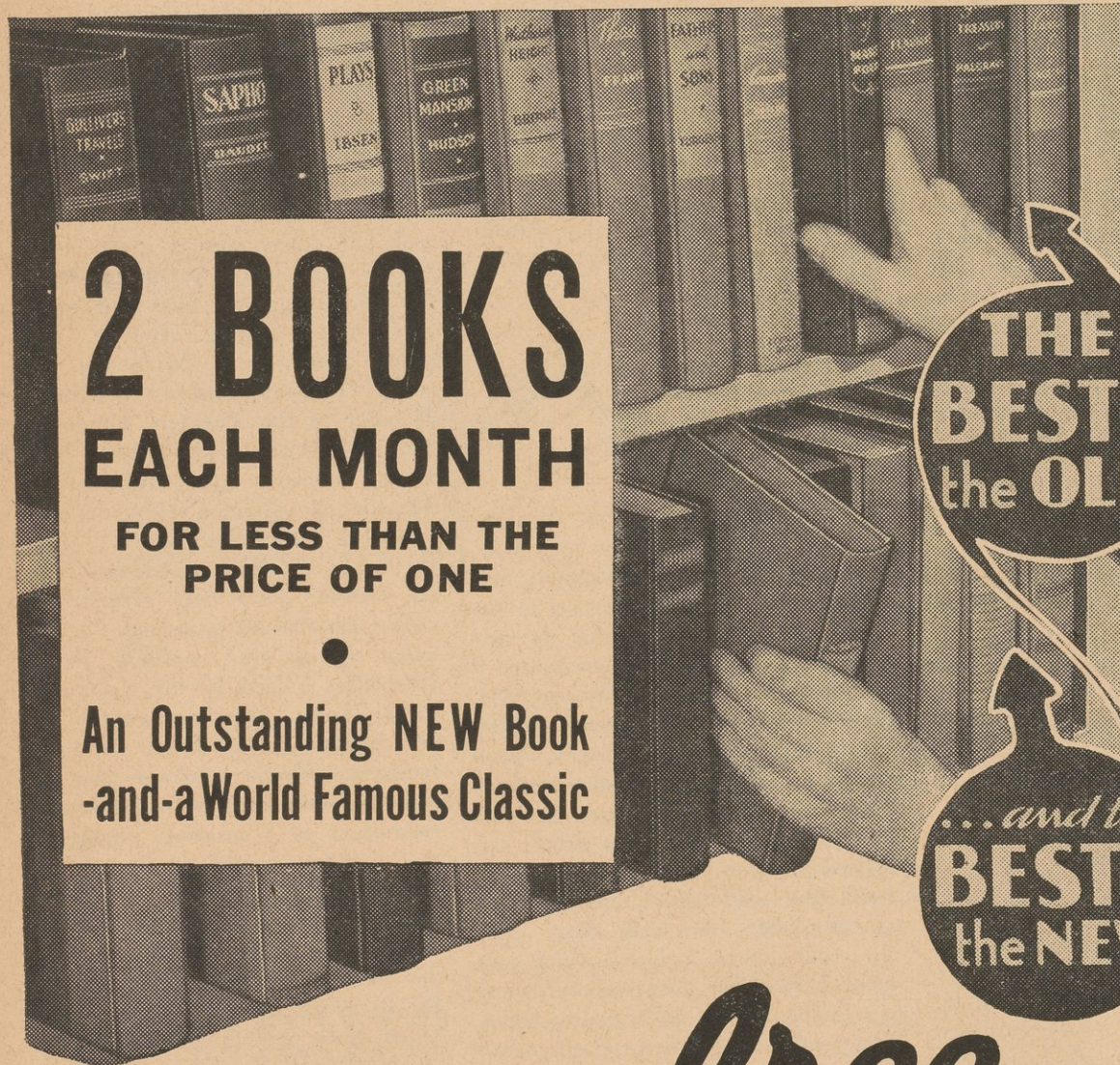
pleased—at the mass sentiment against William Randolph Hearst manifested at the trial staged at the Hippodrome recently by the People's Committee Against Hearst of the New York City League. Old "Willie" took so many blows that we expected the excellent masque of his phiz to break in pieces and fall down with a great clatter. Under the able direction of Arthur Garfield Hays who was cast in the role of prosecuting attorney, Governor Petersen of Minnesota, Oswald Garrison Villard, Charles J. Hendley of the Teachers' Union, the Reverend William Lloyd Imes, Rabbi Israel Goldstein, and Representative Marcantonio directed telling blows at America's prize reactionary. Under the slogan of "Don't read Hearst, don't see Hearst, don't hear Hearst," the crowd determined to extend the campaign against this would-be Fascist. Evidently, judged by the election returns, many American people have been practising the slogan rather effectively. Hearst returned from Europe on November 2nd, still risking his reputation as a prophet, prophesying that Landon would be elected. On November 5th, however, he tried to crawl out of his reactionary sub-basement by faint praise of Roosevelt. In the meantime, his favorite reporter, H. R. Knickerbocker, is expected to return from Spain to Hollywood soon to help Darryl Zanuck stage a propaganda movie, *The Siege of the Alcazar*. The McNaboe "red hunt" in New York State has been delayed until after the election, but the American Forward Movement is being organized all over the country and stands ready to advocate revoking licenses of "radical" school teachers.

Germany and Italy have now formalized by a six-part pact their basis for an international Fascist offensive.



Anti-democratic elements in all countries approached by the leaders of this world-wide Fascist putsch will welcome this chance to put Fascism on a universal footing. The democratic forces of all countries face the double task of fighting an enemy that attacks both from outside their borders and from within their own gates.

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