

October
1937

The Fight

AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

10 Cents
a Copy



CHINA UNITES FOR FREEDOM FROM JAPANESE AGGRESSION



ROAR CHINA...

CHINA'S millions, who want peace and national integrity, are roaring their protest against the latest invasion of their land by the Japanese military-Fascist machine.

Not content with a fourth of China, the militarists of the Rising Sun have undertaken another war-expedition to wrest still another chunk of land from the Chinese National Government. Japan, like the Fascist nations of the West, must always be beating the drums of war because the Fascist economy is a war economy—the Fascist state a war state.

The American people are beginning to recognize that the Fascist nations are war-making nations. The American people strongly disapprove of the Japanese invasion of China. The peace-loving, democratic people of America are opposed to war and Fascism wherever these twin evils appear.

We must register our friendship with the Chinese people in this dark hour so strongly that it will be heard throughout the world. A mass meeting will be held, to be addressed by distinguished representatives of the Chinese people and the American people. Defend heroic China!

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Friday, October 1—8:00 P.M.

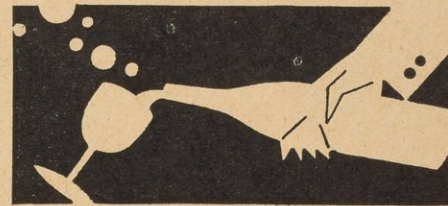
AUSPICES

AMERICAN FRIENDS OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE
AMERICAN LEAGUE AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

SAY WHEN!

HOW MANY TIMES a day do you look at your calendar? Perhaps more times than you think—yet do you know what your calendar looks like? It may be you have a hazy image of it because it looks like any other calendar.

For two years the American League has published an art calendar made up of 12 original drawings by leading American artists. Each of the drawings is a work of art, printed by offset process on heavy white stock, suitable for framing. The calendar sells for 25 cents, special price on bundle orders.



If you have seen the calendars for 1936 and 1937, you will want to reserve your calendar for 1938. Many have asked for additional copies to send to their friends as Christmas gifts.



LEADING THE FIELD

IS A HABIT with the American League. *Spain's Democracy Talks to America* was among the first material to come out after the war started. *A Blueprint for Fascism* is still the only comprehensive pamphlet on the Industrial Mobilization Plan.

Japan is invading China again, and we are preparing one of the best summaries of the Far Eastern situation we have seen anywhere in pamphlet form.



Now that *labor* is conducting one of the most active union-organizing drives in years, the economic royalists are grooming *vigilantes* and so-called citizens' committees to force anti-labor legislation and to make the streets flow with blood. *Vigilantism Is Fascism*, the League holds, and a pamphlet on that subject by a leading American trade unionist is on the press.

For information about calendar and pamphlets at popular prices write to

AMERICAN LEAGUE AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM
268 Fourth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

October 1937, THE FIGHT

With the Readers

★

THE fall of the year is a fine time to be in the country. Fortunate indeed were we, when in our early youth, we could see snow-clad mountain peaks from our window, feel the crumpled yellow leaves under our feet and have an early September frost bite our cheeks. But living in the East we have fallen into the habit of sniffing at our New York neighbors whenever they mentioned countryside, mountains or scenery. But the other day . . .

ONLY one hundred miles out of the city, we climbed over a rocky and untravelled road, 3500 feet up the Catskills—through forest and brush we climbed—to behold a sight comparable only to the Rockies in its vast expanse of water, sky, mountain shadow and earth. There Blackie and I rested. Contented for the first time in years, we fell asleep; and as luck would have it our bad angel was at our side. *This was our dream.*

UP, up goes the elevator in a building made of black marble. We are a lone passenger and there is no operator. The flight up seems interminable and the electric indicator tells us that we have passed the 300th floor. Softly, softly the elevator climbs. Suddenly the door opens, and as if by suction we are literally drawn out and placed before a wrought-iron gate with a brass plate reading, DOVES, INC.

A MODERN room with thick carpets, smooth white furniture and peace posters on the blue painted walls. A voice from an adjoining room is dictating what is obviously a publicity release. The voice is a familiar one but we cannot place it. The voice dictates: "Large numbers of our American people are losing patience with Germany and Italy. They are blaming the Italian and German governments for the existing war-scars, for the extravagant armament race. . . . Doctor Queendon, disagreeing with this shortsighted point of view, challenges the people of the United States to discard such emotionally stirring formulas as that simple appeal, *Let us crush the Fascists.*"

IN mockery, the peace posters on the walls of DOVES, INC. laughed. The Unknown Soldier, the war widow, the bereft mother, the shattered body of a veteran, stepped out of their places on the wall and danced the Bronx cheer on the carpeted floor.

DRAPES parted from where the voice came a minute ago. There we saw three people, two men and a woman over a table, sipping their afternoon tea and smoking cigarettes. The former publicity man for a Franco agency and now publicity director of DOVES, INC., the executive head of the same organization and Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's ideological leader. "And now," said Rosenberg, "the pagan gods be blessed, the *Fuehrer* can paint his pictures in peace."

AND as we shook ourselves from our bad dream, we saw on top of the mountain the Unknown Soldier, the war widow, the bereft mother and the shattered body of a veteran listening to an old man with everlasting youth in his eyes and thin body: "Then both war and tyranny can be ended. The Fascist offensive makes it perfectly clear that the defense of peace today is the defense of Democracy, that those who would end war must end Fascism."



This Nazi camp on Long Island is one of 21 in the U.S.A.

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JOSEPH PASS, *Editor*

CHARLES PRESTON, *Assistant Editor*

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The Contributors

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HARLAN CRIPPEN, who edited up to very recently a South Dakota progressive weekly, has been active in the farm and labor movement of that state since 1932. His article on the plight of the farmer in this issue is a representative story of the farmer everywhere in America.

VALENTINE ACKLAND, who has recently been to Spain, is an English-woman whose poetry has been published in her own country as well as here.

LEWIS MERRILL, president of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, tells here the story of the white-collar worker and his first serious attempt to organize for better living conditions. We should say *Brother Merrill*—THE FIGHT staff is 100 per cent in the U.O.P.W.A.

DAN RICO, a young artist who works mainly in woodcuts, makes his initial appearance in these pages.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT, outstanding American anti-war writer and author of *One Hell of a Business, Merchants of Death*, etc., etc., contributes here a chapter from his forthcoming book, *Revolt Against War*, to be published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

FRANKLIN BROOKINGS is the pseudonym of an American writer who knows the Far East literally upside down and that is saying a great deal.

HUGO GELLERT is not a newcomer to these pages or to the pages of many American magazines. Mr. Gellert's books in pictures have been coming off the press almost yearly for the last six or seven years. At present Mr. Gellert is an organizer of the Architects', Painters' and Sculptors' Collaborative. Their first product is a model for a municipal art center, now being exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

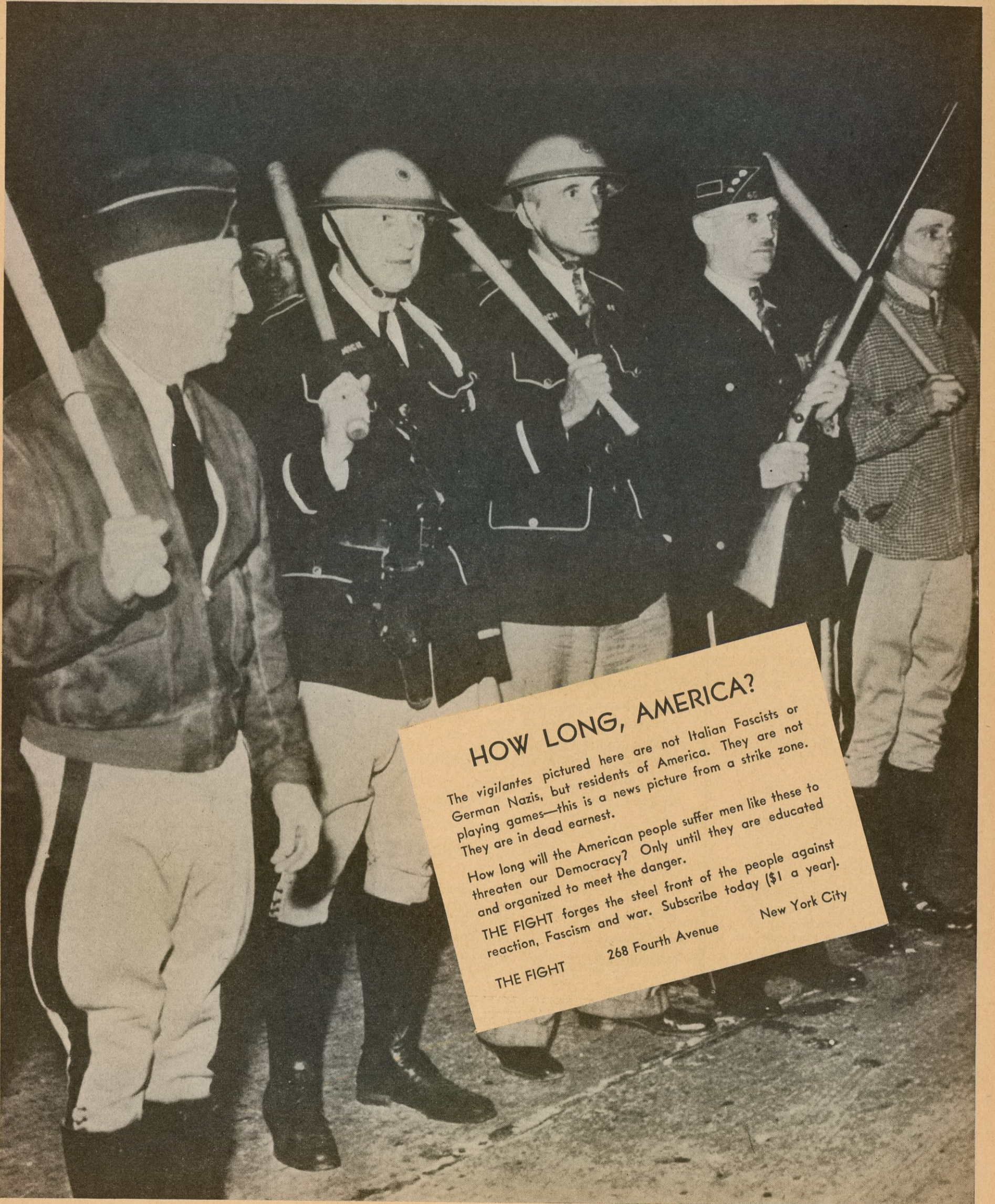
JULIUS LOEB is a cartographer. His map of China in this issue is more than a map—it is an accurate political and economic document as every map should be and very seldom is.

MARION BURROUGHS, a contributor to various national publications, interviewed for this issue an official of the vigilante movement. The gentleman in question was a little slippery and evasive, but then the vigilantes have an old and established tradition to live up to.

H. J. GLINTENKAMP, illustrator of many books and author of *A Wanderer in Woodcuts*, has lived in Spain and Mexico and knows the Spanish-speaking people. Mr. Glintenkamp has contributed to many publications including *The Forum* and the *London Mercury*.

SAMUEL SATIN, who writes the W.P.A. sit-down story in this issue, writes out of experience on the W.P.A. project. This is his first appearance in our magazine.

WILL BARNET, painter and lithographer and consistent contributor to these pages, has had his work on exhibition in New York City, as well as in other cities throughout the country.



HOW LONG, AMERICA?

The vigilantes pictured here are not Italian Fascists or German Nazis, but residents of America. They are not playing games—this is a news picture from a strike zone. They are in dead earnest.

How long will the American people suffer men like these to threaten our Democracy? Only until they are educated and organized to meet the danger.

THE FIGHT forges the steel front of the people against reaction, Fascism and war. Subscribe today (\$1 a year).

THE FIGHT

268 Fourth Avenue

New York City

October, 1937

Japan's Road to Ruin

The imperialist war-dogs of the Rising Sun, drunk with dreams of glory, carry out their long-planned assault on China. Already the vast Chinese resistance rises before them like a wall. A toppling financial structure at home, and the wide unrest of the workers and peasants of Japan, go to make Nippon's adventure a suicide plunge—but one in which they may pull down the rest of the world. Here are the facts

By Franklin Brookings

ILLUSTRATED BY DARRYL FREDERICK

"My mission in North China is to lead the Japanese army, in justice and righteousness, to chastise the outrageous Chinese."—Lieutenant-General Kiyoshi Kazuki

OVER JAPAN'S capitol flutter the flags of the Rising Sun in the summer breeze. Down the Ginza go military bands blaring forth the *Kimiga-yo*, followed by long columns of troops, tanks, guns. It is a gay, a festive occasion. Japan is marching to war, preparing to implant for all time "culture and civilization" in the soil of Eastern Asia. Conscious of their divine mission, officers of the Imperial Army, directors of banks and industrial companies fix their glance on the map of China and gaze with avid eyes upon rich, populous, strategic North China, the Five Provinces: Hopei, Chahar, Shansi, Shantung, Suiyuan. For the conquest of this region, where live 100,000,000 Chinese, has for two years been the immediate aim of Japan's militarists and the masters they faithfully serve.

Once before, in November 1935, Japan was on the point of detaching these five provinces from China, establishing over them a Japanese régime. The triumvirate who set the stage for this spectacle

were three of Japan's most sinister figures: General Doihara, chief master of provocation, intrigue and espionage in Asia; General Tada, then commander-in-chief of the Imperial Army in North China; Yosuke Matsuoka, president of the South Manchurian Railway Company, former diplomat of Fascist inspiration. As a result of British protest and unfavorable factors within Japan, this carefully nurtured ambitious swindle failed at the last moment; General Doihara fell under a cloud and lost his position as Japan's first national hero. But a week later there was proudly proclaimed the East Hopei Anti-Communist Autonomous Council, headed by a Chinese, one Yin Fu-keng, the most hated man in China—a weak, unattractive scoundrel with potent Japanese relations by marriage. Behind this too-obvious façade, the Japanese ruled 25 counties of Hopei, 8600 square miles of China between the Great Wall and the Peiping-Tientsin line. In his capitol, Tungchow, traitor Yin bought himself new concubines (price: 12,000 dollars Mex. per head) and enjoyed a fabulous income from a benevolent Japanese Treasury.

A few months later, early in 1936, Japan began negotiations with the Chinese war-lord Sung Cheh-yuan, chairman of the Hopei Chahar Political Council—an ambiguous government, nominally under Nanking, but in reality the private preserve of General Sung, ruler of Hopei and Chahar provinces. Sung made concessions to Japan's militarists, appeared to be their man, but continued to maintain ties with Nanking. The Japanese increased their pressure. They were now playing with fire, for resentment against the Japanese was sweeping over China like a sea of flames. And Sung's soldiers; the famous 29th Army, were seething to a man, demanding in ever louder and stronger accents that the brazen, ruthless invaders be driven out by force of arms. In this situation, there burst with the force of an explosion the events of July 7th, 1937.

He who controls North China holds within his hands the destiny of Eastern Asia. So thought Kubla Khan and the Manchu emperors, so believe the generals of Japan. In North China, Japan's rulers view a potential market of 100,000,000 people, a field for profitable investment of untold mil-

lions of yen, a rich source of vital raw materials. In this region are to be found half of all China's coal reserves, three quarters of her total iron reserves, unknown and perhaps vast reserves of oil, half of the cotton production. China is the world's third cotton-producer. Now grown with primitive methods and poor seed, the cotton of Hopei, favored by fertile soil and ideal climate, could through scientific, large-scale production rival the finest American grades. Once, 90 per cent of the crop went through Tientsin to Japan. The Japanese Spinners Association had evolved a "five-year plan": they had guaranteed to buy the total crop and to finance new increases in production. Then China imposed export restrictions. The spearhead of Japan's plan for monopoly of North China's economic wealth is the Hsing Chung Kungsu, with a capital of 10,000,000 yen—a great trust installed in palatial offices at Shanghai, behind which stand Mitsui, Mitsubishi, the South Manchurian Railway.

Military Importance

But the potentates in the board rooms in Tokyo's Suruga-cho know that North China is important not only for its wealth. These provinces cover the left flank of Japan's "Asiatic Front." With Suiyuan and Chahar firmly in her grip, Japan would almost surround the eastern sector of the Outer Mongolian People's Republic, and would hold a strategic key to the frontiers of the U. S. S. R. The nerve-center of China's rail system is Peiping, whence lines radiate to Kalgan, Paotow, Tientsin, Tsinan, Tsingtao, Shanhaikwan, Hankow in the south. Japan plans new lines: she is determined to render her economic and military domination invincible through these ribbons of steel. And in Shantung's three excellent harbors—Tsingtao, Chefoo and Weihaiwei—Japan's admirals see the means for control of the Yellow Sea. As the lords of finance and industry, the generals and the admirals looked toward North China, they indeed saw a plum ripe for the picking.

Eighteen miles southwest of Peiping, the bridge of Lukowchiao, ancient and of exquisite beauty, crosses the Hun Ho. Over its marble arches, past its 140 stone lions, once walked Kubla Khan and Marco Polo. Near here, on the night of July 7th, 1937, giving no notice to the Chinese authorities, Japanese troops commenced to carry out maneuvers—an unparalleled provocation in this district. Peasants' fields were trampled—grain, ready for the harvest, was destroyed. Hatred against the Japanese militarists flared into white heat. Suddenly, toward midnight, shots rang out in the darkness. The dress rehearsal was transformed into grim reality as soldiers of the 29th Army clashed with the Japanese. By morning 16 Japanese and 200 Chinese lay dead among the yellow grain. The breathless moment which for five years the world had been awaiting had at last arrived.

Three days later, after the failure of negotiations for a truce, furious fighting again broke out and spread to Peiping. Japan rushed reinforcements, sent General Kazuki to replace General Tashiro as commander-in-chief in North China. The first act of General Kazuki, "to maintain prestige," was the bombing of Tanyang from the air. In Tientsin the Chinese population seized arms and began shooting at Japanese soldiers in the streets. Terrible was the revenge of General Kazuki. For five hours death rained on Tientsin from the skies, as the city was reduced to a smoking shambles in the longest and most destructive aerial bombardment ever carried out by the Japanese army. This action was undertaken solely as a bloody example and threat;

it was of no strategic value, for the Japanese were destroying their most important base in North China.

China Fights Back

Further east, at Tungchow, the Peace Preservation Corps, troops of Yin Fu-keng's régime, "loyal" to Japan, reserved for their masters a sad surprise. They turned their Japanese guns against the Japanese troops, and were defeated only when reinforcements poured into the town. Traitor Yin disappeared into thin air and was replaced by an obscure nonentity, Chi Tseng-mon, hurriedly ordered to succeed Yin by General Kazuki. The frantic ultimatums of the Japanese to Nanking increased in number and intensity, but Chiang Kai-shek announced: "China is determined to fight to the last man! . . . We cannot surrender any territory or allow our sovereignty to be encroached upon."

Meanwhile, in Japan, the pleasant holiday of the august Son of Heaven Hirohito was rudely interrupted, for even gods must, at times, take notice of unpleasant reality. Very busy were the Ministers of War and of the Navy, and the members of the Supreme Military Council. In a radio broadcast Vice-Minister of War Kiiwashiro Kato, overwhelmed by the thoughts of glorious days to come, screamed: "If the situation comes to the worst, all Japan will become a battlefield. . . . There is nothing to fear."

The center of the political stage was held by Premier Prince Konoe, variously described by admirers as liberal, charming, and distinguished. Behind his bland and disingenuous utterances, emitted at five-minute intervals, the industrious generals and admirals felt themselves protected from the world, as by a delicately perfumed cloud of incense. It was only too evident that the Premier Prince, inspired by the lately concluded Berlin-Tokyo pact, was straining anxiously to emulate that other "god" in Berlin. For had not the polite Prince but recently appeared at a masquerade ball in Tokyo as Adolf Hitler, complete with shirt and rubber truncheon? Prince Konoe murmured to the Diet: "For China to dance to such a Communist tune and bring on trouble in the Orient is tantamount to weakening the Orient by its own hands. I earnestly hope that the Chinese race will awaken as quietly as possible to realization of its nature as an Oriental race and that it will cooperate with the Japanese, who come of the same Oriental stock. . . . Japan wants not territory but cooperation."

Harmony in the Diet

Wonderful indeed was the serene and harmonious peace which now reigned in the Diet, that mausoleum of Democracy. Members who but a few short months ago had hurled such epithets as "scoundrel" and "traitor" into the teeth of the War Minister sat wreathed in smiles. Men once marked for death fervently embraced those who had plotted their assassination. Abe, leader of the Shakai Taishuto (Social Masses Party), which conducted a courageous campaign against militarists and Fascists at the time of the Diet elections last spring and returned 36 members to the Diet, became the hero of the militarists when he disavowed his party's platform: "While it is necessary for China to abandon her erroneous idea of achieving the unification of the country by dint of the anti-Japanese slogan, Japan must also carry out reforms in all directions so that the day may be brought nearer when both nations can cooperate heartily."





The speeches, the smiles, the flowers, were unable to conceal at least one event which was running counter to their trend. In the great industrial city of Kobe, stubborn men and women were not participating in the festivities; instead, they had gone out on strike the day before Japanese troops began maneuvers at Lukowchiao. The workers on the Kobe municipal street railways were not inspired with patriotism by the deeds of the Imperial Army. They were demanding reinstatement of five union leaders, discharged for having conducted last May a successful strike in Tokyo, Osaka, and Nagoya. Every car in Kobe carried a policeman. Before the Fukuzuke-za theatre in Sumoto a mountain of paper went up in flames: notices threatening dismissal were being burned. A week later, 23 strikers in Kobe were arrested after an attack by guards and strike breakers. While the Tokyo *Asahi* was conducting a campaign to raise 1,000,000 yen to buy planes for the army, workers in Tokyo and Osaka were collecting funds to aid the Kobe strikers.

The Attack on Shanghai

Four battleships, six battle cruisers, one aircraft carrier, 40 destroyers rode at anchor at the mouth of the Whangpoo River. At their stern they bore the ensign of the Rising Sun. Fifteen miles upstream lay China's greatest port and commercial center, the tinsel metropolis Shanghai, sixth largest city of the world. The curtain was about to rise on the most important military engagement since the World War. The Japanese commander, Admiral Hasegawa, when Chinese troops disregarded his order to evacuate the city, thundered: "There is nothing left, then, but for us to take up a defensive position." Supported by half Japan's navy, 60,000 Japanese troops went into action. Japanese shells murdered unnumbered thousands of civilians, set half of Shanghai on fire, but the Chinese troops held their ground.

The stark and contemptuous brutality of this latest Japanese aggression amazed the world, already familiar during recent years with the savage acts of this shameless imperialist power. Foreign military observers were unimpressed with Japan's war machine as they watched through field glasses Japanese planes above the city and noticed the poor marksmanship of Japanese gunners. Their unanimous conclusion was that Japan had made a "blunder" by attacking Shanghai. Others, less conversant with the niceties of military strategy, stigmatized the Japanese attack as one of the major outrages on civilization in modern times, surpassing even the holocaust of 1932.

While the guns of Admiral Hasegawa were blasting Shanghai into fragments, General Kawabe rode into Peiping at the head of an army. Immediately, in all parts of the city, placards appeared as if by magic upon the walls, bearing the words: "The Japanese army is your friend," "Make North China a garden of joy." Joy-bringer Kawabe did not remain long in Peiping, but hastened north with 10,000 men to Nankow Pass, strategic key to Suiyuan province and Inner Mongolia. Against the advance of troops, tanks and heavy artillery, 4000 Chinese soldiers made a desperate resistance and held their positions for two weeks while Japanese reinforcements were marching from Kalgan.

Japan's Weak Heart

From the tall factory chimneys of Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka, Kobe, a black mass of smoke pours over the landscape and descends upon cherry

trees and temples. These five cities concentrated in a narrow area form Japan's industrial heart, furnish the motive power for her insatiable army and navy, and provide golden dividends for an infinitesimal number of omnipotent millionaires.

But this industry has arisen on barren ground. Because Japan is deficient in those raw materials vital to industry and war, she must import more than one third of all materials used in manufacturing. Japan thus lives primarily on foreign trade: she buys from other countries or obtains through conquest coal, iron ore, oil, cotton, rubber, lead, tin, nickel. Yet today, Japan's share of world trade is only 3.7 per cent—one quarter that of Great Britain. Depreciation of the yen in 1931, though it gave temporary stimulus to industry, has had damaging consequences, making purchase of staple commodities ever more expensive. Added to this are rising prices on world markets. To the financial oligarchy of Suruga-cho, Manchuria has proved a bitter disappointment. It possesses no coking coal, iron ore is scarce and of poor quality, oil almost nonexistent, timber unfit for rayon pulp. The main exports of Japan are textiles, product of light industry: cotton goods, raw silk and rayon.

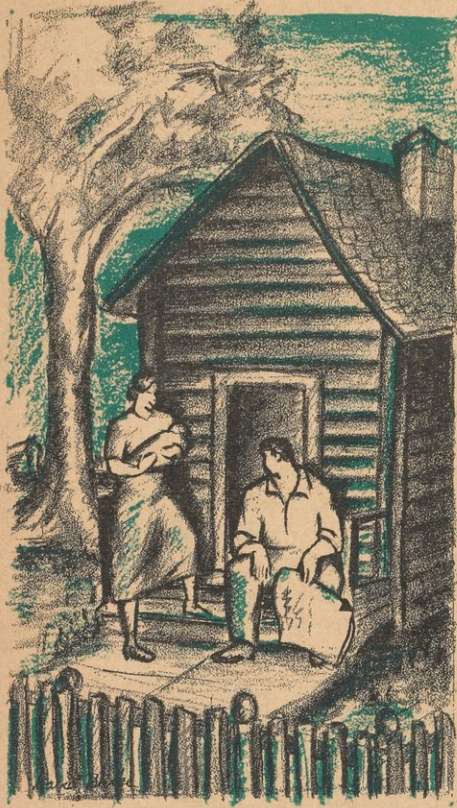
Most significant fact of all, Japan's dizzy industrial structure rests, nervous and insecure, upon a semi-feudal, bankrupt agriculture. Only through starvation wages, the lowest of any industrialized country, is Japan enabled to compete on even terms with her imperialist rivals.

Sputtering upward like a rocket whirls Japan's national debt, which now stands at near 12,000,000,000 yen, double the figure of 1931, before the invasion of Manchuria. The largest item in this staggering total has gone toward military expenditures. On the budget of 1931, military appropriations were 445,000,000 yen, 31 per cent of the whole; in 1937 they are 1,059,000,000—46 per cent. While 4 per cent of the budget is devoted to aid for agriculture, which supports the majority of the population, 18 per cent is consecrated to payment of interest on the national debt. For the past five years annual budget deficits have averaged 850,000,000 yen, a sum that can be covered only through floating new government loans, still further increasing the debt.

Clouds for the Rising Sun

Caught in this vicious circle, Japan's financiers look toward the future with alarm, for the people have no money and can purchase no bond issues, which are taken up exclusively by the large banks and industrial companies. This year Japan faces the greatest adverse trade-balance in her history, an adverse balance which has already risen, from January to July, to 600,000,000 yen. The gold reserves have fallen like maple leaves before the winds of autumn. Japan's onslaught against Shanghai was the cause of sharp panic on international exchanges. In New York, Japanese Government issues crashed: in a week they were down from 90 to 75. The racking strain which shakes imperialist Japan is no secret in international financial circles.

Japan's militarists know well in this year of 1937, that unless their war against China can be brought to a victorious conclusion in the shortest possible time, oblivion will threaten their régime. But all the armed might of Imperial Japan, though it may win military triumphs on the field of war, can neither conquer nor subjugate a vast land, a resolute people, 400,000,000 strong, determined to find the sun of independence after a bitter century of night. The inevitable, inexorable forces of history are driving imperialist Japan down the road to ruin.



A Vigilante Speaks

An interview with Ormsby McHarg, high-powered executive secretary of the Fascist-like Citizens National Committee—the poisonous offspring of reaction's love-fest at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Mr. McHarg's memory is poor at times, but he gets his meaning across to our writer... An object-lesson for Americans to ponder, if they would learn how it "might happen here"

By Marion Burroughs

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BURKE

THREE girls were sorting huge stacks of mimeographed paper when I walked into the office of the Citizens National Committee at 41 East 42nd Street, New York City. One of them smiled and motioned me into the partitioned room of Ormsby McHarg, executive secretary. He smiled too, offered me a seat, and wondered what he could do for me. He was completely affable—and would remain so, I soon found out, so long as I would let him tell his story as he wanted to. He was a large man with an abundant crop of white hair and thick black eyelashes which dominated his face. I asked him if he could give me complete details concerning his organization for an article I was planning to write.

"You want the story right from the beginning," he beamed, like an adolescent schoolboy tickled at the chance to strut his stuff. "Well, the Citizens Committee was organized in Johnstown when the frightened citizens learned that a wild rabble of 40,000 of Lewis' men was planning to come in and bulldoze them."

I asked who the leaders of the Committee had been at its inception.

They Just Got Scared

"Oh, no leaders," he assured me blandly. "The citizens just got scared at the threat of invasion and held a meeting. That was the only reason for the Committee's formation."

I told him that I remembered reading in the *New York Times* that a Citizens Committee headed by leading business men of Johnstown had been organizing vigilantes for a week prior to this "threat," and that the meeting was scheduled for at least three days before anyone heard that the miners were planning their march.

He stopped smiling. "I'll tell this

story in my own way or not at all. I say the Committee was formed only because citizens were afraid of this mob of disorganized bloodthirsty thugs who were coming in."

I inquired what made him so sure that they were going to be bloodthirsty thugs.

"Why, simply the fact that there were to be 40,000 of them."

"If your committee enlarged its membership to 40,000," I asked, "and then held a meeting, would your members for that reason turn into a rabble of thugs also?"

He scowled at my interruption. "That was different," he insisted. "These men were led by Lewis. He was desperate and had to do something to help the 500 strikers who were trying to keep 14,500 men from working."

"According to the newspapers, wasn't

the number of strikers estimated at closer to 5,000 than 500?"

A High-Powered Protest

"I know nothing of that," he retorted. This slippery answer was to be his theme song from then on. I asked him to continue with the story of what he called the first meeting; for at this meeting it had been decided to run the much touted "We Protest" advertisement. Countless Americans over their rolls and coffee the following morning had read in the most respectable organs of public opinion about Johnstown steel employees denied their "right to work"; they had read all this, moreover, couched in elegant phrases; whoever had paid the advertising rates of big-circulation newspapers had also, it seemed, been able to afford the services of high-powered publicity experts. I inquired of Mr. McHarg about the generous source of these blessings.

"The ad was underwritten by the prominent citizens of Johnstown," he said, with a great air of righteousness.

"Since you are familiar with the affairs of this organization, can you tell me any of the names of those citizens?"

"I don't know any," he answered, in variation number one on his theme.

I mentioned the charge which has been publicly made that Bethlehem and

National Steel contributed \$50,000 to pay for this advertisement, and asked him to answer it.

"I don't answer questions that are based on conclusions of facts," he said with more bravado than clarity. But since he obviously had no intention of phrasing this response in terms that were any less hazy, I asked him to continue with the organization's history.

"Six thousand people saw that ad, just as I did, and were deeply sympathetic. As a result, \$60,000 was sent in."

"Who were some of the contributors?"

The Money Came

"I don't remember. The money all came in such small dribbles. In fact, each contribution only averaged one or two dollars."

I pointed out that since \$60,000 had been collected from 6,000 people, this average was hardly possible.

"Well, \$10, then," he amended quickly. "There may have been a few \$100 checks, but none for any more."

My recollection of the contributions, according to reports in the *New York Times*, was that they ranged from \$1 to \$1,500, and I told him so.

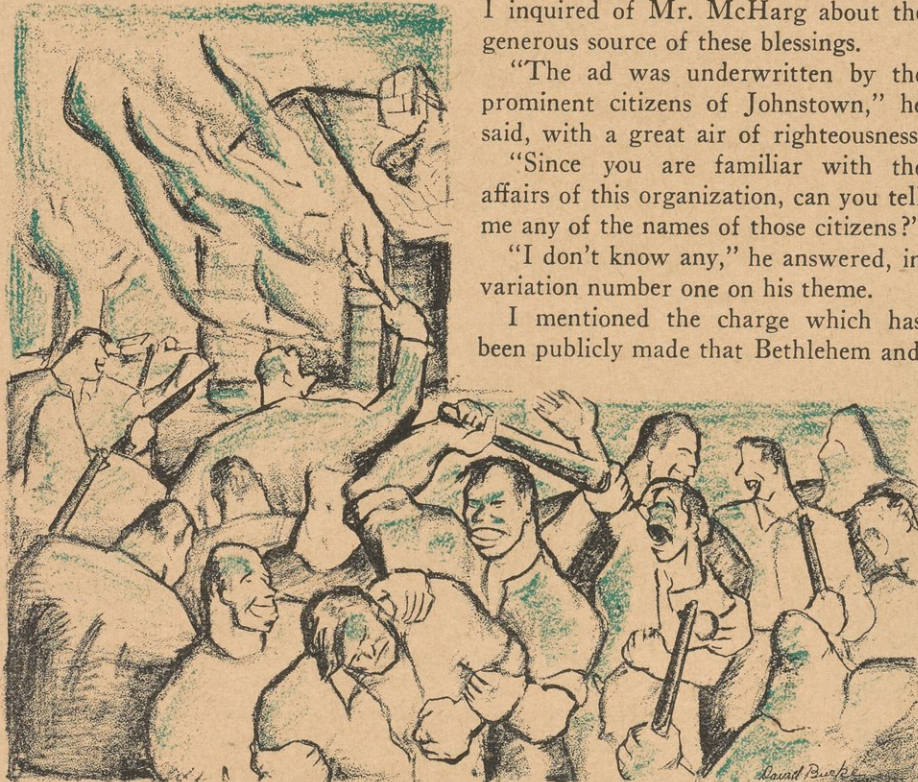
"Nonsense. I know that no checks for more than \$100 were received."

"In other words, you remember the size of the checks well enough to contradict the *New York Times*, but you cannot remember the name of a single contributor."

"That's right." His smile turned off again, and he shifted in his swivel chair so as not to face me directly.

"What did you do before you got this position with the Citizens Committee?" I asked. But I was wrong in thinking that a change of topic might bring about a change in response.

(Continued on page 26)



You have heard much of "prosperity" for labor during war-time.
Read what really happens to workers' living conditions and rights

Drafted Labor

By H. C. Engelbrecht

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL BARNET



We would rejoice if war broke out in the Far East. Then our workers would again fill their pocketbooks.—Attributed to a German "labor" leader.

An efficient military camp must have an obedient workshop behind it.—Ramsay MacDonald.

THERE is a curious notion abroad, even in labor circles, that war means prosperity for the workers. To this day one may hear about the shipyard workers of the World War period who earned \$15 to \$18 a day, wore silk shirts and rode to work in expensive limousines. Such incidents caused great resentment, especially among industrialists and military men. These objectors, however, have little to say about the billions in profits made by industries in the same period.

But what about this "war-time prosperity" of labor? The World War may serve here as example. A situation had been created which was very favorable to labor. Immigration had ceased, millions of young men, potential workers, were in the fighting forces, and the demand for all manner of goods in the home and foreign market was enormous and urgent. In other words, the demand for labor was far greater than the supply, and scarcity of labor has always been conducive to high wages and good bargaining power.

As a matter of fact, wages increased steadily throughout the war period. But more important—prices also increased, and far more rapidly and to a greater extent than did wages. The total effect of the war on labor as a whole therefore was a decline in the standard of living. In 1914, wages were one per cent below a reasonable standard of living; by 1917 they were 30.1 per cent below, and by 1918, 44 per cent below (National Council for Prevention of War, *Munitions Profits and Wages*).

The figures given by Rose M. Stein in *M-Day* are as follows:

Year	Wage Index	Cost of Living Index
1914.....	102	103
1915.....	102	105.1
1916.....	106	118.3
1917.....	112	142.1
1918.....	130	174.4

It is also worth noting that food and clothing, the workers' chief necessities, rose far more in price than the general cost of living. The index for all food-stuffs rose to 187, while flour rose to 203 and sugar to 196.

Wages Go Down

In spite of a widespread impression to the contrary, real wages went down during the war period, even though money wages went up. Not even union labor, the highest paid of all workers, gained an increase in *real wages*, as statistics prove:

Year	Retail Food Price Index	Index of Union Money Wages per Hour	Real Wages per Hour	Index of Union Money Wages per Week	Real Wages per Week
1913	100	100	100	100	100
1914	102	102	100	102	99
1915	101	103	101	102	101
1916	114	107	94	106	93
1917	146	114	78	112	77
1918	168	133	79	130	77

How did it happen that while industry in general made unprecedented profits even after all war levies and taxes had been paid, labor fared so badly? The situation is instructive. There was much worry in government circles as to what labor would do. In Britain there had been a good deal of labor trouble until a workable arrangement had been arrived at. This country was able to "profit" by the British experience. The two phenomena that characterized labor history in the early part of the war were an enormous turnover in labor, and strikes. The

turnover was largely the fault of the industrialists. Since there was a scarcity, they competed madly for labor, offered glowing prospects, high wages and virtually stole the workers from one another. Since they were working on a cost-plus contract for the government, they had nothing to worry about.

Strikes and Unrest

But no sooner was a government contract completed than wages would be cut drastically. The result was strikes. These caused much official worry and required constant government mediation. Since there was very little militancy in American labor, there was little questioning as to the cause of the war and its purposes. Nonetheless, there were expressions which might well lead to trouble. John P. White, president of the United Mine Workers, declared: "I see no humanitarian issues in the present war. In my broad travels, I find little sentiment among the working people in favor of this terrible war."

The government—or the great industrialists, for the terms were virtually interchangeable at the time—therefore took two measures which effectively cared for the labor situation. The first was to place national labor leaders, especially Samuel Gompers, on the higher war councils. It was the task of these men to "swing labor into

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Livestock, all skin and bones, graze on the closely cropped pasture land in the South Dakota drought-stricken area

Crossroads for the Farmer

The great issue of Democracy or reaction confronts the American farmer. Will he take the progressive road or the disastrous road of Fascism? His answer depends largely on organization

By Harlan Crippen

WHILE on a recent trip for the Farmers Holiday Association I saw two farms which told in simple and human terms the story of the plight of the American farmer.

One was in a rich-crop area. The fields surrounding it were humming with the activity of harvest time. Here stood a farm with a fine stand of golden wheat and barley—untouched. The house and barn were deserted and the machinery gone. Only the doomed fields showed that it had been occupied.

Young Arnold Berndt had scraped together everything he had to put in that crop without going further into debt. Prospects were good. The drouth of the year before had gone. But the scourge of good-crop years came—a letter from his creditors informing the young farmer that they would have trucks at the threshing rig to collect the grain to repay their loans.

This was too much for Berndt. He was single, and the crop, his last tie to the farm that had been his father's, was being taken away. Without in-

forming his creditors he gave his machinery to his brothers and hit out for Oregon. Maybe there would be something in Oregon—anyway, he wasn't going to throw good money after bad by standing the twine, gas and threshing bill for somebody else's crop.

Crops Wiped Out

The other farm was in an area where crops had been wiped out by drouth and grasshoppers. The fields were seared and burned to a dirty yellow. Here and there was a field, apparently unplanted, pitted by the hot winds. (Later I found that this was where the grasshoppers had cleaned out the corn.) The topsoil lay in drifts over the fences and stretching out across the road.

The story of this farm was so simple that I might have guessed it without asking. The Johnsons were wondering what to do now. The spring had been promising—money was borrowed to put in a crop and days spent working and hoping that luck would hold. Then came several dry weeks—stretching

into a month. Grasshoppers—hot, parching winds—and the hopes were blasted. Now were left only a pile of debts and trying to get on relief again. The Johnsons had been thinking about going to the West Coast, but were saved by a letter from former neighbors who said that things had picked up but there was no place for non-residents—not even on relief. These friends were living in a shack colony of drouth refugees.

Here are only two farms—but they are representative of conditions in drouth and crop areas. The problems of tenancy, drouth and overwhelming debt hang like threatening clouds over the major part of America's farms today.

What happened to the independent farmer—that today many farm leaders speak of the danger of his being reduced to the status of a peasant?

From the opening of the American frontier to its ending, in about 1900, farming had expanded haphazardly and unscientifically to meet an ever-growing home market and a slowly increasing export trade. The farmer of the period had a large



Wheat—bread—the staff of life. Here we see nature's golden bounty piled upon a wagon on a prairie farm in Kansas

degree of self-sufficiency. His buying was confined to a few simple products, and because of this he was not dependent to any important degree upon the merchant or banker. His methods of farming were wasteful—but it didn't matter much under conditions where it was possible to move to new territory when the land was worn out.

Goodbye Independence

All this was changed with the disappearance of the frontier. Competition entered, and of necessity scientific agriculture began to develop. Land was no longer easy to secure and the best had to be made of that available. The competitive process forced the farmer to buy the new machinery—then better machinery, and more land when possible. Capital was necessary for this new farming and to get capital the farmer became dependent upon the bankers and loan agencies. The self-sufficiency of American agriculture was forever ended. Tenant farming, mortgages, high land-values became an integral part of farm life.

Then came the World War, with much of Europe taken out of production and a great need for the products of American agriculture. Prices soared. To meet the demand, agriculture expanded at a terrific rate. All available land was plowed up, sections that would not have been profitable for farming before were put into production—the tough, drouth-resistant grasses of the prairie were killed, and the way paved for later disaster, drouth and dust-bowls. Wasn't this exploitation of the land needed for war?

The figures for wheat production give a glimpse of what happened:

Year	Acreage	Yield (in bushels)
1917.....	45,089,000	636,655,000
1918.....	59,181,000	921,438,000
1919.....	73,099,000	945,403,000
1920.....	61,143,000	833,027,000

The War came to an end and Europe resumed agricultural production on a larger scale than be-

fore. Exports dwindled. The national acreage necessary, at average yields, to supply all agricultural products for foreign trade declined from 84 million acres in 1920-21 to 39 million acres in 1933-34. The home market could not absorb the products of an agriculture geared to war-time markets. And since 1921 agriculture has been suffering from a permanent depression.

Yet there was no practical way of reducing production. (We must speak of reducing production—even though we do not produce enough to supply U.S. citizens with minimum diet standards set by government bureaus!) The farmer cannot say, "Well, it doesn't look so good this year, so I won't plant anything. I'll just take a rest." Instead he must go on producing in order to live, even though he goes deeper into debt and his products bring in only a small part of the actual expense of production. The farmer kept on producing and the farm debt mounted to staggering proportions.

The Road to Peasantry

To understand the result for the farmer we need only examine the situation in South Dakota, a typical prairie grain state, pioneered little more than 50 years ago. A half century of heartbreaking, back-breaking struggle has added up to poverty and the threat of an "American" brand of peasant life.

Fifty per cent of the once independent South Dakota farmers are now tenants. In direct ratio to the fertility and productivity of the land the number of tenants rises to 75 and 85 per cent in the best counties. At the same time 59.8 per cent of owner-operated farms are mortgaged. The average value of land in the state is \$18.75 per acre. The average mortgage indebtedness of the land is \$18.00 per acre—leaving the farmer an equity of 75 cents per acre in South Dakota land.

The farmer needs immediate relief from drouth, debt and tenancy. He is a man with a crushing burden, uncertain of how to escape from it. Only effective organization can win what he needs, and

as yet the majority of the farmers are unorganized. The Farmers Holiday Association, the most militant and clearly progressive, is not widely organized in many states and the membership in these states ranges only from 500 to 1,500. The Farmers Union is the most important farmers' organization and is organized in most states with a large membership—but still with only a minority of the farm population. Both organizations have done much excellent work—the Farmers Holiday through protecting farmers from foreclosure, eviction and crop seizure; the Farmers Union through coöperatives. Both have accomplished much through their legislative programs. But it is indisputable that economically the farmer will not be able to win a measure of justice unless his bargaining power is much strengthened, and politically the farmer will be handicapped until he is organized strongly and is allied with labor.

A great many farmers today are confused and angry because they are unorganized and helpless. They want to fight back to save themselves and their families and farms, but as yet are uncertain of who, what or how to fight.

America's Fascist-minded men are not unaware of this fact, and have taken steps to capitalize upon the misery of the farmer. Today they are concentrating great efforts upon confusing and deceiving the farm population.

Reaction Bids for Farm Support

An almost unparalleled barrage of hysterical propaganda has been loosed upon the farmer. To the hundreds of little country newspapers a steady stream of poisoned material in the form of "free" features, columns, cartoons, canned editorials and doctored news, is being sent by fake, subsidized "news services" ranging from those sponsored by Liberty League affiliates to the Capitol News and Feature Service which is paid for by German Nazi propaganda funds. The small-town press which reaches

(Continued on page 25)

NINE TAILORS may be needed to make a man, but it remains to be seen whether an equal number of overlapping and sometimes competing unions can make a go of organizing the radio industry.

Groups now bidding for leadership of the thousands of technicians, entertainers and office workers employed by U. S. broadcasting stations include the American Communications Association (C.I.O.); the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, the American Federation of Radio Artists and the American Federation of Musicians (all A.F. of L. affiliates); the Radio Writers Guild (independent), and the American Guild of Radio Announcers and Producers, the Associated Columbia Broadcast Technicians and the Association of NBC Technicians (company unions).

The scramble to sign up radio's long-neglected workers was precipitated some months ago when the A.C.A. (then known as the American Radio Telegraphists Association) announced that it was broadening its activities to take in entertainers and clerks as well as technicians.

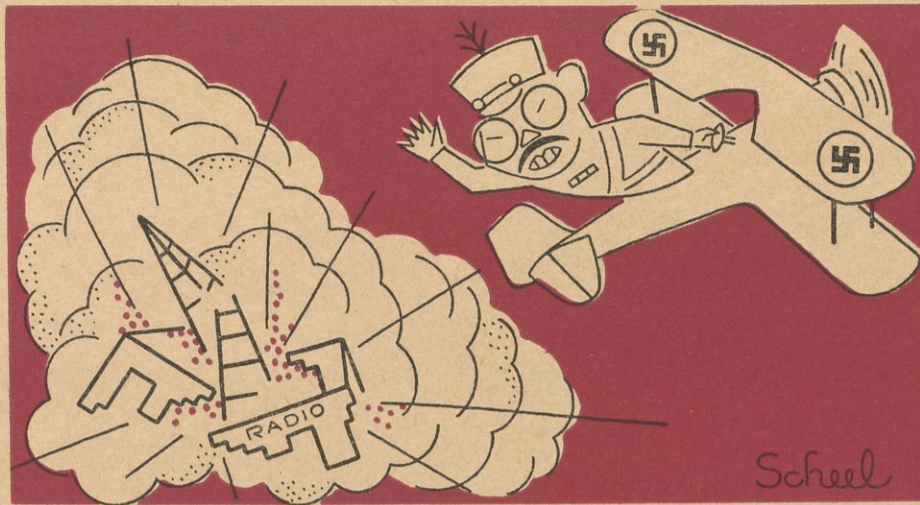
Scared half out of its wits by this bombshell from the aggressive followers of John L. Lewis, Actors Equity immediately initiated a campaign to "stop C.I.O." by reviving the almost-forgotten Associated Actors and Artists of America, and transferring its president, Frank Gillmore, to the leadership of the latter group.

Immediately a difficulty arose. The rank and file of the A.A.A.A. showed no desire to engage in a useless battle with A.C.A. Work of organization practically stopped for several weeks, but was revived under a much more liberal leadership when the A.F.R.A. was organized as an affiliate of the A.A.A.A. with Eddie Cantor as president.

Meantime the American Communications Association has gone steadily ahead and now is the bargaining agency for workers in some 15 stations, the latest to sign up being WHN, New York.

The three company unions in the field are not helping the bosses much these days. NBC was forced to give its technicians a 15 per cent pay raise and a 40-hour week in order to hold them in line. Seventeen engineers of WCAU, Philadelphia, smashed Columbia's union in that city by resigning in a body and joining the A.C.A. And a strong rank-and-file group in the A.G.R.A.P. is agitating for immediate affiliation with the C.I.O.

The strongest union in the radio field today is the American Federation of Musicians, which has won greatly im-



RADIO

proved working conditions and wages for its members during the past few years. A storm is brewing in that sector, however, since the various networks and independent stations are now preparing to combine in a finish fight against their musicians.

Static in East and West

JAPAN paid a sincere tribute to radio as a method of spreading information when it bombed China's two short-wave stations out of existence the moment that hostilities started in the Orient. Columbia had scheduled an important trans-Pacific talk by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek from the Cheng Ju station near Shanghai on the day it was blown to atoms. A desperate effort was made to shift the program to the Nanking station, but it too was destroyed a few hours later.

At present no long-distance broadcasts are possible from China, but NBC is sending a crew of technicians and a portable transmitter to that war-torn country in an effort to reestablish communications.

Don Herold, our esteemed contemporary on *Judge*, usually writes a crackerjack column. He has done a lot to debunk the radio industry and we're for him. Which doesn't keep us from wanting to examine his head when he praises the Philco Radio Company for allowing Boake Carter to make vicious attacks on the C.I.O. and on the

liberal governors of two states. Says Herold in a recent issue of *Judge*:

Let us disregard for a moment the question as to whether we agree or disagree with Mr. Carter on this (the steel strike) or other questions.

Then he goes on to pat Philco's back because it "permits" its commentator to parrot reactionary views which sound pretty much like those of his boss.

Philco doesn't like unions or President Roosevelt, or anything or anybody truly progressive, and it hired Carter precisely because he feels the same way. If the company should employ Heywood Broun and let him speak his mind about the C.I.O., that would be something to write about.

Father Coughlin soon will be in our hair again. He has arranged a schedule of Sunday afternoon hours starting October 31st. Since no network will assume responsibility for his bitter attacks on everything progressive, he is setting up his usual chain of less squeamish independent stations.

Around the Dial

SOME strange programs are popping up on the fall network schedules. The Voice of Experience, that bald philosopher who used to boost the merits of a hair tonic, is going to be presented by Lydia Pinkham's nostrum. "Lydia" has been trying to get on the chains for years and at last has been

accepted by WLW, Cincinnati, and a group of affiliates.

And the headaches which you get from listening to General Hugh Johnson's news commentaries over NBC can be assuaged (perhaps) by using Bromo-Quinine, which sponsors him. Due to the network rule against the plugging of laxatives, no mention will be made of B-Q's principal property.

The tacit boycott against the use of Negro entertainers on the radio has cracked a bit more with the signing of the original cast of George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* for a long series of musical broadcasts bearing the same title.

And James Thieubedeux, Negro porter at WOR, is making quite a name for himself with program producers and orchestra leaders as an acoustical expert second to none. He has an uncanny ability to place each instrument or singer in the exact studio position which will be most effective through the microphone.

The W.P.A. Radio Division of the Federal Theater shows no sign of faltering in its long string of program successes. A recent production of Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* over WQXR, New York, sent all the critics into ecstasies, while the Project's forthcoming CBS series entitled *Epic of America* and based on the book by James Truslow Adams, also promises to be something out of the ordinary.

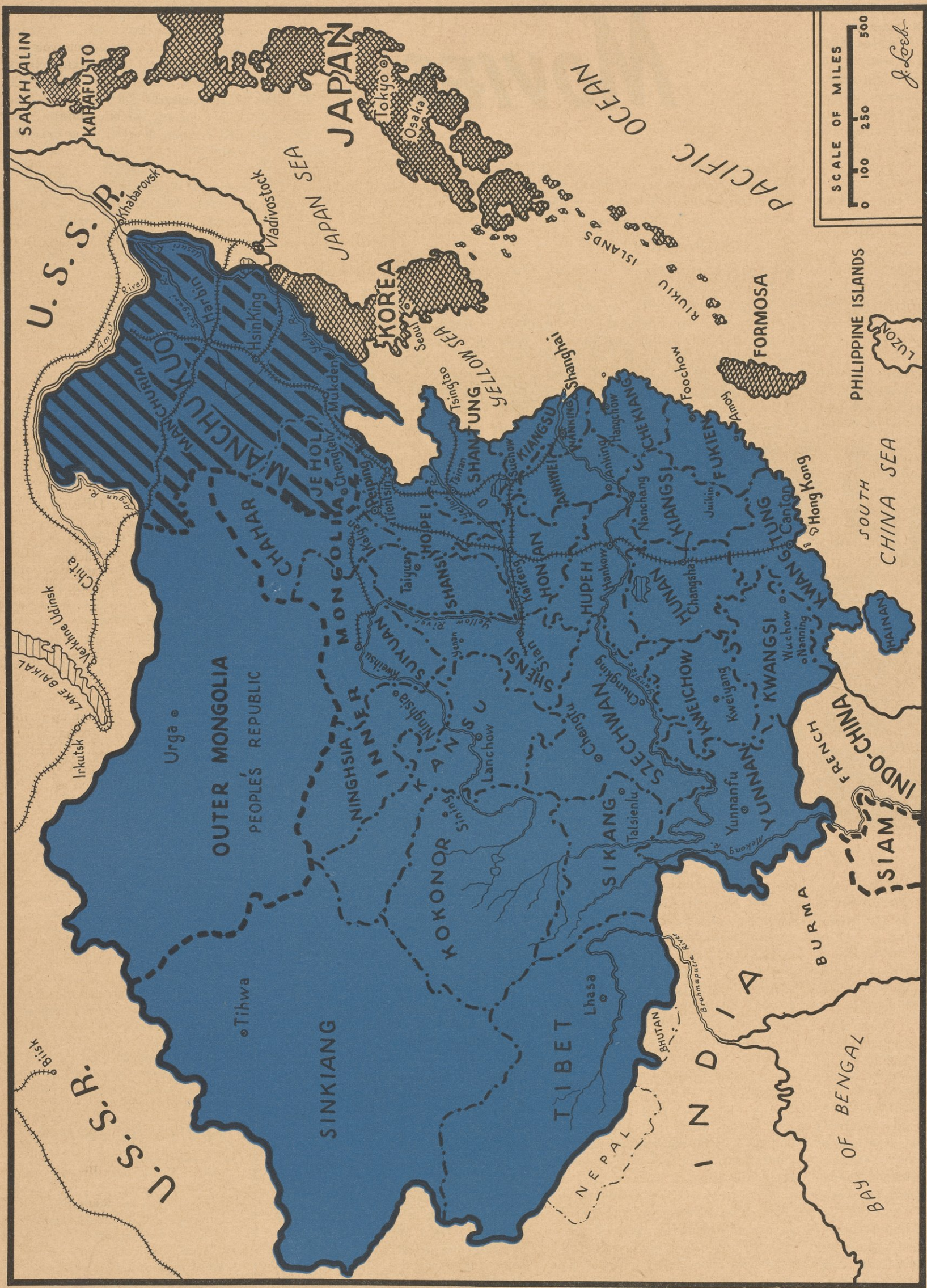
South African listeners are up in the air because they have discovered that most of the recent British Coronation broadcasts originated in the Capetown studios instead of in London as advertised. They are particularly furious because the supposed broadcast of lion roars from Kruger National Park actually was a phonograph recording of the voice of Samson, a tame lion in the Pretoria Zoo.

The South Africans also are mad clean through, because their broadcasting system is trying to ignore demands for separate programs in English and in Dutch. Protest meetings were held in Capetown and Johannesburg and demands were made that a recent referendum, in which 75 per cent of the license-holders asked for separate programs, be adhered to.

The Austrian Radio Corporation is asking its listeners for donations in order to raise the \$300,000 needed to construct a short-wave transmitter which will compete with those of Italy and Germany.

—GEORGE SCOTT



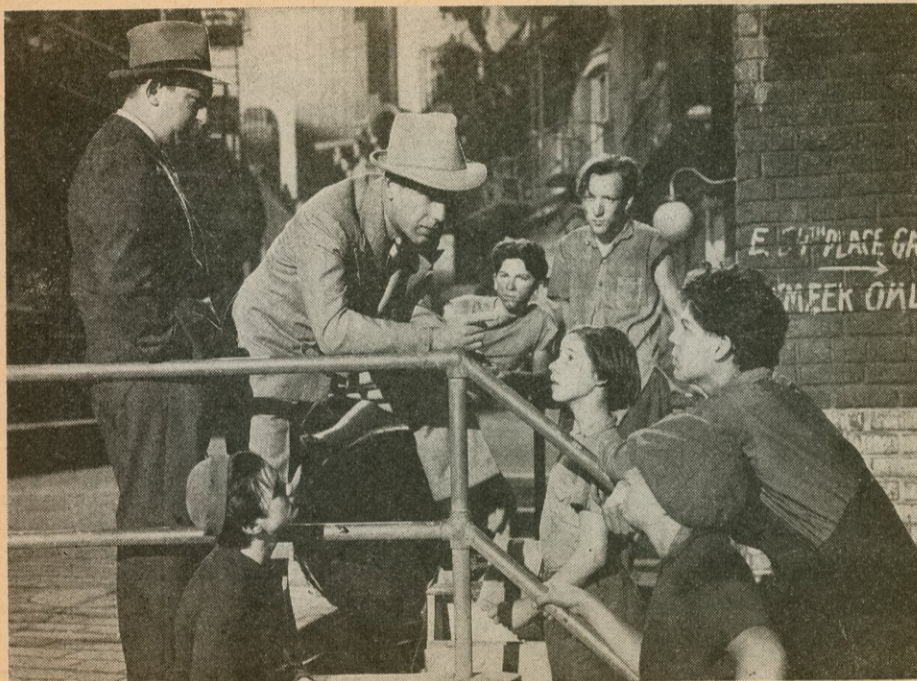


Map of China

LABOR-FRONT note: Members of the football team of the University of Southern California have joined the Screen Actors' Guild in order that they might appear in *Hold 'Em Navy*, currently in production at Paramount. Non-athletic students from the same campus also joined the Guild, for appearances in a college party scene.

Patriotism note: The chief concern of a general in the Spanish civil war, according to *Love Under Fire*, is to obtain possession of a diamond necklace, so that he can raffle it off and thus pay his troops. The general, incidentally, speaks with a strong Teutonic accent, but this, of course, may just be an accident.

Literary note: The dust cover of *Ideas*, written by Lew Lipton, a producer and writer of considerable eminence, bears a blurb by Sidney Kings-



A lesson in crime—from "Dead End"

ley, testifying to its value as "a text for students, substance for producers, and interesting reading for the laity." One of the pieces in *Ideas* is entitled "The Floorwalker and the Lady," in which is exalted that bulwark of free thought, that anchor of Democracy, that friend of labor in every crisis, the National Guard.

Penological note: The best way to reform criminals, according to Warners' *San Quentin*, is to have the warden of the prison come from the Army, fall in love with the chief criminal's sister, and thus induce an attack of conscience. The explanation, of course, being that the warden learned how to handle men when he was in the Army.

High Hopes note: The first known instance in the movies of a strike picket portrayed as a sympathetic character occurs in Samuel Goldwyn's *Dead End*. The picket is Miss Sylvia

Sidney, the heroine of the piece, who displays a bruise on her forehead, and minces no words in relating how she acquired it from a policeman.

"Dead End"

WHICH item brings us, at last, to a fuller discussion of this *Dead End*. And which prompts the comment that everything the play did on the stage, the picture now does on the screen. It is a blunt and brutal indictment of the slums of New York, carrying strong words and violent deeds to conclusions that are inescapably truthful. It is, perhaps, too faithful a

reproduction of the stage play to satisfy those who see in the cinema a wider range for activity, but within the confines of its single magnificent set, within the boundaries laid down by both Mr. Kingsley and William Wyler, its director, it manages to emerge as an honest, convincing photoplay, bearing strong marks of Hollywood's newly awakened social consciousness.

More than anything else, perhaps, the six kids—brought over from the original stage production—lend *Dead End* its atmosphere of authenticity and grim horror. Even in the light of such luminaries as the above-mentioned Miss Sidney, such stars as Joel McCrea and Humphrey Bogart, such lovely ladies of the screen as Wendy Barrie and Claire Trevor, these six boys hold the picture to their own little destinies, giving it a color and vitality all too seldom seen these latter purified days. Their speech has been cleaned up, of course, in their transition from the

MOVIES

stage to the screen, their little mouths have been washed out with the soap of the Legion of Decency and the Production Code Administration, but even under these handicaps, the boys manage to make *Dead End* a vivid, throbbing piece of dramatic literature.

It is most encouraging to find that such a piece as *Dead End* suffered only minor changes in its journey from the Belasco Theater to the Goldwyn studios. The introspective architect has had his foot healed, and takes the matter of the returned gangster into his own hands, instead of informing the police about it, but otherwise the piece sticks pretty closely to its original theme, making of it a picture of considerable power and force. Something that should by all means be seen.

From Foreign Lands

ERNEST HEMINGWAY and Joris Ivens, the Dutch cinematographer, also brought in their long-awaited *The Spanish Earth* during the past month. Received by the critics as the finest documentary film ever made, the film raised considerable furore during its short run at the 55th Street Playhouse in New York, and seemed slated for a long tenancy of that little theater, only to be taken off on September 10th to make room for a French version of Gorki's *The Lower Depths*.

The Spanish Earth is a picture of faces—the faces of men going into battle, the faces of women suddenly struck by stark tragedy, the faces of peasants building an irrigation ditch to help the defenders of Madrid. There is strength in these faces, strength and compassion, and a vast, awe-inspiring resolution. They are the Spanish people, they are the ones waging the bitter war, they are the ones to whom the Spanish earth belongs.

Mr. Hemingway, fortunately enough, has seen the drama in these portraits, and his off-screen dialogue is kept to a minimum. The photography of Mr. Ivens and the incidental music by Virgil Thomson are both enormously effective in accentuating the high lights of the picture. Another film that should be seen.

The sudden increase in the percentage of Asiatics to be found in movie audiences these days may be laid to the arrival of the first newsreels from Shanghai. Here too, there are scenes of death and destruction, and on this point it may well be worth noting that the Paramount newsreel of the Japanese campaign made mention of the

Japanese skill in taking cover and "saving men" while their "uncensored" reel from behind the Chinese lines stressed the retreat of the 29th Army and the dead bodies strewn along the roadside.

The newsreels also made much, during the month, of the West Point cadets learning how to shoot great big cannons, and of the United States Marines sailing off to China. Both pieces, naturally, were calculated to rouse your hatred for war. The same newsreel week also saw Mussolini delivering a speech—to the delighted laughter of his American listeners—and King Victor Emmanuel launching a new Italian battleship. It was notable that the commentator had to point out the King when he appeared on the screen.

From Leningrad came a brilliant piece of acting in *Baltic Deputy*, also brought in during the past month. The story is that of an old professor raised to veneration by the Soviets because he wrote a scientific article saying the land belonged to the people. In the title rôle Nikolai Cherkassov delivers a performance of such magnificence, such heart-rending beauty, as to lay even the "immortal" Paul Muni. Hardly less superlative in their supporting parts are Alexander Melnikov as a rough, uncouth sailor, Boris Livanov as a friend to the old professor, and Marta Domasheva as the old man's gray-haired little wife. When it comes to downright acting, the Russians cannot be matched.

The "big" Hollywood pictures during the month—besides *Dead End*—included *Souls at Sea*, *The Firefly* and Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*. They are all junk.

THE FIGHT RECOMMENDS:

The Life of Emile Zola—A picturization of the history of the crusading French novelist and a recreation of the Dreyfus case. Brilliantly played by Paul Muni and Joseph Schildkraut.

The Spanish Earth—Filmed by Joris Ivens and Ernest Hemingway during the conflict in Spain. Perhaps the finest documentary picture ever made.

Dead End—Produced from the stage play by Sidney Kingsley, and retaining all the strength and indignation of the original.

THE FIGHT FIGHTS:

Love Under Fire—Produced by 20th Century-Fox for apparently the sole purpose of turning the Spanish conflict into a gag, and dishing it up as a background for some nonsense about a stolen necklace.

The Paramount newsreel from Shanghai—For its prejudicial reporting of the Japanese invasion of China.



The white collar was long thought to be a badge of superiority, but all too often it was little more than a slave collar. Now white-collar workers are forming unions. The president of the United Office and Professional Workers of America tells of this stirring change

The Office Is Organizing

By Lewis Merrill

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN RICO

WHITE-COLLAR workers are surging toward organization along with the manual workers in mass-production industries. The sweeping organization drives in auto, steel, rubber and other fields have captured the imagination of office and professional workers in this country and have stimulated their efforts to organize. The need for organization among these employees has existed for a long time. Barriers to such organization have been breaking down, and their disintegration was hastened by changes in the economic status of clerical and professional workers since the War.

Mass-production methods in industry created a need for new methods in

marketing. High-pressure salesmanship, industrial research and organized methods of commodity distribution became part of our economic activity. Large corporations grew into mammoths.

Numerical Growth

The tremendous growth of industry brought with it a growth in the numerical importance of white-collar workers. Employees in clerical occupations increased from 1,718,000 in 1910 to 4,025,000 in 1930; those in the professions from 1,711,000 to 3,252,000. One out of every six gainfully employed persons in the United States is a white-collar worker.

There are many illusions current

about the special advantages enjoyed by office and professional workers. Until recently, most of these workers fell for them. But if at any time they did enjoy such advantages, events since 1929 have curtailed them.

While white-collar workers believed that they were superior to manual workers, they have never been able to demonstrate tangibly that superiority. They usually enjoy certain educational advantages, which make their exploitation only the more apparent. Educational requirements for clerical jobs have been so raised that there are many firms which will consider only college graduates for \$15-a-week jobs. Two years ago several New York newspapers carried advertisements for

graduates of Harvard, Yale and Princeton to learn the restaurant business at a beginning salary of \$15 weekly.

White-Collar Wages

Highly skilled professional workers, who constitute a small section of the white-collar group, have earned more than skilled workers in industry. But the vast majority receive less than the skilled workers and little more than unskilled manual workers. Very little statistical information is available on the wages of these workers, since most government studies of earnings and employment are classified by industry. In a study published in *The*

(Continued on page 29)

ONE HUNDRED and fifty years ago the people of this country established the Constitution of the United States of America in order to "insure domestic tranquillity . . . and secure the blessings of liberty." Today the peace and freedom they sought are gravely imperiled. War follows war—in Ethiopia, Spain, China. Nation after nation, including our own, takes bread from the mouths of little children in order to prepare for war. Millions of men and women all over the world find work only in fashioning machinery of death and destruction. The aggressor invades other nations unchecked. The forces of reaction are mobilizing for universal conflict.

THE freedom that the democratic process promised mankind is in peril in every quarter of the globe. In Italy, Germany and Japan human life is ruled by military force. For over a year the people of Spain have fought against their own reactionaries and an international coalition in defense of the right to govern themselves in ways of their own choosing. In North China, the autocratic rule of Japanese militarism is opposed by a peace-loving people. The Fascist International—Germany, Italy and Japan, supported by the reactionary forces in other countries—seeks to overthrow democratic government everywhere. In Poland, Czechoslovakia, Brazil, Mexico and many other lands, forces of reaction plot against the people.

HERE in the United States the

To the People's for Democra



e's Congress racy and Peace



same destructive forces are at work. Under the pretense of defending the Constitution, calculating Tories strive to destroy our democratic government. Disdaining the law of the land, economic royalists establish company unions, controlled citizens' committees, and open vigilante bands. They employ armed thugs, company police, local authorities and the National Guard to commit acts of violence and murder. They draft laws to entangle unions in the courts and destroy labor's recent gains. With one hand, Congress gives us a billion-dollar war budget, not for defense of our coasts and borders but for conflict on foreign soil; with the other, a "neutrality" law which is invoked against the defenders of Democracy and not against those who are destroying it. Through the Industrial Mobilization Plan our American Fascists seek a military-industrial dictatorship. In schools and camps they speed the militarization of our youth. They forge chains of tyranny to endanger the freedom of racial and religious minorities.

THIS course of events makes it necessary once again for the people of these United States to assemble in time-honored custom and face the enemies that threaten their democratic government and the peace of the world. To make plans for action in this crisis, the American League Against War and Fascism has called the **PEOPLE'S CONGRESS FOR DEMOCRACY AND PEACE** to convene in Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 26, 27 and 28, 1937.



Books

The Ostrich Plan for Peace

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY AMERICAN TO DO HIS DUTY, by Quincy Howe; 239 pages; Simon and Shuster; \$2.00.

HERE IS a book with a smart title which should on this alone attract attention. Mr. Howe's major thesis is that America should stay at home and build a wall so high around her people and her resources that all relations with the outside world in case of war would be broken. His program calls for a self-sufficient and autarchic economic system which he believes will keep us out of trouble. Our present un-neutral and unfair neutrality laws do not go far enough, and in his opinion should be repealed and replaced by a strictly mandatory one:

This should contain no cash and carry clause and should forbid all trade with any warring power. In order to forestall transshipment of goods from neutral to belligerent powers, all other trade should be kept down to its normal peacetime level. No protection should be accorded to American property, American lives, or American shipping in any war zone. No American loans to any warring governments or to any of their agents or citizens should be allowed and no responsibility assumed for any outstanding foreign obligations of American citizens.

These restrictions would mean that in case of a general war, the United States would cease all economic relations with the rest of the world. It is presumed, of course, that Mr. Howe will have written into his Act a definition of the "state of war" which would avoid the confusion of today, when wars are no longer declared.

A fundamental criticism of this thesis is the grave doubt that any country can today remain self-sufficient and isolated from its neighbors. Neither Germany, Italy nor Japan, where this has been tried, has succeeded, and all evidence points to the breakdown of totalitarianism and autarchy in these countries.

Another defect in Mr. Howe's argument is that he destroys faith in any of the present instrumentalities for peaceful negotiation, but fails to suggest any substitute. We admit that the League of Nations has never had as little prestige as it enjoys today. But this does not relieve the world of the necessity for finding some apparatus to replace the anarchy of war with col-

lective action and mutual responsibility.

Mr. Howe has chosen to ignore the existence of the Fascist International, whose achievements Mussolini openly and brazenly records in his press. Manchuria, Shanghai, Ethiopia, Spain, and now the whole of North China, is the record of its progress. The Fascist nations, pressed by increasing discontent at home, have determined to set fire to the whole world rather than face the contradictions of their economic and cultural madness. The author recommends a policy of further retreat before these thieves and murderers. With Europe exhausted and chaotic after the inevitable next world war, he believes the United States will emerge as an economic and social paradise.

This remedy of Mr. Howe's is no remedy, because in reality it is impossible to pursue such a course. Democracy as we understand it in America will vanish from the earth if we, together with other democratic nations, do not make an effort to reverse the program of the Fascist International. International coöperation of the people of the world will throw down the challenge to the Fascist ag-

gressors. We must unite to stop the Fascist International and defend Democracy.

—WILLIAM E. DODD, JR.

People of a Spanish Town

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN, by Elliot Paul; 458 pages; Random House; \$2.50.

"ENOUGH generalities! I feel self-conscious in writing about my dear friends with such objectivity." Thus the American novelist and one-time co-founder of *transition* begins his portrait of Santa Eulalia del Rio, a little town on Ibiza, third in size of the Balearic Islands. And the reviewer is equally self-conscious in trying to appraise this book, to which he can only assign the adjective—"beautiful."

"By a town, I mean its people." Elliot Paul lived for five years with the people of Santa Eulalia—not as a visitor, but as a fellow-townsmen. He came to know intimately most of these men and women. He shared their quiet life of fishing and farming, music and color. It is of this life that he

writes in the first section of his book, entitled "4000 B.C. to 1936 A.D."—of those who unhurriedly pulled the many-colored, ludicrously shaped fish from the Mediterranean; of their daughters (*les jeunes filles en fleur*); of their songs ("My little cigarette box, how empty you are!"); of the storekeepers, blacksmith—and even the priests and landlords and civil guards. And always, of human beings.

The island, more or less isolated, preserved much of the distant past, above all in its spirit of ancient serenity. At the same time, it moved toward the future. There was a circle of veteran partisans of the Republic; there were Communists and Socialists. There were also Fascists, and the author knew them as well, both the criminals among them and the simple people whom they befuddled.

The second section of the book narrates the events from "July 14 to September 15, 1936." This was the "death" of the town; its betrayal by the Rebel officials, its rescue by Loyalist troops, and finally, with most of the loyal forces withdrawn to more important fronts, the appearance of Italian Fascists in overwhelming numbers. At the last minute when flight is possible, the author boards a ship, leaving behind many of whom "their enemies will do well to be afraid . . . as long as they are above ground."

Paul's use of character-description rather than action throughout much of the book has a somewhat confusing effect, and he now and then slips into mannerisms. But these are trifling faults in this story of a brave, generous people, written by their warm friend.

—CHARLES PRESTON

Murder in the Factory

SPY OVERHEAD, by Clinch Calkins; 363 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$2.50.

THIS BOOK, a true detective story in which the victim is the American worker, tells of a scourge that must be wiped out if there is ever to be industrial peace. Edward Levinson in *I Break Strikes* described the career of Bergoff, otherwise known as the "dean of American strike breakers." The book made pretty grim reading. But now comes Miss Calkins



From *The Share-Cropper* by Charlie May Simon, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

and gives us a comprehensive picture of not only one strike breaker but of most of the strike-breaking agencies and methods in operation today.

The stench that arises from the polished executive offices of some of our leading industrialists is fairly overwhelming. To be sure, much of what Miss Calkins has to say came out during the LaFollette Senate Investigation. We read about it day by day and it was an amazing tale. But to read the whole story in one volume produces an effect that is overwhelming.

“ . . . detective agencies wheedled from General Motors \$819,000 . . . Pinkerton got \$419,000 of it. Chrysler paid \$211,000 to Corporations Auxiliary. . . .” The combined known volume of business of five strike-breaking agencies subpoenaed by the committee averaged a million dollars a year during the past three years. Heber Blankenhorn estimated before the committee that \$80,000,000 a year is paid by American industry to stool pigeons.

But it is not only the figures that are amazing, but the whole story of organized coercion and murder, on a business basis, of working men and women. It seems nearly incredible that the executives of billion-dollar corporations would entrust the handling of their “labor relations” to organizations, whose directors should almost without exception be criminally prosecuted. And yet this has happened and is still happening today. With a total appropriation of a paltry \$55,000, the LaFollette Committee has laid bare a condition that must be cleaned up at any price.

Miss Calkins has assembled facts that should be shouted from the housetops of all American cities and her book should be made compulsory reading in the schools and colleges.

—JOHANNES STEEL

The Status of Liberty

LET FREEDOM RING, *Annual Report of American Civil Liberties Union*; 95 pages; 10 cents.

“EQUAL RIGHTS,” *Year Book of International Labor Defense*; 104 pages; 50 cents.

THE LAFOLLETTE Committee was established during the past twelve months and conducted its series of brilliant investigations of violations of the civil rights of workers. The Supreme Court validated the National Labor Relations Act, and the Labor Board tried case after case where it found that employers had broken the law. Lynchings were cut in half during 1936, as compared with the preceding year.

All in all, the record of the period covered in the reports of the American Civil Liberties Union (spring, 1936, to spring, 1937), and the International Labor Defense (January, 1937, to spring, 1937) is a decidedly favorable



Northeaster by I. J. Sanger, from *American Stuff*, an anthology by members of the Writers' Project and Federal Art Project, published by Viking Press

one. Much of the optimism expressed in these yearbooks can be traced to the progress of the drive to organize the unorganized and the effect it had upon the Administration's labor policy. The situation in democratic rights was looking up.

That the picture was beginning to change even as these reports were on press does not alter the facts or their usefulness. Twenty workers were killed during the first half of the current calendar year, as compared with 14 for all of 1936. Little Steel alone is responsible for the death of 24 at this writing, and labor reporters estimate that 1937 will see the most ruthless organized attack on the democratic rights of workers in recent years.

The Civil Liberties Union's interest in civil liberty in general leads it into a variety of struggles, and there is little space in its report for more than an index of tasks undertaken and a listing of successes and failures. The special interest of the International Labor Defense in labor struggles—in which most violations of civil liberty occur—makes for a more connected account and allows more space for specific cases and subjects. Both are invaluable to those who are interested in the defense of Democracy.

One can only add the wish that the I.L.D. and the A.C.L.U., in the interest of clarity, would issue reports based on the calendar year.

—FRANK B. BLUMENFIELD

Southern Tenant Farmers

THE SHARE-CROPPER, by Charlie May Simon; 247 pages; E. P. Dutton & Company; \$2.50.

IN THE mounting list of agrarian novels which reflect many social layers in one structure, the pure story of the Southern tenant farmer as

lived, suffered and apprehended by him has remained a novel without an author. *Tobacco Road*, for all its pessimistic exposures, had room for no protest from the share-cropper speaking for his class, every character in that awful chronicle being too far sunk in degradation to have any inkling of what it was all about.

In the figure of her hero, Bill Bradley, Charlie May Simon takes us into the cotton fields of Arkansas at planting time and chopping time; into the huts of the share-croppers who never have enough to eat because of the piratical interest charged at the commissary store where tenants are forced to buy or be thrown off the plantation, and where they are so cheated on every hand that the landlord's loot invariably swallows most of the cash money coming to them after the cotton is sold; into the store, too, where Bill is refused food for his hungry family because at the end of the year he came out \$2.75 in debt, with two months to go till credit would be resumed at plowing time. Bill himself is slow to learn. But readers are left with no illusions about why the Bills of this system cannot rise out of their serfdom. Minor characters in the book—the cowed father, the sister who finds prostitution in the city preferable to joyless bondage on the plantation, the mother whose mind breaks under years of starvation and anxiety—each reflects some specific angle of the share-cropper's dilemma.

A major criticism against the book springs from what seems excess of caution in toning down the human responsibility involved in exploitation of one class of men by another. Every system is a human product and not an absolutely cold abstraction; and in this case, the makers of the system are relieved of too much of their share of blame, that is shifted onto the mindless mechanism which men themselves brought into ex-

istence. The brutality of owners and riding bosses who beat Negroes and kick children, or pull up vegetables if a tenant plants them, are scarcely seen in their true proportions of evil. Of course, conditions are worse in some localities than in others. But for a book which attempts to probe to the bottom, it seems a mistake to select the best rather than the sharpest examples. It seems even more a mistake to omit any indication of how the traditional race prejudice has been broken down by the formation of the union, as it actually has. Or how many of the religious evangelists of old—though not in this book—have sided with the oppressed of both races, black and white, and now preach unionism instead of hell fire.

—LILLIAN GILKES

Hitler and the Balkans

HITLER'S DRIVE TO THE EAST, by F. Elwyn Jones; 130 pages; E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.00.

AVID for colonies, raw materials for armaments, Hitler pushes along the line of least resistance, finds today this line in the Balkans and the Danubian states, is attempting to subject these to economic and political domination. Therefore the frequent flying visits of Dr. Schacht to Vienna, Belgrade, Athens, Sofia, Budapest. Therefore, the trade treaties forced by him upon the lands of the Balkans, forced by threats, smiles, and promises. In exchange for manufactured goods Germany obtains currants, tobacco, figs, olive-oil, grain, sells the surplus on world markets, obtains gold, buys armaments, thus finances war preparations. Meanwhile Goebbels inundates southeastern Europe with propaganda; Nazi generals, diplomats, agents prepare and execute political penetration, organize continual *coups d'état*, bring into power notorious Fascist, pro-German elements; in Greece, General Metaxas suddenly becomes dictator, in Rumania, Foreign Minister Titulescu, upholder of peace in Europe, friend of France, is as suddenly dismissed from his post, without explanation. The new *Drang nach Osten* is in full flood, the new *Mittel Europa* takes on substance.

Clear, concise, documented, authoritative is *Hitler's Drive to the East*. In 1936 the author studied conditions at first hand in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, was in Greece a few weeks after dictator Metaxas had overthrown the democratic government. Outstanding features of the book are the inside stories of two significant political events of 1936: the fall of Foreign Minister Titulescu of Rumania, the Austro-German agreement. The Balkans, for half a century an explosive threat to world peace, scene of acute rivalries between the great powers before 1914, theatre of Sarajevo, continue their historic role. Hitler prepares the spark.

—E. P. GREENE

THE DOG days are over, but Wall Street is blue despite the fact that Congress adjourned after one of the most indecent exhibitions of political cowardice on record. The Street's bourbons took passing pleasure from the sabotage of the major Roosevelt reform plans, but for the past couple of months first attention has been riveted on the problem of the dwindling stock-market trading and immediate profits. Quarter- and half-million-share days always cast a pall over the towers of the Street. However, the drive against organized labor and a living wage has been continued with as much gusto as ever, although *sub rosa* for the time being. The C.I.O. is still very much the bogeyman, and since injunctions, jailings, brute terrorism and even real concessions in some cases have failed to halt the rapid organization of workers under C.I.O. leadership, the bigwigs of business have been turning to subterfuge.

Thus, the Williams Manufacturing Company at Portsmouth, Ohio, has made individual contracts with a large majority of its employees. The United Shoe Workers of America have been enjoined from attempting to prevent fulfillment of the contracts, and the sheriff and his strong-arm squad have tried to force pickets to keep C.I.O. strike placards from the vicinity of the factory. The Williams company signed 870 of these contracts out of a total of 1,100 employees in its plant. The contracts guarantee work for a year with no cut in wages, and in turn the worker guarantees to give 15 days' notice of any intention to quit.

Wall Street naturally is watching the experiment with hopeful intentness, and it can be expected that should the Williams example successfully hurdle the courts, other attempts to undermine the C.I.O. in like manner may be made on a larger scale. However, as in other policies on labor, notably those of steel and automobiles, Big Business divides on the merits of the Williams plan.

The tear-gas crowd is all for any kind of deal to beat organization, but the more realistic are afraid it may turn out to be a boomerang. After all, if business goes sour, it isn't so easy to lay off or cut the wages of a man under contract.

Ford Must Fall

A WEATHER eye also is being cocked on Detroit where, on the eve of the Big Push against the Fascist Ford, automobile manufacturers have been trying their utmost to create dissension in the auto workers' union, force a split among the leadership to confuse the rank and file, and thus find an excuse that the general public would swallow, to abrogate labor contracts. Deep disappointment is expressed at the failure of this strategy in one of

WALL STREET

Big Business is blue . . . Some "noble" experiments . . . American friends of the Japanese war-lords . . . The slipping yen

the most important Wall Street profit industries—especially so because this is the one big industry which so far has been unable, to any great extent, to foist its increased wage scales onto the public in the form of higher prices. It is now feared that more than a temporary check has been made on further profit expansion in the automobile in-

dustry. This gloomy prospect of having to surrender its profit monopoly is causing deep concern in the Street, and it has its reflection in the unusual apathy in the automobile shares, long a favorite trading media for the gamblers.

It is privately being admitted also that Ford Motor must eventually come



Henry Ford will sign a union contract "before the snow flies," declared President Homer Martin (above) at the Auto Workers' convention

to terms with the increasing organized employee bloc in its plants. In fact, some of the "liberal-minded" say they'd like to "see it done and over with," thus to bring about a more stabilized labor situation in the motor industry. These latter see events catching up with the medieval Henry, despite the notorious espionage and brutality which has been carried into the very homes of the Ford workmen. Paradoxically, they hope for compromise and some measure of industrial peace with organization, while at the same time striving to suppress the union drive on Ford—in anticipation of a better bargaining weapon for General Motors against the U.A.W. on competitive grounds.

Scrap Iron to Japan

MEANTIME, Japanese imperialism sows its seeds of death with the invaluable help of American scrap iron, 1,400,000 gross tons of which have been shipped to Japan during the first six months this year, against much less than half this amount for the first six months of last year, and, only 1,057,000 tons for the full year 1936. Agitation to stop these exports is practically ignored, despite the grave threat to the peace of the world, including the United States. We continue to arm the feudal Japanese aggressors while refusing to sell to the democratic, peace-loving defenders of Spain!

Japanese finances, incidentally, are in a precarious condition. Japan is spending about \$900,000,000 a year, or around \$250,000,000 more than her treasury collects. Her adverse trade balance also is growing, and amounted to \$240,000,000 for the first six months of this year. The Japanese units of exchange, the yen, 50 cents at par, dropped to 29 cents early in September, and to help keep the yen stable \$120,000,000 in gold has been shipped to the United States since the first of the year. Gold reserves of the Bank of Japan long since have dropped below the safety level, and prices in Nippon's fair isle have risen to dangerous levels.

Big Business is looking around for executive types capable of harmonizing labor relations and will pay as high as \$50,000 per. McGrady to R.C.A. was the first play. Lee Pressman, labor attorney, spoiled the second when he turned down an offer from General Motors.

Several Democrats who bolted on the Court bill and the works-hours measure are being approached with Wall Street offers of aid if they run on an anti-C.I.O. platform.

The Street faces a dilemma on dividends. The Undistributed Profits Act forces more generous distributions to stockholders, but the fear is that labor will hear about them and demand a fairer share of the profits.

Invitation To Madrid

*The English poet, attending
the International Writers'
Congress in Spain, found a
new form of humanity com-
ing to birth. "And it is good"*

By Valentine Ackland

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. GLINTENKAMP



IMAGINE it: you get a serious invitation to attend a really important congress of writers in Madrid, and this in 1937. You are happy, ready; you leave your rather dull, very peaceful, rural house and start away—and the democratic government of your country says NO. Citing their list of people qualified to travel to Spain (humanitarians, journalists and business men), they mark your passport *Not Valid for Spain*.

But you go. In Paris you meet some of the people who also have been delayed—and the one who is to shepherd you all. And in due course you cross the frontier.

In Barcelona there are some more delegates. A rapid night there, and early in the morning a small fleet of cars outside the hotel; no breakfast, but a terrifically speedy journey to Tarragona where someone finds somewhere which can supply hot coffee. And you swallow it as fast as you can, watching columns of men march past the window to the railway station; hearing the waiter tell of last night's sea bombardment which rocked the town.

At Valencia

On to Valencia. To a tall hotel which, at that sight, looks solid and grand. Later you are to change your idea of it. Straight away you leave for a twisting car-journey to some kind of pavilion on the sea front, where there are the remains of an enormous feast,

and where has been the advance guard of delegates. You inherit their leavings, and have a fine meal.

Autograph-hunters: "Are you a poet? I am also—will you write your name here?"

Then off again, this time to the Town Hall where all the delegates meet at last, and speeches are made, of welcome and of advice. And home to the hotel, and dinner, and bed.

But not sleep. An hour after the lights are shut off there is a shrilling of whistles and banging of guns. Down the stairs in the dark. No one quite knows where to go, but we find ourselves in the entrance hall. There doesn't seem to be any basement. And suddenly, as the noise grows much louder, the hotel structure comes vividly back to mind, and the building, as you remember it, is obviously made of paper and cardboard.

Bombs drop, not very far off to an inexperienced ear. Huddles in the hall a queer crowd. Most clear in mind now, as I write, is the girl of about 19, who holds a very small baby, and its head wags on its slender neck, and large sleepless black eyes stare at you. At every sharp explosion the mother sits erect and stiff, angry to death, ready to kill.

And after an hour or so, sirens blow and it is "All clear." And we queue for the lift, and so go to bed.

Then another terrific car-drive, on the road to Madrid. We learn, be-

fore we leave, that last night's affair cost many lives and the loss of a hospital.

A Crowd of Refugees

We stop, tired with speed and dust, at a very small, remote village, and there are given lunch in an upper room. During the meal we hear footsteps and voices, and suddenly children singing. A whole dense crowd of them are outside, and we wave and salute from the balcony. At the close of the meal we go to the square, where our cars are drawn up. But the crowd closes in on us, and the mothers of the children surround us, seizing our hands, weeping, embracing us . . . and giving us all the time the message we must carry home with us, what we are to tell the people of our countries, and praising us for coming. In the heat of the sun they stand around us and cry to us. Refugees, mostly, from Badajoz and neighboring villages, alone and lost. The woman who kissed my hand told me how her husband had been shot in the massacre of Badajoz, how she and her child were alone now, nothing in the world, no relatives, no clothes, no home. But—she wrung my hand to make me understand and listen—above all other things we must know that she and all like her were loyal *forever* to the Republic.

They gave us specific charges, in that village, about what we were to say of them; how they were determined to

fight and to win; how they were loyally Republican; how they would never swerve from that loyalty. And then they parted from us with tears and blessings, advice on how to keep safe in the danger of Madrid, hopes that all would be well, and wishes that we would remember them with love as they would remember us.

Long Live the Intellectuals!

And we went on. Through empty country and tiny village, and "*Viva los intelectuales!*" was the greeting that astounded our ears from even the smallest, most isolated village we passed through in our long caravan of cars. It was profoundly moving, to be greeted so by these poor and ruined people. It could not happen yet in my more "civilized" country. It really and honestly couldn't happen. But these people realize seriously that writers and artists can fight for them, and will fight, and that the 60 or so delegates could, if they would, wage a war that would literally shake the world towards their dearest dream of peace. They believed, too, that our coming was a pledge that we would fight. And it was a pledge.

It was profoundly moving, terrible and illuminating. It was by far the sharpest picture we had of war. Even sharper than the effect of that later visit to Guadalajara, the field we walked across set in a dry plain in which stood

(Continued on page 25)



Those Who Wait

You've seen them, or their pictures, many times—these Americans of a new kind who refuse to starve. They sit in the W. P. A. offices—and sit—and sit. But who are they? What do they think about? Why do they struggle? And what do they meet with? Read this true account of a group of writers who wouldn't say die

By Samuel Satin

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WESTLEY

NINE O'CLOCK. What a crowd up here, checking in, crowding on line, opening desks. Here are the guards. Not one or two, at least a dozen.

The others arrive. Alex leads us over to the office. Alex is a big Negro lad. He has that belligerency about him that becomes contagious. Besides that, he knows what he's doing and wastes no time.

They refuse to see us.

"What are we going to do?" I ask Alex.

"What do you think? What do you say?" he asks us.

"We're going to stay. We decided to stay and we're going to stay."

The sergeant of the guards takes us to the other end of the room, well away from the windows. He had experience with windows before, when food was hoisted up to us in the last sit-down. Not

this time! A few benches are placed for us. The siege begins.

WE DISCUSS the situation over and over, voicing our complaints, cursing the administration and firmly determined to sit and sit no end. Some of us produce books, settle back and proceed to read. Here are the administrative workers about us, collecting in groups, throwing us sympathetic glances. The guards are overbearingly conspicuous. It makes me feel as if we have committed a crime—all of us segregated, kept at a distance from other men. What are we? Can a job make all the difference between a human being and a beast?

Some one gets up and makes for the washroom. The guards stop him. That is a new one!

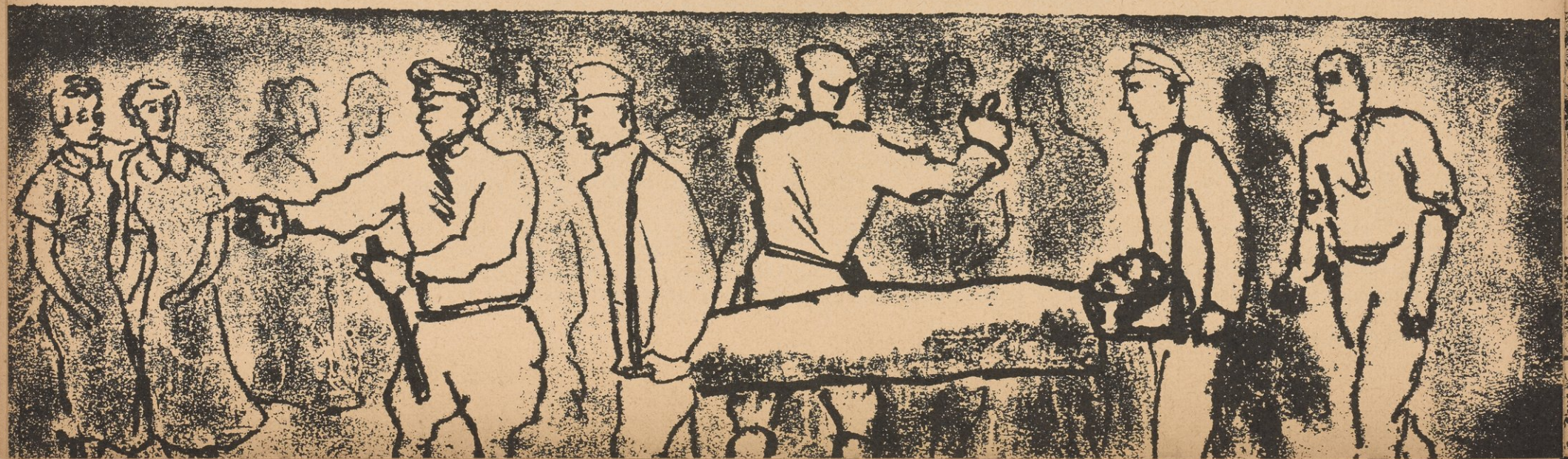
"You're not going to try *that!*" I say.

The guards can't help it. It's orders.

"Whose orders?"

The sergeant points to the office. We get into an argument and the others join in. Alex calls us together. What can we do? Nothing just now—except to attempt to sneak through or inveigle the guards. I strike an acquaintance with one of them. We talk. He feels hurt. They all have families and use it as a point for sympathy. They've got to feed the folks, and so forth. Of course they want to be friendly. It's touching to hear them plead their case, but what touches me is their callousness and ignorance. None of us antagonize them, but maintain a politely pleasing attitude.

The sergeant gets a shock. At twelve we all pull out sandwiches and eat. When the workers come back from lunch, they're not allowed to talk to us. Some of them smuggle food to us. Those who get caught get hell bawled out of them. The afternoon goes by, dull and annoying. The zero hour comes. The last goodbyes are shouted with as-





surances of solidarity, and the room becomes cleared.

WE FACE each other, the guards and ourselves—sharp, suspicious and expectant. The fat-faced captain of the guards goes into a long conference with his lesser lights. None of us can make out what is going on, but we all have fairly good guesses. To back them, the elevator comes up and disgorges sixteen additional guards and many newsmen and photographers. Both sides of the embattled groups issue statements. I find out about this new shipment of guards. They have no badges, these men. Two are Bergoff employees, the rest are agents of the F.B.I.—G-men. The odds are ridiculous.

We go into our own conclave. Alex suggests a stiff front. Of course we know that our small group has no chance to buck up against twenty-eight experienced bruisers. But we'll have to be carried out. No fighting, but they'll have to take us bodily, in full view of the cameras. The guards don't relish much publicity these days. They had an over-dose last week with the artists. Beating up two hundred artists in full view of the cameras and reporters was a blunder.

The inglorious person of Captain Smith wobbles over to us, and taking a firm (it had to be firm, over two hundred pounds of him) stand, rumbles his proclamation:

"Listen, boys; it's six o'clock. The building is closed and I must ask you to go. Be sensible. You can't get anything this way. Please go; we don't want to throw you out."

Alex steps over. "Mr. Smith," he says, "... and I want all you reporters to hear me so that there will be no mistake." We all listen tensely. "Mr. Smith, we came here to get jobs promised us. We're sick of waiting and we're desperate. We came here quietly. We haven't made trouble and we don't intend to. These people only ask for a chance to work and live. They find it impossible to live on the dole, and a good many of them aren't even on

relief. We waited month after month for these promises to come through. Every one of us is determined to sit it out till they do."

I DON'T hear much more. Alex's voice dies away in me. I am occupied in taking in the reactions of all the listeners. Mr. Smith stands before me like some enormous handicap that I can't get around. Behind him is the whole force of the administration, the supervisor with his squirming line of talk and his outrageous evasiveness; the universally despised Mr. E—; and the Colonel, that military "disciplinarian" presiding like an autocrat over the projects, first a soldier and last a human being; and behind him? Washington and the whole ring of executives. But here, flanked by twenty-eight guards, is the immediate force of these men. Smith stands there like a petty prince who has it within his power to beat and drive human beings, lord of all the clubs and bruisers of the seventh floor, squirming, smiling from his full-moon face. On either side of him, like the wings of a bat, are the rest of his crew. The newsmen are standing on the desks, their cameras poised. Some of them are Guildsmen, I know. Some aren't. Some represent the dirtiest of the presses.

Alex is still speaking. I look at him, six feet of him, furious, positive.

I sense the others behind me and turn to them, wondering what they're thinking of. Frieda, sad and quiet so long, is now intent and wide-eyed, and perhaps a little fearful. It's her first time here. Ann is standing there, frowning and severely serious. Beside her is Bip, tall and silent. I look at the rest. Set faces, occupied with the immediate problem—an all-important problem come to a desperate head after all those weeks and months of job-waiting and suffering. I catch the word "wait" and become bitter. I remember something long ago—in school—the high windows and flower-pots on them; the rows of desks; the pictures on the wall and in the center of the wall a large, oblong sign neatly printed:

"ALL THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO WAIT";
BUT HERE IS ONE THAT'S SLICKER:
"THE MAN WHO GOES FOR WHAT HE WANTS
WILL SURELY GET IT QUICKER!"

The voice of Smith jars on me like the clank of an old tin can:

"I understand and I sympathize with you (the liar!) but I got orders to put you out. Now it's up to you; we don't want no trouble. You don't belong here. Please go."

Alex talks to him again, and Smith becomes really impatient. Alex turns to us:

"What do you say? It's up to you. Do we stay?"

We crowd together, ready to stand firm. "We stay." And loudly again: "*We stay!*"

LIKE a dormant sickness, our need for toilet facilities grows swiftly. The problem is general and serious. Nor are the guards slow to see and become more alert. We are encircled completely and hopelessly. What can we do? One hour slowly follows the other; dreaded hours whose each minute brings added torture. I look at the others trying to hide their discomfort by reading, talking, singing, to divert attention from their own pressing needs. No one smiles any more. Soon everything becomes silent—a strained silence, worried and restless.

This is bravery. None of the heroics of battle, but the silent struggle that tests the power of one's convictions. This is a heroism without halos, without trumpeting, in short, without glorification.

Alex goes over to Smith:

"Let's come to an understanding, Smith. You can't keep us away from the washrooms. It's inhuman."

"I'm not stopping a single one of you from going," Smith replies. "There's one on the main floor which is open to any one of you."

"And I can understand that if anyone goes down he can't return?" Alex asks.

(Continued on page 24)



AS TO WOMEN

Workers' wives fight vigilante terror . . . The women of China and the women of America

THE physical violence which results from vigilantism has been told. The deprivation of civil rights under vigilantism has been told. But the psychological effects of vigilantism—especially on women—has not been told.

Recently, when I was in the section where the vigilantes have been most active, I talked to the wives of men who were being persecuted by the vigilante groups. Their whole lives had been changed in a very short time. They were afraid to use a telephone. Wires were tapped. They were afraid to pull their shades down. "If we pull our shades down someone may think we are having a C.I.O. meeting and raid our houses." At some stores they could not get credit because their husbands were suspected of belonging to the C.I.O. They were not allowed to call for their husbands at the mill gates at night or to bring them anything during the noon hour. These petty annoyances were part of their lives. But over and above all these were two fears—the fear of loss of their husbands' jobs and the fear of physical danger to their husbands.

One woman said:

"We lost our home during the 1919 strike. If the mister loses his job now I don't know what we'll do. The mills don't hire men over 40."

Another woman said:

"Do you think it will do any good to testify (before an N.L.R.B. hearing)? I don't want my man's job to be in danger, but if you think it will put an end to the things we all have to put up with, I will."

The fear of unemployment hung heavy as the graphite in the air over the workers' wives. Be it said to their credit, that never once did they suggest that their husbands play a safer rôle.

The other fear—the fear for their husbands' safety—was even more terrible.

"I go nearly crazy," one said, "when my husband's late for supper."

"If anything should happen to the mister—" was a phrase constantly on their lips.

Sometimes this mental suffering is more devastating than physical suffer-

ing. And with the vigilante groups organizing public opinion in their towns, the women seem to have no place to turn. They, themselves, by their testimonies and by their stand by their husbands, are fighting for Democracy. Every woman over the country who enlists in the drive against vigilantism is helping these women to preserve Democracy and is saving other women from undergoing the same suffering.

THE slaughter in Shanghai has already been told in the newspapers. But the stories of what the women are doing during these days are just beginning to come to us. There is one story of a Chinese girl who drove an ambulance all through one day during the most terrifying shelling. She was able to rescue 50 persons from the Chinese city and bring them safely into the more protected International Settlement.

One whole organization—with hundreds of women members—has organized itself almost overnight into a relief group. They are feeding and caring for 1500 refugees. When interested women in the United States cabled them asking if they needed help, they replied by letter because they felt they must save every penny for food for the women and children who kept on pouring into the Settlement.

Prices are going up hourly. Families thrown out of their homes, children who have lost their parents through air raids, old people, must be fed. The Chinese women have risen to the emergency as the Spanish women have risen in their trouble. But they must not be left to struggle alone.

The Chinese women, themselves, have laid aside their political differences (and in China there are many) and their old prejudices—some have never worked outside their homes before. They have formed a united front to care for the need of their people.

Already, pleas for money to buy clothes and food are coming into our offices. Money must come from all women. Who can raise this money better than American women already dedicated to the ideal of a united front against war and Fascism?

—DOROTHY McCONNELL

Those Who Wait

(Continued from page 23)

"You can't come back."

Alex returns to us. We try to figure out plan on plan to solve the problem. Not till midnight does a break in the situation come.

My back is turned when it happens. I hear Ann fall. There she is lying heaped on the floor, her face white and strained. A storm of angry voices fills the room. The guards dash over. We demand a doctor and some one calls the hospital. Confusion. The guards look sheepish.

The whole fainting affair lasts about fifteen minutes. Ann is removed to the other end of the room. The doctor comes. Later Smith wobbles over to us. A concession! Only the women will be allowed the washroom privilege. Some one has to take Ann home so I volunteer, but not before we have the tacit promise from Smith that I can get back.

WE GO down and onto the street. The rain has made a picket line impossible. I run down the street for a cab and some one on the corner hails me. I recognize one of the union members. I tell him about Ann and he insists on taking her home himself.

I leave them and after visiting a restaurant return upstairs.

I tell all the news of the outside world. One of the men smiles foolishly when I relay the message to "hold on till morning." We go back to the routine of suffering and waiting. The man of the foolish smile ambles over to me and whispers, pointing to a desk. Unprecedented brilliance! What presence of mind! I go over to verify his words with a secretive look. There it is, under the desk, that modest commodity—a metal waste-paper basket.

The guards get drunk. They sense an all-night vigil. Poker is the order of the night. Liquor comes from many pockets and is quickly consumed. Those who don't play, eat under our very noses. Those who lose heavily quit playing and spend their "valuable" time insulting the girls.

Now the routine of the night: talking, singing, sleep. The floor takes on the aspect of an encamped army, weary from battle, recessing till morning. Thoughts become clogged and heavy. The full weight of the day's activities sweeps on me. I doze and my thoughts turn round and round, a spiral of faces and the dull sound of argument seems to whirl with them way off into limbo—out into darkness.

SOMEONE kicks my chairs. I struggle to wake up. Through eyes half open I see huge figures before me, growling and kicking.

"Come on, get up, you. You're getting out of here."

I still try to make out the situation. Around me other guards are pulling at the sleepers, knocking them off the chairs. Six policemen line the wall, standing there and doing nothing but look on. We are massed into a bunch, waiting for something to happen, hazy with broken sleep. We have been taken completely by surprise.

Alex goes over to Smith, but before he can say a word, Smith blabs: "I ain't asking no questions and I ain't answering none. You're just going to get out quietly or you're going to be thrown out. That's all."

Alex goes to a cop and explains the situation. The cop insists that he can't do anything.

Smith is watching. He gives the order to put us out. We are shoved, punched and pounded toward the elevator. We try to stand fast and hold on to posts. I see some of the others violently picked up and thrown into the elevator; literally kicked into it. I squirm out of a guard's grip to get the full force of a violent punch in the back. Even the girls are not spared. They are in the thick of the scrimmage. For five minutes the battle goes on. Hell is raised. We, on our side, are furious at the treatment. The guards are furious because they had to stay all night. And the police? The police are conspicuously present, rooted to a spot and doing nothing. We are thrown violently into the lift, cracking against the back wall. Some of us are near weeping with rage.

Down and out into the street we go; out into the night and the rain—bitter, mortified. What next and where?

MORNING found us before the Project building picketing and distributing leaflets. Workers stopped to speak with us. Outside the building entrance a crew of guards blocked the hallway. Workers came out of the building, loud with complaint that floor number 7 was a concentration camp of Nazi proportions. Guards were in every corner, blocking every staircase, before each washroom, literally strewn around the room, clogging up aisles and generally getting in everybody's way.

Walking with the line of pickets, there was much time to think and over-much to think about. The great thing was that, sleepless and aching, we were marching not merely round and round, but marching forward with a new understanding and a new vigor. We were far from subdued. We broke the ground for newer and greater action. We knew that not only a handful fought back on this line, that we were a symbol of many fighting their battles against injustice and reaction; against hunger and misery. And our determined marching would be supplemented by thousands marching toward security, toward liberty, in short—toward life!

The Farmer

(Continued from page 11)

the farmer is on the whole almost as dangerous and reactionary as any press in the United States today. Radio and most of the farm magazines are each adding their bit to the din.

Large-scale efforts have been and are being made to capture farm organizations and tie them to the chariot-wheels of Fascist movements. We need only recall the attempt of Father Coughlin during the last election to corral the Farmers Union through Edward Kennedy, then secretary of that organization. Kennedy has since been ousted but the Coughlin group has not been entirely defeated. In South Dakota the Hearst-controlled Republican Party has initiated a campaign, unsuccessful as yet, to undermine the progressive leadership of the Farmers Union in that state and make use of the organization to carry out reaction's program.

Wall Street's Splitting Game

The most important aim of reaction is to turn the farmers against labor. Labor in the last year has made great strides forward—while the farmer has not made similar gains. Today every voice in the pay or service of Wall Street is saying, "Labor is organizing against the farmer. You are paying higher prices for the things you buy because of labor organization. It is in the interests of the public that labor organization and especially the Committee for Industrial Organization be crushed." To many a farmer without organization of his own, seeking an explanation of his plight, there appears to be some truth in this cry—while actually the same forces that labor is fighting against are responsible for the farmers' troubles.

To date perhaps the most serious product of this propaganda has been the strikebreaking at Hershey, Pennsylvania, which, though it certainly did not have the sympathy of the majority of farmers, is symptomatic of what can happen—and what reaction is organizing to "happen" more frequently in the future. With labor and the farmers divided, the forces of threatening Fascism will have a good chance of beating down both groups for a time.

The failure of the New Deal adequately to meet the problems of the farmers is aiding the Liberty League interests in their attempt to make the farmers the political base for reaction. Probably no sector of the New Deal program has been so conspicuously a failure as that dealing with the farm question. The A.A.A. aided the rich farmers most, and in many cases struck at the small, working farmer. The drouth has not been combatted effectively. During the past session of Congress progressive legislation proposed by farm organizations was ignored completely and even weak, inadequate

measures proposed by the New Dealers have been either scrapped or shelved until next session. Quite naturally, resentment against Roosevelt and his farm program has grown among farmers, and reaction has pitched in to make hay "while the sun shines." Proposing no solution, it speaks darkly of the "foreign" character of the New Deal, of "forced collectivism" and of the "pro-labor, anti-farmer administration."

Labor Coöperation

The situation is threatening—but with many bright and encouraging signs nevertheless. Many labor groups and leaders have taken the initiative of showing the farmers through action that they are willing to coöperate with and aid farmers' organizations. Most encouraging was the recent convention at Denver of agricultural labor which organized a C.I.O. international union, initiated an organizing drive among laborers of the large and corporation farms, and promised coöperation with the small farmer and his organizations. This was followed by a conference of labor and farm leaders which promises well, though there are no concrete plans announced yet.

A new spirit is evident among the leaders of the Farmers Holiday and Farmers Union. More than ever be-

fore, one can say that most of them are aware of the dangers and pitfalls that threaten America's farmers. Both organizations are taking steps to organize on a broader scale, and in organizing stress the necessity of coöperation with labor. Hopeful too is the widespread talk of uniting the two organizations into one powerful farm group. This would immeasurably strengthen their organizing and bargaining ability.

It can be said that the organized farmer is opposed to Fascism with knowledge of what Fascism is and some idea of how it can be defeated. Both the Farmers Union and the Holiday Association are on record as opposing war and Fascism.

Organize the Farmer!

That is the organized farmer—but one must remember that the majority of farmers are not organized. The unorganized farmer must be warned and shown the danger, and this can be done in only one way. Labor, if it is to continue its march of victory—the organized farmer, if he is to maintain his organization and the gains that have been made—and all progressive and democratic people, if they are to defeat Fascism, have a heavy responsibility—to organize the farmer and convince him by their support of progressive farm legislation and of his struggle for life, that it is with them and not the forces of reaction that he will win what he wants and needs.

It will be of moment to American Democracy whether the farmer is deceived into taking the road of reaction or whether he chooses to go with the progressive, democratic movement. Should he take the first road there will be a grave danger of Fascism. Should he choose the latter on the basis of his informed, organized self-interest, both labor and the farmer will benefit, economically and socially, and Fascism can be defeated.

Invitation to Madrid

(Continued from page 21)

two or three small trees—and being under machine-gun fire the trees were stripped bare, shot to pieces, and stood more desolately than anything I have seen.

We got to Madrid; were received to a buffet supper in a small palatial house set among trees; and among the trees, too, rode a little band of armed guards, and we heard the big guns firing into Madrid.

Then, in the half-darkness, we entered the city; saw ruined houses; went into an enormous hotel, unreal in splendour.

And the guns fired all the time and, most disturbing of all, we heard almost unceasingly the short snapping noise of rifle fire from the University City. And

every now and again the darkness broke into flames.

An Air Battle

The Government army, though we didn't know it then, was pushing an attack, and next morning came a heavy air-raid over the city, and an air battle which was beyond words exciting. Some of the English stood on a balcony with the Hungarian writer, Egon Kisch, and a Chinese writer named Seu, and watched this show. Fifteen Nazi bombers ranged over the city, and as they came along our street were attacked by the incredibly swift Government pursuit planes. Machine guns spat and rattled, and women came out of early-opened shops to watch the fight. A bomber was separated from the main body and brought down. The women returned to their shops, emerging again with milk bottles, to glance at the sky before they left shelter. And that they always did, we noted. But whatever they saw they showed no signs of panic—only, always, a fierce and determined temper when danger came too near.

We went to Guadalajara; to the ruined village of Brihuega, scene of Fascist defeat. In a ruined house, in a street of such houses, I saw how everything was so scattered as to be unrecognizable, except that in the doorway lay a pair of child's shoes.

We met there our first Political Director, an athletic, stocky peasant, with clear olive face and grey eyes. He spoke to us briefly about his peculiar duties, his task that is new in the history of war, in the history of men's jobs. Later we saw many of his colleagues, all very much alike, however different in type and race. It is clear that there is a whole new kind of man being made in this war—and it is a better type than any that has gone before. He and his comrades are the best, most vivid and most intelligently courageous people I have ever met.

Harvest Under Fire

We saw the front-line soldiers there. Seeing them I understood Jef Last's stories. He is a Dutch working-class writer, delegate to the Congress and fighter, since the beginning, with the Government forces. His brigade is in the front line, with wheat-fields behind and before them. The harvest is vital to the future of the war. His men held a meeting to decide what to do about gathering it, and decided, and went out in shifts to reap by hand the wheat just behind their line. This was done, and they got carts to carry it. Then they looked upon the No Man's Land, rich in grain. Volunteer shifts went out there at night, under sporadic fire. After doing their normal duties they went out, and they reaped that wheat too, but how to carry it? Cars were out of the question, and there were no



Resettlement Administration Photograph

Wife and child of sharecropper, Washington County, Arkansas



A Loyalist mother in Madrid

means of transport, and casualties were mounting up anyway. So they unslung their army blankets, and carried it that way. And all the harvest of that sector is safely gathered now.

So we heard the authentic stories of the war, civilian and military. Of how the women of Madrid, when Franco was almost in the city, went out and raided all the shops, collecting axes, knives, even broom-handles, and so out into the streets to fight the Rebel soldiers when they entered. They did not enter; but the women have not changed. And while we were there Franco bombarded with incendiary shells the poor quarters of the city, to "break morale" and disorganize the rear guard. But every bomb and every shell solidified the already granite determination of those people; and even the cowards and laggards (so easily

recognizable, in any country, by their faces) are now grimly set towards victory. In any street you can see them all—the brave and the once cowardly, alike set in their determination to win this war.

And then we came home—sleepless, and some of us badly scared by the shock of bombardment and horror, the sight of destruction and death. But the shock of returning was greater and was worse.

A new form of humanity has come to birth over there, and it is good beyond our best hopes. Readjusting to the old is difficult, but having seen the new actually born and growing up, we can see, not with the eyes of faith any longer but in fact, the embryo of that new humanity in every village and town of the old world. And it is good.

A Vigilante Speaks

(Continued from page 8)

"I don't think that makes any difference. We must get on with the story."

When I asked him how he got into the organization, he said he had simply seen the "We Protest" ad and come down for a meeting from New York. "I went out of curiosity, just as I would go to see a three-ring circus." He was beaming again now, pleased, no doubt, at the aptness of this comparison between a steel strike and a side show.

"Did you know any people there or offer special suggestions which put you on the central committee?"

"No."

"You mean that without saying a word you were chosen as an officer by a group of complete strangers?"

He cleared his throat unnecessarily before he answered. "They picked me because I was taller than the rest." Then, before I could get in any more questions about his position on the Committee, he went on quickly to tell me how glad he had been of this opportunity "to help protect decent people from terrorism."

And who was doing the terrorizing?

That Terrible Union

"The union, of course. Their men started every riot and committed every act short of murder."

"Likewise according to the *Times*," I reminded him, in as innocent a manner as I could summon up, "the first disorder was instigated by a non-union worker who pulled out a revolver in front of a crowd of pickets."

"I wasn't in Johnstown then. I know nothing about it." More variations on the theme, accompanied this time by violent head-shaking and twitching of eyebrows. "All I know is that the union men committed all the terrorism."

"Then how do you explain the fact that more union men were injured than anyone else?"

"I know nothing of that." The Citizens National Committee evidently gives its representatives a thorough training in the strategic value of knowing nothing well at the proper time.

"Do you agree with the steel company's position in expressing a willingness to come to an agreement with the union but refusing to put it in writing?"

"I have no opinions on that subject. It is no concern of mine. I just came down to see that people's rights were protected."

"If, as you maintain, the strikers began all the disturbances, how is it that the newspapers did not report that?"

The swivel chair revolved again uncomfortably. "You can't expect the papers to get all around and report everything. Johnstown is far away."

I mentioned the fact that Chicago is even farther away, and the newspapers managed to get stories about who committed violence there. "And incidentally," I asked, "in your campaign for the defense of human rights, what stand has your organization taken about the police who shot ten workers on Memorial Day?"

"Why, the strikers caused those riots. I never heard of a policeman who went out looking for trouble."

I reminded him that moving pictures had shown precisely the opposite.

"Oh, those rotten pictures," he scoffed irritably. "I didn't see them. They have nothing to do with the discussion. I thought you wanted to hear about the Citizens Committee."

I assured him that I did and inquired about future plans.

"You see all these circulars," he boasted, pointing to the outer office. "We're sending them to every Chamber of Commerce and to a nation-wide mailing list. We are also issuing a call for a national convention; then you'll see the big names who are behind us. But I can't mention them now." He was the small boy blustering again.

"I see in the papers that the National Labor Relations Board is planning to investigate your Committee and its connection with the back-to-work movement in Johnstown."

"Cheap-Skate La Follette"

"Humph, let them go ahead. That cheap-skate La Follette."

"Why do you call him a cheap-skate?"

The bushy eyebrows went up in a frightened gesture for a minute. "Never mind. I withdraw that."

"What do you think of the Wagner Act?" I asked him.

"I don't know what it means. I don't think anyone does." Instead of contradicting him, I marvelled at the resilience of his swagger and his automatic smile.

"Do you believe in the right to strike?" I wanted to know.

"Of course I do. But not when strikes are led by the communistic C.I.O."

And how did he know the C.I.O. was "communistic?"

"Why, just look at their initials: Communist International Order. Everyone knows that."

"Do you believe in the striker's right to picket?"

"Well, not when they go walking up and down carrying signs and talking out loud and looking for trouble."

"And don't you think all pickets are out looking for trouble?"

"Yes."

"But if you would outlaw picketing, what weapon do you expect strikers to use?"

"We are not interested in labor prob-

(Continued on page 30)

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid



All eyes turn toward Pittsburgh as the dates for the Fourth National Congress of the American League are announced. Elsewhere in this issue you will read the Call to the *People's Congress for Democracy and Peace*. Huge national assemblies like this one require long weeks of preparation, earnest work in the field and considerable financial outlay. Our Branches and the National Office both need increased funds now in order to prepare for the Congress. We call upon our members, friends and readers to help provide these funds. Be a "Congress Supporter." Get a "Supporter" card—\$1 to \$5—from the local League Branch, or send your contributions directly to the National Office. With war on both the eastern and western horizons, let us speed the preparations for the Congress of the people who want peace and Democracy.

PRELIMINARY indications show great interest in the forthcoming National Congress of the American League. In addition to the American Communications Association and the National Maritime Union, resolutions of endorsement or decisions to send delegates have been adopted by the American Federation of Teachers, the New York City Joint Board of the Bakery and Confectionary Workers International Union (A.F. of L.) representing 15 locals, and the Central Labor Union of New Kensington, Pennsylvania. Further, the South Dakota A. F. of L. convention instructed its incoming executive board to select delegates to attend the Congress. Other current and pending national labor conventions are expected to take similar action. The regional secretaries' conferences held at Los Angeles, Chicago and New York City developed plans for broad and intensive promotion of the Congress in their respective areas. The predominant peace sentiment of the American people and their deep determination to defend Democracy will be demonstrated with enthusiasm and practical plans for action at Pittsburgh, Nov. 26th-28th.

PENNSYLVANIA—The campaign against local anti-Semitic and Nazi groups is being promoted by the Philadelphia League. A leaflet released by the League charges American Nazis with being strike breakers, a menace to American life, and being illegally armed. An investigation by federal authorities is called for. In addition, Leaguers in this city are circulating a petition to the President urging prompt action under the Kellogg Pact and Nine Power Treaty in stopping Japanese aggression in China, as well as placing embargoes against Italy and Germany for their invasion of Spain. Pittsburgh Leaguers, in addition to their preparations as hosts for the Fourth Congress, are conducting a campaign against vigilante activities and making plans for a public meeting on this issue. A trade-union committee has been formed and is already active on the vigilante matter as well as in promoting the Congress. Chairman of this busy committee is Mr. O. B. Allen, president of the Engineers' Union. The League supported the local Branch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom when it secured a proclamation from the mayor of the city for a Kellogg Peace Day. A joint delegation to the City Council asked for that body's support in observance of the day. Mrs. Leah Turets, League secretary, has

recovered from a recent illness and is again busy at work directing anti-war activities in the city. The campaign to raise funds for the founding of a children's home in Spain is making rapid progress.

HERE AND THERE—Canadian citizens will gather November 19th-21st at Toronto for the Third National Congress of the Canadian League Against War and Fascism. By decision of the national executive committee and the constituent bodies, the organization has adopted the name, Canadian League for Peace and Democracy. The recent national convention of the Armenian Youth of America, held at Boston, heard an address by Mrs. Marion Pollard Burrows, New England organizer of the American League. This youth organization is one of the national affiliates of the League. In the meantime, the Workers Alliance of America through its National Actions Committee is also considering affiliation with the League. Down in Texas a new Branch of the League is being established at Dallas through the efforts of an earnest group of anti-war and anti-Fascist leaders. Houston Branch is engaged in advertising the Fourth Congress and raising funds for its delegates. The Branch also promises delegates from several other Texas cities. Up at Ironwood,

Michigan, the League members gave their support to a recent meeting exposing vigilante activities in that region. The Branch plans a series of meetings on this issue and is also considering the establishment of a bookstore under the League's name.

CALIFORNIA—Since the Secretaries' Conference of Sept. 4th-6th, California Branches have been busy with plans for two sectional conferences of a broad character. One will take place at Los Angeles on Oct. 17th and the other at San Francisco on Oct. 24th. Already, labor and peace groups in the state are manifesting an interest in the Fourth Congress of the League. These local gatherings will concentrate on promoting the Congress and securing delegates. Well attended meetings on the Far Eastern crisis have taken place at several points in the state. At Oakland, Mr. Chu Tong addressed a League meeting which sent communications to Washington, urging American action to stop Japanese aggression by invoking the Nine Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact. Dr. Tao and Miss Loh Psi were scheduled to speak at a San Francisco League meeting.

NORTHWEST—Ralph M. Compere, League organizer in this farm region, has been on a tour of a number of Minnesota communities the last few weeks. The endorsement of Margaret Culkin Banning of Duluth has been received for the joint peace campaign in which the American League is cooperating. Plans are going forward for a state conference of religious, labor, peace and political organizations on October 9th-10th. A large delegation is expected from this region to attend the Pittsburgh Congress.

CHICAGO—Thousands of Chicago people turned out for the annual Jane Addams memorial and Peace Parade. In spite of the heat of the day over 5,000 were in the line of march. Assembled at the Band Shell in Grant Park, the participants witnessed a very fine peace pageant. Dances were presented by various folk groups and added color and drama to the meeting. Among the paraders was a contingent of steel workers. A message from Mr. Fontecchio, director of the S.W.O.C.,



Spanish child refugees in an English camp

was read to the assembly in the park by Jack Rusak, steel organizer. Other speakers stressed the need for united action under peace treaties against the war danger in the Far East, and the need for embargoes against Germany and Italy for their armed intervention in Spain. The Chicago League reports the affiliation of the Artists' Union, Local 20457, and Fur Workers' Union, Local 45.

CLEVELAND—Our League people in this city have pressed forward aggressively in their exposure of Fascist organizations active in the Association of Leagues. A series of articles in the *Cleveland Press* presented the facts to the public and named Susan Sterling as leader of the anti-democratic coalition. A mass meeting at the Public Auditorium under League auspices demanded a public hearing on the case by the City Council and an investigation by the LaFollette civil-rights committee. Councilman Ceptimus E. Craig spoke at the League meeting and led the fight for a complete investigation of the un-American activities of Cleveland's Fascists. A petition is being circulated throughout the city calling for action by the LaFollette Committee. Many organizations and civic leaders have joined in this campaign. The League has also undertaken a campaign to raise \$550 for the founding of the Tom L. Johnson Children's Home in Spain. Under the leadership of Harry I. Becker, League secretary, a folder is being prepared on the Association of Leagues for distribution in the city.

Scheel



NEW JERSEY—Union City Leaguers gave hearty support to a meeting for Spain recently addressed by Major Galleani and Paul Reid. The Major is an anti-Fascist Italian who served in Spain and is well known to many Italian-American groups. Plainfield protested to the Chief of Police when two men were arrested for distributing the Declaration of Independence on the streets of South Plainfield. Fall plans include a meeting on the Far Eastern situation, one on German Fascism and an address by the executive secretary.

NEW YORK STATE—Dr. Zing Yang Kuo, former president of Chekiang University at Hangchow, China, spoke at a recent Rochester League meeting. Over 125 people assembled at the Central Y.M.C.A. to hear his analysis of the Far Eastern crisis. Resolutions were adopted calling for joint international action under existing treaties in halting Japanese

aggression in China. At Gloversville a meeting for Spanish Democracy conducted by the local League resulted in a collection of \$50 and the sale of considerable numbers of THE FIGHT and other League literature. Plans for the fall include a membership campaign and a booth at the Fulton-Hamilton County Fair where League literature will be sold and memberships accepted. A friend of the League near Mohegan Colony kindly offered her home for a League benefit meeting last month. With the assistance of Mohegan Branch members in arranging the meeting, a very fine affair was presented with musical numbers and other entertainment. The speaker of the evening was Paul Reid, and proceeds from the affair totaled \$106. This is the second large contribution from the Mohegan Branch to the National Office in a period of



five weeks. Croton-on-Hudson Branch conducted a party for Spain recently and plan their next meeting in support of the Pittsburgh Congress. Buffalo Branch held a meeting on the Chinese-Japanese war on Sept. 9th with a local Chinese resident as main speaker. A campaign against local Nazi groups is being organized by the League. New York City division is bringing pressure on the Administration for stopping Japanese aggression by the use of existing treaties. A special petition is securing wide circulation and being signed by many individuals and organizations. A peace consulate in front of the Japanese consulate on Fifth Avenue was held on September 18th. Placards, pictures and posters carried the slogans and messages calling for stoppage of Japanese invasion of China.

BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON—A picket line organized by the Washington, D. C., Branch demonstrated in front of the Japanese embassy recently in protest against invasion of China by Japanese militarists. Action by the police forced the picketers to parade on the opposite side of the street from the embassy, but the signs and slogans carried a pertinent message for all to see. Pressure, reported from the State Department, almost succeeded in getting the police to bar the picket line, but standing on their democratic rights, the Leaguers carried through the demonstration. Baltimore Leaguers have plans for a civil rights and anti-war conference on October 10th. Already support has been secured from a number of labor and civic leaders. Representatives from church, labor and peace groups will take part in the discussions and formulate plans for action in the cause of Democracy and peace.



By
James Lerner

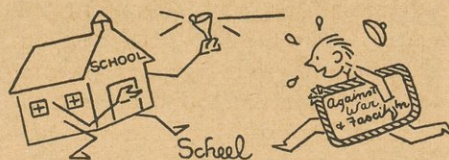
EVERY so often our international mail gets so heavy that we have to throw aside organizational notes, domestic issues, and plunge into the maps which decorate our office. And that time has come again.

Not everything is war preparations in Europe. Recently a spectacular peace festival was staged on the outskirts of Paris. Young people from 22 countries joined behind the slogan of "Peace, Freedom and Justice." The festival was organized by the World Youth Congress, in conjunction with a three-week international youth peace camp at the Paris Exposition.

It must have been quite a thrilling sight to see these 700 internationalists take a pledge of peace in all their different languages. The delegations, including a large one from the United States, each behind their own flag, filed past the tribune on which stood Edouard Herriot, former Premier, and the officers of the Congress.

At the camp itself these same countries were represented, and a detailed study was made of the foreign policies of each government. Now the Congress leaders look forward to another such event which they will try to organize at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

And while you have your date book out, check off August 16, 1938. For on that day, unless Mussolini is permitted to continue his new submarine game, the second World Youth Congress will assemble in the U. S. A. somewhere on the eastern coast. The invitation was brought to a Paris committee meeting by Joseph Cadden and Rose Terlin, both prominent in American youth activities.



RESISTANCE to Japanese aggression has been the heart of the Chinese student-movement program. Their strikes and marches on government offices to demand action are well known. These are spectacular. But just as important has been the work done among the people.

YOUTH NOTES

A letter from the All-China Students' Union of National Salvation says:

By this time many of our friends in the Western countries are spending their days in visits to the country. Here in China the students are also in a fever of excursions into the rural districts. But on our shoulders lies the heavy responsibility of national liberation and our hearts are not in sight-seeing. Our excursions to the country are for the purpose of sowing seeds of anti-Japanese and national salvation among the peasantry. More than three thousand students of Peiping visited rural districts twice to perform the national defense plays and make national salvation propaganda. The students of Tientsin, Tsingtao, Taiyuen and Shanghai have followed suit and now this movement is spreading on a national scale. Undoubtedly it will produce fruitful results in the work of organizing the masses of the people.

Another educational method used by Chinese students is the "sing-song" movement. Illiterate Chinese are taught songs, the contents of which are equivalent to essays and pamphlets.



May 29th was the first anniversary of the founding of the students' organization. It was celebrated with a fast, the proceeds going to the defense of the northern province of Suiyuen and the famine relief.

THERE are an increasing number of stories of the unpopularity of the war in Japan. A letter from a Japanese student in a Chinese publication we received declares:

The Japanese students are sympathetic with the Chinese students because they are also oppressed. Since the Mukden event, under the excuse of the "extraordinary period of the Empire," all cultural movements with any tint of liberalism have been suppressed. It goes without saying that the students have no freedom of study.

To bat for Chinese independence! That is bound to mean the cracking of dictatorial oppression in Japan. We gaze into the crystal and foresee a huge demand for face-saving devices among Japanese militarists.

Office Is Organizing

(Continued from page 15)

Ledger, we read: "In 1927, for instance, the average number of the clerical force in the manufacturing industries obtained, considering unemployment, about \$26 a week, store clerks slightly more than \$24, factory hands around \$23, and construction workers over \$31, with the well organized members of the building trades securing far higher returns." Thus it is not at all an accident that less than three years ago there were close to half a million white-collar workers on relief.

The *Michigan Census of Population and Unemployment* (first series, No. 6), gives the following comparative table of median incomes in 1934:

	Median Income
Professional	\$1,326
Skilled	1,096
Clerical	1,004
Semi-skilled	764
Unskilled	461

The median income of professional and clerical workers is considerably increased by the inclusion of executives. Earnings of \$2,000 and over were reported by 26 per cent of the professional workers but only 10.7 per cent of the clerical workers were in this higher-income group.

Working hours of office and professional workers are irregular, ranging from 35 to 48 hours a week. In many small offices the hours run as high as 72. Overtime without remuneration is a universal grievance, though some firms pay supper money.

The "Scotch Week"

Although not as seasonal as certain types of manual labor, clerical work is subject to fluctuation. Summer layoffs and the "Scotch week" are common in Wall Street. "Scotch week" is a system by which workers are laid off one week a month. Other industries have similar practices and abuses, which have eliminated the notion that white-collar employees enjoy any special security.

Special privileges which were once extended to white-collar workers have diminished, and in some cases wholly disappeared, during the recent crisis. Vacations and sick-leave with pay, a nearly universal practise in offices till 1929, have undergone many changes. A survey of the Merchants Association of New York on *Vacation Policies and Practices in 1932* indicated that 25 per cent of the firms reporting had changed their vacation policies since 1929. The chief changes were requiring that lost time be made up, reduction or elimination of vacation pay and outright abolition of vacations.

In its campaign to reduce labor costs, industry began the widespread introduction of machines into the office. Hundreds of machines have found

their way into the bookkeeping department and onto the stenographer's desk, displacing thousands of employees. They have created in the office the impersonal, mechanical atmosphere of an automobile factory.

The One-Dollar President

The white-collar worker is finding it more and more impossible to believe in the hoary myth of his exceptional opportunities to rise to well paid positions. Typical in this connection are the remarks of a Wall Street employee who was asked by one of our organizers if his hopes of rising in his field had been changed. This worker replied by saying: "On the first day I started to work in the bank, I thought to myself—well, some day I may be president of this institution. After several years, I thought—well, I may be vice-president. And then I thought—well, perhaps I'll be treasurer. Well—right now I think I'll be lucky if I can even get a \$1 raise."

Thus the sharpening struggle for profits in industry has tended to deprive white-collar workers of those special privileges which they once enjoyed. Employers accord them the same economic consideration given to manual workers. Where special advantages exist, they are usually balanced by low wages or some other abuse.

An increasing awareness of their economic position is being demonstrated by white-collar workers. They are beginning to realize that their interests are closely related to those of the manual workers. They too receive their income as a result of their labor. They are faced with the same problems of low wages, insecurity and unemployment. White-collar workers are now finding the same solution which industrial workers have long known, that is—organization.

The Organizing Drive

There are in the United States today between four and five million clerical workers of one description or another employed in brokerage, finance, insurance, advertising, magazine and book publishing, and so forth, who are eligible to membership in the United Office and Professional Workers of America. Our young union has already established locals throughout the country in the fields of publishing, social service (private agencies), insurance, advertising and technical research.

The U.O.P.W.A. has grown rapidly since its convention a few months ago. At that meeting were present an enthusiastic group of delegates representing some 8,000 or 9,000 office and professional workers. The promise of the convention is now being realized. In the first 60 days, membership grew from 8,000 to 22,000. In place of the 23 organizations which founded the U.O.P.W.A., we now

have chartered 40 local unions and have under consideration many more charter applications. These locals are carrying out aggressive organizational drives, on a nation-wide front.

Our union, which now has over 400 signed agreements in New York City alone, has succeeded in establishing a basic wage of \$21 and proportionately higher standards for more skilled groups. In those offices which are now under contract we have won as contractual terms, conditions which in unorganized firms depend, if received at all, on the whim or haphazard generosity of the employer. Every office with which we have an agreement provides for paid vacations, paid sick-leave, and legal holidays; for recognition of the right to collective bargaining and of job security.

In passing, we might add that these developments have been given impetus by the Wagner Labor Relations Act. The Wagner Act has helped overcome the fear and intimidation to which white-collar as well as other workers have been subjected. It has helped open the way for the spread of unions in hitherto unorganized fields. But, if the Wagner Act is constitutional, its constitutionality has been established beyond doubt by the activity of organized labor, by the workers moving under the stimulus and banner of progressive and industrial unionism. The Social Security Act and other social legislation has been enacted because workers everywhere are organizing and because their organizations are sensitive to their needs.

Reaction's Special Efforts

While white-collar workers have been joining the C.I.O. and other progressive organizations, the forces of reaction have been making special efforts to win them. During the last Presidential election, branches of the Crusaders and the American Liberty League were organized among the employees in Wall Street.

The Johnstown vigilante committee and other vigilante movements have been making special appeals to the unorganized white-collar workers. They have played on their prejudices and have tried to identify their interests with those of the employers instead of labor. In the organization of steel workers and other industrial workers, white-collar workers have for the most part been neglected. They have frequently been kept out of struck factories only by strong picket lines. Since many of them are related to workers in the same plant, their attitude in a strike may influence not only the effectiveness of the strike but also the solidarity of the strikers. An experienced labor leader recently told me, in recalling the Goodyear strike at Akron:

I can remember the headaches we had about the fact that 4,000 workers in that plant were office workers. As it turned out,

we didn't have too much trouble there, because we had a long picket line that kept the plant completely closed, but the question kept arising—"Now why can't the white-collar workers go back to work? They aren't involved in the strike. They have no quarrel with the company. Why can't they go through the picket line?" We knew that would have been disastrous in that particular strike.

A consciousness of the need to organize clerical workers as well as factory workers is developing out of these experiences. In many situations, the white-collar workers are being organized right along with the manual workers, either into the U.O.P.W.A. or into the industrial union in the field.

In Pittsburgh, a council of white-collar organizations has been formed to carry on joint educational campaigns on the need for white-collar unions. This council is also taking an active part in the struggle against vigilantism and for the defense of labor's rights.

Office Workers and Fascism

The Tory elements in this country evidently remember the success of Hitler's program among white-collar workers in Germany. Clerical and professional workers, especially those in government service, were fascinated by the glowing promises of Fascist demagogues. Hitler made his strongest appeal to the farmers and the desperate German middle class. Since the German "employees" identified themselves with the middle class, they adopted their attitudes and political philosophy.

The prevailing misery which drove the German white-collar workers into the Nazi ranks has only been aggravated under the Hitler régime. Their wages and economic conditions have been lowered along with those of other German workers. Women, who were a majority of the clerical employees, have been taken out of the office and sent back to "kirche, küche, kinder."

In Democratic France

Unions of white-collar workers in Germany were very weak. In France, where department-store employees, office workers, teachers and civil servants have strong unions, white-collar and professional workers are staunch opponents of Fascism. They profit by the example of what has happened to trade unions in Fascist Germany, Italy and Austria.

The experience of white-collar workers in Fascist countries, in fact, has had a salutary effect on white-collar workers everywhere. Their discontent, which in Germany furnished a base for the Fascist operations, is now turning towards other directions. They are now being impelled in the direction of organizations which serve their interests and their purposes, which look forward to a decent and wholesome life for every white-collar employee.

Drafted Labor

(Continued from page 9)

line." Meetings of the great trade unions were held and declarations of loyalty were readily passed. That was nothing unusual. But it was followed by denouncing as unpatriotic every effort on the part of labor to press its unique advantage. Gompers was even brought to agree to the inclusion of the open-shop clause in building cantonments for the army. "It came a little hard for him," says Frederick Palmer, "to make the concessions, which his people would see as a surrender; but as usual, after registering his objections, he yielded."

War Labor Boards

The widespread strikes forced a further development in the labor situation. The Secretary of Labor headed a committee on mediation which made a significant report to the President. In part it stated:

With the exception of the sacrifices of the men in the armed services, the greatest sacrifices have come from those at the lower rung of the industrial ladder. Wage increases respond last to the needs of this class of labor, and their meager returns are hardly adequate, in view of the increased cost of living, to maintain even their meager standard of life. It is upon them the war pressure has borne most severely . . .

Too often there is a glaring inconsistency between our democratic purposes in this war abroad and the autocratic conduct of those guiding industry at home. . . . So long as profiteering is not comprehensively prevented to the full extent that governmental action can prevent it, just so long will a sense of inequality disturb the fullest devotion of labor's contribution to the war.

The final outcome of the matter was the creation of the War Labor Board and the War Labor Policies Board, which were in complete control of labor relations. Unparalleled powers over labor were vested in these boards, which in the final analysis were controlled by the industrialists and the War Cabinet, no matter how many labor men might sit on them. Thereafter labor was largely tamed; the appeal to patriotism settled many disputes, and "agitators" could always be shipped off to the trenches or to jail. Labor's immensely favorable strategic position was lost, and although the self-esteem of certain labor leaders was boosted by the war, labor itself was a loser. It emerged from the war without even the theoretical right of collective bargaining, and the defeat in the steel strike in 1919 was definite proof of the losses sustained through the war.

This experience was not forgotten by the industrialists and their allies in the army and navy. They elaborated the Industrial Mobilization Plan with full provisions for putting labor in its place in the next war. How did this happen? The American Legion and many other groups had raised the cry

of "taking the profits out of war." They had based their demand for the bonus on the fact that industry had profited outrageously during the war, so there ought to be some adjusted compensation for the soldiers too. All this talk of profits left the War Department cold, but labor was another matter.

The Army Has a Plan

The amazing story of the plans for labor control in the next war can be learned by a study of the War Policies Commission hearings, certain volumes of the Nye Munitions Committee hearings, and the text of the Industrial Mobilization Plan.

In 1930 the War Policies Commission was created to inquire into "methods of equalizing the burdens and to remove the profits of war, together with a study of policies to be pursued in event of war." Hearings began in 1931 and it was categorically prohibited to consider the "conscription of labor." But anybody might have guessed what would happen. Conscription of man-power has been declared clearly constitutional, but conscription of capital is certain to be declared unconstitutional. The War Department has always been exceedingly careful of property rights. Even during riot duty, the soldier is instructed to safeguard private property to the limit. In all of the discussions of plans for future wars, the War Department has tirelessly and monotonously referred to the fact that they must remain "within the present system." Nothing was therefore to be expected of these hearings in so far as conscription of capital is concerned.

At these hearings, Colonel Robbins suggested that the military draft be accompanied by a general civilian registration, "so that we know where a man is and what he is doing; so that we can put him to work." Since most witnesses at the hearings were industrialists and military men, nothing was



Even in war. A Spanish nurse

done about war profits; the demand for a constitutional amendment to draft property along with man-power was refused. The issue of labor was also dodged.

Industrial Mobilization

Not so evasive was the Industrial Mobilization Plan, which the Nye Committee unearthed and published. The basic document is dated 1933, although it has been revised since in a rather interesting way. The Nye Committee's comments on this plan are revealing:

In view of the growth of dictatorships in the world using labor under military control, it is very important that the people weigh the grave dangers to our democracy involved in the draft of man-power and labor under the conditions proposed. The price of a war may be actual operating dictatorship, under military control, in this country.

This warning was intended for the army, which, deliberately ignoring the demand for "conscription of wealth," has worked out a detailed plan for conscription of labor. Embodied in the Sheppard-Hill Bill, this plan would effectively fetter labor in any war. It proposes a universal draft of all males over 18 years of age. One group will go into the fighting forces while the rest will be the "labor army." There are still a few subterfuges by which the direct draft of labor is avoided, but there is ample power in the "deferred rating" section to compel any man to work, starve or fight. There is to be another War Labor Administration under the control of the great industrialists; also a Conciliation and Adjustment Service to prevent strikes and to fix wages, if possible. A determined effort will be made to keep wages down.

Make Way for Mars!

Women and minors under 18 will also in time be included in the war labor forces, just as they were in the last war. "Obstructive" social legislation will be scrapped. Says the Plan:

For economic reasons, the statutes of the various States prescribe certain restrictions in hours and conditions of employment of women in industry. . . . Many of these regulations and restrictions are expedient rather than necessary to the well-being of either the Nation or the workers. In a national emergency much of this expediency is lost and the operation of some of these regulations and restrictions should be suspended.

In other words, the stage is all set for a labor draft whereby workers will be assigned to certain factories, probably at army pay, and that will be the end of labor trouble. But what about the industrialists? Is anything planned to conscript their factories or their wealth—at army pay? Indeed not. It is quite humorous, if it were not so outrageous, to read minutes of hearings in which matters such as these are discussed. The industrialists squirm

and evade, they "do not know," they "have not thought about it," they "are not sure that the theory is correct." It is rather difficult to uphold the proposition in public that the war contractor can use his position to multiply his profits at the expense of dead soldiers. But any attempt to place industrial leaders and soldiers on the same patriotic plane is clearly unconstitutional. Property has rights, human life has not. (See, for example, *U. S. Senate Munitions Industry Hearings*, Part 21, pages 5732-5766.) Just as funny is the consternation manifested by Colonel Harris, War Department representative before the Nye Committee, in regard to a bill which would have drafted business executives along with the soldier and labor. He "wanted a little more time to think about that phase of the thing. It is so new and I am frank to confess I would like to go into it further."

Road to Dictatorship

Meanwhile, the indifference of the War Department to the Fascism and dictatorship in its Mobilization Plan is clearly stated in its own document:

The objective of any warring nation is victory, immediate and complete. It is conceivable that a war might be conducted with such regard for individual justice and administrative efficiency as to make impossible those evils whose existence in past wars is well known. It is also conceivable that the outcome of a war so conducted might be defeat. In all plans for preparedness and policies to be pursued in event of war, it must never be overlooked that while efficiency is desirable, effectiveness is mandatory.

A Vigilante Speaks

(Continued from page 26)

lems. We are just here to see that the rights of decent citizens are protected. Have I made our aims clear?"

Their Aims Are Clear

As I nodded, I thought that it was probably simpler for me to answer his question with an easy conscience than for him to answer some of mine. I assured him that he had made their aims perfectly clear. Then I thanked him and left. Going down in the elevator, I glanced through the circular Mr. McHarg had handed me. It quoted noble sentiments from the Constitution; it advocated peaceful solutions to the present industrial strife; it defended the right to work. In short, it indulged in all the familiar persuasive platitudes with which Big Business is so fond of crooning from off-stage. But trills in defense of "law and order" were built unmistakably upon the chords of vigilantism and industrial tyranny. Its notes were those catch-phrases as empty of meaning as they are loaded with appeal. And its undertones were those of Fascism.

For Peace

IN AN article written almost a year ago and published in these pages, the National Chairman of the American League Against War and Fascism said: "... It is a world-wide attack upon Democracy that the Fascist International is organizing. It reaches to Asia and the Americas. ... Hitler and Mussolini have announced that their principle of autocratic control is the only sound base for government anywhere in the world. ... They assemble under the anti-Communist banner; 'End Communism' is their war cry, but their immediate objective is the destruction of the right of the people to govern themselves in ways of their own choosing. ..."

These prophetic words were written long before the present conflict in the Far East. The alliance between Hitler, Mussolini and the Japanese government has now passed the theoretical stage. The Fascist International is now in action. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children are being murdered in China and Spain. The Fascist governments are extending the war front. Two years ago it was Ethiopia. Last year it was Spain. Today, China. Tomorrow?

Tomorrow it will be wherever the people can still "govern themselves in ways of their own choosing." Wherever there is still a shred of Democracy left, there the Fascists will attack. To close our eyes in America to this force which is threatening whatever peace there is left in the world, will bring us closer to war. To be aware of the enemy of peace and organize the peoples of the world against that enemy, will bring peace to us and to the rest of the world.

For Peace and Democracy! Let these simple words be inscribed on the banner of every liberty-loving man and woman and every peace group in the country. The Fascist International too is beginning to recognize the value and strength of peace organization. To mislead the peace forces of the world, shrewd and subtle propaganda is now being spread that to fight Fascism is to bring on war. As one wag put it recently, "we now have with us, Hitler peace societies."

There can be only one guarantee for peace—let the people throughout the world act collectively in defense of their democratic rights.—J. P.

The Vigilante Spirit

THE VIGILANTE movement, 1937 style, has some fundamental differences from the vigilante activities in America in the past. In the old days the vigilantes took the law into their own hands, of course, but they at least had the grace to be ashamed of themselves. They hid their faces behind sheets or kept their names secret. They went out to "get" someone or some group, but they did not count on popular support for their activities.

In the present brand, the vigilantes have definitely set out to gain popular support for their drive against the rights of labor, and middle-class support at that. Now it is not easy to win the middle-class support for a vigilante group. In this case it has taken some very clever propaganda to get the attention of the middle class. It has been done carefully. The vigilante groups are advertised as groups really for labor. They want, so they say, to protect the American worker's rights. They are protecting the laboring man



Japanese Fascists in Tokyo celebrating the signing of the German-Japanese treaty

against a small minority who want to stir up violence and get the worker into trouble. They, the vigilantes, are the peacemakers. And for a time their propaganda—although it has been looked on warily—has had its effect.

But that effect is going.

One of the first shots was fired at the Riverside Church in New York, when Dr. Halford E. Luccock said in a Labor Day sermon:

"The vigilante spirit, threatening both law and humanity, is skillfully organized and maliciously manipulated in the effort to swing middle-class opinion against labor. This spirit is vicious in a lynching: it is just as vicious when it masses to override law and justice and a Christian approach to the labor problems."

The other side is beginning to speak. And it will take more than an organized publicity campaign to stand up under the indignation of an awakened public conscience.—D. McC.

South of the Rio Grande

WITH the hopeful exception of Mexico—where an aroused labor and progressive movement holds the would-be Hitlers and Mussolinis in check—the peoples south of the Rio Grande live in the shadow of Fascist oppression. Not that their governments openly proclaim the totalitarian state and deride Democracy. For the most part they still pay lip service to "constitutions." But in effect there is a wide and ruthless disregard of civil liberties by rulers, themselves the servants of imperialist investors of foreign lands.

This is the case in such American dependencies

as Cuba and Puerto Rico. It is even more glaringly apparent in countries such as Brazil and Chile, where Fascist organizations directly subsidized by German and Italian funds, are driving towards absolute power.

All this is commonly known in Central and South America; it is no secret from foreign correspondents or our own State Department. But the people of Latin and Central America are struggling against their imperialist and Fascist foes—our foes—without our help. While Nazi Germany and Italy pour in funds and forces against them, we have stood indifferently by.

Yet as it was true in 1776 that oppression in any of the Colonies was a threat to the liberties of all, so it is true today that Fascist aggression against any American republic is an attack upon American Democracy, north as well as south. To resist it is not only the part of wisdom, but in keeping with the broadest tradition of Pan-American interdependence.

Toward that end it is imperative that our government come to feel the concern of millions of Americans for their neighbors to the south. Such concern must be concrete and specific. It must, through public pressure, effect withdrawal of American support for imperialist adventures—even when these originate in Wall Street. It must secure an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which will protect the southern republics from Nazi or Fascist-made dictatorships. Most important, it must lend active support to those mass liberation movements in Central and South America which still have faith in our own democratic tradition, and in the American people who embody and sustain that tradition.—J. W. W.

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