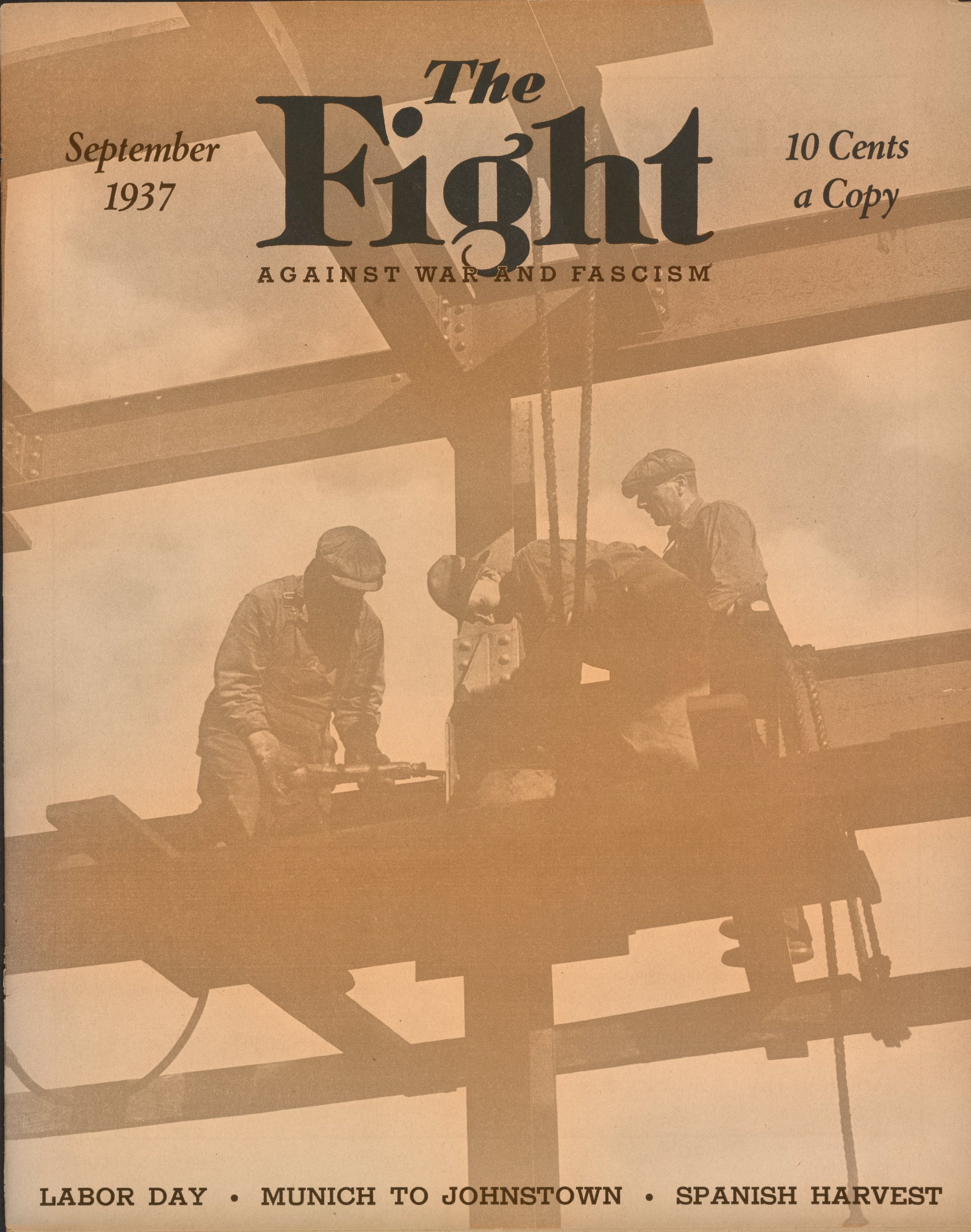


September
1937

The
Fight
AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

10 Cents
a Copy



LABOR DAY • MUNICH TO JOHNSTOWN • SPANISH HARVEST

WILL YOU SAVE A CHILD?



A Spanish orphan of war

WHEN children in Spain are made homeless by Fascist invaders, can you stand by idly? A nurse who has returned from Spain says: "The largest majority of our patients were women and children and old grandmothers whose legs we had to amputate because they had been bombed."

Today Spanish children fall victims to foreign raiders. Those who do not die must be cared for. They must be taken to safety. Will you help?

Last month the American League announced it had opened a drive for Spanish Children's Homes. The first to give was the Los Angeles Chapter of the League, which sent \$502.65 toward a home for 20 children.

More is needed. Save a Spanish child today! Send us your contribution at once!

\$550 will establish a home for 20 Spanish children.

\$180 will maintain these 20 children for one month.

\$250 will equip bedrooms for 20 Spanish children.

\$100 will equip a kitchen and office for 20 children.

\$50 will equip a classroom for 20 children.

\$12 will equip an infirmary for 20 children.

\$9 will maintain one Spanish child for one month.

\$4 will maintain one Spanish child for two weeks.

\$2 will maintain one Spanish child for one week.

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

With the Readers

★

HAS this ever happened to you? Have you ever had cause to feel ashamed of your trade or profession? Have you ever had cause to regret that you were a physician or plumber or teacher or carpenter or bookkeeper? Maybe not. *But today we are ashamed of being an editor.*

WE know the workings of our trade pretty well. We have seen it from the inside and the outside, and by this time we should be hard-boiled enough to laugh it off. Or better yet, as our friends would say, "since we understand the workings of the system, don't get so emotional about it, Joe, but have another drink." Well, we will have the drink, but that makes us still madder.

THE press, in recent months, has conducted a campaign, a *deliberate* campaign against the people of the United States, a campaign unequalled in the history of American journalism. After the terrific licking it took at the hands of the people last November, the press *deliberately* set about to reverse the will of the people as expressed in the election. For months now, we have witnessed in the pages of most of our newspapers and magazines, misrepresentation and misstatements of the workers and their unions' struggle against the robber barons.

BUT what got our goat was the legend spread through the land against the men and women on relief and on W.P.A. Did you see the newspaper story of the worker who drove up in his Cadillac (from his country estate, was it?) to get the \$4.37 relief check? Not satisfied with the enormous profits industry is able to rake in, they are anxious to throw a few hundred thousand more men on the labor market . . . And now the drive has been extended to the art projects.

FOR the first time in American history, the American artist has been given a chance to work for the people instead of painting portraits of Mrs. Astorbilt. Said Mr. Lawrence Vail Coleman, Director of the American Association of Museums, an organization representing every important art museum of America: "The Federal Art Project is the most important thing that has happened to American art in the last hundred years. In the past, art has been a studio and drawing-room activity. Today, thanks to the Federal Art Project, American artists have a solid footing in the cultural soil of the nation."

NO, the artist should not work for the people. He gets the bum's rush. Then we read: "Louis Vaughn's mother was 67 years old. He owed about \$100 for back rent. During the time he was on relief he supported his sick mother. Louis Vaughn was on the mural project. He had a few one-man shows and had exhibited widely. Yesterday he received a pink slip. Louis Vaughn's body was taken out of the Hudson River by the Police Marine Squad."

WE have often wondered, since the day Louis Vaughn's body was fished out of the Hudson, if he had driven up to the river in his Cadillac?

SO on days like these we are a little ashamed of ourselves and our profession. But maybe, the day is not far off, when to be a newspaper owner will be almost as clean a business as a stick-up man.



Japanese troops besieging the ancient walls of Peiping

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JOSEPH PASS, *Editor*

CHARLES PRESTON, *Assistant Editor*

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The Contributors

★

MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ, author of *Pelle the Conqueror*, the finest working-class epic penned in our time, sent us the short story in this issue from his home in Denmark. Read this story and above all, read *Pelle!* A few more Nexös in this world and a few more Pelles and the struggle against Fascism will be drawing to a happy conclusion.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL writes the article on the U. S. Constitution in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of that document, which was adopted on September 17th, 1787. Mr. Fraenkel is a leading authority on constitutional law, is the author of *The Sacco-Vanzetti Case* and edited *The Curse of Bigness: Miscellaneous Papers of Justice Brandeis*. The illustrations for this article are from Charles A. Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization*, published by The Macmillan Company, and were done by Wilfred Jones.

JANET CARR is a New York writer who recently visited Detroit and Youngstown to do this story for THE FIGHT.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT is now preparing his new book, *Revolt Against War*, for press—and that is good news. We have had the privilege of reading three or four chapters (the article in this number is part of one of the chapters) and we promise our readers a book fully as important as his *Merchants of Death*. A tip to our Hollywood friends: here is screen material.

JEAN LYON writes the article on China out of her own experiences, as she was born in China and lived there the first 17 years of her life. Miss Lyon is now on a New York newspaper and has a syndicated column.

LA MORE is a Baltimore artist and the work reproduced here is through the courtesy of the Federal Arts Project.

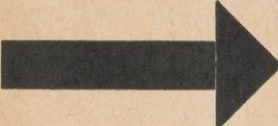
JOHANNES STEEL saw it happen in Germany and is seeing it happen here, therefore his article *From Munich to Johnstown*. Mr. Steel has lived in the United States almost from the time when Hitler came into power. After his *Escape to the Present* which has just been published he is writing a play to be titled, *Special Cable*.

ZOLTAN HECHT is a New York artist who has lived for many years in the South and has only recently been contributing to our pages. His drawing in our special Spanish number (August) attracted considerable attention.

EVELYN POOLE is the pseudonym of a young American woman who was correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian* in Spain. She was in that war-torn country from almost the beginning of the Fascist invasion and stayed there for about eleven months. In our opinion, her story in this number is one of the best human stories we have read in a long time.

HARRY STERNBERG, who illustrates Miss Poole's story on Spain, has contributed to THE FIGHT from the very first number of the "new" magazine and he is one of the best-liked artists in these pages. At least, that's what our readers think.

Which Brands Are Best Buys?



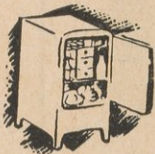
Current issues of Consumers Union Reports give you unbiased judgments of experts on the products below—in most cases with ratings as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable" based on laboratory and use tests.



Miniature Cameras

WHICH IS BETTER—LEICA OR CONTAX?

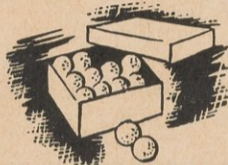
Camera experts report on the comparative quality of over 40 leading makes of American and foreign made miniature cameras—including Leica, Contax, Rolleiflex, Eastman Bantam Special, Korelle, National Graflex, Argus and Retina. Other reports cover films, exposure meters, range finders, tripods, filters and synchronizers.



MECHANICAL Refrigerators

Ratings of 1937 Models

Norge, General Electric, Kelvinator, Frigidaire and 16 other makes are rated on the basis of performance tests. Substantial savings can be made both on purchase price and operative costs.



Golf Balls

THERE'S A 30-YARD DIFFERENCE

between the yardage you can get from one of the good balls in this test and one of the poor ones. Sixteen brands are rated.



Motor Oils

CHEAP OILS ARE "BEST BUYS"

Summer oils from 13 to 20 cents a quart are rated as "Best Buys." Several 25 and 35-cent oils are rated "Not Acceptable." Penn-Rad, New Texaco, Atlantic, Mobiloil, and Essolube included in tests.

Raincoats

Nine men's and nine women's coats ranging in price from 59 cents to \$13.75 were tested. Price showed little relation to quality.

Tennis Balls AND RACKETS

A Popular Ball Was Poorest
Leading brands of balls, rackets, and strings are rated as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable." American-made balls compare very poorly with the best English products.



Summer Gasolines

SAVING 1 to 4c ON EACH GALLON

Sixty-seven samples from the East, South, Mid-West, and West, including Esso, Sinclair, Tydol, Co-op, and Shell, were tested this year. Savings of from one to four cents a gallon can be made on some of the "Best Buys."

Inner Tubes

Twenty - three brands tested. Quality ratings show four very good, 14 good and five fair.

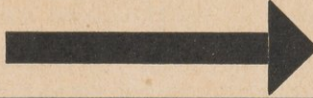


Start WITH ANY OF THESE ISSUES—

- () DEC. — Vacuum Cleaners, Fountain Pens, Blankets.
- () JAN.-FEB.—Men's Suits, Cold Remedies, Shaving Creams.
- () MAR.—Autos, Face Powders, Flour.
- () APRIL—Shirts, Cold Creams, Gardening.
- () MAY—Trailers, Washing Machines, and the first of a series of articles on the causes and treatment of constipation.
- () JUNE—Large Cameras, Radio Tubes, House Dresses, Sanitary Napkins.
- () JULY—Miniature Cameras, gasolines, Motor Oils, Golf Balls, Tennis Rackets.
- () AUG.—Refrigerators, Inner Tubes, Films, Raincoats.

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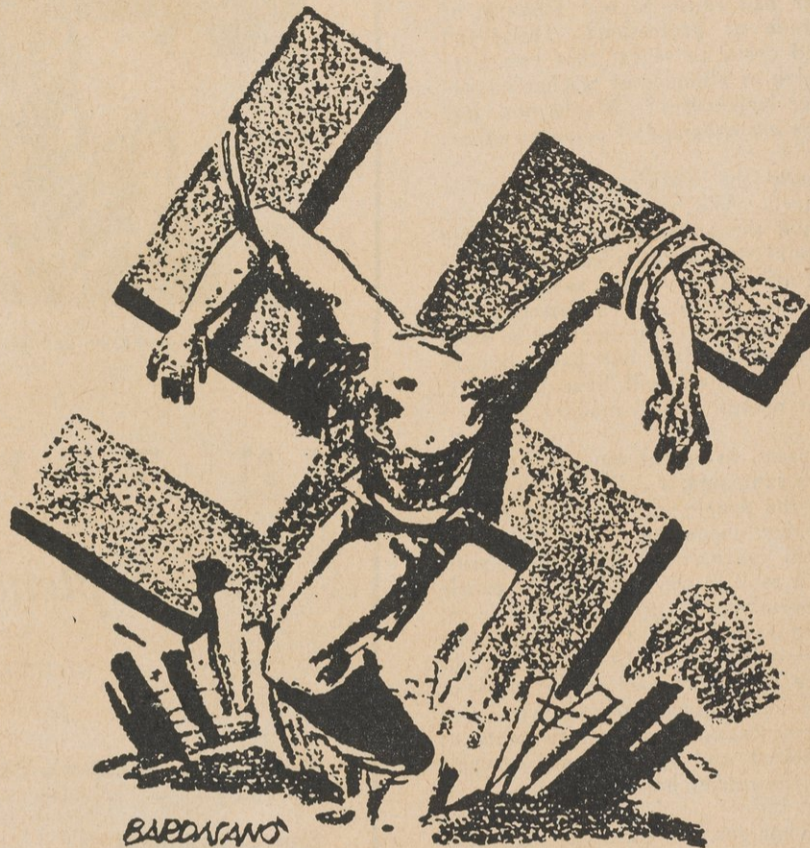
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- () \$1 for one year's membership, 50c of which is for a year's subscription to the limited edition of *Consumers Union Reports*. (Note: Reports on higher-priced products are not in this edition.) I agree to keep confidential all material sent to me which is so designated.

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OccupationFW

The New Crucifixion!



IN NAZI Germany, in Fascist Italy, in that unhappy part of Spain held by the Rebel Franco—and now in the sections of China which the Japanese war-dogs have invaded—they are breaking Man on the swastika. The shadow of this symbol of reaction lies across all the lands of the earth.

Proud America is no exception. Every day comes new evidence of incipient Fascism, American brand.

"Our" Fascists can be stopped—before they substitute swastikas for stars in the U. S. flag. To the task of stopping them THE FIGHT is dedicated. Subscribe today to the magazine that defends American liberties—to your magazine!

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In the shadow of Liberty

Two Fronts In Labor's Struggle

A visit to Detroit and to Youngstown, great auto and steel cities . . . The working people fight against all the power of reaction — for the right to organize, for human freedom

By Janet Carr

ILLUSTRATED BY ZOLTAN HECHT

IN THE summer of 1937, two American cities, not 400 miles apart, presented a strongly contrasting picture of the American struggle against Fascism.

Detroit, Michigan, had won its battle against one of the most autocratic of American industries—automobiles. Youngstown, Ohio, was fighting its battle against another and older autocratic American industry—steel.

A Union Town

In Detroit, a union man went where he liked, freely, wearing his union button. He read what he liked, even buying his union paper, perhaps the *United Auto Worker*, at the entrance to the plant. He was not in constant terror of being picked up

by the police. He listened to his side of the labor story on the radio every night.

His union had headquarters, run in an orderly, business-like fashion, where union men met to carry on their orderly, business-like activities. The Hoffmann Building on Woodward Avenue was tenanted almost entirely by unions.

When you stepped into a restaurant for breakfast, the paper of matches on the ash-tray read "United Bakery Workers."

Already a Renters' and Consumers' League with a membership of 8,000 had been formed to do something about Detroit's house shortage, and had won a Housing Commission from the Mayor.

And when a new Superintendent of Schools came to town and made a statement that there would be

no unions in his schools, a delegation from the Teachers' Union, a thousand strong, visited the School Board and were told, "This man is new. He'll learn that he can't get away with that stuff in Detroit!"

For Detroit was more than 75 per cent organized, and working men had a right to say what happened to their lives. The American way of giving the whole people a voice in how they shall live was in full sway.

Detroit's King Canute

The outstanding exception, of course, was Henry Ford. He still wanted to be the nation's Public Untouchable Number One.

But at the National Labor Relations Board hearings downtown in the Federal Building, Ford men discharged for union activity were telling the truth in public for everyone to read. And out at the huge Ford plant at River Rouge, visitors were beginning to ask embarrassing questions of the young guides who gave tourists such glowing descriptions of the two and a half square miles of property owned by Ford, of the thousands of mops used up every day keeping the plant clean, of the generous \$6 wage, of the marvelous efficiency of operation in the steel mill, glass factory, foundry, and new rubber plant.

Visitors were asking questions such as, "Haven't the men any lunch rooms? Must they sit and eat their lunches, grimy-handed, right beside their machines? What about the midnight shift? Aren't their any recreational facilities for the men?"

For people had been reading about the Ford hearings in the papers. They had heard Ford employees talk openly about the midnight shift, about being paid from \$5 to \$7.20 while men in union

shops got \$8, about naively believing Ford's statement in the *Detroit Free Press* that he had nothing against unions, and then being fired for even talking about unions in the shop.

The N.L.R.B. hearings were playing an important part in the Ford-organizing drive to make Detroit even more of a town where an American working man was assured of free assembly, free speech, and the right to be secure in his job.

In Youngstown, however, the picture was different.

Fascistic terror rode a seesaw of steel in the Mahoning Valley. Day after day it was up as union men were arrested for nothing at all or on framed charges. And day after day it was down as union attorneys got them out again.

You felt it as soon as the train pulled into Youngstown and you saw the blue-shirted "railroad bulls" in the Republic yards. You felt it as you looked at the miles of smoke-stacks and railroad tracks and cranes and tall molds and Bessemer blowers, hemming in the town on both sides and protected by the uniforms and guns of the police and National Guard at the main entrances.

Terror Rides in Youngstown

On the companies' side of the steel seesaw were the guns, the deputies, the soldiers. The union men had knowledge and courage on their side. And the protection of C.I.O. lawyers.

One of the deputies' first victims was Frank Greggs, president of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube local. Frank lives out in Poland, a pretty little suburb half an hour out of Youngstown, with his energetic wife, herself an active Women's Auxiliary member, and his two high-school-age daughters. They have a pleasant house with a large

living-room into which you step right from the porch.

One night 17 deputies stepped into that living-room, getting the Greggses out of bed. Mrs. Greggs said she didn't mind so much at first being ordered around and having a warrant for you-didn't-know-what stuck under your nose. In a steel strike you have to get used to these things. But when she saw her husband coming down the stairs with just his pants on and with his eyes still hazy with sleep, she sailed into those deputies.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," was only one of the things she told them. For Mrs. Greggs is the kind that speaks out against injustice.

It didn't keep them from taking her husband away, but it sent one of the younger deputies back to the house a little later. He returned to apologize.

Seventeen to One

"I did feel ashamed of myself, Mrs. Greggs," he said. "When we came over here with seventeen men, I thought we were after some big bruiser. When I saw Mr. Greggs, I felt pretty cheap."

For Frank Greggs weighs only 118 pounds. He doesn't stand much over five feet tall, and he wears a size-four shoe!

It took 17 men to arrest him, but it took only one union attorney to go over to the jail and get him out. The charge was kidnapping a man named Gardner—a man Frank Greggs didn't even know.

Another day, one of Frank Greggs' daughters came home from school with a message from her teacher—to beg her father to stay off the picket line. The teacher had been at a bridge-party where one of the mill superintendents had said they were "going to put all those union men on the spot" within the next few days.

But other teachers in the Youngstown schools told their children to tell their fathers not to join the union.

Deputies approached union men on the street, threatening them. One day they came up to Greggs, started shoving him around. "You ought to go back to Campbell where you belong," they said. That's the Youngstown equivalent of "Go back to Russia."

They followed him into the courthouse. When a courthouse policeman started toward him, saying, "You seem to be getting plenty of protection," Frank answered, "It's not me. It's this union button." So the policeman went back to his place and did nothing to help.

Justice in Silhouette

That courthouse in Youngstown is an interesting spectacle. On its roof stand three tall stone figures, personifying Law, Justice, and Mercy. Seen from the Hotel Ohio at night, they are silhouetted sharply against the golden flame of the Bessemer blower of the Republic Mill, over which they seem to stand guard.

They looked stolidly down on the 200 union men who were brought into that courthouse and indicted on a number of charges, all the way from inciting to riot to carrying concealed weapons.

Many of those weapons were planted on the men after their arrest. Shotguns were produced in evidence against men hardly tall enough to have concealed a pistol. Guns were found in the cars of men who never owned a gun in their lives.

Under the cushions of the divan in their living-room, Mrs. Greggs' two daughters found a heavy hammer with a number scratched on the head. They had never seen it before in their lives.

(Continued on page 29)

September 1937, THE FIGHT





Our Constitution

The 150th anniversary of the adoption of the United States Constitution comes on September 17th. For a century and a half our government has rested on the document. An eminent jurist reviews its changing story

By Osmond K. Fraenkel

ONE HUNDRED and fifty years is a long time for the life of a constitution. It is so long that the United States Constitution, the first of many modern attempts to fix rights by words, is the only one to have survived without substantial changes. Those of us who recognize some of the Constitution's shortcomings do not always fully remember its virtues. And it is therefore fitting, on this anniversary, to review briefly those developments in our history which the Constitution has made possible, and to recall some of the more significant issues in its early history. Perhaps such a study will enable us to engage with greater success in the struggles which will inevitably attend the accomplishing of the important changes the modern world requires.

The Force of Public Opinion

At the outset we must bear in mind what need brought the Constitution into existence. It is, of course, a commonplace to say it was created by men of property who desired a union strong enough to protect them. That it should be so sponsored was inevitable, when we remember that education had at the time not yet become general, nor suffrage anywhere universal. Property was, with rare exceptions, the qualification for leadership. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that the framers of the document gave thought to their own interests only. *They were aware of the rumblings of democracy and they heeded them.* While they mistrusted the rule of the people, they appraised the force of public opinion. Thus the Constitution, although it did not create a Democracy, yet made one possible. For by it the states were left free to establish their own qualifications for the suffrage. How different the history of this country might have been had the views of a determined minority prevailed in the Convention, a minority which desired to restrict the national suffrage to owners of land! That plan was defeated largely by the wisdom of Benjamin Franklin. And it thus became feasible to extend the suffrage by state action without any disturbance of national unity. Perhaps it will before long be possible to take the ultimate step and require universal suffrage in all the states.

Interstate Commerce

While in the matter of the suffrage the circumstances made diversity convenient, the case was different in the field of commerce between the states and with foreign nations. Therefore, the central government was given the power of regulating such commerce, and the states were forbidden to levy duties or to enter into compacts with other states or nations without the consent of Congress. These provisions were vital to the nation's growth. With-

(Continued on page 29)



No Dogs, No Chinese

All the foreigners lived in big brick buildings. They strolled in their shady parks . . . But nestled behind the foreigners' houses were the tumble-down native villages, where the great mass of the Chinese people lived. Walking through the streets of Shanghai, their own city, the people read signs: "No dogs, no Chinese allowed." An American turns back the years to her childhood in China

By Jean Lyon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH LAKSER

THE HOUSE in which I grew up in Shanghai is now, I am told, a Japanese military garrison. The room in which I studied my algebra and my Chinese geography is now one of the rooms in which Japanese generals plot to take China away from the Chinese people. The fireplace in front of which I toasted my feet when I was reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Two Years Before the Mast* was the same fireplace by which Japanese military men warmed their backs during the fall of 1931 while they planned their attacks on the native city of Shanghai.

The recent war headlines from China—headlines about Japanese soldiers in Peiping—have made me think of all this again. China was my home for 16 years. I was born in China. And when news of war or imminent war in China flashes across the cables, my heart beats double time, and I live in fear of reading the next day's paper.

That house where I lived in Shanghai, I remember, was surrounded by a yard and a high wall. Through the gate leading into that yard, I hear, one now sees Japanese cannon, and guns piled up like haystacks. They fill what used to be our one-o'-cat field. The gateposts which guard this present Japa-

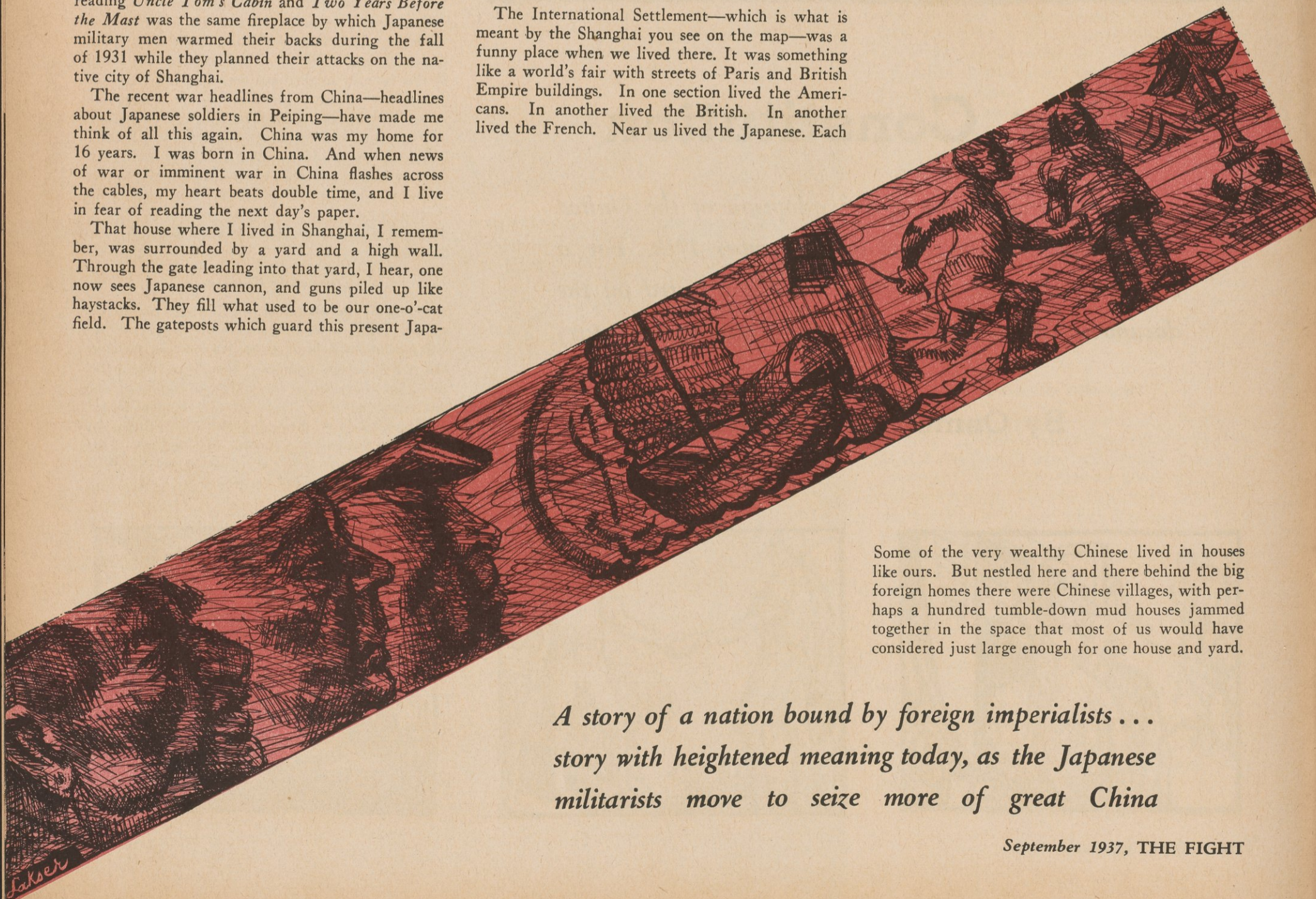
nese citadel are the same gateposts on which my brother and I sat on a November afternoon in 1916 and took a poll of all the Americans who went by to see whether they were for Wilson or for Hughes. (We lost. They were for Hughes.)

World's Fair of Shanghai

The International Settlement—which is what is meant by the Shanghai you see on the map—was a funny place when we lived there. It was something like a world's fair with streets of Paris and British Empire buildings. In one section lived the Americans. In another lived the British. In another lived the French. Near us lived the Japanese. Each

had their own schools, their own churches. Even the street cars, although they were all manned by Chinese conductors, had signs in English or in French according to the part of town in which they ran.

All the foreigners lived in fine big brick buildings.



Some of the very wealthy Chinese lived in houses like ours. But nestled here and there behind the big foreign homes there were Chinese villages, with perhaps a hundred tumble-down mud houses jammed together in the space that most of us would have considered just large enough for one house and yard.

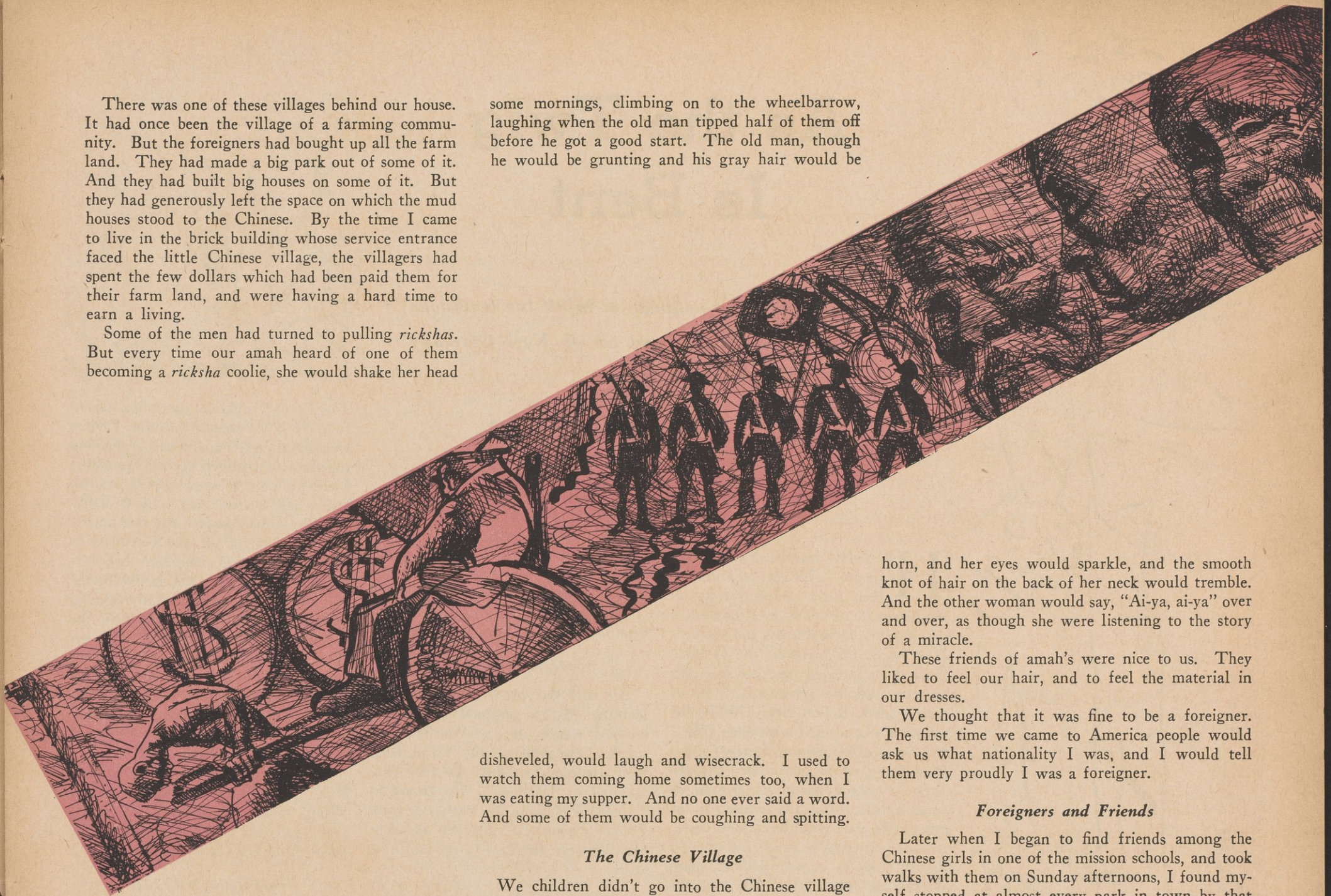
A story of a nation bound by foreign imperialists . . . story with heightened meaning today, as the Japanese militarists move to seize more of great China

September 1937, THE FIGHT

There was one of these villages behind our house. It had once been the village of a farming community. But the foreigners had bought up all the farm land. They had made a big park out of some of it. And they had built big houses on some of it. But they had generously left the space on which the mud houses stood to the Chinese. By the time I came to live in the brick building whose service entrance faced the little Chinese village, the villagers had spent the few dollars which had been paid them for their farm land, and were having a hard time to earn a living.

Some of the men had turned to pulling *rickshas*. But every time our amah heard of one of them becoming a *ricksha* coolie, she would shake her head

some mornings, climbing on to the wheelbarrow, laughing when the old man tipped half of them off before he got a good start. The old man, though he would be grunting and his gray hair would be



over the stocking she was darning and say that they died very young when they pulled *rickshas*. Some of the women found jobs as servants in the foreign houses, for which they might get three or four dollars a month. But most of the women and children labored in the silk-mills. If they worked for 12 hours a day in a steamy room sorting cocoons in pans of boiling water, they would make enough to buy rice for the family.

The Factory Women

I watched them once in the factory. One woman had a baby who could just crawl tied to her chair. The babies that were tall enough to reach the pans helped to sort cocoons. The room was so hot that I felt sick, and it took me quite a while to get used to the steam so that I could see through it.

The women and girls in the village back of our house used to ride to the mills in the early morning, just as it was getting light, on wheelbarrows. Their feet were too small for walking. Sometimes as many as ten would pile on one wheelbarrow—five on a side, with their little stunted feet dangling. One of the old men from the village who still had the wheelbarrow with which he used, in his farming days, to take the geese to market, would push the cart along. A wide faded blue band of cotton worn across his shoulders and attached at each end to the handles of the wheelbarrow would help him to bear the weight.

I used to watch them from my bedroom window

disheveled, would laugh and wisecrack. I used to watch them coming home sometimes too, when I was eating my supper. And no one ever said a word. And some of them would be coughing and spitting.

The Chinese Village

We children didn't go into the Chinese village behind our house very often. Our cook wouldn't let us. He would shake his finger at us and tell us that the people in the village didn't like foreigners. And so when we did sneak past him and get in, we would be a little scared, and all the people sitting in the doorways would look at us darkly. We didn't understand their dialect, so we didn't know much of what they were saying. But we did know that they were talking about our "big house" and our riches. We didn't think we were rich. Our parents were only missionaries. But sometimes when I would look up at our house from the side of the slimy little creek that ran through their village, it did look tremendous.

This little Chinese village extended almost up to the entrance of Hongkew Park—the big park for which the foreigners had bought up so much farm land. It was a swell park. It had tennis courts, and football fields, and bowling greens, and summer houses, and a band stand, and a small menagerie. We used to go almost every afternoon after school to play there.

There was a sign in front of that park saying, "No dogs, no Chinese allowed." Our amah could go in if she went with us. But the only Chinese you ever saw inside the park were the amahs, and the little boys who picked up tennis balls, and the gardeners.

Otherwise it was a public park.

I remember our amah used to stop on her way back from the park to tell one of her friends in the Chinese village all about it. Amah would laugh about the monkey in the menagerie, and she would talk about the band and the man who played the

horn, and her eyes would sparkle, and the smooth knot of hair on the back of her neck would tremble. And the other woman would say, "Ai-ya, ai-ya" over and over, as though she were listening to the story of a miracle.

These friends of amah's were nice to us. They liked to feel our hair, and to feel the material in our dresses.

We thought that it was fine to be a foreigner. The first time we came to America people would ask us what nationality I was, and I would tell them very proudly I was a foreigner.

Foreigners and Friends

Later when I began to find friends among the Chinese girls in one of the mission schools, and took walks with them on Sunday afternoons, I found myself stopped at almost every park in town by that sign about the dogs and the Chinese. The French park was the only one where my friends and I could walk together. The girls would laugh at me for always thinking I could get them in. But they would sneer at the signs, and at the foreigners, and I would grow ashamed to my very marrow that I was a foreigner.

The Japanese in Shanghai were foreigners like me. They were allowed in the parks, and they lived in brick houses, and they had fine schools. About a block from the American school which I attended was a Japanese school. It was a tremendous modern concrete building. There was a cement play-yard in front of it. We could look over from our school during recess and see the Japanese school-children out in the yard going through marches and calisthenics. The boys all wore black military caps to school, which gave the drills a monotonous military look.

Every Afternoon

The Japanese children were terribly quiet on the street. They never seemed to cavort around, as we did, on their way home from school. They would tramp home with their schoolbags slung over their shoulders in a very solemn sort of way. We never tried to get acquainted with them, and they never tried to get acquainted with us, though we walked in the same direction every afternoon at three-thirty for years.

None of us cared very much that we were on Chinese soil, except when we could get some sesame-

(Continued on page 26)

As the Twig Is Bent

*Militarism and super-nationalism infest the textbooks
of the world — and above all of Nazi Germany*

By H. C. Engelbrecht

ILLUSTRATED BY MORRIS LOUIS

HE WHO has the child, has the future. This age-old truth has been fully understood by all religions and all states, by Communists and Fascists, by militarists and pacifists. How well, for instance, the German Nazis have imbibed this principle may be seen from the statement of one of their leaders, Robert Ley. "While the old state was a night-watchman state," he said (see *Die Braune Kultur*), "our state is an educational state, a pedagogue, a fatherly friend. It does not release a man from the cradle to the grave. We start with the child of three; as soon as it starts to think, we give it a flag. Then it goes to school, joins the Hitler Youth, the SA, and the military."

To be sure, Dr. Ley is mistaken in thinking that the "old state" left the child alone. Far from it. The old type of history textbook, for instance, was almost entirely nationalistic and military. A good example is a favorite of a former generation, Liddell's *History of Rome*, written by a Doctor of Divinity. Of the 71 chapter headings, 36 contain the word "war" and many more deal with military affairs. Crowded into a final chapter of some chronological sections there are notes on "Social and Intellectual Condition of the People. Manners. Religion. Literature. Art." Or take the German official history syllabus for an elementary school at Potsdam in pre-War days:

FIRST YEAR

Summer—(1) Names of Prussian rulers and their children. (2) Important events in the life of the Emperor and Empress. (3) Other members of the Royal House. (4) Life of Frederick III. (5) Recapitulation.

Winter—(6) William I as youth. (7) William I as king. (8) William I as Kaiser. (9) Kaiserin Augusta. (10) Bismarck and Moltke. (11) Life of Frederick William IV. (12) Recapitulation.

SECOND YEAR

Summer—Work of first year recapitulated.
Winter—(1) Frederick William III and Luisa. (2) The troublous Napoleonic years.

(3) Heaven's Vengeance on Russia. (4) The Call to Arms by the King in the Cause of Freedom. (5) Blücher's victory at Katzbach. (6) Battle of Leipzig. (7) Stories of the War of Freedom. (8) Stories from the Life of Frederick William III. (9) Recapitulation.

Hate Goes On

All this was pre-War. Instead of learning that a poisoned well yields poisoned waters, the post-War textbook writers have in many ways far outdone their predecessors. Take the following (quoted by Carlton J. H. Hayes in *France: A Nation of Patriots*) from French school texts intended for children between the ages of six and nine years:

Remember, little French children, that it was Germany which attacked France and forced her to wage the Great War. Remember that, for more than four years, Belgium and Northern France were occupied by the Germans. Our enemies behaved like barbarians, robbing the factories of machinery, the houses of furniture, and the museums of beautiful masterpieces. Cities were destroyed by them and villages razed. They poisoned the well-water and cut down fruit trees. The Germans committed atrocious crimes, mutilating or killing children, shooting women and old men. With their airplanes they bombarded our cities causing numerous deaths. Their submarines sank merchant-ships and even hospital-ships. Conquered, the Germans asked for peace. Our soldiers went into their country to occupy it, but they behaved humanely, respecting the inhabitants and their goods. Eternal shame to Germany! Eternal glory to sweet France and her Allies!

In another book we read:

All these terrible things happened because Germany wished to become mistress of the world. Therefore she desired to destroy France. . . . My dear little ones, you will remember your fathers and brothers who have suffered so much during the five years of the war, who in so great numbers have fallen on the field of honor. To the very end of your life, you will think of them every day.

Of German post-War textbooks Dr. J. B. Scott writes (*The Menace of Nationalism in Education*): "To read them, one would suppose that Germany was a lamb among wolves. One gathers the impression that the *Weltpolitik* was

a policy of justifiable, inevitable expansion, while the aims of the other Powers were nefariously imperialistic. Scheming together, they united against Germany. Germany's rise to world power, according to one writer, 'was a life-necessity for the German people.' Another asserts the 'moral right' of the Germans to have colonies, and maintains that during the World War the natives of the German colonies were the only colonial natives to be entirely faithful to the mother country. 'Germany,' said another, 'held to the fundamental principle of justice, of the open door. France, Russia, England pursued (a policy of) imperialism.' Of foreign statesmen, German children were taught (reported in the *New York Post*, April 4, 1937) that Woodrow Wilson was "a paralytic," that Colonel House was "the White House mouse with his albino face," and that Lloyd George had "the shimmering locks of a comedian."

Our Cause It Is Just

In this country there has been constant agitation about history textbooks, particularly about American wars. After the Civil War, both the North and the South wanted their points of view represented in the histories and many controversies resulted. Then, too, there was the super-nationalist point of view manifested in Harry F. Atwood's *Keep God in American History*. "In our Constitutional Convention," says this classic, "were assembled the greatest body of men, from the standpoint of physical vigor, mental acumen and moral courage that ever met together for human achievement. . . . The writing and adoption of our Constitution was unquestionably the greatest and most important human achievement since the Creation, and as an event it ranks in history second only to the Birth of Christ."

After a time a school of realistic historians reinterpreted all of our history in the light of new knowledge. The British were given their due in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812, the Mexican War was seen as shameless imperialism, and so forth. This was sacrilege, no matter how sound it might be as history. The Veterans of Foreign Wars "protested against the alleged un-American his-



ories." The United Spanish War Veterans in annual convention deplored the "British propaganda found in a school history." The American Legion went so far as to have a special history written for school use which would be truly American. This book, *The Story of Our American People*, declared that "we study the wars in which our country has been engaged, first, because the courage and self-sacrifice of our ancestors serve to inspire us with a like devotion to duty, even if need be, to the laying down of our lives, and second because they are precious lessons in how to defend ourselves."

Regimenting History

The Minute Men of the Patriotic Order of Sons of America also have their eyes on the history textbooks. This group, which would "rally to their standards and unite the Protestant Native Americans," was wrought up over the "new history" taught, particularly in regard to the American Revolution and the War of 1812. The offending texts were found chiefly in Pennsylvania, so the Sons of America went to work there. "Action was begun," says one of their leaflets, "school boards were appealed to and urged to eliminate these de-Americanized histories, as a menace to the future of our nation, and a present and actively working poison against true American history and tradition." And the result, the Order was proud to announce, "was the entire elimination of the books from the schools of Pennsylvania."

It remained for Nazi Germany, however, to show to what extent education can be put into the services of nationalism and war. Hitler said in *Mein Kampf*: "We want to be rearmend. Then everything must be put into the service of this single great mission beginning with the primer of the child and including every theater and cinema, every billboard and every bulletin board." Faithful to this program, the fanaticizing of Germany in nationalism and militarism has been carried on by every means of modern propaganda technique, and naturally, the schools were not neglected.

In the summer of 1935 the Library of the *Deutsches Museum* in Munich

housed an educational exhibit of such magnitude that it attracted widespread attention. What seemed like mile after mile of posters, miniatures, model equipment, and children's work filled the exhibit rooms. Technically, it was a magnificent piece of work. But over it all hung the pall of crude racialism, narrow nationalism and brash militarism, that brought deep concern and alarm to the heart of non-German visitors. At the very outset, the "true German" was depicted in various charts showing skull measurements, color of the skin and hair, shape of nose, and similar "racial indices." Economic exhibits of raw materials, birth rates and all similar matters were tied to the demand for colonies. Several sections were devoted to national and military heroes.

Tips for Teaching Murder

What this exhibit hinted at has been described in detail in German educational magazines. The fullest statement was set forth in a special number of *Deutsche Schule*, the magazine of the Nazi teachers association, which appeared early in 1936. In this program the amalgamation of education and militarism is complete.

"The two great powerful unities," says this prospectus, "the teachers and the army officers, belong together. It must be the ambition of the teacher that his 'good' pupils will also be brave soldiers. It is contrary to the ideas of military science that the intellectual leader of a class should be ridiculed as the last in his company. The unmilitary, one-sided teacher is a type of the past for whom there is no place in the Third Reich. The contrast to 'military' is now 'cowardly.'"

Keeping these principles in mind, practical suggestions are made as to the curriculum:

The multiplication tables may be taught with hobnails (on a soldier's shoes). For logarithms the best application is found in ballistics. In geography the World War can come into its own. Chemistry offers as many illustrations for war-time fighting with gas as for the peaceful battle for daily bread. The laws of physics can be explained as well by using a tank as a locomotive. The importance of biological factors appears just as much in the military arrangements of various states as in the migration of peoples. The study of foreign languages is a great aid to understanding military affairs. Instruction in German may be just as well through reading General Moltke as by studying the Grimm brothers. The study of art history is useless, unless it is made clear that all these treasures have only fire insurance value without military protection. It is well and good to admire the radio as a marvelous discovery of human genius, and that it brings the nations closer to one another, but it must also be stated that because it is wireless, bombs and grenades cannot reach it in time of war.

It is not surprising to hear that all of this program is "essentially religious," because "the service to the nation is the way to God." The teaching of history is, of course, entirely military, devoted to the armies and the wars of the past in order to prepare for the future.

Special attention is paid to the war of the future:

The question of the coming war will occupy the children a great deal. Attention will be directed toward mechanization and motorization as the new development since 1918. Experts are still discussing the problems of tanks and armored cars, the surprise attacks of motorized columns, the effect of gas and explosive bombs. It must be emphasized again and again to the children that any future war will make the greatest demands on the character, the courage and the loyalty of every soldier and every civilian.

Other items in the school curriculum are by no means neglected. In the music period, for instance, only military songs shall be sung. About 150 of these are listed for the convenience of the teacher. In the study of literature, war stories and war poetry must be emphasized. Again there are illustrations from the extraordinary flowering of this genus in Nazi Germany. Pictures and films to be used will also be military. A neglected opportunity presents itself in drawing:

Children like to draw and paint knights, castles, soldiers, battleships, air attacks. This preference is to be strongly encouraged. Shop work, too, offers many opportunities. Models can be made of Viking ships, cannons, tanks, aircraft and battle cruisers. In the sand box of the schoolyard entire battles may be constructed in relief.

Finally, these remakers of education suggest that it would be helpful if the children acquired the "language of the front." The soldiers have pet names for their killing machines and it is desirable that school children learn them early. Each "future soldier" should know what a "Big Bertha" is and that this heavy artillery was named after Bertha Krupp; also that "coffee mill" or "stuttering aunt" or "telegraph uncle" is the name of affection soldiers give to the machine gun.

Arithmetic in "New" Germany

New German textbooks show how far and how fast these recommendations are being followed. In a new elementary school text in mathematics, the child is asked to work out the following problems:

One of our bombing planes flies 280 kilometers per hour in daytime and 240 kilometers per hour at night. How long would it take to cover the distance between Berlin and Prague? between Munich and Strasbourg? between Cologne and Metz?

A squadron of 46 bombing planes is dropping bombs on an enemy city. Each plane carries 500 bombs weighing 1.5 kilos each. What is the total weight of the bombs? How many fires will be set if every third bomb is a hit?

On March 16, 1935, Germany had 100,000 soldiers for the protection of a frontier 6,000 kilometers long. France had 600,000 soldiers for a frontier 2,700 kilometers long. How many soldiers were there per frontier kilometer in France? in Germany? How many soldiers ought Germany to have in proportion to France (Reported in *Vrijheid, Arbeid, Brood*, Nov. 14, 1936. Also Seydewitz and Doberer, *Todesstrahlen*, page 36.)

The United States is in an exceedingly fortunate position in regard to the possibilities of a more enlightened

(Continued on page 25)





Scenes from "The Life of Emile Zola," starring Paul Muni

FOR SHEER perversity, quizzical paradox and inexplicable veerings from left to right—and back again—there is no studio in Hollywood comparable to the one owned and operated by the three Brothers Warner—Harry, Albert and Jack. Where other film producers maintain a fairly consistent policy of pictures destined only for entertainment and box office (thus putting a reasonably identifiable stamp on all their productions), Warner Brothers show an amazing change of pace—switching easily and almost gracefully from glorification of the Marine Corps and contracts with Hearst to loud outcries against terrorism, sectional prejudice and injustice.

There is no stamp to be applied to the Warner product. In one breath the three brothers can give you something like *The Singing Marine*, telling you what delightful careers await those who join the Corps, and in the next breath they can deliver a trenchant, gripping and astonishingly vivid *They Won't Forget*, striking hard at the forces of evil and bigotry. One month they will present Marion Davies in a piece of uncompromising trash like *Ever Since Eve*, and the month after—*The Life of Emile Zola*.

It's a difficult business, criticizing these Brothers Warner. Just when you work up a good hate against them for one picture, they come along and earn your undying admiration for another. It cannot be denied that when Warner Brothers give us pictures about West Point, Annapolis, and the glories of war, there should be strident objections from all sides. On the other hand, it also cannot be denied that when the same studio gives us films inveighing against regional prejudice, against incipient Fascism, against all manner of darkness and social evil, praise is called for.

Warner Social Films

THEY WON'T FORGET, one of the more advanced of the Warner social themes, was adapted from Ward Greene's *Death in the*

Deep South, which in turn had its inception in the famous Leo Frank case of twenty-odd years ago. Avoiding the obvious melodramatics of the subject—a murder, a trial, and a climactic lynching—the film delves deep into the underlying drama of the tale, and with broad, powerful strokes gives us a picture of hate, bigotry, ambition—the things that made not only the Leo Frank case, but the Scottsboro case as well, a national *cause célèbre*. The film does not attempt to solve the guilt or innocence of the man accused; what it does instead is to wage vivid war against the fogs of fear, emotion, hysteria and mob violence that arise around all such affairs, clouding the issues and, as in this case, destroying justice. There is a splendid performance delivered by Claude Rains as the ambitious district attorney of the trial, and there are equally fine supporting performances rendered by Gloria Dickson (recruited from a W.P.A. project), Allan Joslyn, and Edward Norris.

Bracketed with *They Won't Forget*, Warner Brothers released also *The Life of Emile Zola* recently, with Paul Muni, winner of the annual award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, giving what might well be termed the greatest, most exalted performance of his career in the title rôle. Here again the Brothers Warner give evidence of their social consciousness, re-creating in part but only in part, the Dreyfus affair, and the fury that surrounded it, with

extraordinary vehemence and power. The picture is destined to go down as one of the high marks of the year, a splendid, stirring achievement not only for Warner Brothers but for the whole movie industry as well.

War and History

THE month just past brought us also the Universal production of *The Road Back*, Erich Maria Remarque's sequel to the immortal *All Quiet on the Western Front*. There was a great to-do when this film was released, what with officials of the Third Reich sending threatening notes to members of the cast, and what with Universal officials denying that they had changed the ending of the film to permit its exhibition in Germany.

The picture itself is a vigorous forthright denunciation of the horrors of war and the moral catastrophes that follow in its wake. It is not, perhaps, as brilliantly conceived in motion-picture terms as its predecessor, it is not as faithful to the letter of Remarque's book as it should have been, and its "comic relief" has been overstressed to a point of acute embarrassment; but despite these defects, it remains a passionate, superlative screen document. A picture that should be seen by everybody.

History manifested itself in a number of ways on the screen in recent weeks. MGM portrayed the story of *Parnell*, and the issue of Home Rule before the House of Commons and Prime Minister Gladstone; RKO

chose the career of Jim Fisk (*The Toast of New York*) and the robber-baron era of the Grant Administration, ending in the Black Friday of 1869; and Paramount picked on the discovery of oil in Western Pennsylvania and the laying of the first pipeline from Titusville to Pittsburgh. In all three films, the producers concerned themselves with surface incidents rather than with motives, economic forces and other factors that played such vital parts in these periods, making them showy, lavish melodramas instead of the grim, earnest careers they were based on. Of the three, *High, Wide and Handsome*, the oil picture, was by far the best, if only because it had some music by Jerome Kern. The other two starred Clark Gable as Parnell and Edward Arnold as Fisk.

Other Releases

THEN too, there were such matters as the latest appearance of the Frères Marx, in a hilarious dido called *A Day at the Races*, followed closely by the last appearance of Jean Harlow in a rather touching, curiously moving piece called *Saratoga*. The British, God bless 'em, gave us Marlene Dietrich in *Knight Without Armor*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in *When Thief Meets Thief*, and Roland Young—plus Paul Robeson—in *King Solomon's Mines*. Of them all, it was Robeson who ran away with the honors, singing, acting, and just standing still.

William Powell and Luise Rainer came forth in an item called *The Emperor's Candlesticks*, which had best be forgotten, in case you remember Miss Rainer in *The Good Earth* and *The Great Ziegfeld*; Miriam Hopkins put in an appearance in a daffy number called *Woman Chases Man*; Charles Winninger and Walter Brennan both appeared as Cappy Ricks; Edward Arnold, again, fooled around with Jean Arthur in *Easy Living*, and the Brothers Warner, once more, gave us a picture about the high-power-line men, *Slim*.

MOVIES



War Refugees

By La More

A NATION-WIDE "labor network" of the independent stations is in prospect as the result of refusal by CBS, NBC and their subsidiary chains to sell time to the C.I.O.

First steps in this direction were taken when WCBM, Baltimore; WJAC, Johnstown; WSAN, Allentown, and WHP, Harrisburg were linked for a series of thrice-weekly evening programs designed to carry the message of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee to employees of the Bethlehem plants located in those strategic towns.

Programs consist of phonograph recordings of speeches by political or social leaders such as Senator Wagner, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Rep. Maury Maverick and John L. Lewis. These records are supplemented by talks by organizers on local conditions in the various towns.

Another network designed to organize Ford Motor Company workers includes WJBK, Detroit, WJIM, Lansing and WFDF, Flint. Nightly broadcasts consist of vivid dramatizations of the living and working conditions of Ford employees alternated with straight organization talks. Efforts are now under way to extend this chain to five other Michigan stations.

In New England, where the Yankee network has flatly refused to have any dealings with C.I.O., the radio campaign is being conducted simultaneously over WCOP, Boston, and WSPR, Springfield.

So successful have these small networks been that the C.I.O. is seriously considering extending its hookups to include all other stations which accept labor programs. These include WEVD, New York; WRJN, Kenosha; WEBC, Duluth; WT-CN, WMIN, St. Paul; WBNY, Buffalo; WCAM, Camden; WPRO, Providence; KIRO, Seattle; KGGC, San Francisco; WADC, Akron; WIP, WPEN, Philadelphia; WOL, Washington; WE-EV, Reading; WGBI, Scranton; WFBG, Altoona; WBNO, New Orleans; WHKC, Columbus; WSAR, Fall River, Mass.; WELI, New Haven; KQV, Pittsburgh; WGAR, Cleveland; WSPD, Dayton; WSAY, Rochester; WIBX, Utica; WB-BO, Auburn, N. Y.; WABY, Albany; WJTN, Jamestown, N. Y., and WIND, Gary.

Although most of these stations are small, this is not a real handicap since recordings can be used (a large library of such discs is now available); cost of programs is low, and listeners can be attracted by means of newspaper ads and sandwichmen who parade outside the plants being organized.

The American Radio Telegraphists Association, C.I.O. affiliate, recently announced that it is building one big organization to include all technical workers in the broadcasting field—an announcement that spurred the company unions to increased activity. Seeking to encourage the growth of its own group, the Association of NBC Technicians, NBC is handing out 15 per cent pay increases and a 40-hour week.

But A.R.T.A. claims that in spite of all such opposition its membership is skyrocketing, and contracts guaranteeing better wages and working conditions are being signed one after another (the most important with CBS and the latest with KFVD, Los Angeles). The C.I.O. group expects great things from its third annual convention which was held in New York during August.

Progress of Television

TELEVISION keeps peeping around that corner and of late seems to have a bit more confidence in its eye. Columbia has started construction of a

RADIO

Labor on the air and in the studio . . . Television rounding the corner . . . Ibsen . . . American stations and Nazi programs

huge studio in New York's Grand Central Station to be used in conjunction with its new transmitter atop the Chrysler Building.

NBC seems to be marking time with its Empire State Building station but undoubtedly will offer stiff competition to CBS when the latter starts its programs next spring.

At present the British Broadcasting Corporation is far ahead of the field. It has a huge transmitter and several elaborate studios at Alexandra Palace, London, and provides two hour-long periods of real entertainment via television each day.

Its staff of more than 100 engineers does not hesitate to tackle such difficult projects as presenting *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or televising the Coronation, and the results are as satisfactory as home motion-pictures.

More than 3,000 receiving sets with foot-square viewing screens have been sold to Londoners this year at approximately \$250 each and as a result BBC officials consider that the new art has outgrown its experimental stage and is now a medium for worthwhile entertainment.

France will have the most powerful television station in the world this fall on top of the Eiffel Tower—providing said ancient structure doesn't tumble down when a 12-ton electrical cable is strung into it. French programs are gosh-awful

slices of vaudeville hash at present, but undoubtedly will be improved.

Russia's television plans eclipse those of all other nations, however. While England, France and America must use the ultra-short-wave bands which have an effective transmitting range of only 20 miles, the U.S.S.R. intends to employ the long-distance, short-wave frequencies.

When Moscow's new high-power station is completed some time next year, it is predicted that its programs will blanket the U.S.S.R. and may even be picked up in the United States.

Those in charge of the Russian venture admit that such long-distance television will be subject to static—a defect of the short waves which does not affect the ultra-shorts—but they contend that only about 15 or 20 per cent of the country suffers from bad atmospheric conditions at one time and that their batting average will be high.

To insure uninterrupted television for Leningrad and Moscow, however, the government is constructing two other transmitters of the conventional ultra-short-wave type and connecting them by coaxial cable so that they may broadcast simultaneously.

Air Notes

EFFORTS to take away the Federal Trade Commission's power to censor radio advertising and turn it over to the more "amenable" Federal Communications Commission, have been spiked by the House Interstate Commerce Commission. The F.T.C., which has been doing a fine job of keeping misleading ads off the air, recently handed down an order telling the National Silver Co., of New York, to stop quoting high prices on its tableware over the air, then selling the product at huge discounts in retail stores.

The W.P.A. Radio Projects of the Federal Theatre still manage to turn out some fine programs, despite the fact that their staffs have been decimated by discharges during the last few months. The W.P.A. series of Ibsen dramas over WQXR, New York, is particularly outstanding. It won high critical praise at the same time that the elaborate Shakespeare "cycles" of CBS and NBC were being roughly treated by the reviewers and is probably the reason NBC has started an Ibsen series of its own.

American stations which have been "unwittingly" broadcasting Nazi propaganda are frantically promising to be good as the result of Representative Samuel Dickstein's recent exposé. Although Congressman Dickstein mentioned only WBNX, WFAB, WHOM, WBBC and WWRL in the New York area as being guilty of falling prey to Goebbels and his gang, it is well known that other independent stations catering to German language groups have carried such vicious material.

The programs usually masqueraded as musical transcriptions, but talks by Hitler, Goebbels and other leading Nazis were sandwiched in between selections. The Horst Wessel song was often played.

In New York the Europa Import Company makes a business of supplying free records of fine music made by the Telefunken Company in Berlin, to any stations in the United States which ask for them. Visiting "celebrities" from Germany also can be supplied gratis as guest speakers between records. The practice is for such speakers to present innocuous scripts for inspection by station censors and then go on the air and ad lib glorifications of the Nazi régime.

—GEORGE SCOTT

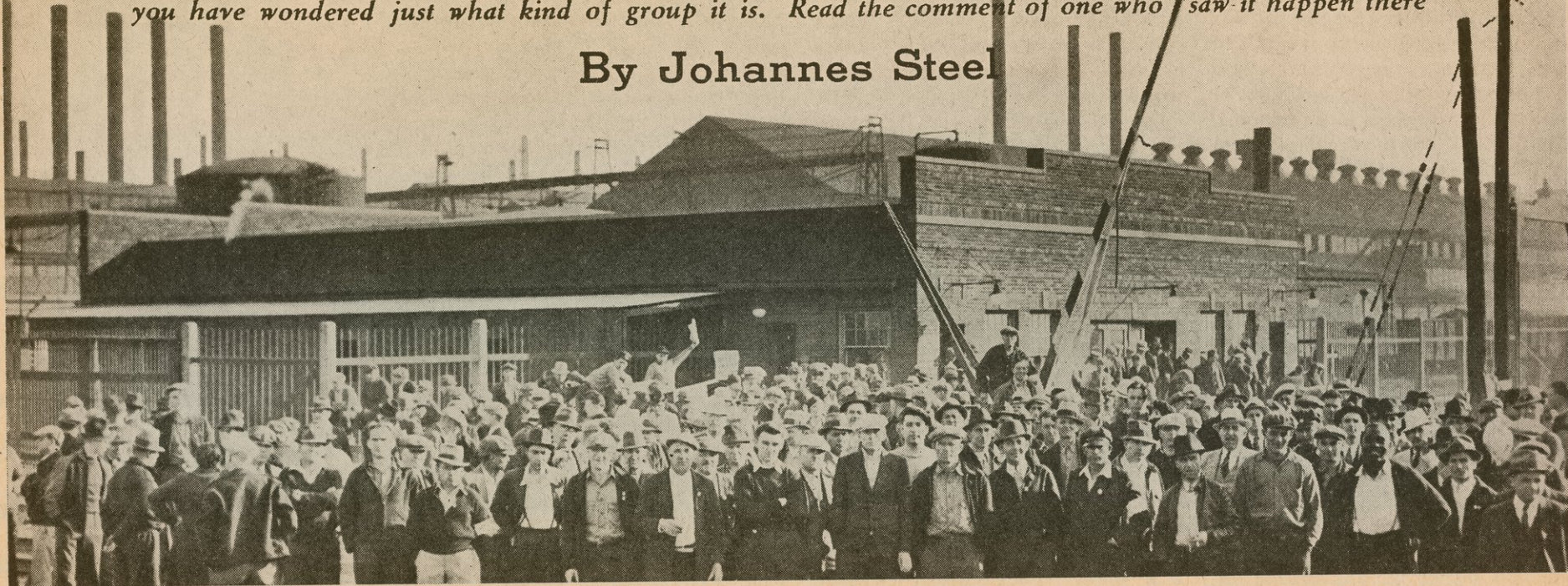


Schuel

From Munich to Johnstown

Perhaps you have seen the full-page advertisements of the Johnstown Citizens National Committee. Perhaps you have wondered just what kind of group it is. Read the comment of one who "saw it happen there"

By Johannes Steel



Steel workers on strike. They too are citizens

WITH A virulence that has startled public opinion, a substantial part of the American industrial employers have launched a campaign of terrorism and intimidation against labor. The columns of our newspapers are filled every day with reports of industrial violence, the provocation of which is only too obvious. This campaign is the most widely organized reaction against the broad political and social improvements that came during the last few years. The intense campaign against the constitutional and democratic activities of labor began the moment when it became apparent that these labor activities were successful—in that they gave to the American people not only shorter hours and higher wages, but also a new sense of political power. This violent reaction on the part of a substantial section of American industrial employers can fully be termed the embryo of Fascism. To an observer who has had some first-hand experiences with German as well as Italian Fascism, this conclusion is inescapable.

For the first time in post-War American history the people as a whole have achieved a social consciousness, and are beginning to realize that they collectively are responsible for the welfare of all the residents of the United States. They have begun also to accept the doctrine that the state as such and its government is the instrument with which this new idea of social justice can be achieved. Legislation enacted under the Roosevelt administration has attempted, in some cases with success, in others without, to give definite form and expression to these new tendencies.

They Studied Hitler

Since the reaction found it impossible to halt the triumphant march of the working people at the polling booth, that part of the American employers who refuse to accept the new ideas of our times began to look around for another method. For inspiration, they turned toward those parts of the world where labor had been effectively defeated for

many years to come, and with little imagination the American industrialists began to use the same methods that Hitler and Mussolini used in their struggles against German and Italian labor.

Naturally, the first target to be singled out for the attack was that agency which had made the most effective use of the new possibilities given to the American people by the New Deal, namely, the Committee for Industrial Organization. Printed and spoken outbursts on the part of the economic die-hards, together with the skillfully provoked industrial violence, were supposed to convince the American middle classes that the constitutional activities of labor in general, and the Committee for Industrial Organization in particular, are at the same time a form of Fascism as well as Communism. Charges were made that John L. Lewis and his organization were attempting to usurp the functions of the legislative bodies of the United States by exercising undue pressure on them—while in reality, as we shall show later in this article, it was the employers who were exercising the undue and unconstitutional pressure.

Common Demagogy

In other words, the constitutional activities of labor are used as an argumentative basis for frightening the middle class into a state of mind hostile to labor. The motive for this campaign by reactionary employers against the resurgence of American labor and liberalism is obvious to anyone who has seen similar methods operate successfully in Germany and Italy. On July 16th of this year, the so-called Citizens National Committee of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, published a full-page advertisement which was entitled "Common Sense." This advertisement states:

WHEREAS certain public officials in high places as well as minor executives of the law throughout the country have failed to use the authority given them as a trust under oath to protect American citizens in their inalienable constitutional rights to work without molestation, and WHEREAS occasions have arisen where we can no longer look to certain constituted authorities to protect human constitutional rights,

THEREFORE, as loyal American citizens we feel it is our patriotic duty to perfect a nation-wide organization whose function it shall be to restore and protect those constitutional rights that have been taken from American citizens by certain unworthy officials.

And thus the beginnings of Nazi history seem to repeat themselves in the United States.

As early as November, 1926, Dr. Karl Duisberg, the head of the German dye trust, justified the financial support his concern had given already at that time to the Hitler party before an executive meeting of the Federation of German Industries, with the following words:

In treating important economic problems, new experiments must be made. We must impose our power upon the government and make it felt when new and important social legislation is discussed. We must make our influence felt with a political party that can convince the German middle class that our present-day rulers have not the interest of the Reich at heart. This we can do by supporting such a party with money.

From Munich to Johnstown

The men behind the Johnstown Committee are taking a leaf from Hitler's book. Their appeal and their purpose are identical with those appeals that German industry made and the purpose the German industrialists had in mind when they helped Hitler into power. This appeal to the "patriotic duty to perfect a nation-wide organization" in order to achieve the wishes of the employers is literally the same appeal that Adolf Hitler first used in the Munich beer halls when he started to organize his National Socialist Party. The appeal contains nothing but the essential principle of Fascism—namely, to organize nation-wide groups which will function as strike-breaking agencies and prevent the enactment of legislation upon which the American people have given their approval in a national election. It is the denial of the first democratic premise—that the government elected by the majority shall rule until such time as a new election shall change its political complexion. It is an appeal to violence against the

(Continued on page 26)

IT HAPPENS quite often that people come and throw everything at your feet: Please use me, they say. In fact it has become a sickness of the age. Perhaps they recognize that the world has to be changed thoroughly; they are eager to take part in this, but don't know the first thing about it. Usually they are people who are ready to do anything, or at least can be brought to do anything. But if you say to them: The present situation requires—and rightly so—that everyone dispose of his own self, then they turn their backs on you in disillusionment. Later they may find themselves behind a machine gun eager to shoot down striking workers, regarding their own souls in a mood of heroic melancholy, convinced that it is they who are creating the world anew.

Across from me sat a young man: Please use me! He didn't say it; but it was unmistakably in his somber face and in his figure crouched as for a spring at the throat of whomever I should name. I got the impression that he had never laughed in his whole life—that indeed he was entirely incapable of laughter. His glance *stabbed* at me from under thorny eyebrows; his hair was disheveled as it is only with young men who are so hot in the head that they run around without hats.

I noticed at once that, though he was well dressed, he had no headgear. But what did he want of me—to threaten me or to offer me his support? He looked exhausted, and I talked casually about everyday matters so that he could have time to regain his balance. He responded to my conversation with a mocking smile and an indifferent "Is that so?" and "Indeed?"

SUDDENLY he laughed out sharply. "*The overhead has swallowed everything,*" he cried, rising and making a mock bow.

"What do you mean?" I asked, motioning him back to his seat.

"What do you think of hand grenades?" he answered, still with that mocking smile. Then all at once he became serious; his lips were tight again; he stared at me as though with a knife at my throat he were demanding to know at once whether I was his man: Yes or No?

I had become somewhat nervous, but controlled myself. "Do you mean in general, as a weapon of war?" I asked lightly, and offered him a cigarette.

He glowered at me. "No! I mean as an argument, as a very impressive argument in fact!" He spoke drawlingly, delivering his words with a grimace as if talking with me were distasteful to him. The hand with the cigarette danced as he brought it to his mouth; his nails were stained lemon-yellow with nicotine.

"Not a very calm argument, it seems to me. After delivering such an im-

pressive' argument it will be a little difficult to continue the discussion."

"There's nothing more to discuss, there's been enough twaddle as it is. But I already guessed you were one of those who intend to cure everything by the laying on of hands. That's just what I wanted to know! Oh, you blessed idiots who mean to save the world by self-denial!"

Now I don't happen to be among those who believe that weeds can be destroyed with holy water, or that one may go quietly to sleep because in the meantime evolution will transform the weeds into cultivated plants. If we want our fields clean we will have to set about the task of weeding them ourselves. But it must be done in such a way that afterwards something better may thrive. It needs patience to be a rebel, I might almost say forbearance. The first and also the last commandment is: Keep your heart warm but your head cool.—I told him all this; perhaps I was a little nettled.

AND he sat there with his mocking smile. "Look out that we young people don't turn our backs on you and your cool brain! Don't you have any indignation or spirit? You're like soldiers tramping home after a lost war without a single little visiting-card of a hand grenade left in your knapsacks—to throw through the brightly lit up windows you are passing in the night. A little expression of gratitude for those who, no matter what happens, always manage to float up on top—a greeting from an old mother trampled under foot and a robbed home, eh? But you can't even hate, you eunuchs!" He shook his hands over the table, and clenched them around something invisible so that his knuckles turned white. His face too was white, with a livid smile in which there were little lightning flashes like rays of light reflected from cold steel.

"I too know what it's like to go to fight for your own home while those for whom you went to war rob you of it. There were an awful lot who suffered that fate. But that's just why we want to arrange it so that those who come after us will have nothing to avenge."

"Then we've got a long time to wait while the overhead swallows up everything. And then there won't be anything to carry over to the new account—neither tears nor love!"

"What do you mean by that? That's a strange expression."

"What expression?" He spoke reluctantly, almost with repugnance.

"About the overhead swallowing everything. You've used it a couple of times."

"Must one always mean something by what one says?"

"Preferably yes. And I have an impression that you do in this case."

The bit of flattery pleased him after

all, in spite of his gruffness; his manner became more agreeable, almost accommodating; his face, which he turned full on me, expressed grave sorrow.

"It was an expression of my mother's," he said gently. "Or rather, it was her fate," he added even more gently. He closed his eyes and let his head fall back, at the same time retiring within himself, perhaps with his mother. His hands trembled on the arms of his chair, his lips quivered, his eyes moved restlessly behind his shut lids.

I laid my hand on his arm. "Will you have a glass of wine?" I asked, in a constrained voice. Slowly his eyes opened.

"No, thanks. I don't take alcohol. But a cigarette, if I may." His hand shook even more as he lit the cigarette; it was a powerful laborer's hand, but how it trembled! I noticed that he inhaled deeply.

Until now I had been feeling uneasy, but now warmer feelings awoke in me: pity, a desire to help, to heal if I only could. Why shouldn't I be of some good to him? Surely he had come because of his need for a fellow human being, and above all for someone with whom he could talk about his mother.

"Your mother must certainly have been an unusual person."

HE RAISED his head, all attention. "My mother—yes she was! You hear a lot about having the courage to die; but it takes courage for a widow with small children to take up the struggle for life—in this damned world of sharks and simpletons. My father? Yes, he was a mate on a steamer that was torpedoed in the North Sea in the third year of the War; they all drowned. But Mother was brave. 'Children,' she said, 'now we must be strong and stand close together. We must do our best—then surely there'll be helping hands.' She meant that we were all in the same boat, as the saying goes. The ship had been insured for a large amount, but there was nothing left over for the families of the men. We barely got back Father's personal effects. 'We have sustained large losses in this torpedoing,' the shipowner explained to Mother; 'unfortunately we cannot help you. But there's the Widows' Aid, the social insurance that we all have to pay so much in taxes to. It's a good thing it can be of some use at last. And besides your husband was a hero, he fell for the Fatherland—it's the state's duty to take care of you. Then there are endowments for the families of drowned seamen; you must apply for one of those.' Mother was quite touched by his concern for her.

"There was one thing about those endowments, however: all their funds were taken up; and with the Widows' and Children's Aid things were no

better. There seemed to be more officials than there were people being assisted; Mother was sent from one office to the other, and we had a lot of visits from people they call—investigators, isn't it? Those were fine ladies and gentlemen, all right; you've fixed it up great for the needy, I'll say. They acted as if it were coming out of their own pockets and treated Mother as though she were to blame for her husband's death. That's a beautiful love for the dispossessed and the oppressed you've brought to light, and some day you'll be reminded of it!"

HIS teeth suddenly glistened—like a wolf's; his hands began to tremble. I shoved the cigarettes over to him; he lit one and became calmer.

"The courage to face life—oh, yes, Mother had plenty of that. It was a little shaken, but she had an incredible talent for finding something good where there was nothing but meanness and swindle. The shipowners had—and not least of all from the torpedoing—good profits, and declared a 50 per cent dividend; but for the families of the seamen there was nothing left. Things like that make people want revenge, my dear sir!"

He stopped to gasp hoarsely for breath and reached feverishly for the cigarettes; the packet was empty. I

The Overhead Has Swallowed Everything

Poverty and oppression—a story of a cheated mother . . . The blind man who cannot reach the me . . . The great Danish novelist, a Conqueror," tells here a story think—a page from the tro

By Martin Andersen

Translated by David Z...

ILLUSTRATED BY

Overhead swallowed everything

*n—a starved childhood—a
the blind revolt of a young
the meaning of things . . .
velist, author of "Pelle the
a story that will make you
the troubled book of life*

Andersen Nexö

by David Zablodowsky

EDITED BY M. PASS

put a new one on the table and emptied the ashtray which was running over with butts, ashes, and matches. How nervous he was—worn out! An ominous expression kept flitting across his face. Only over his voice had he any control; he kept it restrained—something corrosive in the tone of it betrayed how much effort this cost him.

"Want some more?" he asked with an ugly laugh. "Of course you do—you're a collector of this sort of thing! So you can make chewing gum for the masses, isn't that right?"

"I'd like to hear more. In case you don't—"

"BUT my very dear sir, this tortures me. I can't for the life of me understand how you and the others can stand it the way nothing happens. To see so much humanity crushed just so that some pack of robbers—well, what is it that eats us out of life? Like my mother, for instance—day and night she struggled and suffered to keep us from starving, to keep the rags on our backs. And she was so talented, in languages and a lot of things, and with her hands too. She could undo a piece of netting and work away at it till she made a wonderful carpet or a fine tablecloth. She sold some of them privately and was well paid; people had money then. But with

most of her work of course she had to go to the big stores to get rid of it, and they gave her starvation pay. 'Unfortunately we cannot give more,' they said, 'on account of our big expenses,' and so on. Later she saw her beautiful work in the show windows priced at ten times what she had got. And when these firms learned that she was also selling to private people, they forbade it on pain of dismissal. Things like that make people angry, my dear sir!

"But Mother wasn't angry or vengeful. 'Oh, the poor merchants have a hard time with all that rent to pay,' she said, and slaved away. And when she found that she wasn't doing enough for us children, she began to tell us fairy tales while she worked. They were little stories she made up herself, mostly about fatherless children who were neglected but who became happy in the end. For it seemed to her that she owed us a happy ending, and it was our own fate that she was always making up her stories about. We only thought of that later; but the tales themselves we liked.

"It got around that she was telling us fairy tales, and friends of ours urged her to write them down. She did it at night, for she had enough to do during the day to keep our heads above water. And one day she received a visit from a publisher who had heard of her children's stories and wanted to have them printed. They were to share the net profits, Mother and the publisher. Mother beamed with joy. 'Now, children, you can see yourselves that Mother is a lucky woman,' she said. What a lucky woman! She did honest work, that was her bad luck.

"Now came the real rush of night work; she toiled right through the nights. Whenever we opened our eyes at night, there she always was sitting under a lamp and writing, so that we children finally had the idea that *our* mother never slept! 'For you, children,' she would say, nodding to us when we rose up excitedly in bed and stared at her. 'Go back to sleep, everything's going to be good from now on.' Three books by her were published and she contracted for the adaptation of a great foreign work for children; the publisher said no one else could quite get the spirit of the language the way she did. She had a marvelous press too; but of her share in the profits she never received a penny. Whenever she went to the publishing house, they told her that the books had not yet covered their costs.

"About this time Mother began to lose some of her courage; she often cried at her work. She continued not to sleep; she sewed through the night. 'I can't sleep,' she kept complaining; 'my head feels like bursting.'

"ONE day things looked brighter again—this damned business of 'things looking brighter,' letting you

come out of the dark for a moment so you fall back deeper than ever!" He seized his head and rocked back and forth with his elbows on his outspread knees. Then he lifted his face and grabbed the packet of cigarettes—it was empty. "Oh, please, just one!" he said with a distorted face. He finished it in two drags and threw the butt away.

"Can you form some picture of how badly off we were for food, clothing, everything?" he began again, looking at me as if I were guilty of their misfortune. "Then you'll be able to get an idea of how Mother acted when she learned from a book-dealer that her books were all sold out. She laughed and cried at the same time while she was changing her clothes to go to the publisher's; every minute she had to drop everything to hug us. And if you had seen her when she came home, you wouldn't be sitting here so comfortably in your armchair—you!" He had jumped up and was standing threateningly in front of me.

"Please don't confuse me with your exploiters," I said.

AGAIN he seized himself by the head and looked at me as if he were trying to see something clearly in a mist. "No—but—you, you want to change everything, you and your kind—then why the hell haven't you done it? Ah, it isn't easy! It's damned hard!" He sat down again and rocked back and forth. "Mother, yes, it was she. But we children were big enough to understand what was involved and we stormed down the stairs to meet her. She was stumbling up the steps as if her feet were made of lead. She looked out of her head and was giving forth ugly cries. Do you know anything so terrible as a person who is laughing and wailing at the same time? 'Get away from me!' she cried out, and shoved us away with both hands. 'Don't touch your stupid mother! Curse her—or curse the pestilential world that lives high at the expense of widows and orphans!'

"'Mother!' we cried. 'What's the matter, Mother?'

"'The matter? You see, *the overhead has swallowed everything*,' she said in such a strange voice, as if all her insides had been hollowed out. And then she laughed out, such a laugh that horror crept over us and we fled before her.

"That was the answer she had got from the publisher; there was nothing left for her, everything had been absorbed by business expenses. Isn't that a thundering good answer for those who must battle for a bare existence? It got stuck in Mother's brain; she was always repeating the phrase to herself. And if you asked her a question, she would answer with the publisher's words and the empty laugh. Something had gone wrong in her;

she could potter around in the house, but from now on she had few clear moments.

"We brothers became errand boys; we managed to scrape by with what we earned and the social insurance. It was little enough. And where could we go for help? Everyone in this country is well off, they tell us; so don't come and talk about distress! On top of everything Mother went blind; she had toiled the eyes out of her head, had cried and grieved till she lost her sight. One good thing came out of it: we boys began to think things out on our own account; in our spare time we learned to shoot and box. We intended some day to put in a word of our own; and we didn't sit down—like your young people, the milksops—to study literature and languages, but practiced throwing heavy objects at a target. After all, muscles are worth more than book-learning; I could crush your skull in with one blow of my fist. But you, what can you do to me with all your culture?"

"Even Mother finally got the idea. The only thing that could rouse her was when we let her feel how our muscles were growing. Otherwise she just sat and stared with empty eyes into empty space when we came home; and if we said: 'Good evening, Mother, how are you?' she always answered with the same phrase and laughed so that you could go crazy. It was as if she had gathered the whole meaning of this cruel life in that one phrase; and we were afraid to ask her a question. It rang in our ears like a cynical cry when she said her toneless, '*The overhead has swallowed everything*.'

"But finally that ended too; one evening when we came home, she had turned on the gas. 'Now you won't have to fight with me any more,' she had written on a slip of paper—she had had one of her clear moments. And that's being relieved of a burden that'll hold me for a long time—my own mother!"

HE STOPPED speaking; his voice was audible, almost rattling in his throat. I didn't trust myself to look at him; I was almost choked myself. Suddenly he leaped up.

"Do you still think hand grenades are too much?" He spoke threateningly; his eyes were bloodshot. He looked capable of anything.

"I'm afraid they won't suffice to rescue from their misery the widows and orphans—to say nothing of all the others. It needs more than that."

"Humanity, eh? Ah, you and all your culture—you can't even hate!" His look burned into my face; for a moment it seemed that he didn't know whether to strike or to spit. Then he turned his back on me.

"God damn it to hell, why don't we have any leaders!" he shouted hoarsely and slammed the door behind him.



Books

Cashing In On War

THE PROFITS OF WAR THROUGH THE AGES, by Richard Lewinsohn; translated from the French by Geoffrey Sainsbury; 287 pages; E. P. Dutton & Company; \$3.00.

WHEN JULIUS CAESAR had accumulated debts amounting to about \$2,000,000, he had himself appointed governor of a Roman province. From that vantage point he carried on wars of conquest which not only paid off his vexing debts but brought him a neat profit of about \$6,500,000—an enormous fortune for that time.

William the Conqueror made 1066 familiar to every schoolboy. Not so well known is the fact that the conquest of England netted the Norman duke 1,432 estates which yielded an annual revenue of \$2,000,000. The royal family and the companions in arms were similarly well rewarded.

The Duke of Marlborough, famous soldier, began his career as an almost penniless youth and ended it as reputedly "the richest subject in Europe." He did this by having the right friends who saw to it that he was properly rewarded for his victories with grants of titles and estates; by padding expense accounts; by extracting commissions from army contractors, and the like. His annual income in his later years amounted to about \$600,000.

After the War of 1866 the King of Prussia wanted to reward his victorious soldiers and Bismarck managed to wangle almost \$2,000,000 out of the Diet for this purpose. Of this, he rewarded himself with nearly \$500,000 and the rest was divided among five generals. The same procedure was followed after the War of 1870-71, when 27 generals divided about \$5,000,000. The common soldiers got nothing.

Who says war does not pay—for somebody? First it was the generals, then the financiers, then the munitions makers, the war contractors and the war speculators who enriched themselves out of war. Napoleon was so furious over the practices of the contractors that he wrote: "They steal in so ridiculous and impudent a way that, if only I had a month to spare, there is not one that I could not have shot."

Ever new ways are devised to profit



Victory! From *War* by Kerr Eby, published by the Yale University Press

at the expense of a country at war. Sometimes shoddy and virtually useless materials are delivered at exorbitant prices, and then again money is made "not out of what you deliver, but out of what you fail to deliver." There is even the story of certain gas-mask manufacturers who were ready to finance a great anti-war film, provided it dealt entirely with the horrors of gas warfare.

Stories such as these fill this new volume by Richard Lewinsohn (Morus) on a subject that is particularly timely. Very likely, war profiteering constitutes one of the most objectionable features of armed conflict, and thus its exposure furnishes effective peace propaganda. This may be a sad commentary on our present civilization, which remains indifferent to mass murder and gets highly excited about war profits, but facts are facts.

Moreover, the sanction of governments for this system continues. Only recently a British firm offered to manufacture shells for the government without a profit as an anti-war gesture, but the offer was rejected. Like it or not, therefore, the move to "take the profits out of war" is important and, should it ever produce really effective legislation rigidly enforced, would dampen the military ardor of a large number of war enthusiasts.

—H. C. ENGLEBRECHT

The Constitution

BULWARK OF THE REPUBLIC, A BIOGRAPHY OF THE CONSTITUTION, by Burton J. Hendrick; 467 pages; Little, Brown, and Company; \$3.50.

"WE, THE People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice . . . and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America . . ."

So proclaimed the Founding Fathers in the historic year of 1787.

In 1936, of the 48 states of this "more perfect Union," all but nine had on their books one or another form of gag-law, designed to prevent, suppress and severely punish such expressions of the popular will as are guaranteed in the first ten amendments to the Constitution, known to "ourselves and our Posterity" as the Bill of Rights.

That, in a nutshell, is the real history of the Constitution. If you will keep this startling contradiction well in mind, as a sort of check on sentiment, the story which Mr. Hendrick has to tell you—and which he tells with high dramatic skill—can add much to your understanding of both the failures and the achievements of American Democracy.

Essentially, what Mr. Hendrick has

written is a history of the United States as embodied in that of the Constitution and its 21 amendments. This device, though by no means original, allows the author to present us with a veritable pageant of stirring events, vital issues, popular movements and great leaders in every walk of American life. From the very start the basic issues of States' Rights and Slavery threaten to destroy the hope of Union which the "nationalist," George Washington, had brought out of the muck and agony of Valley Forge: typical of an attitude which finds a present echo in the defiance of the steel baron, Tom Girdler, was the reply of arrogant New Jerseyites to Washington's appeal for their allegiance to the United States. "What," said they in amazement, "is the United States?"

Mr. Hendrick's account of the sharp political disagreements between Jefferson and Hamilton is enlivened by vivid portrait sketches of the two men: indeed, the biographical emphasis in the book is very pronounced, so that the reader is frequently deceived into thinking that most of our constitutional and political gains in the past century and a half have been presented to the American people "from above." There is lacking also the keen economic realism which Charles A. Beard gave us in his classic study of the men who made the Constitution, and the author's thinly-disguised antagonism to many features of President Roosevelt's New Deal (including the Supreme Court issue) suggests more worship of past achievements than is consistent with a belief in future progress.

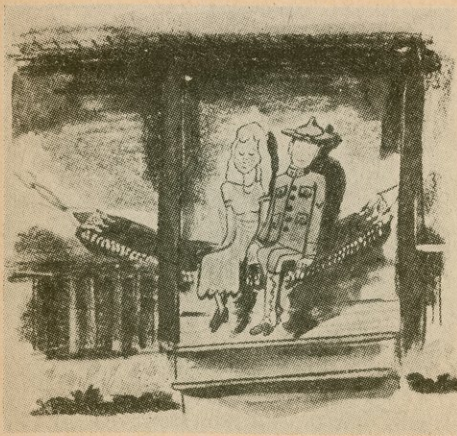
Nevertheless, Mr. Hendrick's scholarly volume makes excellent reading about one of the great political documents of modern times: a document whose one hundred and fiftieth birthday will be celebrated on the 17th of September of this year.

—HAROLD WARD

A Progressive's Story

A MAVERICK AMERICAN, by Maury Maverick; 362 pages; Covici-Friede; \$3.00.

YOU'LL like this plain-speaking man whom you have heard of only in recent years as a Texas Congressman fighting against war and for civil liberty. The story of his life



From *My War with the United States* by Ludwig Bemelmans, published by the Viking Press

to date—and he's only 42—is arresting primarily not because of personal history, but because he embodies the vigor and militancy of progressive America. Opponents of war and Fascism who want to know better the America with which they deal, can get it straight in this salty, lusty book.

And they will learn also how to deal with public opinion from this Southern lawyer-Congressman who is all at once a Legionnaire suffering still from war wounds, a pacifist elected from the biggest army post in the world, a defender of civil liberties so uncompromising that he is commonly charged with Communism, and about the sole Southern supporter of the federal anti-lynching bill. Maverick fights all these causes and more, with wit, racy and colorful language, and an intellectual honesty rare in politics. He puts his anti-war stand thus:

Here in all this military and pomp and guns I live with a first-class hatred of war, and one that will last I hope until my death.

The story is not a conventional biography. It does not begin with birth and take you through childhood, college and career. It begins right here and now with Maverick in Congress, takes you into his Texas background and his campaigns, exposing his politics and philosophy at the start. On the way through the book you get the story of his life sandwiched in. The material is handled just as if he were talking to the reader, and Maverick cannot be dull. It is amazing how so busy a man could find time to put together almost 400 pages and do it so well.

Some may object that Maverick has no clear program in terms of a social philosophy, but for practical men he has something better—an immediate program which hangs together. This consistency comes from his unflinching loyalty to the needs of common people against privilege and power. He has learned not only from politics, but from hobnobbing, from travel all over the land, and from thousands of conversations with all sorts of men.

Maverick hates shams, stuffed shirts, Liberty Leaguers, militarists. He loves America, a good fight—and the Constitution, in a spirit which is anathema to

Liberty Leaguers. The Constitution to him is a great document of popular civil rights, and he ends his book by printing it in full with an index.

If you read this book you will not only know the unique Maverick, but you will get an insight into the hearts of exploited Americans who understand and follow his leadership, and whose allegiance is indispensable to every progressive cause.

—ROGER BALDWIN

How Lobbies Work in New York

PRESSURE POLITICS IN NEW YORK, by Belle Zeller; 298 pages; Prentice-Hall, Inc.; \$3.00.

POLITICAL scientists have begun to analyze political institutions from the standpoint of what actually happens in the process of passing and enforcing legislation, rather than describing the formal structure of government. The result is a picture of representative government quite different from that displayed in the traditional textbooks. The legislators are supposed to be governed by the "voice of the people." But under modern conditions a very small voice may have a tremendous amplifier. It is the amplifier that is the important influence. It is through lobbies and pressure groups that one must understand the acts of legislators in "representing" their constituencies.

Professor Zeller has identified and described the main political pressure groups in the state of New York. Labor, farm, professional, business, and welfare are the chief divisions under which the Albany lobbies are classified—although within any of these groups there may be important differences on a particular bill. From the analysis presented, it seems that the ordinary legislator regulates his decisions on legislation by the amount of pressure exerted on him by these various groups. Consequently, the "public good" is determined by group pressure, which is generally a matter of who can spend the most money on maintaining an Albany lobby. Some pressure groups, such as the public utilities, go much farther than maintaining a lobby in the state capital. Through advertising, paid lectures, biased textbooks, they may convince a legislator that there is a great body of public and expert opinion either for or against a particular bill. Another factor which is not dependent on the strength of the lobby, but which helps to determine the influence of the lobbies, is the occupation from which the legislator is drawn. In New York most of the legislators are lawyers and business men. A retired legislator may be hired as attorney by a large corporation. Since legislators' salaries are small, such a possibility may affect the legislator's vote on bills affecting that particular business. The business men in the legislature are obviously more impressed by business arguments than

by the arguments of labor or consumer.

Professor Zeller devotes some attention to the efforts that have been made to control lobbying. The efforts have been feeble, and such regulations as registering lobbyists and requiring a statement of their compensation have been flagrantly violated. The author adds some suggestions for the tightening of lobby laws in order that the general public may be better represented. But there is no general public. The only effective remedy is for the electorate to realize that legislation proceeds through pressure groups, and then organize in such a way that groups now feebly represented may bring greater pressure on the legislatures for the protection of their interests. This book can be useful in revealing how these pressure groups work.

—DONALD MCCONNELL

Stories of the Exploited

THE COCK'S FUNERAL, by Ben Field; 207 pages; International Publishers; \$1.25.

FASCISM, in its purely local manifestations—terrorism, vigilantism (which Westbrook Pegler recently praised) and brutal oppression—is pretty well known to certain sections of our rural and urban population. It comes into being and runs its violent course whenever these more than "normally" oppressed workers voice their grievances in the form of strikes, demonstrations or even milder expressions of discontent. These workers know from birth who their natural enemies are and what may be expected of them if they protest against their slavery too often and in too definite a fashion.

Running as an almost unheard theme through this group of stories by a talented young writer, is this undercurrent of imminent terrorism. It is heard in the first story, "Cow," and even when it is not given voice, it is heard in many others. There need be no overt threat of violence, for the reader of the title story, for instance, to understand why the rural workers in that tale are so taken up with the celebrated fighting cock whose exploits form the background of the narrative. Their devotion to the bird is about all that is left to them in an arrangement of things that deprives them of all the more ordinary pleasures of life.

Ben Field's stories are the only adequate answer to the charge that so much of our proletarian fiction is half-baked, underdone, undigested. These are the stories of a man who writes directly out of the class with which he has identified himself; he is not a middle-class intellectual seeking to impose upon his talent an alien discipline. His stories are the direct and concrete expression of a sound identification with the social group of which he writes.

Best of them all, perhaps, is "The Pitchfork Rises," the story of an agrarian revolt. The undercurrent of terrorism imminent and implied, is here; also, the unconscious heroism and integrity of the exploited finds conscious voice. The story is not only perfect in its factual detail; it is prophetic of things to come.

—ALVAH C. BESSIE

From Nazi Germany to the U. S. A.

ESCAPE TO THE PRESENT, by Johannes Steel; 303 pages; Farrar & Rinehart; \$2.50.

MEN WHO are exiles from their homelands because of political heresy against the established order (or is it disorder?) of society, have left us a great body of writing. Since Hitler and Mussolini have come into power, this literature has been augmented by a stream of books never before experienced in the history of political exiles.

Johannes Steel's book divides itself in our mind into three parts. First, Germany in the World War and after. Second, the author's experiences as an agent of the German Republic. Third, the advent of Hitler, the life of an exile in America and his efforts to adapt himself to a new life.

The first section of the book and the picture Mr. Steel gives us of his father is an excellent piece of writing—moving, alive, the story of one man through whom we see, feel and understand the old Germany with its good and bad that is gone forever. There in a few pages, the author manages to sketch in the history of an upper-middle-class family, a defeated family, broken by the War:

"There is peace now, thank Heaven," my mother interrupted with a sort of desperate firmness.

"Yes, there is peace now. But what will it bring, the peace? What will it bring?" With a nod of his head to indicate that what he said was addressed to Erik and me, my father went on. "There is a lesson for you in all this. I don't know what the lesson is; you will have to find out for yourselves. We who were in the War are finished men—finished! You must find out."

The second section of the book, while giving us some insight into the workings of an imperialist government and the rise of the Hitler movement, has a great deal too much of the romantic notion of what the American reader likes—adventure. And Mr. Steel puts it on a little heavy. The third section—which goes in for some political discussion and opinions on exiles in general—is, shall we say, more emotional than analytical.

We wish Mr. Steel would have told us more about his childhood and the War and his father and mother and his brother Erik who was murdered by the Nazis. And when that book is written can we have at least two chapters for the pages of THE FIGHT?

—JOSEPH PASS

AFTER a prolonged fast, the Wall Street mob has again had a taste of real blood. For a long year a succession of progressive victories, centering around the reelection of President Roosevelt last fall and the subsequent amazing progress of the C.I.O. in organizing the strategic mass-production industries, has forced these greedy pot-bellies more or less away from the feed trough.

Now, the Big Business fraternity has at last found partial relief in the temporary setback administered to the C.I.O. by the "independent" steel companies, with the aid of police terror, military strike-breaking and savage vigilante action, and in the closely related coalition of reactionaries and phony liberals which has temporarily blocked the reform of the Supreme Court.

But the yowls of triumph which have emerged from Broad and Wall Streets and their subsidiary avenues throughout the nation since these two partial defeats to the progressive movement, must be heard in relation to that reactionary hunger which has existed during the past year. A mouthful cannot fill a void. And the Street, despite its fool-nobody show of confidence, still conceals an aching void under its bulging waistcoat. It still fears the C.I.O. and would gobble it up; it still has a healthy respect for the sweeping organizational gains of the past year which are now being consolidated; it is still frightened by the popular support responsible for whatever progressive gains have been achieved by the Roosevelt administration, and it has real fears regarding the response when the national electorate will again speak in the fall of 1938.

For these reasons, the triumphant posturings and posings that have greeted the exploits of Tom-the-Butcher Girdler and of the conservative coalition in the Senate, actually represent an attempt to clutch at these straws and to exploit to the maximum possible degree this little momentum now established for the reactionary movement.

Reaction Digs In

THE most ominous outcome of these developments, and the one which must be opposed with the greatest energy, is the attempt to build a permanent vigilante movement out of the lynch spirit which was fired and fanned by the steel corporations during the strikes. If successful, this would provide the real base for American Fascism. It would manipulate the prejudices of small business men where they are most backward—in the cities and towns dependent on and dominated by one company or one industry. It would exploit that adolescent "secret brotherhood" tradition that long has existed in rural American life.

The formation of such organizations as the Citizens National Committee of

WALL STREET

The Big Business fraternity in its gang-up on the C.I.O. . . The directing hand and purse of the vigilante movement . . . Scrap iron to Japan

Johnstown out of the vigilante excitement of the "back to work" and "right to work" movements of the steel strikes, represents a considerable refinement of the methods of big capital in its search for a workable technique for American Fascism. The "Sentinels of the Republic," the "Crusaders," the "Minute Men of Today" and the other stooges for the American Liberty League which were founded by du Pont money during the two years preceding the 1936 elections, were too patently and openly catspaws for Wall Street's program to attract more than isolated handfuls of supporters. Those organizations, by use of high-powered publicity methods, attempted to rally a non-existent support for the specific prejudices of the du Ponts, etc. The present crop, on the other hand, try to exploit the existing prejudices of backward sections of the population in sup-

port of the basic interests of Big Business.

The technique has been altered and refined but the directing hand and purse of Wall Street are still close behind the scenes. The stigma of Bethlehem Steel is smeared all over the Citizens National Committee, which thus far has made the most aggressive bid for organization on a nation-wide scale. And Bethlehem Steel means the Mellons, one of the most reactionary family groups in big American capital, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., second in power only to J. P. Morgan & Co. among the private Wall Street banking houses. As brain guy, the Citizens Committee has John Price Jones, a slick publicity man tied in with the Ford school of propaganda, who penned the committee's "Common Sense" plea for vigilante action, sweetened by mealy-mouthed expressions of

sympathy for labor, which was publicized at great expense throughout the country by full-page newspaper advertisements.

Farmer-Labor Action

THE perpetual bogeyman of Wall Street is the prospect of unity among the farmer and labor masses of the country. Consequently, whenever expressions of antagonism appear between these two groups, then Wall Street's journalistic stooges seize upon them forthwith as illustrations of the "inevitability" of such antagonism and of the "impossibility" of common political action by farmer and city worker.

The latest opening for such whistling in the dark has been provided by the increasingly open anti-labor stand of most of the Senators from the agricultural South, and by the anti-C.I.O. attacks on the "communistic" activities of the National Labor Relations Board by such supposed agricultural liberals as Senator Nye and Representative Rankin. In comment on these events, Chief Stooge Walter Lippman declared that "to think of founding a political party on the common interests" of the city and the country "is naïve."

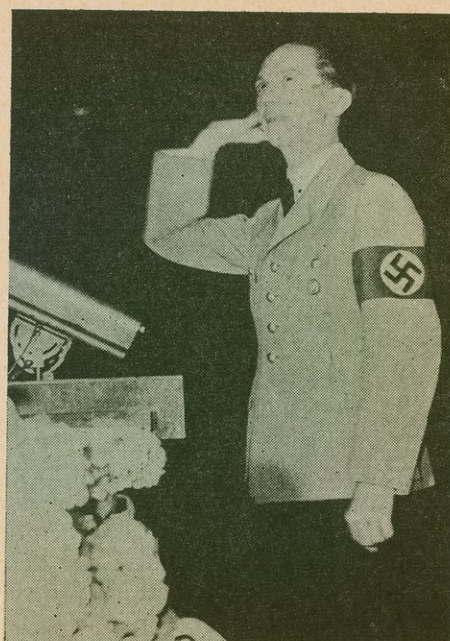
The naïveté actually rests, of course, with Father Lippman and not with the conception of farmer-labor political action. The real antagonisms between country and city are those of the farming people versus the big industrialists. As for the great mass of farmers and agricultural laborers and the great mass of urban workers, the antagonisms are superficial and the common interests are profound. For both, the real enemy is monopoly capital which exploits farmer and worker alike by low wages, excessive interest on farm mortgages and excessive prices for consumers' goods.

The real lesson of such events, the lesson of which Father Lippman and other Wall Street prophets are frightened, is their potent demonstration of the vital need for farmer-labor political action, which alone can assure the election of representatives responsive to the true needs of the majority of the people.

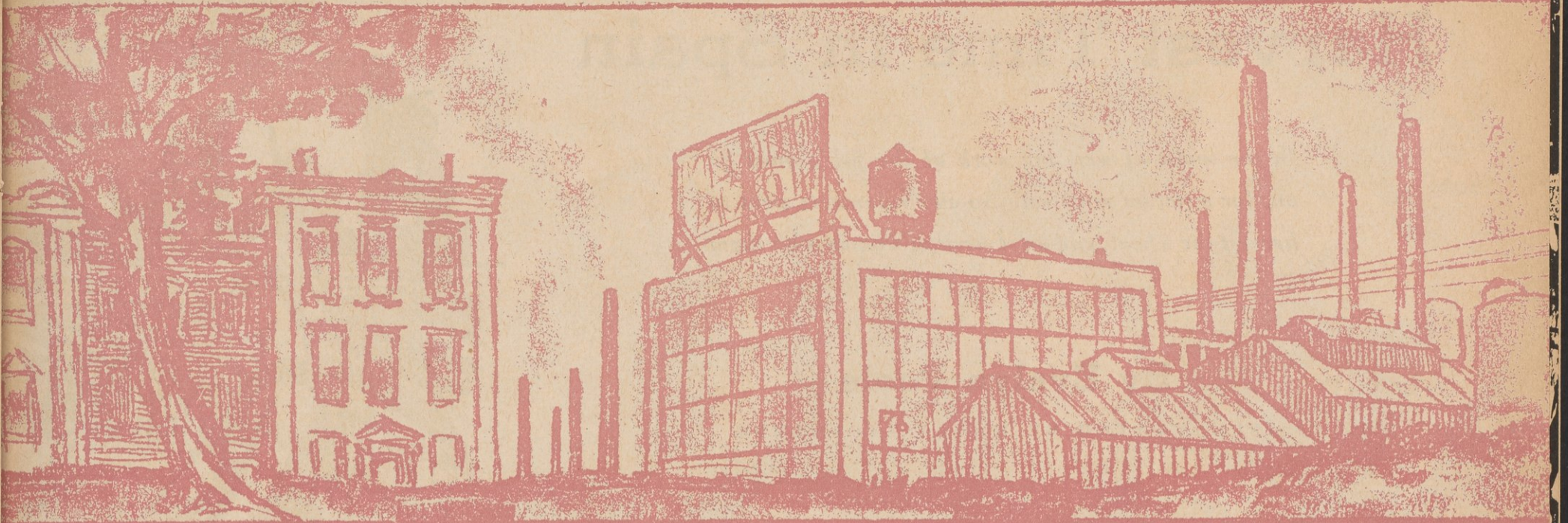
We Arm Japan

"BUSINESS is business," so far as the big American capitalists are concerned. And war-material business with Japan is exceedingly brisk. We are sending plenty of raw materials across the Pacific to be shot at our friends the Chinese and perhaps later back at us.

In May 1937, according to U. S. Department of Commerce figures, we exported to the Land of the Rising Sun 123,757 bales of raw cotton; 21,387,070 pounds of copper and copper products; 556,733 tons of iron and steel products; and 2,339,704 barrels, 1,051,147 pounds, and 8,466 gallons of petroleum and various petroleum products.



Heil! Tom M. Girdler (left), head of Republic Steel, and Paul Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda minister



IN 1882, the year in which Labor Day was born, American workers were steeped in discontent. Seventeen years earlier they, together with the masses of farmers, had brought to a victorious conclusion the war against slavery. While tens of thousands of their brothers had laid down their lives, a few, including J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and Cornelius Vanderbilt, started harvesting great fortunes from the bloody soil. Shortly after the war, real wages of the workers sank 21 per cent below the wage level just prior to the war. The farmer's income was slashed through drastic cuts in the gold price of corn and wheat. In 1873, a panic filled the streets with unemployed. Corporations took advantage of the panic they had brought about, to smash the unions and to cut wages still further.

Spied upon and blacklisted whenever they tried to organize openly to resist the wage cuts, workers formed secret unions within the Order of the Knights

of Labor. Agitation against the Knights of Labor was bitter. "News-papers," states Richard T. Ely in *The Labor Movement*, "circulated absurd fiction in regard to its designs, in which accusations of communism and incendiarism were prominent, and Catholic and Protestant clergymen hastened to

denounce" the Knights of Labor as an "unknown monster." The "red scare," then as now, was used unsparingly. When a labor convention, out of which grew the American Federation of Labor, was held at Pittsburgh in 1881, "several papers accused" Samuel Gompers "of desiring the presidency and

Labor Day

Is the "first Monday in September" just another holiday, handed the people on a silver platter? Here are its buried origins

By Morris Kamman

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WESTLEY

control of the organization for the Socialists." (Alfred P. James in the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*).

The "red scare" failed to halt the campaign for unionization. Early in 1882, New York workers felt strong enough to organize openly a Central Labor Union in which various unions were linked for more effective resistance to the employers. Labor's efforts towards unity brought from the *New York Times* the charge that "many of the trade unions of this city (are) led by foreign radicals," and the blunt advice that "the best results (by employers) have been arrived at by . . . weeding out agitators (through use of the blacklist), and having nothing whatever to do with trade unions."

In answer to the rabid anti-labor forces, the Central Labor Union called on New York workers to parade on September 5th along aristocratic Fifth Avenue in open demonstration of their unity and strength.

(Continued on page 24)



Harvest Time in Spain

In the midst of war, the work of the fields must go on, for a nation must eat. So city volunteers went to harvest the wheat, and an American woman with them

By Evelyn Poole

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY STERNBERG

ALMOST the first thing which any Spaniard—from government minister to peasant—tells you, is what he intends to do after the war. The second is that Spain is one of the richest countries in the world, possessing practically every natural resource and capable of supporting nearly twice the present population. Now that it belongs to them, the people who love their country, they intend to make it blossom like the rose. The rich landowners and the feudal Church not only oppressed and starved the people, but they despoiled the land by deforestation, refusal to supply proper irrigation systems, and so forth. This, to the people, was almost their higher crime.

For the moment, everything must bow before the war and its needs, but everyone you meet is studying and planning in any spare moment he has to fit himself when the time comes to help rebuild the country, to make a land fit for human beings to live, grow and develop—and if he does not live to see it, his children will. Nor is all this being put off until after the war: much of the constructive work is being planned and started now, though with frequent suspensions to answer some pressing war problem. This is the main source of the passionate joy in life which is a fundamental aspect of Spain today.

There Are Many Fronts

Anything which happens anywhere in the country is of vital interest to everybody. Nobody ever says, "That is not my affair." There are many fronts, of which the firing line is only one. A front is anywhere that there is work to be done. A few weeks ago I spent a Sunday on one of these other fronts, a very major one, the agricultural front.

The youngest and strongest peasants are all off fighting. The older ones, the women and the refugees, whom every village has taken in, were able to plant and cultivate the crops (even though the land under cultivation was greatly increased this year), but when it came to harvest-time they were in trouble. The wheat was standing ripe and ready in the fields while there were still bread-lines in the cities and even the army was running short. The most able-bodied refugees were rushed into the country in busses and lorries, but still there were not enough. Part of the crop was in danger of being lost, though the peasants were working from sunup to sundown. Something had to be done and that quickly.

Shock-brigades (a very apt fighting term, for this was a fight with nature) of city dwellers were organized every Sunday to go into the country and help with the harvest. This was not only the par-

tial solution of a practical war problem but a convincing way in which the workers could show their friendship towards the peasants, and their disapproval of the occasional instances of force which have at odd times been used against peasants by the "uncontrollables."

The response to this appeal was amazing. One Sunday in mid June over 800 workers of all parties volunteered from Valencia alone, and every week there are more. It meant not only giving up one's only day of hard-earned rest but one's sleep as well. For the expeditions started at 3 A. M. I, for one, didn't like that part of it, but if others could, so could I. At that hour the streets were inky black, we were on summer time so it was really only 2, deserted, and not a sound except for the inevitable cock crowing. A cock's crow is the most typical sound in Spain: every household seems to own one and they never seem to sleep.

Off to the Country

I came round the corner into the square and stumbled headlong into a merry crowd groping round two huge busses. This was just the hour when the air-raids usually come, so no one dared do more than light a flashlight for a second at a time.

Friendly hands lifted me up into one of the busses and cleared the best seat. Inside, with the shades tightly drawn, it was brilliantly lit. Blinking in the sudden light, I found a laughing gay crowd settling themselves for a tight squeeze—160 of us in all had to be packed into the two busses. Most of them were young boys and girls of 18 and 20 from the United Youth Movement, but there were some older men with their wives and half-grown children. Each carried a cold lunch in a striped laundry-bag, the usual carryall for everything from bread to books in Spain. Many wore brand-new straw farmers' hats to which the girls had attached bright red bows.

With a shout we were off. No one seemed in the least sleepy though most of the young people, in spite of 8 or 10 hours' work the day before, had decided it was too much trouble to go to bed at all. For the first hour they sang until one by one they drifted off to sleep. Up and up we climbed into the mountains on the Madrid road until we were all shivering in our thin summer clothing with the sudden change of atmosphere. It was really cold at that hour. With a great deal of stretching and rubbing of eyes we tumbled out of the busses at the village of Requena. Breakfast was the first idea in everyone's mind. Searchers came back with the glad



news of *churos*, a sort of continuous cruller curled round in concentric circles, one being enough to feed ten people. Two old women were cooking them in a cauldron of hot oil over a stove set up in a tiny square. Coffee was out of the question, as it was still only 6:30, but we found a small bar open where we obtained anis. A queer breakfast, but oddly satisfying.

To War and to Work

We were divided into groups at the headquarters of the Left Republicans. Each peasant—they were all individual owners in this district, aside from one tiny collective—was given an equal number of men and women. The groups clambered into two-wheeled carts and began driving away in different directions waving their hats and shouting "A la guerra!"

Mine was the last and smallest group, consisting of *El Responsable* (a youth of 18 who besides his political and agricultural interests had aspirations as a prize-fighter), a rather sickly clerk, and another girl. We started on foot, stopping at our peasant's house to pick up sickles, wine, anis and a water-jug. Each house had a huge door opening into an enclosed courtyard just large enough to



hold a two-wheeled cart. This is the peasant's most precious possession aside from his horse or mule, therefore the house is built around it. Formerly the animals were also kept in these courtyards, but now they are housed in community barns.

Here we struck a delay. Our peasant was horrified when he heard we had brought our own lunches. Wasn't it enough for us to come all this way to help him? Neither he nor his wife would let us go a step further until we had promised to return to his house for lunch—a veritable feast, as they had killed a chicken in our honor. *El Responsable* did not want to waste the time that this would involve, but finally we were forced to give in.

Amateur Farming

We trudged a half-mile or so to our field. This was a rolling cut-up countryside, with each peasant owning a tiny section, divided up into a diminutive patch of wheat, alfalfa, potatoes and tomatoes.

The field of wheat on which we set to work seemed infinitesimal until we started, then it didn't seem so small. Just try it sometime with a short-handled sickle, especially if you're an amateur and don't know how to handle it. It's a nice sharp little beast and if you get too enthusiastic, the first thing

you know you've taken a chunk out of a finger or an ankle. And that's the least of your worries. The sun begins to get hot and every hour it's going to get hotter. First you get drenched in sweat, broad-brimmed hat or no, then your back begins to ache, then your hands begin to blister, especially your left which grasps the wheat, while your right goes sawing away because, though your sickle is sharp, you don't know how to handle it. At the end of an hour you're pretty uncomfortable and tired, but you're beginning to think you're getting the hang of it. Then you look over and see what a professional can do. It looks so simple the way he does it, and you just want to break down and cry. This is the way it worked out: the peasant did five widths to *El Responsable's* three, the clerk's one and a half, and us girls' one. At the end of an hour a short stop for a drop of anis and a gulp of water, then at it again for another weary hour, then a real rest—a bite of food and wine in the shade of some bushes down by the irrigation canal.

While we ate, the men discussed the burning question of land reform. I discovered that the peasant knew all about sickles, had heard of scythes—those were used in the mountains—and had seen pictures of tractors, but only huge ones, thoroughly

unsuitable for this countryside. He had never heard of baby tractors or a horse-drawn binder. Being a peasant, seeing was believing. You could see that first of all will be necessary in this district the entire replanning of the fields and the irrigation ditches, which act as the dividing lines between the tiny plots. As they are now, a little patch of this, another of that, they are wasteful and uneconomic to a degree. These peasants were mostly former tenant-farmers. Today they have merely stopped paying rent. Many of them for the duration of the war are turning over to the state that part of the crop which they formerly gave to their landlord, and refusing to take the money to which they are entitled. Some of us shock-brigaders were working on fields which belonged to men who were off at the front, and which were being tended in their absence by wives and neighbors.

A Tour of the Fields

Then back we went to work. Suddenly there was a cry—"Where is the *Americana, la periodista?*" I never expect to hear a more welcome sound than that. I had not disgraced myself so far, but I was beginning to wonder how much longer I could

(Continued on page 30)

AS TO WOMEN

Children of Spain and of China . . . Consider the laundry workers . . . Vigilantism

A STORY has come to our attention of a Spanish child who was about to be taken away to one of the children's homes, where he would be safe from the air-raids about his town. Naturally, he did not want to leave his mother. But in the grief of his parting he suddenly had a heartening thought. "Will there be any bread there?" he asked. War is not only battlefields and airplanes and death from bullets. It means the loss of bread for little children. All the women in the American League—all the women in America for that matter—can make the parting of children and mothers easier by seeing that there are good homes for the Spanish children who are in danger, and that when they are taken there, there will be bread.

THERE are other children in danger today. They are the children of China. Sometimes the plea for Chinese women and children is harder to make effective than pleas for other children who are suffering. There have been many disasters in China. Life itself is something of an achievement. I have actually heard a woman say, "But the Chinese know how to stand things. After all, they are used to it." It is a bitter thing when women and children must learn how to take tragedies stoically. I would rather hear the plea, "You must help China. After all, they are not used to suffering."

There is a way to help and it must be done immediately. That is for every woman's organization to protest the selling of war supplies to Japan. Every boat-load of scrap-iron that is stopped from sailing means the saving of lives—some of them children's lives. Women must start at once to ask for an embargo of war materials to Japan.

WE WANT to pay tribute this month to a pamphlet issued by a sister organization. The pamphlet is called *Consider The Laundry Worker* and is published by the League of Women Shoppers. It stands unique among pamphlets on labor conditions because it shows not only the benefits to the worker through unionization of the industry, but also the benefits to the con-

sumer. The conditions in the laundries of New York City are appalling not only in the way they affect workers, but in the way they affect the community at large. Almost every household in big cities, outside of the lowest wage earners, sends at least part of its washing to the public laundries. The writers of the pamphlet assure us that the New York situation is paralleled throughout the country.

"Fastidious people," they write, "put on their bodies clothes which have been in contact with dirt in laundries. They use towels and eat off tablecloths which have been handled by workers who were forced to go to germ-ridden toilets while working. They struggle to keep their children healthy, yet they put them to sleep on sheets and pillowcases which have been ironed by workers with colds and sore throats, who were unable to stay at home to cure them."

In simple language the authors show how the danger to the public health, outside of any justice or injustice to the workers themselves, demands that unions be established that will look after sanitary conditions, the health of the workers and the wages of those workers so they may keep up the standard of health. Send ten cents to the League of Women Shoppers, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and read the pamphlet for yourself. There are suggestions at the close of the treatise on what consumers, particularly women consumers, can do.

VIGILANTISM is an old American disease. Every once in a while it crops up in American communities. But the recent wave of vigilantism has two new angles—one, it is directed against organized labor; another, it has drawn women into the vigilante movement. It uses, as always, words about upholding American traditions and protecting the rights of the American citizen. Probably many of the women who have joined these movements do not see the inconsistency between the phrases and the deeds. It is the duty of every enemy of war and Fascism to reach these women with the truth. For Fascism lives by lies.

—DOROTHY McCONNELL

Labor Day

(Continued from page 21)

Although bosses threatened to fire those who did not report for work, thousands streamed towards Fifth Avenue on the day selected for the parade. Longshoremen, bricklayers, freight handlers, cigar makers, clothing cutters, jewelry workers, typographical workers, house painters, blacksmiths, and others formed contingents in accordance with their trades. They had with them their union banners. Down the avenue they marched, flaunting defiantly their slogan, "Labor Will Be United!" The appeal by the Central Labor Union to workers to cut their connections with the Republican and Democratic parties and to initiate independent political action was voiced by the parading workers with the slogan, "Strike with the Ballot!" They further demanded a shorter workday, abolition of child labor and repeal of Conspiracy Acts which were used to outlaw unionism.

This first Labor Day parade in American history, with its open show of organized power and with its militant demands, was "applauded loudly by the spectators who thronged the sidewalks all along the route," said the *New York Herald*; the newspaper added in a troubled tone, "These 40,000, 20,000 or 10,000, as the numbers are variously reported, were not happy. . . . Their turnout appears to have been intended as an expression of supreme dissatisfaction."

The Tories Are Troubled

The demonstration seems to have had a disturbing effect also on William H. Vanderbilt. On the same day he wailed to a reporter of the *New York Tribune*, "It is one of the bad features of American business life that when times are good . . . the laboring classes become dissatisfied and unsteady, falling an easy prey to dangerous agitation." For Vanderbilt the times were exceedingly good—he had inherited \$80,000,000.

The *Journal of Commerce* opened its editorial guns on this first Labor Day parade. "It was not a memorial procession, was tributary to nothing, was apropos of nothing."

Labor, however, thought otherwise. Within two years Labor Day parades were held also in Lynn and Haverhill, Mass. In Cincinnati, 30 unions organized and carried through such a demonstration. That year, the *New York workers* showed that their unity extended beyond prejudice of race. Three hundred Negro workers headed one of the main contingents. Their presence in the procession, said the *Herald*, "caused many a cheer along the line of march."

In 1886, Labor Day with its street demonstrations spread to the South and to the West. It was the year in which

the young and energetic American Federation of Labor had called for nationwide strikes on May 1st for the eight-hour day, thereby giving to the workers of the world the historic May Day. To crush the demand for the eight-hour day, the reactionary employers in Chicago and their political henchmen perpetrated their infamous Haymarket frame-up; in New York, five workers were sentenced to Sing Sing because they had advocated a boycott against a scab firm.

Labor Day Spreads

Workers marched on Labor Day that year as they had not done hitherto. They continued their demand for the eight-hour day and condemned the frame-ups. Conservative estimates put the number of those marching in Chicago at 35,000. *John Swinton's Paper* reported that in Puritan Boston, 20,000 paraded, some carrying saws with the slogan, "We Are Set on the Eight Hour Day," while others bore banners demanding, "The Repeal of Class Laws." Labor Day reached the Rocky Mountain area, 4,000 marching through the streets of Denver. In Baltimore, 15,000 workers marched between packed throngs estimated at 100,000. Parades were held in Albany, Buffalo, Elizabeth and Detroit. The shipping bosses in Buffalo kept the longshoremen out of the parade by threatening them with a lockout if they participated in the Labor Day demonstration. At Newark, 15,000 stayed away from their shops and factories to parade. In Mobile, Alabama, Negro railroad workers, according to a report in the *New York Herald*, struck against a daily wage of one dollar, and paraded through the streets of the town. Brooklyn held its first independent Labor Day parade, with 10,000 marching. "Justice Is Fixed in the Interest of our Oppressors!" the Brooklyn workers charged on their banners.

Honoring Labor's Martyrs

The New York workers, whose parade four years earlier had given Labor Day to America, answered the frame-up of union workers by placing the families of the convicted boycotters in flower-garlanded wagons. These wagons and their occupants drew cheers from the spectators who watched the parade, but the *Times*, which had advocated the use of the blacklist against unionists, grieved: "It is to be regretted that the managers of the parade . . . did not exclude from the procession . . . evidence of sympathy with certain persons now justly detained at Sing Sing for engaging in the villainous business of boycotting." The *Times* also protested the use of red flags by unions in the parade. The Catholic Church hierarchy, responsive to Tammany, later ousted from the church Father McGlynn, a priest beloved by

the poor, who, together with Henry George, Labor candidate for mayor, had reviewed the marching workers at Union Square.

A National Holiday

Pressure by organized labor compelled various state legislatures to legalize Labor Day. Oregon, early in 1887, was the first; later in the same year Colorado, Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey followed. When, in 1894, Congress had to bow and make it a national holiday, opposition still lingered. The *Springfield Republican* published a letter which termed Labor Day, "lazy day, an excuse for those who are doing work . . . for one day to do nothing." The rich man's *American Architect and Building News* foamed: "Labor Day . . . the very name of which should make every true American blush, ought . . . to be abolished." It charged that the "Labor Day holiday was extorted from State Legislatures by . . . relentless tyrants," and cynically urged instead "a procession of 'scabs' (which) would contain the best, because the most independent and ambitious part of the workingmen." Other anti-labor forces tried to soft-pedal the militant spirit of the holiday by suggesting, as one newspaper openly put it, that Labor Day be turned into a "day in no sense of demonstration but one of recreation."

Year after year, however, in cities throughout the country, the workers set Labor Day aside as a day on which to celebrate victories gained in struggle, and as a day on which to demonstrate their united power against those who would take from them the right to life and to happiness.

Against the Open Shop

The struggle against the open shop which flared up dramatically 27 years ago in Los Angeles marked perhaps the first time that Labor Day parades throughout the nation assumed the character of one immense nationwide demonstration around a single cause.

From one end of the country to the other, workers marched on Labor Day, 1911, to save from the gallows the two McNamara brothers, whose fight against the open shop had roused the capitalists' frenzied hatred.

"Organized Labor Dares Masters to Hang McNamara," the *New York Call* described in its headline the temper of the workers who paraded in New York. While hundreds of wealthy men and women looked down from their expensive hotel apartments, thousands of workers, wearing McNamara buttons, marched down Fifth Avenue, cheered by crowds lining the sidewalk. Large numbers of white and Negro subway- and tunnel-workers joined the parade and marched together. Workers of various nationalities and races, including Italian, Jewish, Polish, Russian, formed a "parade of nations" to



Watching the March for Peace in New York City

show that the workers were united regardless of race, creed and color. British seamen in port joined the parade as their expression of international solidarity. A special McNamara Division had a place of honor in the procession. A banner carried aloft by the marchers had on it the picture of one of the imprisoned McNamaras. Along the line of march, workers held between them a huge American flag into which spectators tossed money for the defense of the McNamara brothers.

Chicago labor leaders stated they wished to save the cost of a parade and use the money for the McNamara defense. Chicago was virtually alone in this decision. Cleveland, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Boston, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, to mention only a few, raised funds for the defense at their Labor Day parades while at the same time demonstrating labor's strength against the open-shoppers.

In Los Angeles, Mayor Alexander, fearing the surging militancy of the workers there, forbade the parade from passing by the city jail where the McNamaras were imprisoned.

In San Francisco, where 40,000 men, women and children marched, Gompers in his Labor Day speech charged that the Associated Press was underestimating in its wired reports to the press the numbers participating in the parades. Caught and stirred by the seething anger of the workers, Gompers cried out, "Labor Day . . . is dedicated to freedom. . . . It is a protest against injustice. . . . It is a demand for the rights of the toilers. . . . Labor Day in America was not given to us, any more than anything else in the cause of labor was given to us, on a silver platter, but it was wrung from the unwilling employers. We just took it!"

A Living Tradition

During the World War the reactionary forces often succeeded in debauching the workers' holiday into a field day for corrupt politicians, mili-

tarists and open-shoppers. But its militant tradition could not be killed. Right after the War, workers, still wearing their service uniforms, joined a Labor Day parade in Brooklyn, and together with fellow street-car men on strike battled police who protected scab cars.

An example of workers not only maintaining the militant tradition of Labor Day but also utilizing it to attack labor's greatest present-day enemies, occurred in Boston two years ago. Marching 20,000 strong, the paraders turned to the spectators placards on which was emblazoned the cry to fight "Against Nazism, Fascism and War!"

Because the spirit of Labor Day is inherently militant, the capitalists fear it today as they did in 1882. When the Steel Workers Organizing Committee called for a Labor Day demonstration in Pittsburgh last year, the steel barons tried to frustrate it by passing a report that the mills would operate on Labor Day as on any work-day. Their ruse failed. White and Negro workers from steel, mine and other trades answered the call. The parade wound up at South Park where between 150,000 and 200,000 massed in a rally for organization and for united struggle.

Thus the American working people carry forward the fighting spirit with which the workers in 1882 established Labor Day as an aid in their battle for better living conditions.

As the Twig is Bent

(Continued from page 11)

and universal educational system. Its population has been drawn from the four corners of the earth and the traditions still living among these groups, which are both parochial and cosmopolitan, make for a more balanced nationalism.

Furthermore, the national traditions of this country are basically non-military and libertarian. Great Europeans, like

Andreas Latzko, have repeatedly pointed out the advantage of the American people in that its national heroes are men like George Washington (not so much the military leader as the great leader in the independence movement), Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln; that at the beginning of our history stands such a vividly libertarian document as the Declaration of Independence. In many other countries, the national tradition is tied almost entirely to military conquerors.

Our Chance for Peace

Fortune has smiled further on this country in that it is not surrounded on all sides by powerful rivals with whom it has been frequently at war. Such wars invariably leave a detritus of hatred and suspicion in the school texts which continues to poison the minds of generation after generation. The American Revolution and the War of 1812 did leave a heritage of hostility for England which has now largely disappeared. The Civil War was fought all over again in the schools for two generations, a conflict which produced such curiosities as a textbook entitled *An Impartial History of the Civil War: From the Southern Point of View*. But that antagonism is passing now also.

How important such matters are may be seen from one or two parallels. In France, Napoleon was for a long time the outstanding national hero, which was a decided influence toward militarism. Not long ago, however, *Le Petit Parisien* took a vote among its million readers as to the greatest Frenchman of the 19th Century and discovered a changed attitude. Pasteur emerged at the top of the list, followed by Victor Hugo and Gambetta, while Napoleon was accorded fourth place. This significant change was the work of the school teachers.

Another illustration comes from South America. The Pacific War of the last century and the conflict over Tacna-Arica had left much hard feeling between Peru, Chile, and Bolivia, which was also carried over into the history texts of these countries. Each new generation was reared in this hostile tradition. But when relations between these countries became more cordial, one of the first things to be done was the revision of the school texts, so that these hate-engendering references were removed (*Nofrontier News Service*, May 26, 1936).

The English historian, J. Holland Rose, recently urged that "universal history be more emphasized as a frame into which to put national history." He said that "this was now being done in the United States, and with good results." Such words of praise should spur on American teachers to take advantage of their unparalleled opportunities.

Munich to Johnstown

(Continued from page 15)

legally constituted and constitutionally elected Congress of the United States as well as the Executive. Put into practice, it would be treason against the government of the United States and the principles of American government.

Hitler also shouted in the beginning, "We can no longer look to certain constituted authorities to protect human rights." He too shouted of the "patriotic duty to perfect a nation-wide organization whose function it would be to restore and protect those constitutional rights that had been taken from citizens by certain unworthy officials." What Hitler meant of course by "unworthy" officials were the elected representatives of the Republic and the leaders of the German trade unions.

The protest published by the Johnstown Citizens' Committee on June 24th against Governor Earle's use of martial law in the city of Johnstown to close the plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and the appeal to the public to protect what is termed "the right of every worker to pursue his occupation peaceably within the law" is word for word the same appeal that I have heard Hitler make from numerous soap-boxes when he first began to galvanize the middle classes into reaction against the workers. He and Mussolini sold the German and Italian middle classes a bill of goods that is absolutely identical with that which Henry Ford, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Tom Girdler, and Ernest T. Weir want to sell to the American people today.

Mohawk Valley Formula

That this attack upon American labor is well organized may be seen from the "Mohawk Valley formula." The National Manufacturers Association recently published this new formula for labor relations, as reported by F. Raymond Daniell (from a summary by the National Labor Relations Board) in the *New York Times* of July 11, 1937. Mr. Daniell's dispatch reads in part:

The first point of the formula advises industrialists who would retain the open shop to lose no time in labeling union organizers as "agitators," representing a small minority, intent upon arbitrary demands. It advises also that Chambers of Commerce and business men generally be impressed with the fact that strikes are costly not only to the manufacturer affected but to the community in general. At Youngstown, Ohio, where the Youngstown Sheet and Tube and the Republic Steel Company both have huge plants, this part of the formula, either by design or accident, was set in motion as long ago as last October when organizers sent into the territory by John L. Lewis began a steel drive.

First the ministers of Youngstown were invited to attend a meeting on property owned by the Republic Steel Corporation. Then the teachers were summoned to a conference on a matter of civic importance. Both groups were told that the public interest demanded that they use their influence to prevent a strike and to help break it if one occurred.

In the NLRB's analysis, the "formula" advised the employer affected by a strike to "raise high the banner of law and order," to cause the community to mass legal and police weapons against violence, real, threatened, or imaginary.

Hitler's election slogans from 1924 until he came to power were to a large extent made up of similar appeals for law and order. I remember only too well Nazi banners reading "Order Must Be!", "Citizens Form Committees!", "Help Us to Clear Up Germany!"

The citizens committees suggested in the bulletin of the National Manufacturers Association are not unlike the "Fehme" groups that operated in the eastern parts of Germany and Silesia. These groups were composed of ex-soldiers who were not able to find their way back into civilian life. They hired themselves out to large employers and created disturbances to order, whenever a strike was to be broken. Later on they were merged into the Nazi storm-troop battalions. Incidentally, a most notorious "Fehme" commander, von Killing-er, one of the men who set the Reichstag building afire, is now German Consul-General in San Francisco.

American Strike Breakers

In the first session of the 75th Congress, Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., submitted a report on violations of free speech and rights of labor, in which he described the methods of American strike-breaking agencies.

Canvassers are carefully coached by their superiors in promotion tactics. So they will seem to have technical knowledge of the industry in question, they are rehearsed in sales talks. They study business lists, check prospective clients on maps, set forth in automobiles to tour their regions thoroughly, being told not to neglect any "little mill along the road."

The success of these soliciting methods can best be gauged by a study of the customers they serve. One list, known to be far from complete, gives the various kinds of employers known to hire spies. Among them are 36 employers' associations; 14 corporations of nation-wide scope; 27 railroads; 29 traction, utilities, and bus companies; 52 metallurgical and machinery companies; 32 mining companies; 28 employers in the automobile industry; 20 steamship lines; and 28 food companies.

A partial list of industrial firms serviced by Pinkerton alone includes 98 names. Composed of firms well established in the public mind, it includes General Motors Corporation, which, with its subsidiaries, paid Pinkerton \$167,586 in 1935; Bethlehem Steel Co.; Radio Corporation of America; Campbell Soup Co.; Curtis Publishing Co.; the Baldwin Locomotive Works; Shell Oil Co.; Montgomery Ward & Co.; and the Pennsylvania Railroad Co.

The National Corporation Service has been since 1933 in the employ of 142 known industrial clients, including such firms as Otis Steel, Midland Steel, Wheeling Steel Co., Hazel Atlas Glass, the Goodrich Rubber Co., and Fostoria Glass.

Railway Audit & Inspection Co., whose records were mutilated, is known from various authenticated sources to have serviced 67 companies, including the Aluminum Co. of America; the Borden Milk Co.; the Consolidated Gas Co. of New York; Frigidaire Corporation; Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation and H. C. Frick Coal & Coke Co., both subsidiaries of

United States Steel; Kelvinator Sales Corporation; National Dairy Products; Truscon Steel; Western Union; Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.; Woodward Iron & Coal Co.; and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Deadly Parallel

The most interesting thing about this disclosure is that if we would change the names, dates and places we would have an accurate picture of what occurred in Germany during the years from 1922 to 1932. If we substitute Opel for General Motors, Vereinigte Stahlwerke for Bethlehem Steel, Scherl Verlag for Curtis Publishing Co., we get a fairly comprehensive picture.

There is of course this difference, namely, that the German industrialists from a certain moment on gave money only to Hitler, and that Hitler's party and storm-troopers had a monopoly on breaking strikes and killing trade-union leaders. The difference however is only that of method; the intention and the result were the same.

The above-mentioned facts make it clear that there is no accident in this broad attack upon American labor, and that the cry of dictatorship raised by the reaction is nothing but an attempt to hide its own preparations for the organization of an American Fascism.

No Dogs, No Chinese

(Continued from page 9)

seed candy from a street peddler, or could watch an itinerant contortionist perform on a vacant lot. We used to feel pretty romantic about China, though, when we left the city for the mountains in the summer time. We would take a houseboat from Shanghai to Hangchow, and it was one of our yearly thrills.

The houseboat was always dark brown inside, shiny with Ningpo varnish. There was a little deck in front of the boat, and one at the back, with a tiny catwalk around the sides, on which we were not allowed to walk. Between the two decks was one very nice large room, covered with an arched mat roof. There were a table and stools in here, where we ate picnic meals during our two-day trip. At night, boards were laid across the whole room, making a raised floor which completely covered up the table and stools. And on these we would lay out our bedding and sleep, all in a row.

We thought it was great sport.

Our Fellow-Travellers

Out back, on the little deck, lived the Chinese family that ran the houseboat. The one big oar that propelled the boat through the canals, extended straight out from the stern. The father or the mother (they would take turns) would heave on the big oar, standing up, hour after hour. The children, and there were usually six or

seven, would help to pull on the rope that held the oar to the boat, or on the oar itself where it was lower and they could reach it. The creak of the oar was as regular as the tick of a clock, all day and all night. The members of the boatman's family who weren't rowing, would sleep on the deck, on a straw mat. The space in which they lived and cooked and ate and worked was about the size of the top of a New York business executive's desk.

Once we got to the mountain top, we played tennis and swam and had Sunday School picnics with American missionaries' children from all over central China. Except for the bamboo trees, and the servants we all took with us, we might have been in the Adirondacks.

Moonlight in Soochow

A long time later, after I had been to America to school, and had gone back again to China, I sat on a moonlit hill in Soochow, talking far into the night with five of my Chinese friends. One told me about being hit over the knees by a Britisher's cane in a Shanghai street car. One described her feelings over a new job she had been offered. It was as a teacher in a mission school, and the salary was to be one-third the salary paid to an American girl doing the same work. Another recounted the time she had been chased out of a foreign faculty house with the remark that "that was one place at least where the Chinese couldn't come."

And Soochow was lovely that night, too. The moon was bright, and the tiled roofs of the city below us were full of lights and shadows. My hostess had offered me the hottest bath I ever took, in a little red wooden tub in a screened-off section of the courtyard. She had dined me on the choicest shrimps and pork balls. And she had given me her mother's bridal bed to sleep on.

A People in Bondage

When I came back that time from Soochow, I rode third class in the train. My Chinese friends could not afford anything else. The third class was so crowded that the people had to get on and off the train through the windows. The entrances to the car were blocked by men and women carrying babies, and bedding, and chickens.

When we reached Shanghai, I noticed that the two first-class coaches in the front were almost empty. Just a couple of foreigners, in dapper white suits, stepped off.

The China I knew lay like a helpless Gulliver bound by the Lilliputians of foreign imperialism. Since those years the Gulliver has stirred. Will the waking Chinese people be able to throw off their most ferocious assailants, the Japanese? This time, their very life depends on the answer.

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid

NEW YORK—On August 7th a most impressive and colorful anti-war parade was staged by our New York City division. As contingent after contingent, trade union after trade union, passed the reviewing stand, over 40,000 marchers assembled in lower Harlem for a mighty demonstration. Governor Elmer A. Benson, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota, delivered the main speech of the day. Analyzing the Fascist



forces in this country with incisiveness, he stressed the urgency of united action of industrial workers and farmers, middle-class and professional people to protect the democratic rights of the people and to prevent war. The delegates to the American Radio Telegraphists Association convention marched in a body, with commanding signs and slogans. A large contingent of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in uniform and with a spirited band drew a big hand from the crowds. Auto workers, garment workers, food workers and many other trade-union groups dominated the parade. Many Spanish societies added color, and five ambulances for Spain received great applause. Among the speakers were Ashley Totten, secretary-treasurer of the Sleeping Car Porters; former Congressman Vito Marcantonio, president of the International Labor Defense; Byrl Whitney of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen; Isadore Sorokin of the International Ladies Garment Workers; John Sala of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; John Bottinger, president of the local United Auto Workers, reading a message from Homer Martin, the international president; José Gibernau, Spanish consul to the Southwest; two of the Scottsboro mothers, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Montgomery; Joseph Castrow and Mario Lamar of the Federated Spanish Societies; Lewis Merrill of the United Office and Professional Workers, and Mr. Stankas of the United Electrical and Radio Workers reading a message of the international president, James Carey.

Albany also held a community dem-

onstration against war, on August 5th. Citizens of the state capital turned out to add their voices to the thousands all over the country who thus commemorated the beginning of the World War. A new Branch of the League has been organized at Poughkeepsie with Prof. Philip H. Davis of Vassar as chairman and Mr. David Effron as vice-chairman. Semi-monthly meetings are planned and a large membership soon is expected in this up-state city. Croton-on-Hudson Branch recently put on a benefit party to raise funds for the National Office and sent in \$100 as a contribution for national work. Not to be outdone, the Mohegan Branch organized a similar affair and contributed \$125 from the proceeds to the National Office. A similar sum was sent to Spain via the North American Committee.

MIDDLE WEST—The major interest in this section of the country is the struggle of labor against reactionary employers and the spurious citizens' committees that follow the vigilante pattern. Sam Swerdloff, national field-organizer, spent six weeks in the northeastern Ohio area and recently investigated the Pittsburgh region with Dorothy McConnell, secretary of our Women's Section. Miss McConnell spent some time in Weirton and other steel towns, and found repression and intimidation rampant against both steel workers and townspeople. This tense situation calls for national action, and



Don't look at this picture — child victims of Franco

plans are now being developed for a national committee to combat vigilante activity and protect civil rights. A regional conference on these issues is being considered for Pittsburgh on September 17th. Cleveland League has taken a significant part in exposing the connection between reactionary steel interests and local Fascist organizations. The story broke in the *Cleveland Press* and was followed up by several interviews by reporters with various local Fascist leaders. A working agreement between the Republic Steel Corporation and William Pelley's Silver Legion was revealed. Miss Susan Sterling, leader of the Association of Leagues—the center Fascist organization—was exposed as the main organizer of the anti-labor and anti-democratic activities of the various groups and interests. Her relation to Nazi groups was also uncovered in the course of the investigation.

In Pittsburgh preparations are already being started for the Fourth National Congress of the American League, which will meet in that city November 26th to 28th. A visit of the national executive secretary last month resulted in the selection of halls and meeting-places for the Congress. The local Convention Bureau is giving cordial cooperation in making arrangements for the thousands of delegates who will come to this steel city from all parts of the country. On August 1st the Pittsburgh League arranged an outdoor anti-war demonstration in



Schenley Park in commemoration of the beginning of the World War. The large meeting was addressed by the Honorable Homer S. Brown of the Pennsylvania legislature, Burgess Richard H. Lowry, Paul Crosbie, National Executive Committee of the League, and several trade-union leaders, among them a representative of Clinton S. Golden, who could not be present. The Pittsburgh League has pledged a sum of \$500 for Spanish children. The League at Cincinnati has cooperated in the formation of a local North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, a group which has done some very significant work. Two mass meetings, considerable newspaper publicity, collections of over \$1,000 for Spanish Democracy, and the establishment of an office with a full-time organizer have resulted from this work. The local League



has also brought pressure to bear on state authorities regarding acts of violence in the strike sections of the state. Cleveland League observed anti-war week with a picnic at Wildwood Park on August 8th. John T. Bernard, Farmer-Labor Congressman from Minnesota, was the main speaker of the day. Sam Swerdloff assisted in the raising of funds for homes for Spanish children. Leaguers in Cleveland also took part in the labor demonstration at the public square addressed by Heywood Broun and other labor leaders.

Chicago decided to hold its August anti-war parade on August 28th as a memorial to Jane Addams, repeating its demonstration of last year. Labor and language groups, fraternal and peace organizations joined in planning this annual peace parade and memorial meeting. Jane Swanhuysen, acting League secretary, is secretary of the arrangements committee. Robert Morss Lovett is chairman of the committee. Patrick Mulholland, Midwest labor organizer, is working among the steel, stock-yard and rubber-workers locals of the Chicago district, and reports several unions have adopted resolutions against the Sheppard-Hill Bill and

many workers have signed a petition calling for investigation of the Chicago Memorial Day Massacre. The Campaign-Urbana League recently held a Spanish Democracy meeting with Lini Fuhr, a nurse who served in Spain, as main speaker. This Branch has pledged a substantial sum for homes for Spanish children.

NORTHWEST—Ralph M. Compere, our organizer in this region with headquarters at Minneapolis, reports the reorganization of our Twin Cities Branch and the plans for a state peace conference. Five organizations are cooperating in a state peace campaign. The executive committee carrying on this work includes members of the Farmer-Labor Association, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Workers Alliance, the Farm Holiday Association and the American League. A monthly bulletin of news events is being issued and meetings are being held in many sections of the state. Recent affiliations to the League include the Chippewa Labor Association and the Coöperative Union of Montevideo, and Local 1313 of the International Association of Machinists of Minneapolis. Anti-war week was observed from August 1st to 7th in many communities of the state.

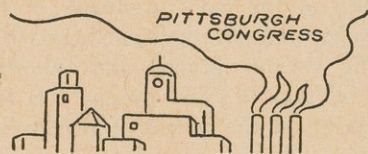
NEW JERSEY—Union City Branch held a successful lawn-party recently and coöperated with Hudson County organizations in a big peace festival on August 22nd. Jersey City Leaguers have been busy in a number of affairs. The Affiliated Council recently raised \$20 for Spanish Children's Homes. An Independence Day meeting was addressed by former Congressman Vito Marcantonio, John Lysacht of the Hudson County Central Union and the Rev. Albert Allinger. Newark held an anti-war meeting at Military Park on August 7th with labor and League speakers.



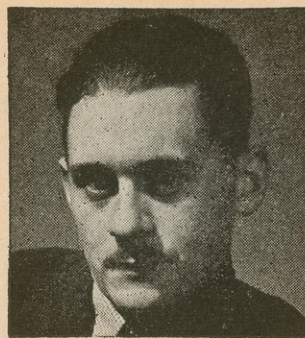
CALIFORNIA—To our Los Angeles League goes the credit and honor of making the first big contribution to homes for Spanish children. A mass meeting on July 8th, commemorating the first year of the Spanish war for Democracy, was attended by a large and enthusiastic crowd that gave over \$500 for the establishment of a children's home in Spain.

FOURTH CONGRESS PREPARATIONS—Already, two labor conventions have endorsed the Fourth National Congress of the League which will take place in Pittsburgh, November 26th to 28th. The American Radio Telegraphists Association and the new

National Maritime Union are the two bodies that took this action. Local Leagues are beginning work on securing local endorsements and in raising funds for the Congress through the sale of "Congress Supporter cards." A subcommittee of the National Bureau has sent out invitations to several international and national leaders to speak at the Congress. The mass meeting on Friday night, November 26th, will be held in the Duquesne Gardens at Pittsburgh where a crowd of 15,000 people assembled last fall to hear Governor Alf Landon. The League expects to pack the hall to capacity and outdo the Republican record. Three regional conferences of League secretaries are being convened the early part of September to organize and speed the preparations for the Congress. California secretaries will meet September 4th and 5th at San Francisco. Eastern Seaboard secretaries will meet the same week-end at Albany, New York, while the Midwest secretaries will assemble at Chicago the following week-end. With interest already growing in League and labor groups, the prospects for a record-making Peoples' Congress for Democracy and Peace are exceedingly promising.



HERE AND THERE—Great Falls, Montana, League continues to present the issue of the Sheppard-Hill Bill to farm and labor groups. The Farmers' Union of North Havre, the Cascade County Trades and Labor Assembly, Local 16 of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, the Workers Alliance, and Local 372, American Federation of Government Employees, have all taken action against the bill by means of resolutions and public protests. League members have also spoken in several Farmers' Union Junior camps in the state, explaining the nature and dangers of Fascism to these youthful Americans. Each of the three camps visited also sent telegrams protesting the adoption of the Sheppard-Hill Bill. Baltimore Leaguers held a meeting at Cumberland, Maryland, on July 24th in spite of attempts of local authorities to ban a public assembly. The Baltimore League also coöperated with other organizations in securing asylum from Fascist Spain for Bautista Esquerado Nogueroles, a Spanish Loyalist stow-away. Passage was secured for this Spanish supporter of Democracy on a Spanish Loyalist vessel. Recent new affiliations to the League include Amalgated Association of Street and Motor Coach Employes of East Bay, California; Lodge 1178 of the Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of Chicago; and the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks of Oakland, California.



By
James Lerner

A LITTLE booklet entitled *Young Nationalists* has just been sent to us. It is the statement of principles of a group which operates out of Toledo, Ohio. We don't know how far out of that city it has reached, but in these days of "citizens' committees" sponsored by disinterested corporation heads, the group is worthy of some attention—especially when we remember that Toledo was a stronghold of those other nationalists, the Black Legion.

The organization appeals specifically to the American workers who are being "misled by Communism," imported of course, to participate in labor strikes. But these gentry have found a new angle to this old wheeze. They say: "These Wall Street bankers and speculators profit from industrial strife. Every strike strengthens their financial power and gives them more absolute control over the wealth of America." Now we're beginning to see the light. Workers are paid poorly, denied the right to organize so that they will be goaded to strike in the interests of "Wall Street internationalist money-changers."

Henry Ford, too, declares that he pays good wages, has fine conditions and is against Wall Street, and that his workers don't have to strike. And come to think of it, it was Ford who developed this new angle—when the United Auto Workers got after him.

But Ford couldn't convince his workers with "true stories." He has turned to "physical culture."



WE LOOKED into this group because it lays claim to having some connection with youth. But it turns out that all the "youth" is in the title. There are five points in the program. The only specific one calls for an air-force second to none. The others are vague enough to be part of any cheap politician's stock speech, and that includes Hitler, Mussolini or what have you. They are: every man should be guaranteed a job; every farmer should be guaranteed an American living,

YOUTH NOTES

and "in so far as it concerns the public good private property should be subject to the control of the people." The statements are meaningless, because people aren't told how to put them into practice.

The *New York Times* recently sent a man into the industrial Midwest to examine the various vigilante groups. Of the Young Nationalists he wrote: "An organization of university graduates of independent means." They may be independent in the sense of not having to care about what has been bothering homeless, jobless American youth. But they are not independent of Fordism—and in Detroit they call that Fascism.



ALTHOUGH the Young Nationalists can make no claim to representing youth's interests, its existence and similar trends and groups will warrant attention this fall. The organizational drive of labor will have its echoes on the campus. In Michigan, we know that college students were recently used as vigilantes against strikers. Just as efforts have been made to arouse the middle class against workers in the Cleveland-Youngstown area, we may expect similar efforts among students. We dare not wait until any sections of the R.O.T.C. or other school units are filled with enough propaganda to make them pliable in the hands of a cunning foe of democratic discussion and organization. Any group which has contact with students should prepare for a campaign of enlightenment.

Although we are confident that for the greatest part American students are too far ahead to turn back to a "Young Nationalist" program or anything approaching it, there are dangers. Look at the attack on the N. L. R. B. of such an anti-militarist as Senator Nye. Can it be that he does not see the connection between the munitions kings' dirty deals, and their opposition to the unions and a governmental body interested in giving their workers some rights?

Our Constitution

(Continued from page 7)

out them, westward expansion would have been impossible and trade would have languished. But the states were not ready to accept without a struggle the implications of this great power of the central government. Many people held the view that the government the Constitution had created was similar to that of the Confederation, a free association of sovereign states and not a rule by a super-government whose word was law to states and the people alike. The issue was debated again and again until the Civil War settled it.

Rise of the Courts

This issue necessarily embodied itself in cases which came before the courts. Were certain state laws, restrictive of free commerce, constitutional? Were national laws regulatory of that commerce within the powers of Congress? The notion that laws might be unconstitutional was an old one. And there was no doubt that a law not authorized by the charter under which it was promulgated was void. That the courts might constitute the agency of government to decide these questions was foreshadowed in the *Federalist*, before the ratification of the Constitution. The doctrine was abhorrent, however, to the extreme states' rights advocates, and on double grounds. They rejected the possibility that the United States courts might declare state laws void and they insisted that the states had the power to declare national laws unconstitutional. Thus, in 1798, Jefferson and Madison prepared the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, which declared the right of those states to ignore the Alien and Sedition Acts as being unconstitutional. These resolutions became the model and example for later states' attempts at nullification directed against commercial legislation such as embargoes and tariffs. The repeal or modification of all these hated laws prevented the issue in these instances from reaching dangerous proportions. But as the debate proceeded one fact became clear—the position of the Supreme Court as final arbiter.

Marshall and States' Rights

From the beginning that Court had asserted its power over state laws. It had declared several unconstitutional, as being in conflict either with treaties entered into by the central government or with express prohibitions contained in the Constitution. In 1819, in *McCulloch v. Maryland*, it unanimously denied to the states the right to interfere with powers exercised by the national government. The case involved the power of Congress to establish a bank and the right of a state to tax its branches. Chief Justice Marshall upheld the national power and denied that of the states. The Constitution,

he pointed out, had made laws enacted in accordance with its terms "the supreme law of the land." No state, therefore, could act in hostility to a valid Act of Congress. And in 1824, in the Steamboat Case (*Gibbons v. Ogden*), the Court went further and declared that no state could trespass on the field of interstate commerce, in hostility to Congressional action. That decision, very popular with the masses, destroyed a monopoly which Fulton and Livingston had obtained of all steamboat traffic on the Hudson River all the way down into New York harbor. It is important to bear in mind, however, that the Court was not concerned with the fact that a monopoly had been created, but only that a state had interposed in a field of activity reserved to Congress. And so today, the field of interstate commerce continues to be free from state interference and subject to Congressional regulation alone.

Liberty and Union

The supremacy of the central government over the states received further sanction during the troubled period of Carolinian "nullification." South Carolina hated the new protective tariffs. They fostered the manufactures of the North but hampered the South, which bought British wares in exchange for cotton exports. Following the precedent of Jefferson and of certain wild statements which had been made at Hartford during the War of 1812, when New England was chafing under the national policy, Calhoun, while Vice-President under John Quincy Adams, encouraged talk about the right of a state to refuse to obey a federal law if convinced that that law was unconstitutional. Robert Hayne, Senator from South Carolina, supported this viewpoint on the floor of the Senate in 1830. He provoked the famous Reply from Daniel Webster, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Webster then argued, and history has accepted his contention, that the power to settle conflicts between laws and the Constitution must be lodged somewhere; that to lodge it with the people would produce anarchy and with the states, disunion. He believed, therefore, that the power must be lodged with the Supreme Court. That Congress itself might be supreme does not seem to have occurred to him.

So, in the first half-century of its existence, the Constitution proved itself successful. It had created a nation strong enough to pay its debts, to wage war, to embark on internal improvements and to acquire and assimilate new territory. On one subject it was to fail, the problem of slavery. This was a question the Convention had left to the future to solve; and neither Congress nor the Supreme Court was able to solve it satisfactorily. Today another problem confronts the nation, one hardly foreseen by the framers: the

problem of the regulation of the private ownership of property for the common good.

Our Present Impasse

During the Constitution's first period the restrictions on the states served in the main to enhance the power of the national government. But in more recent times there has developed a "no man's land," an area in which neither state nor federal government can act. For this impasse the Fourteenth Amendment is chiefly responsible. It was the first amendment to bring about any really important change in constitutional structure. The first ten, generally known as the Bill of Rights, can be considered almost part of the original document, so insistent had been the demand for their adoption at the time of ratification of the Constitution. The Eleventh made it impossible to sue a state in the federal courts; the Twelfth changed the method of selecting the President, the Thirteenth, important though it once was, has little modern significance. But the Fourteenth Amendment, by virtue of its equal-protection and due-process clauses, has made all state legislation subject to the scrutiny of the federal courts. This is not the purpose for which the amendment was adopted. We must lay at the door of judicial construction the responsibility for the paradox that the Amendment, designed to aid the Negro, has proved of little use to him and of great benefit to large corporations.

Due Process

It is principally by reason of an interpretation of the due-process clause never dreamt of when, as part of the Fifth Amendment, it was first placed in the Constitution, that this result has come about. Originally, the due-process clause had been interpreted to ensure everyone a fair hearing before either his property could be taken from him or he be sent to jail. The new interpretation permits any one to question laws of general social importance. The courts struck down such laws when they disliked their purpose or method. While they characterized the condemned laws as arbitrary, they actually passed judgment on their desirability, thus exercising a political rather than a judicial function. Many of the decisions were settled by the vote of a single justice; in recent years it has been fairly regularly that of Justice Roberts. Thus, due to this amendment, the Constitution no longer means what its words say; there has not even been discussion as to what the framers may have intended. The Constitution has come to mean "what the judges said it meant." And, of course, this perversion of the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment has resulted in a similar construction of the identical clause in the Fifth.

Out of the confusion the Supreme Court has thus produced, has come the

current widespread dissatisfaction with the Court. Possibly the evil can be remedied either by re-defining the due-process clause or by granting precise powers to Congress and the states.

The most important subject requiring change, however, is that of the relation between the states and the federal government. We have already seen how, in the early history of the country, the Constitution as interpreted fostered the growth of the central government. In recent times the problem has arisen in different terms.

The States and the Nation

It is not a question today of states against nation. Today it has become a question of whether private interests shall be able to escape regulation by the agencies of government. Today confusion and delay attend all regulatory attempts, and action taken by either the state or the federal government is challenged on the ground that it should have been taken by the other, or, as a last resort, that it violates due process. We are likely to see a renewal of this game of hide-and-seek as the states adopt labor-relations laws. Despite the recent liberal decisions, it is likely that there will be uncertainty as to whether a particular industry is subject to regulation by the states or by the federal government, under the Wagner Act. Also, there are specific activities, such as coal mining, which cannot be regulated by isolated state action and in relation to which the states concerned are anxious for federal regulation, but the Court has until now prevented it. Amendments are needed for increasing the power of the central government so that it may act where the states cannot, yet permitting the states to act until such time as Congress has entered the field; perhaps, also, an amendment preventing individuals from raising the states' rights issue at all.

We have left behind the day when the states might be suspicious of Congress, and have entered an era when coöperation has become essential. It is possible, of course, that much may be accomplished within the confines of the present Constitution, by an extension of legislation such as that which has been enacted relating to goods made by convict labor. Perhaps by similar coöperative legislation of Congress and various states, the shipment of goods made by child labor can also be prevented. But it is obvious that the field is limited.

Neglected Rights

Finally, there are many important rights about which the federal Constitution is silent. The right to vote, for instance, is not guaranteed to every citizen. At present, as the result of the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Amendments, it is protected only against discrimination by reason of race, color,

previous servitude or sex. And the extent to which Negroes are denied the vote in the South by poll-tax provisions and educational tests shows how illusory constitutional protection can be, when it runs counter to a strong regional prejudice. Changes are essential in this, and in other respects. They require careful consideration. Perhaps a new constitutional convention would be appropriate for the purpose.

We have, then, a Constitution which in its early history proved admirably suited to the growth of the nation and which now needs the addition of certain changes in order that the central government may effectively do those things individual states are powerless or unwilling to do. With these changes accomplished, we would be justified in looking forward to a new era in which the democratic process might successfully function under the Constitution.

Two Fronts

(Continued from page 6)

The suite in the Hotel Ohio occupied by John Owens, regional C.I.O. director, and his staff, was searched. And two plain-clothes men sat in the hotel lobby every day.

Every man assigned to the union headquarters near the main gate of the Sheet and Tube mill in Campbell was arrested. It was just an empty room with a telephone in it, rented from an adjoining garage. Police would come and search the room, finding nothing. Later they would return—and find a shotgun.

They found dynamite the same way. On July 9th, when they pulled the Republic Mill for the second time, the police knew so well where to find their dynamite that they didn't even have to look. They went right to a spot near the mill, and there it was.

Out in Warren there were similar incidents.

Warren Law and Order

The Warren courthouse is decorated, too—with a big American flag in red, white, and blue lights. They had union men in there for profane language. And one man who had been a resident of Warren for 20 years as a suspicious character! They held Gus Hall there on \$50,000 bail on a dynamite charge, while only \$10,000 was being asked for a second-degree murder charge.

Harry Wines, president of the Warren local, was kept busy getting his men out of that jail. Harry Wines is a solid citizen. He has a good job in the mill. He owns his own house. He was president of the Warren Central Trade Union Council for two years. Last year he ran for Mayor. A substantial, responsible, civic-minded man.

But he was learning, along with the other union men in Warren, that being arrested no longer had anything to

do with breaking the law. It was just another form of terror and intimidation.

Even the women in Warren understood that—steady, respectable, peace-loving women like Harry Wines' wife. She was secretary of the Warren Parent-Teachers Association. She belongs to bridge clubs—or did until strike activity took up so much time—she is the mother of two grown girls, is devoted to her home, does her own washing, and is afraid of electric storms.

But her normal, life-long respect for the law is undergoing a change. For the law, as practiced in Warren, seemed to her to have little to do with justice.

"They pick up union men for nothing at all," she said. "They've picked up Sam Caputo three times now—once for profane language, once for calling a man a 'scab,' and once for I don't know what. Harry is always down at the jail these days—getting our friends out. They've done nothing to be ashamed of, and we'll prove it."

A high courage built up a morale like that. And weighed the steel saw down heavily on the anti-Fascist side. Those people knew they were right and they were not afraid. They knew for instance, that Republic's figures about the number of men back at work were false. For in Warren they had men on the picket lines—at the places designated by a local injunction against picketing—equipped with adding machines to tabulate the number who entered the mill. And they knew that more than 4,000 of 6,000 people employed by Republic were reporting at union headquarters every morning that they were not at work.

They Know the Truth!

They knew also that most of the employees back at work were not makers of steel, for about 30 per cent of Republic's staff are office and maintenance workers.

Besides, the union men who had returned to work came out to report that when the company stated to the Youngstown *Vindicator* that nine mills were in operation, what was actually true was that the *Number Nine* mill was in operation.

Knowledge like this kept up the morale of the men in the Mahoning Valley. They were learning what it meant to make a fight just as the men in Detroit had learned when they made a union town out of a notoriously open-shop town.

And even after the companies brought in the troops under false pretenses—telling the union heads that the Guards were coming there to keep *everybody* out of the mill—even after some of the men were frightened into going back, the men in the Mahoning Valley were still prepared to make that fight.

Mrs. Greggs put it very well when she said, "If anybody had told me a

year ago that such things could happen in Youngstown, I wouldn't have believed it. But now my eyes are opened and I'm ready to fight till we win this strike, even if we lose everything we have!"

The Right to Work

There was one more thing the men in Youngstown knew—and didn't forget. It was the case of Rose DeVencenzo's husband.

Rose was in charge of the union relief-kitchen out in Campbell. Her husband wasn't on strike, although he had a long record of union activity. Twice he'd been fired for organizing steel workers. He'd been blacklisted by the steel companies, and knew all the hardships that go with this blow at an American's "sacred right to work."

But Rose's husband worked in the unionized Carnegie-Illinois mill in Youngstown. His job was protected by a union contract.

That was the kind of security other steel men wanted.

And that was the kind of security that made a union man think, and fight that America may still be free and that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness may be the right of *all* the people.

Harvest in Spain

(Continued from page 23)

stick it. I was rescued in time. Three members of *El Comite* of Requena had come to take me off on a grand tour. Off we bumped in a ramshackle but enormous car. It was rather rough going, but details like that never stop a conversation in Spain. Did I know that some members of the International Brigade had been over the other day to help out? They were out of the line for a few days' rest and had chosen to spend them that way. *El Comite* was very upset that they hadn't been able to thank them properly, as they had no common language. Would I tell them if I ever saw them?

We drew up at a field where another group was working. Immediately everyone stopped work and rushed up to the car. "Why didn't you come with us in the beginning? Have you really worked? You're a good sport. Have you seen our wounded?" Bandaged and bloody fingers were thrust at me from all sides. Then they began to tell me what they usually did. Almost every profession was represented. Dressmaker, doctor, lawyer, mechanic, student—each was pointed out to me, but of one girl they said quite simply, "She comes from Irun."

The scene was reenacted at each field. The last group I found washing and splashing around a shady water-hole where we were to eat lunch. All during the meal three peasant women

continued to wash clothes, eyeing us in a friendly way as though we were nice but slightly mad, but perhaps they were only shy. A dozen young girls who worked during the week in a uniform factory clustered round me, hardly letting me eat for the questions. Wasn't the British, the American government, going to help them? Had they sent many foreign observers? Weren't the people of these countries in sympathy with them? But gradually the conversation turned to their particular problem. Even today the men would not treat them as equals. They had heard that women were equal to a large degree in America. Was this true? They knew they were ignorant—why, half the girls in their factory couldn't read or write!—but then plenty of the men were illiterate too.

Women Awakening

They were so eager and interested, these girls. They only wanted to be told what to do and they seemed to think I knew. So I told them that age-old customs don't disappear overnight, but for the moment it was up to them to help their more ignorant sisters. Why not demand that articles should appear frequently in the newspapers discussing their problems? This would help to make the men understand as well as the women. My suggestion was seized upon. Interrupting each other in their enthusiasm, they discussed ways and means.

Talk had to stop. It was time to go back to work for an hour or two. We finished another field; then, laughing and singing, and cheering the trucks which rushed past us toward Madrid carrying the supplies for the coming offensive, with sickles held aloft we marched back to the village. At a roadside fountain, a beaming peasant woman met us with trays piled high with pastries. None of us had seen such a luxury in months. The entire village must have gone without sugar for days to provide this feast—this was true gratitude.

Weary, sore, but happy, we piled into the busses and drove off to shouts of "Come back next week! We'll do the same for you sometime!"

Make no mistake about it, real hard work had been done that day, but with usual Spanish charm they had succeeded in turning it into a picnic. As we hurtled down the hairpin turns of the mountain road, breath-takingly beautiful at that hour with deep blue shadows stretching long fingers across the glowing red of the peaks, jokes were passed back and forth. "Look at my tan, better than what you'd get in a day at the beach!" "I got a swim too, even if it was in my own sweat."

This is the new Spain where all work is turned into a thing of joy. You can't down a people who have such reserves of power and enthusiasm to call on.

Vigilantes vs. the People

FROM their poisonous nest at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the snakes of "American" Fascism are rattling.

A number of our industrial cities and towns have been plagued with so-called Citizens' Committees during the current labor struggles. Let the workers of a large corporation go on strike for better working and living conditions, and presto!—the "Citizens' League for Economic Liberty," or some such fancy and phony outfit, appears on the scene. Headed by a local stooge, and financed by the struck corporation, this organization proceeds about its business of strike-breaking in the name of "the right to work"!

These home-talent vigilante groups sprang into being with such monotonous regularity and similarity of methods that they seemed to be following a formula. And indeed they were—the Mohawk Valley Formula, perfected by James H. Rand, Jr., and contributed with his compliments to the National Manufacturers Association. This was the carefully worked-out scheme which turned city after city into a company preserve, where the business and professional people were forced to acquiesce in the hunting down of union members.

At Johnstown, the formula worked to perfection. There, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation changed an American community overnight into a good imitation of Nazi Germany. And when the vigilantes deemed the time auspicious for organization on a national scale, what better rallying-place could be found than the terrorized steel town?

Therefore, the full-page advertisements in a score of newspapers, presumably paid for by "citizens of Johnstown." Therefore, the Citizens' National Committee, an open *nation-wide* vigilante group with headquarters at Johnstown. Therefore, this committee's "conference" at Johnstown, an orgy of race hatred and black reaction, where the call openly went out for setting up a super-government in the United States.

The Citizens' National Committee must not be allowed to continue its anti-constitutional activities. Senator Wagner has stated that the very existence of such groups may be a violation of the Wagner Act. Certainly, it violates all the traditions of America. Certainly, it menaces the industrial peace and brazenly threatens the Democracy of this country.

The government and the people of the United States must clean out this nest of Fascists—*before* they can strike!—C.P.

Japan on the War-path

TODAY the Japanese army is moving to take over another section of North China. Since 1931 the military forces of Japan have occupied Manchuria, enforcing and extending the control of Japanese imperialism. This attempted conquest of North China represents the rapid development of Fascism in Japan. Here feudalism and militarism provide the volatile mixture that explodes in modern Fascism.

For years Japanese imperialism has been permitted to buy war materials in the American market. The United States exported \$1,176,137.97

worth of arms, ammunition and implements of war to Japan in the year ending November 30, 1936. For the six months following, the total was nearly \$190,000.00. Our sale of secondary war supplies is even more significant. Japanese purchases of scrap iron and steel jumped from 33,000 tons in January, 1937 to 437,000 in May and were 1,035,904 for these five months. At the same time we sold Japan 25,904 tons of tin-plate scrap. In the interests of peace, it is time to stop this economic aid to aggressor and Fascist nations.



Section of a mural, "Industrial Growth of America," designed and executed by Charles Davis, mural artist, W. P. A. Federal Art Project, for Farm Colony, Staten Island, N. Y.

All of us realize that the application of the Neutrality Act in the Far Eastern situation would penalize China, the victim, and work to the benefit of the invading Japanese. Senator Key Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, pleads that the Neutrality Act be withheld so that the President can use his influence to stop hostilities in China. The Administration has already discredited the Neutrality Act by refusing to apply embargoes against Fascist Italy and Germany for their invasion of Spain.

Yet the alternative to the Neutrality Act is

emphatically not a do-nothing attitude. As Secretary Hull's "peace note" observed, war anywhere threatens peace everywhere.

Let the President demonstrate his influence—and good intentions—by utilizing the Nine Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact to stop Japan's open war on China. Now is the time for the United States to take a lead in world affairs by developing a positive policy for world peace.—P.M.R.

The Constitution

ONE HUNDRED and fifty years ago (September 17, 1787), in the city of Philadelphia, a group of delegates representing the various states adopted a Constitution for the young Republic:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

One hundred and fifty years is not a long time in the history of mankind, but . . . these days *it* is a long time, a very long time for such a document to have survived before the onslaught of the reactionaries at home and abroad.

There they stand! The Hitlers, Girdlers, Mussolinis, perfect symbols of the enemy of the people, tearing down and destroying that other symbol this document carries—Liberty. On the one hand, the dictators of the Fascist state, Hitler and Mussolini, openly declare that they are the enemies of Democracy and therefore stamp out whatever liberty the people of Germany and Italy attained in the last century; but this is not enough, they declare open war against Democracy *everywhere*. On the other hand, our own reactionaries at home, who dare not as yet speak openly against Democracy, hide behind the flag, and in the name of the Constitution attempt to undermine the very liberties guaranteed by the Constitution.

But . . . *We, the people*, stand in the way of the Citizens' Committees, Liberty Leagues and Girdlers. The liberties guaranteed by the Constitution are ours to cherish and guard. The Hitlers and Mussolinis we can recognize with ease. Let us beware of our demagogues at home who, while pretending to uphold the Constitution, are shamelessly moving to overthrow it.

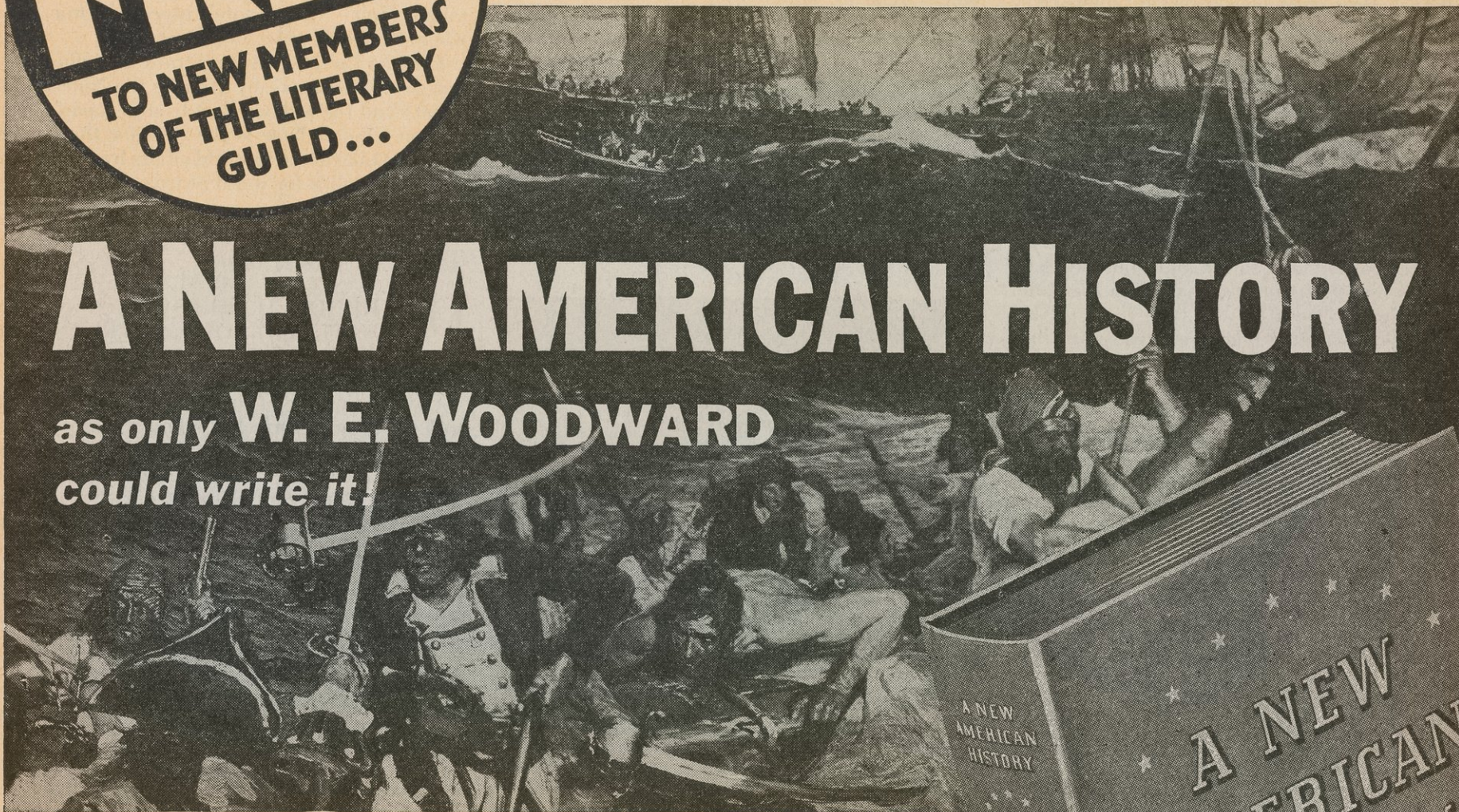
The Tories are still with us. *We, the people*, know them.—J.P.

In a Changing World

MIRACLES are the order of the day. Our old friend and contemporary, *The Saturday Evening Post*, is now on our regular reading list. The old girl is changing. She is slowly dropping her many petticoats and hoop skirt, her face is being lifted. And what do we behold? The good old *Post* has become an *agin* magazine. *Agin* the government and *agin* everythin'. She even deigned to mention *The New Republic* in her editorial columns. The world do move, the world do move.—J.P.

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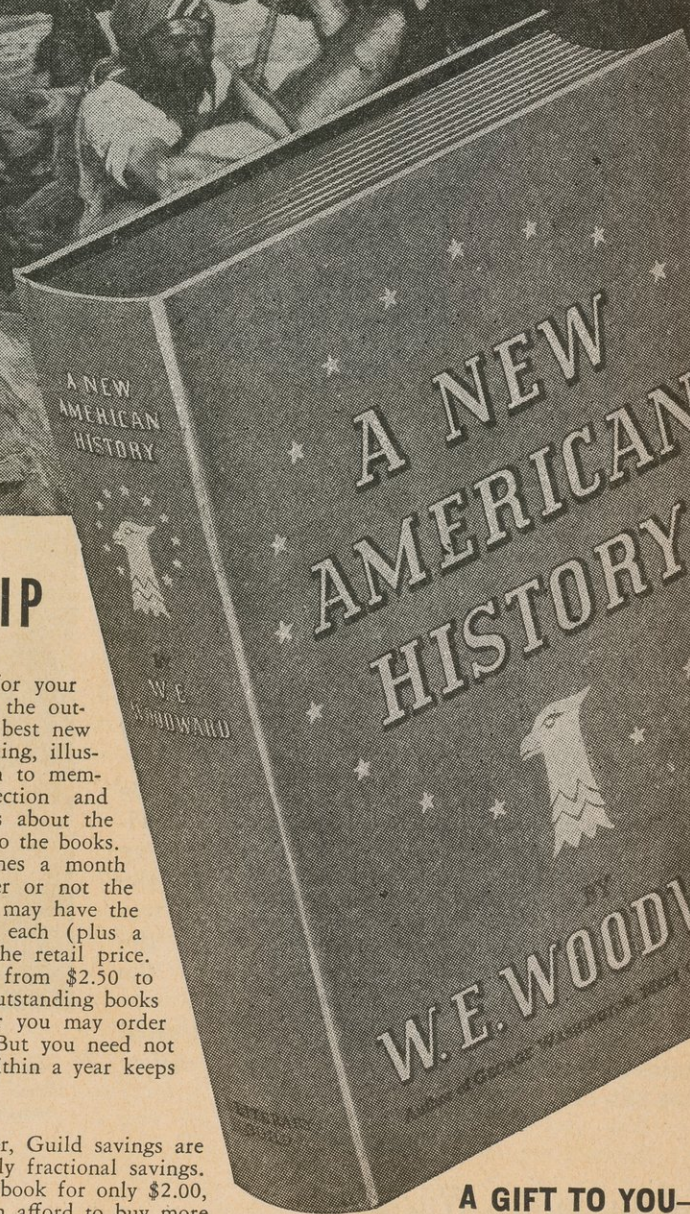
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