

November
1937

The
Fight
AGAINST WAR AND FASCISM

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LABOR AND PEACE
CHINA FACES JAPAN
PEOPLE'S CONGRESS



Chinese children at New York mass meeting

DISTRESSED CHINA MUST BE HELPED!

THE CIVILIZED PEOPLES of the world must help the noncombatants of China who have suffered most—the women and children and the aged. Their need is great.

The innocent must not die! Give for the relief of the Chinese people!

The American League Against War and Fascism has volunteered to serve as a clearing house for aid to China. A board of trustees of three will take responsibility for getting relief funds to Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and Mme. Sun Yat-sen, to be utilized for medical supplies, food and clothing.

The American League's board of trustees includes:

Bishop Robert L. Paddock
Miss Margaret Forsyth
James Waterman Wise

Thousands of Chinese have been killed and wounded by aerial bombs from Japanese planes. Hundreds of thousands have been made homeless, and are refugees in congested areas where cholera, dysentery and typhoid have taken an awful toll among thousands more.

BOYCOTT JAPANESE GOODS!

The American League Against War and Fascism has launched a national boycott of Japanese products such as silk and tea, china, porcelain and glassware, cotton goods and toys.

Delegations have been sent to managers of stores where Japanese goods are on sale, and picket lines have been established before stores which continue to sell articles produced in Japan. Don't buy there!

Labor is united in the cry: "Don't help the aggressor!"

Don't buy Japanese goods! Don't help the Japanese war machine!

Send Relief Funds to

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

With the Readers

★

MOST of us are very naïve in approaching the problem of nationalities, races and war. We take it for granted that every German is for Hitler, every Italian for Mussolini and every Japanese for the Emperor. In case of war, we are apt to think and say, the Germans, Italians and Japanese will line up solidly for their rulers. The problem is not so simple as all that. If you doubt it, see how carefully these rulers watch the average man and woman in their countries. The thrones of the Emperor and the Fascist dictators are not all velvet and roses. No, not by any means.

THE world has changed, what with the railroad, airplane, telephone and radio. We are dependent upon France, and she is dependent upon us. See how the rulers of various countries combine and plot against each other. Everything is at stake: cotton, silk, wheat, machinery, gold. On the other hand, the common man is beginning to realize that *his life* is at stake in this game of running the world. If Democracy is to survive at home and if we are to live a full life, we must help the democratic forces in France, Japan, Germany, China and the rest of the world.

THE above was going through our mind as we sat at a recent meeting in Madison Square Garden and listened to an array of speakers on the war in the Far East.

THERE we saw thousands upon thousands of people who were intently concerned with their *own* lives and liberties. They realized that they cannot be free of the scourge of war as long as there are irresponsible aggressors running around wild. But what interested us most were the Japanese in the audience who were applauding the statements of every speaker supporting the Chinese cause.

AND then a Japanese got up from his seat on the platform. Mr. S. Okamoto was to speak for his Japanese friends in the audience and for many Japanese throughout the country and, for still many more in his far-away land. The audience, as you can imagine, greeted him enthusiastically. Mr. Okamoto took his bow and greeted the audience in return. (We wondered what the Japanese warlords will say when they hear of this.) Here and now we would like to give a few excerpts from Mr. Okamoto's speech, which unfortunately was not delivered, due to the late hour:

"IT IS a great privilege for me, a Japanese, to sit side by side with Chinese and Koreans and Americans and to raise my voice in protest against my own government's aggressive war in China, the killing and maiming of tens of thousands of heroic defenders and noncombatants . . . It is the military clique, together with a handful of big financial and industrial interests, that started the war, not the Japanese people . . . I have five brothers in Japan and no doubt they too are at the battle front. I am helpless and cannot save my own brothers from death: When I think of them and of thousands of others in the same terrible predicament, I shall march on under the banner of peace and Democracy, and fight until every one of the invading Japanese forces is driven out of Chinese territory. That means, at the same time, the beginning of democratic Japan."

THE FIGHT, November 1937



Luise Rainer with two Chinese children at the Madison Square Garden meeting, New York

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JOSEPH PASS, *Editor*

CHARLES PRESTON, *Assistant Editor*

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The Contributors

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DR. D. WILLARD LYON knows whereof he writes. The son of early Presbyterian missionaries, he was born on a Chinese houseboat, near the village of Yuyao. After education in this country he returned to China in 1895 as its first Y.M.C.A. secretary. He remained in the Orient until three years ago, and has since been lecturing on Chinese religion, education and philosophy at Pomona College and the Pacific School of Religion in California.

WILLIAM GROPPER has just completed a coast-to-coast tour of these United States, making sketches for a big mural which he is to do for the Federal Government in Washington. Gropper will be remembered as an old thorn in the side of Emperor Hirohito of Japan.

ROSE M. STEIN, author of *M-Day*, was on the panel which heard witnesses against vigilante activity, in the American League's recent Pittsburgh meeting. The article here will be part of a book she is now writing.

FUMIO TANABE is a Japanese-American writer. His article is a reminder that all the people of Japan are not in agreement with the militarists who war on China.

OHKUBO, likewise, is a Japanese-American artist who fights with his brush against the enemies of the Chinese, Japanese and American peoples.

JOSEPHINE HERBST, who writes here of Spain, has written of America in *The Executioner Waits, Pity Is Not Enough* and other outstanding novels.

CASTELAO'S illustrations are from a book of his drawings issued by the Spanish government.

A. F. WHITNEY, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, began work at the age of 16 as a brakeman on the Illinois Central Railroad. He has endorsed the coming People's Congress for Peace and Democracy.

FLORA G. STROUSSE'S story came to us out of a clear blue sky. She says that she is "relatively new at fiction writing," but has written for *Hygiea* and is editor of a paper which the children at the Community Health Center at Philadelphia get out. It sounds like an interesting job to us.

DAVID BURKE is a young artist who has recently begun contributing to our pages.

JOSEPH CURRAN is a general organizer of the National Maritime Union. If that seems prosaic, we might add—he is widely known as the fighting leader of fighting, progressive workers. He spoke at the New York mass meeting for China last month.

M. PASS, who made the double spread poster on the Pittsburgh Congress, has often contributed to the pages of THE FIGHT as well as to many other publications. We suggest you use the poster for display purposes.

THE cover in this issue is from a photograph supplied by the Black Star photo agency. Which do you prefer on the cover, drawings or photographs? Let us know.

For the Peace of the World

THE question of peace or war is no longer in the discussion stage. With Spain and China in flames, with every daily newspaper reporting new threats of a world conflagration, those who sit and talk of "war-prevention" indeed seem to be lagging behind. One is reminded of the dictum: "They cry Peace, Peace, but there is no peace."



We in America have among us—what words can describe them?—forces which consciously exploit the war fears and anti-war sentiments of the people for various ends of their own, and in the name of "peace" actually work toward war. We have many sincere and well-meaning people who are duped by these reactionaries, until their confusion reaches tragic proportions.



Under the pressure of world Fascism and the friends of Fascism, they forget the simple and all-important lesson of recent years—that Fascism means war, and that to fight war we must fight Fascism. One must respect the opinions of all honest opponents of war. And yet the people of Spain and the people of China are dying no less horrible deaths for their honesty. The wars now raging *can* be ended, and a world war *can* be held back and perhaps prevented. But to this end, good intentions alone will not suffice.



What is required is a vigorous, clear-visioned, relentless *struggle* against the Fascist war-making forces. To this struggle THE FIGHT—the real American people's magazine—is uncompromisingly dedicated. Subscribe today—for only \$1 a year—to THE FIGHT.

THE FIGHT 268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y. I enclose \$1 for a year's subscription. Name
Address
City and State

China Faces the Invaders

For long centuries the world's most peace-loving nation, today China turns to fight against the Japanese militarists who would enslave her. An authentic study of a people at bay

By Dr. D. Willard Lyon

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM GROPPER

FIGHTING held no place of honor in the China of a generation ago. The man of poise and self-control—commonly called “the princely man”—was held in disgrace if ever he lost his temper in public. When two persons fell afoul of each other in the street, crowds would gather, not to goad the combatants on—as they might have done anywhere in the “cultured” West—but rather to draw them apart before reconciliation became impossible. Onlookers quickly formed themselves into a roadside court, and by common consent selected an arbitrator, usually the eldest or the most respected person in the group. Before this extempore court each contestant vociferously pleaded his cause, until finally the judge, with a keen appreciation of the merits of the case and an uncanny sense of the sensibilities of both parties, issued his verdict—which, when approved by the crowd, would in most cases be accepted as final by all concerned.

A Proverb of Peace

In the larger struggles of life, domestic or foreign, those who made of war their vocation were likewise held in disrepute. “Good iron should not be used for making nails, nor good men for making soldiers.” So runs an ancient Chinese saying which I have been hearing all over the land for forty years in quiet conversation and in public address, from the lips of educated and illiterate alike. The homely proverb crystallizes the wisdom of long experience which has taught the people the folly of fighting.

Once the warrior had a better standing. Two thousand years and more ago, when feudalism was strong, *wu-shih-tao*, or “the way of the fighter,” was the accepted way of political life. Obedience, loyalty, family rights, honor, courage, physical strength and prowess: these were qualities of character held in high esteem. With the enlarging influence of Confucian ideals there came a revulsion against the coarser impulses harbored by the philosophy of force, and China's leaders showed their preference for *wen-shih-tao*, or “the way of the thinker.” Righteousness rather than rights, courtesy and consideration more than brute courage, respect for the feelings of others, mutual confidence, and the good of the people before the will of the ruler: these were the qualities stressed. This better way became in time the dominant philosophy of China, and remained basic in the thought of the people up to the most recent times.

Today, however, the Chinese people are aflame with the passion to fight. The youth of China, educated or not, are vying with each other in doing their utmost for their country in its hour of crisis. The determination with which the Chinese have been resisting the juggernaut of Japan's armed forces has surprised the watching West, and doubtless the leaders of Japan as well. Soldiers and civilians alike are giving themselves with utter abandon to the cause of self-defense. No tasks of battle are too perilous to be undertaken. To die to save his country has become the highest glory of the Chinese patriot. How account for so revolutionary a

change in the psychology of a peace-loving and non-resistant people? Why has the “way of the thinker” been so suddenly cast aside for the once-before-discarded “way of the fighter”?

Japan herself has been an influential tutor, and this despite the fact that until a generation ago the characteristic attitude of educated Chinese towards everything coming from Japan was one of unbending superiority. Was there anything of real value in the culture of Japan which China had not originated? Were there any streams of important thought whose sources could not be traced to the springs of China's creative minds, to Laotzu and Confucius, to Chuangtzu and Mencius, to Hsuntzu and Moti, to Chu Hsi and Wang Yang-ming? Had not the artists and artisans of Japan learned their skill by imitating Chinese models? Had not Japan received most of her religious ideals, too, from her neighbor to the west? What then could China learn from Japan?

Teacher Becomes Pupil

A changing attitude became quite evident as long ago as in 1905 and 1906, when Chinese students were rushing to Tokyo at the rate of a thousand per month. This was just after Japan's striking victory over czarist Russia. This war made a much deeper impression on the Chinese mind than that which China herself had lost to Japan some ten years before. In the conflict of 1894, Japan had been fighting the Manchus, who were looked upon by the Chinese people as decadent usurpers, well de-



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servicing of defeat, and not difficult to conquer. Moreover, events which followed in the wake of this earlier war had proven to the satisfaction of many observers that Japan was not so mighty as she seemed to be. Her ambitions for territorial advantage on the mainland of Manchuria had been abruptly checked by the mere protests of a few Western powers. Not until after one of these powers had later stealthily absorbed to herself some of the advantages wrested from Japan, did the might of Japan fully assert itself.

China Studies War

With a skill and courage which astonished the nations, embittered Japan snatched the stolen gains away from the Russian paws. This was the moment when China began to rub her eyes. Whence came the magic power, she asked, whereby a so-called puny people, living in a cluster of islands on the eastern borders of Asia, could bring to its knees a reputedly powerful nation, whose headquarters were in northern Europe? If Japan, heretofore an almost negligible factor in international relations, could quickly learn the arts of Western war, what was to prevent so self-contained a nation as China from learning the same arts with equal skill and speed? Thus it came about that China, erstwhile haughty and self-conceited, quickly became a chastened pupil. Chinese students continued to pour into Japan until in 1907 they numbered more than 15,000.

Yet the new-blown bubble of zeal to learn was soon to burst. Not enough of a spirit of nationalism could at that time be aroused to hold the persisting enthusiasm of youth. Not until long after the Manchurian yoke had in 1911 been broken, in

fact only after rival warlords had for nearly twenty years continued their unseemly scramble for autocratic power, and Japan had become emboldened to press her policy of territorial expansion, did the underlying philosophy of the Chinese people really show signs of complete upheaval. The story can be briefly told.

A Change in Philosophy

Pre-revolutionary thinking had been oversimplified. No adequate program of republic-building had been devised. The trial-and-error method had involved more of error than of achievement. Many lovers of their country were disheartened, and some were cynical. At every step of the way, however, the vital importance of favorable relations with outside nations became increasingly evident. The World War broke with the suddenness of lightning. Nation after nation was drawn into its terrifying maw. For reasons that are even yet not fully known China was led, against the judgment of some of her greatest statesmen, to take a part in the terrible conflict. For better or for worse she found herself inextricably involved in intimate relations with many nations some of whom had scarcely been known to her even by name. Throughout the titanic struggle China's leaders were fondly hoping that these closer relations might prove a bulwark to the integrity and ultimate power of their own unwieldy nation. Their hopes were greatly strengthened by the growing popularity of the doctrine of political self-determination and by the gradual emergence of the idea of a League of Nations. The eclipse of "the way of the thinker" was believed to be passing, and the day of opportunity for men to follow the pursuits of peace seemed

about to shine forth brighter than ever before.

Then a cloud, at first so small that few could see it, appeared in the clearing sky. The Chinese delegates to the Versailles Conference discovered that, during the progress of the Great War, secret understandings had been reached between Japan and certain other powers, which pledged support for Japan's desire for a place of special control in Shantung. Fierce resentment followed in China, especially in view of another discovery, made at about the same time, which revealed the fact that traitorous Chinese officials had in 1915 agreed to the terms of a document known as "Japan's Twenty-One Demands." Explosive expression of Chinese reactions was found in a student uprising in Peking on May 4, 1919, and in public demonstrations of protest in other cities. The traitors were punished and the 4th of May has ever since been widely observed as a day of national mourning. The anti-Japanese feeling grew so strong and the sympathy of the world for China's rights so manifest that an agreement was reached at the Washington Conference in 1922 whereby Japan relinquished her special claims on Shantung Province. Again the skies began to clear and the incentive for China to arm herself was perceptibly weakened.

The Boycott of Japan

Subsequent events, however, led alert Chinese to suspect that the military leaders of Japan had by no means abandoned their policy of territorial aggression. This suspicion, suppressed at first, was fed by mounting evidence of ulterior designs, and grew into active fear. Unprepared to resist by force of arms the growth of Japanese domination, China turned to her only other available weapon of power,



the boycott, and used it with devastating effect against the inflow of Japanese goods. Even boycotts, however, might have been prevented, had the counsels of a wise minority in Japan prevailed—counsels that envisaged happy commercial relations between Japanese and Chinese peoples, whereby the former might purchase raw materials at fair prices, and the latter provide an expanding market for finished products, to the mutual advantage of both peoples.

The Seizure of Manchuria

But all this wisdom was only folly in the eyes of those who held the reins of power in Japan. The dominant group in Tokyo continued to reveal an insatiable desire for political control on the Asiatic mainland. This desire came to a sudden head on September 18, 1931, when well planned steps were taken leading quickly to the establishment of the so-called State of Manchukuo, nominally independent, but actually under Japanese control. Her friendly relations with other powers and her faith in world coöperation led China promptly to appeal for help to the League of Nations. The League responded by appointing a commission of inquiry under the chairmanship of Lord Lytton. In due time the Lytton Commission made a careful report of the findings, following which the League's Council with practical unanimity voted to condemn Japan for her Manchurian aggressions. Member nations for the most part declined to recognize the new state. Chinese hopes began to rise; world opinion seemed to be in the ascendant; China might still return to the peaceful "way of the thinker" and thrive.

But the verdict of the world was bitterly resented by Japan. Unwilling to relinquish any of her gains, she pressed, on the contrary, with increasing bold-

ness for larger seizures in Jehol, Hopei, and Chahar, until the area of the territory excised from northeastern China grew to be more than three times as great as that of the islands of Japan proper. Yet neither America, nor any of the constituent members of the League of Nations was willing to take effective steps to curb the condemned aggressor. Came then the great disillusionment of China! No nation, in the League of Nations or out of it, could be depended upon to incur the risks involved in doing the necessary police work against a nation that had run amuck.

For China, therefore, no other course seemed open but that of arming herself to the teeth and defending her sovereign rights with modern weapons. Silently, but steadily, for at least five years has she dedicated her strength to preparing for war. She has accepted once more "the way of the fighter." Let it here be noted: *wu-shih-tao* are the same three Chinese words which the Japanese took over and pronounced *Bushido*, the name for the much-publicized "spirit" of Japan. This "way of the fighter" speaks the only language that the world in general, and Japan in particular, seems yet able to understand.

They Gave Her a Gun

The lesson which China has thus been forced to learn, directly from Japan and only less directly from the acts and attitudes of many other powers, is proving an extremely costly lesson even to her teachers.

If Japan succeeds in gaining her immediate objectives, she will be unable to hold her gains except by force, and thus bring upon herself still larger and more crushing burdens. Having incurred the deep-

seated enmity of millions of possible buyers of her manufactured goods, she will also have inflicted wounds to her largest potential market which it will require long years to heal.

If, on the other hand, Japan should lose the present war, she will not only have wasted all the men and money she will have poured into it; she will also have lost much of the vitality needed to bring about a successful development of cordial and coöperative relations between herself and China—on which alone a lasting and beneficent civilization in the Far East can ever be built.

The Way of Peace

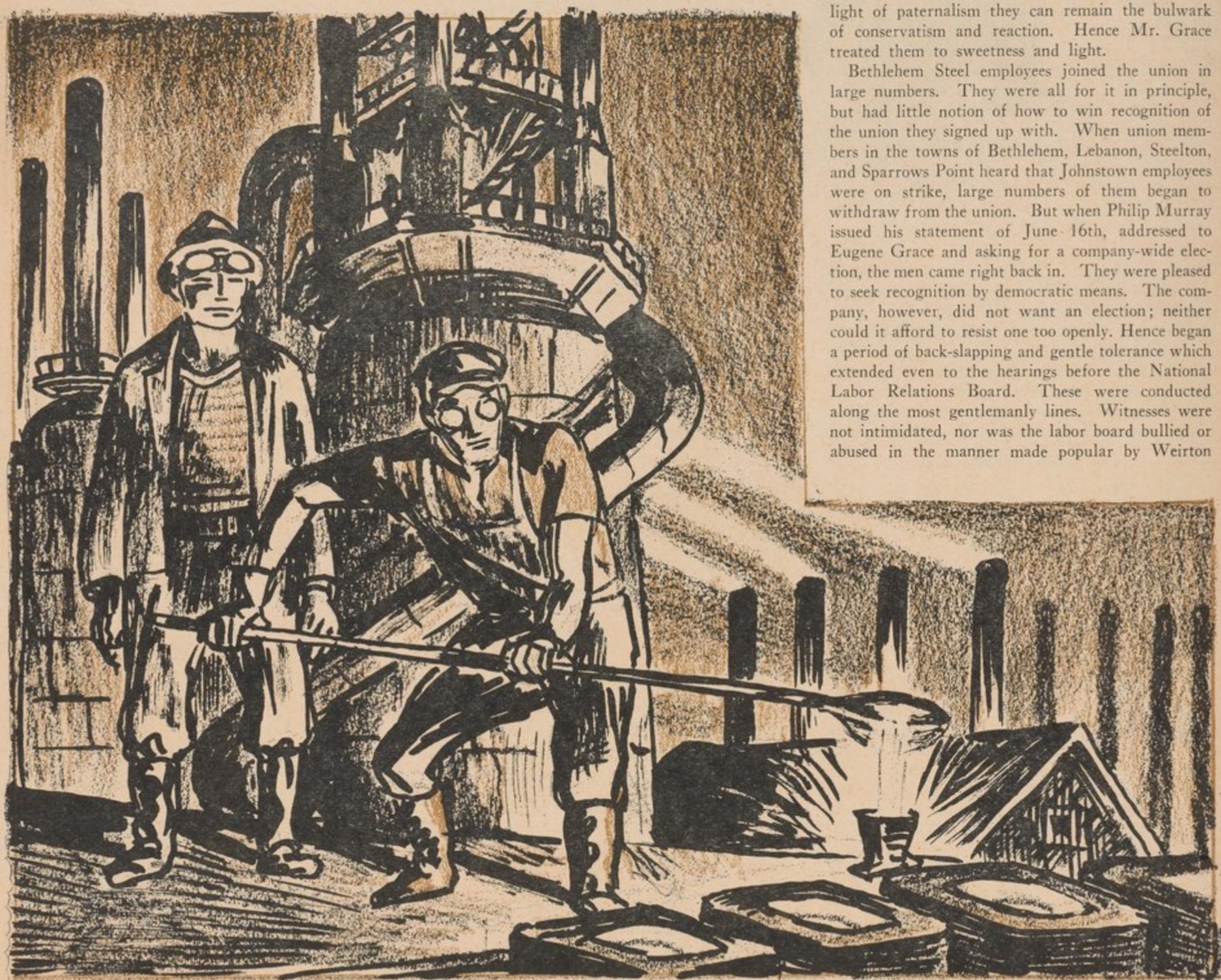
If the civilization of the East is to be predicated on "the way of the fighter," the civilization of the West is doomed. It is not yet too late for both the West and the East to choose a better way. But this can never come until individual nations, abandoning such pet policies as isolationism, racial purity, 100 per cent nationalism, and unrestricted sovereignty, are willing to undertake the responsibilities and accept the limitations of a world-partnership in a real family of nations. Americans should, of all people, be the quickest to understand the price and to appreciate the value of such a program, for was it not through a similar process that our own United States of America evolved? America might have become another Europe, had she not chosen for herself the way of federation. Tragic indeed would be the end, if America should, by omission or commission, contribute her influence to prevent the nations from choosing the same good way her adjacent but independent constituent states once chose—the way of sympathetic fellowship and coöperative brotherhood!

Johnstown, Youngstown, Massillon are towns to remember. Here American steel workers came up against the savage forces of die-hard industrial tyrants. At other places they met with "gentler" opposition. But the aim of their enemies was everywhere the same — to prevent the achievement of Democracy in the mills

Little Steel Czars

By Rose M. Stein

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY STERNBERG



CHIEF villains of last summer's strike in "little steel" were Tom Girdler of Republic and Eugene Grace of Bethlehem. Their aim was identical: to maintain their traditional anti-union policy and to gain an advantage over "big steel," which unexpectedly reversed its own traditional anti-union policy and signed a contract with the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. The aim was the same, but the tactics varied somewhat. Tom Girdler openly and consistently pursued the tactics of a hard-boiled bullying cop; Eugene Grace was not averse to a bit of bullying where it was deemed expedient, and where aides like Johnstown's Mayor Dan Shields and the Reverend John H. Stanton were ready to do the bullying for him. In the main, however, Bethlehem's president played the rôle of Salvation Nell.

Make-up of the population in Bethlehem's towns had a great deal to do with the treatment accorded them by the company. A large section of the population are Pennsylvania Dutch and a goodly sprinkling are Mennonites. If properly stirred, these people will fight like fury. Terrorism such as practiced by E. T. Weir, far from intimidating them, would call forth a large measure of militancy. On the other hand, if treated to the sweetness and light of paternalism they can remain the bulwark of conservatism and reaction. Hence Mr. Grace treated them to sweetness and light.

Bethlehem Steel employees joined the union in large numbers. They were all for it in principle, but had little notion of how to win recognition of the union they signed up with. When union members in the towns of Bethlehem, Lebanon, Steelton, and Sparrows Point heard that Johnstown employees were on strike, large numbers of them began to withdraw from the union. But when Philip Murray issued his statement of June 16th, addressed to Eugene Grace and asking for a company-wide election, the men came right back in. They were pleased to seek recognition by democratic means. The company, however, did not want an election; neither could it afford to resist one too openly. Hence began a period of back-slapping and gentle tolerance which extended even to the hearings before the National Labor Relations Board. These were conducted along the most gentlemanly lines. Witnesses were not intimidated, nor was the labor board bullied or abused in the manner made popular by Weirton

Steel. Mr. Grace preferred to win over the workers, so that if he is finally forced into an election his workers will vote with the company and not with the union.

There was little hope, however, of winning over Johnstown in this manner. Johnstown differs from the rest of the Bethlehem family. The town lies in the heart of a vast coal-mining region and many of the Johnstown steel workers are former miners or miners' relatives. They have caught the spirit of militancy and cannot be won over easily by promised pie in the sky. That is why Johnstown, unlike the other Bethlehem towns, had to resort to more drastic methods.

Johnstown's down-town business section as well as its mills are in the lowlands. In these lowlands, in the vicinity of the mills and the Conemaugh River, lives the working population. The river is hemmed off by the mountains, has a small flood-plain, and those who live in its path have their belongings washed away every time the snow melts suddenly in the nearby hills. The upper crust lives on the plateau, some 500 feet above, known as the Borough of Westmont and connected with the lowlands by an incline, as well as a winding automobile road known as "the grapevine." Prevailing southwesterly winds keep this borough free from grime, smoke, and fumes. Here the "boss-men," business and professional groups live in substantial homes, surrounded by spacious, well kept grounds.

The Rev. John Hubert Stanton is pastor of a fashionable church in Westmont. His neighbors, friends, and parishioners are Westmont residents many of whom are devoted members of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Stanton himself was an active campaigner in the Chamber of Commerce drive, and got a number of his colleagues to join. The Chamber of Commerce is dedicating its best efforts to pleasing the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and all those who work for and with the Chamber of Commerce must do likewise.

The moment the strike was declared, efforts to break it, not only by the company but by those who kowtow to the company, got under way. The Chamber of Commerce, aided by the Rev. Stanton as its spiritual and respectable front, organized a "citizens' committee." That committee, in turn, ordered its half-mad stooge, Mayor Shields, to increase the regular police force and to deputize all the

toughs in the community. Within a few days Johnstown was an armed camp. A "citizens'" army with tin hats, which resembled inverted roasting pans, and which contrasted weirdly with the army's civilian clothes, was everywhere in evidence. Their riot sticks, held awkwardly, conspicuously, and threateningly, filled the air and gave even the most innocent and law-abiding the jitters. A back-to-work movement was promptly inaugurated. Many of the older employees, who held well paying jobs and were soon to be eligible for pensions, would have been willing enough to stay away so long as they could claim they were afraid to go through the picket line. However, when Mayor Shields and his tin-pan army volunteered to convoy them into the plant, they were "on the spot," and few dared take the risk of refusing. Pickets were reduced to an ineffectual minimum, strike leaders were arrested or threatened with bodily harm if they did not leave town.

When Governor Earle's personal observers came to the scene, saw what was happening and recommended martial law, a howl went up not only in Johnstown but all over the country that "revolu-

tion" was just around the corner and that Pennsylvania's Governor was the arch-destroyer of our government and liberties. He could not stand the gaff, lifted the martial-law order, and the strike was broken.

Tom Girdler is as devoted to his "gas-pipe gang" tactics as E. T. Weir is to his "hatchet gang." His tactics are clear and direct: If they don't do your bidding, knock them down with a club, and if they don't stay put, shoot them down. His agents have done precisely that in the Memorial Day massacre in Chicago, and have done it again on a somewhat lesser scale in Youngstown and Massillon.

Republic's Youngstown plant, employing some 8,000, was closed as tight as a drum. For almost a month no effort was made to open it. Then fireworks began. First there was the unprovoked shooting down of workers on the evening of June 19th. It started on the flimsiest excuse. A police officer got into an argument with one of the women picketers. "I'll show you," he yelled, and began to shoot tear gas. In the scuffle shots were fired. More officers and militiamen arrived, two men were

(Continued on page 24)



In Japan

To finance their assault on China, the Nipponese militarists squeeze the life-blood from the workers and farmers at home. Starvation and disease haunt the Land of the Rising Sun. A Japanese writer and a Japanese artist tell of their people's oppression

By Fumio Tanabe

ILLUSTRATED BY OHKUBO



AS AN AFTERMATH of the rebellion in Tokyo in the early morning of February 26, 1936, which took the lives of three prominent national figures and resulted in death sentences for scores of young officers of the army and navy, one of Japan's most ambitious politicians was detained by the police. He was Mr. F. Kuhara, a millionaire adherent of the conservative Seiyukai

party. It has not even yet been publicly disclosed upon what charges he was arrested, but it is common knowledge that he was the backer of the coup.

More than a year passed before Mr. Kuhara was acquitted. Meanwhile, the gigantic industrial concern of which he is president was operating at full tilt, and even expanding. This concern, for example, has in a suburb of Tokyo a big munitions plant

which employs about 4,500 workers. Only a few years ago it employed less than 1,000. But the wave of munitions prosperity which swept over the country after the invasion of Manchuria in the autumn of 1931, enabled this factory to enlarge to its present size—and enabled the company to pocket an enormous profit.

Conditions of the Workers

The more this factory expands, the thinner become the bodies of its workers, for this expansion has been carried out with reduced wages, longer working-hours and intensified speed-up. The company has fully utilized the slogan raised by the army, "This is the time of the nation's emergency." (Many of the foremen, incidentally, are ex-army officers.) Piece-work rates have been lowered to one-third their former level. The company "magnanimously" gave its employees a special bonus to cover their financial hardship due to the rising cost of living: this bonus amounted to from 20 to 30 yen (one yen is equal to 28 cents). At the same time the directors of the company got bonuses of 20,000 yen each.

This typical situation illustrates well how exorbitant profits are squeezed from the flesh and blood of the workers to finance the bloodthirsty activities of the young officers—as well as all the Rightist movements which, in close collaboration with the military clique, have been working night and day to establish the totalitarian state in Japan.

A Losing Race with Death

Wages are very low throughout Japan. They are highest in the military arsenals, where a skilled worker receives from 1.82 to 6.56 yen a day, and an unskilled worker from .42 to 1.82 yen. In other occupations the scale is much less. According to the *Japan Economic Year Book No. 16*, the Japanese industrial worker—outside the textile industry, where wages are the lowest in the world—is paid on the average of 14.35 yen per week—that is, less than \$20 a month.

Life cannot be sustained on such a meager income, and to keep from starvation the Japanese workers must put in a great deal of overtime. In the Kuhara-controlled factory mentioned above, the workday is supposed to end at four in the afternoon, but the



November 1937, THE FIGHT

employees are forced to continue until 10:30 every night and often throughout the night. They have no time to regain their lost energy: there are only two days off in a month, and the worker who takes an extra day off is in danger of losing his job. Thus, the workers drag their heavy bodies to the factory every morning, and on an average three a day collapse from fatigue. About 13 are injured in accidents, and at least two killed, every month. About 60 workers quit their jobs in a month because of completely undermined health.

One of the striking phenomena of recent years is the tremendous increase in violations of the factory laws. There were 401 reported cases of violation in 1931; the number increased to 735 in 1933, and has advanced steadily ever since. In Aichi Prefecture, for instance, the police station was flooded with letters protesting against the forced night labor of the women workers in flagrant violation of the law. Upon investigation, seven big factories in the city of Nagoya alone were prosecuted within less than one week. These companies continued to ignore the law, because it was more profitable to them to pay the fines and keep on with the violations.

Starvation Haunts Japan

While the government, controlled by the military clique, urges the nation to "unite because of the crisis," and the industrialists welcome such "unity" with foxy smiles, the ghost of starvation is haunting Japan. The physical constitution of the young generation has been steadily declining, so that even the successive Ministers of War have had to raise alarm-signals. The death rate from tuberculosis continually mounts, and Japan leads the world in this respect. In 1934 the rate for Japan was 19.3 deaths out of 10,000 population, while in the United States it was only 5.2.

Why don't the Japanese workers organize and fight their inhuman conditions? First of all, organization is extremely difficult due to the well planned spy systems in all factories, particularly munitions factories. The conservative trade-union leadership is often corrupt and works in close connection with the police. Last November, for example, the workers of the Kuhara factory appealed for help to a trade union whose officials immediately disclosed



the matter to the company, with resultant terrible punishment for the workers. Since that time, the workers of this factory have made scarcely any attempt to protest their conditions.

"The Nation's Emergency"

This is the time of "the nation's emergency," so the workers must forget their "slight" grievances and work for the service of the motherland. So say the bosses, in unison with the Minister of War. The Japanese workers have little alternative but to obey. They must continue their toiling labor even if it means sickness and death.

Bad as are these conditions, the condition of the Japanese farmers is even worse. A few months ago the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, a leading Tokyo newspaper, carried a significant bit of information on the farm life of Japan. Fourteen young girls from the poverty-stricken northeastern district of the country had been arrested when they reached the Tokyo station. Investigation revealed that these girls, contrary to the suspicions of the police, had come to work in a textile factory, under contract to be paid 45 sen (15 cents) a day.

It is well known that the farmers of Japan have sunk to the bottom of human living. In the district from which these girls came, the debt per household for the year 1935 was estimated at 1,100 yen, while the total farmers' debt for the country reached the tremendous sum of 6,000,000,000 yen. In the same district, the average cash income of a farm family is 539.92 yen per year, and the expenditure—for fertilizer, implements, food, clothes and payment of taxes—is 509.58, leaving a balance of \$8.50.

The skyrocketing price of commodities during recent years has affected the already heavily burdened farmers strongly. It is true that the price of farm

products has increased of late, but this does not mean that the farmers' burden has been lightened, for the increase in the price of commodities which they buy has been greater. For example, in November, 1936, the price index of farm products stood at 75 and that of the commodities which the farmers must buy at 78 (taking 1926 as 100). By April, 1937, they had increased to 81 and 91 respectively. (These figures are taken from an investigation by the Bank of Japan.) The widening of these price "scissors" can mean only one thing: less and less cash in the farmers' pockets. Because they are unable to increase the amount of their produce, the Japanese farmers must meet this increasing economic burden by selling the last pieces of remaining land, thus falling into the status of tenant farmers.

Disease and Prostitution

Inevitably, the farmers are forced to send their daughters to the textile factories which will pay them 45 sen for over 12 working hours. Most of these girls come back, after a few years, with tuberculosis. The farmers know when they send their daughters to town that it is the beginning of the daughters' death—nevertheless, they must send them. Furthermore, many farmers sell their daughters to brothels. There are many villages, especially in the northeastern district, where no girls can be seen on the farms. Even children of less than 10 years of age are sold to the merchants of the town for small sums of money.

The Japanese nationalists attribute the economic hardship of the farmers to their lack of diligence, but it is criminal rather than foolish to regard the Japanese farmers as lazy. Undoubtedly, they are the hardest-working people in the world. "From dawn

(Continued on page 26)



THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, which refuses to present programs sponsored by C.I.O. unions, has started an intensive advertising campaign to induce employers and employers' associations to use the NBC network in discussing *their* side of labor disputes.

The campaign, which is merely another proof that radio is at present not a public service but by and large a mouthpiece for reaction, was inaugurated with a full-page advertisement showing a subservient mechanic being soft-soaped by his broadly smiling boss and captioned: "Now's the time to talk it over! Tell the millions—in their own homes—your aims and ideals. . . . The most direct and intimate way of presenting your industry's aims to the public and to your own workers is through Radio—the *one medium* which is invited into 24,500,000 American homes."

The attitude of the Rockefeller-dominated chain toward its own employees is a further indication of the way the ether is blowing. Although it grossed \$2,784,977 during the month of August, an increase of 15 per cent over last year, it has sidestepped demands of its workers for increased salaries, better working conditions and union recognition. Naturally this has served only to increase the militancy of its employees and to encourage rapid organization in the American Communications Association.

In an effort to postpone the fatal day when it will be forced to "talk it over," NBC and its affiliate, RCA, recently employed Edward McGrady, former United States Assistant Secretary of Labor, as labor mediator at a salary of \$20,000 per year.

Mussolini was invited to speak over the American radio in the interests of peace last month, but was so busy plotting with Hitler that he could not accept.

The incident is an illustration of the ridiculous paradoxes which result from the networks' loud and oft repeated

boast that they are absolutely non-partisan on all controversial questions.

It happened this way: Columbia, which takes its duties as a public servant more seriously than does NBC, had arranged an elaborate trans-Atlantic program in coöperation with the National Peace Conference. This program was not to be of the militant anti-war variety—perish the thought. It was planned to have such strangely assorted world figures as Secretary of State Hull, Prime Minister Chamberlain, Premier Van Zeeland, Prime Minister Mackenzie King, Prime Minister Hodza of Czechoslovakia and President Alfaro López of Colombia talk on "world economic problems."

Still, Columbia felt that something was lacking to make the program a smash hit, and finally had the brilliant idea of inviting Mussolini to join in the symposium!

On the other side of the ledger it must be mentioned that CBS refused to broadcast the conference between Hitler and Mussolini in Berlin, although NBC put it on station WJZ in New York.

Poisons and Profits

THE OLD myth that newspapers hate the radio and will do everything possible to embarrass that industry was exploded when a book entitled *Poisons, Potions and Profits* and subtitled *An Antidote to Radio Advertising*, was published recently.

The New York *Herald Tribune*, *Times* and *World-Telegram* led the long list of newspapers which refused to publish announcements of the volume, on the ground that firms which it charged with putting misleading ad-

vertising matter on the air were big newspaper clients and might be offended by any mention of the book.

Poisons, Potions and Profits is well worth reading, particularly since its charges seem confirmed by this conspiracy of silence, which has been equalled only by that surrounding the publication of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* some years ago. It takes the hides off radio advertisers by name, analyzes their products and proves that they seldom live up to the blurbs which silken-voiced announcers din into our ears by day and by night. It also brings the serious charge against the networks and independent stations that they pretend to the public that they censor obnoxious advertising, while the fact of the matter is that they will accept misleading ads if sponsors have enough money.

The only agency making much effort to keep the kilowatts clean is the Federal Trade Commission, which almost every month cracks down on some phony sponsor. The latest F.T.C. "cease and desist" order is against the Pascal Company, in Seattle, which had been making unproved claims for "Breatheasy," as a "remedy" for asthma, hay fever, heart trouble, gastric ulcer, eczema, etc., etc., etc.

War and Radio

WHEN the next war comes—if it isn't here already—radio will parrot government propaganda or hold its peace. In case the United States becomes involved in such a war, its first move will be to take over all transmitters and put its propaganda agents to work 24 hours a day.

Even if we stay out by some miracle,

the listening audience will be little better off, due mainly to the fact that a portable transmitter is a great deal larger than a journalist's notebook, for one thing, and that antennas make magnificent targets for aerial bombs.

The Spanish war has been going on for more than a year, but the only impartial radio reports were given by H. V. Kaltenborn during the early days of the conflict. And that was a fluke due to the fact that the battle of Irun could be seen from the French border.

Only one broadcast from China has been made since the Japanese invasion and that—a talk by Madame Chiang Kai-shek—was badly garbled, probably due to interference from a Tokio station.

Hail and farewell to Lewis Browne, author of *This Believing World*, who for a month did a brilliant job as substitute news commentator for Kaltenborn over CBS. Browne didn't pull his punches, horrified his listeners by telling them what a mess this world is in—and as a result failed to get a permanent job. As *Variety* expressed it, Browne showed "death and destruction walking right up the stairway."

The American Federation of Musicians has won a smashing victory in its long-drawn-out dispute with the broadcasters. Independent stations have agreed to pay their musicians \$1,500,000 in additional salaries during the next year and a similar amount is expected shortly from the networks.

Other labor victories of the month include the signing of contracts with the American Communications Association (C.I.O.) by stations KYW, Philadelphia; WOL, Washington, and KMPC, Bakersfield, Cal., and an agreement by WICC, Bridgeport-New Haven, to place its announcers on a five-day, 40-hour week.

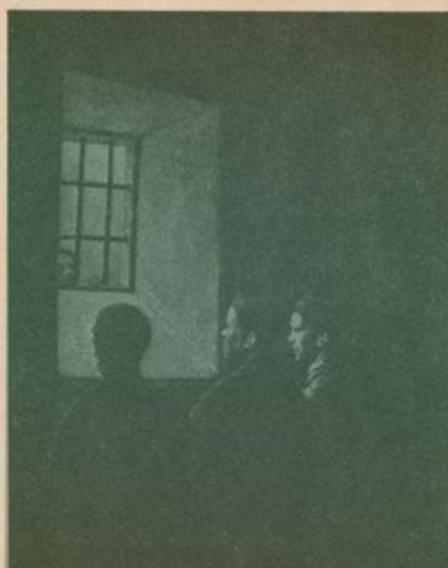
More fireworks are expected when the A.C.A. hales CBS before the National Labor Relations Board.

—GEORGE SCOTT





The Fascists' God



We Shall Win in the End



Do Not Give Up!



They Bury Seed, Not Corpses

Evening in Spain

Just behind the front lines, the fighters for the Spanish Republic and the townspeople gather together for a social affair

By Josephine Herbst

ILLUSTRATED BY CASTELAO

NOT LONG before the battery were to give their social evening, a leaflet was dropped from enemy planes over the Jarama lines. It got a big laugh from the battalions of mixed nationalities occupying that sector. The message, roughly printed on coarse paper, read:

Foreigners of the International Brigades:

You have been cheated by shameless recruiting agents.

If you come over to Nationalist Spain you will not be harmed.

Your lives will be spared and you will be sent back to your homes.

Several of your comrades who came over voluntarily have already been repatriated. FRANCO promises it.

Since many of the Germans—among them Ludwig Renn, a commander—had lately come from Nazi concentration camps, Franco's "promise" was hardly an inducement. Men from Hungary and the Balkans have long since had to wean themselves of any hunger for a homeland in purely nationalistic terms. They have given the names of their heroes and martyrs to their battalions and their guns fighting in Loyalist Spain: Hans Beimler, Thaelmann, Anna Pauker and Rokosi, to name a few. Spain is their homeland today, tomorrow—who knows? They have been uprooted, by virtue of their con-

victions, from offices, professions, work, bringing with them only habits of work, skills, aptitudes and memories.

A Changing Army

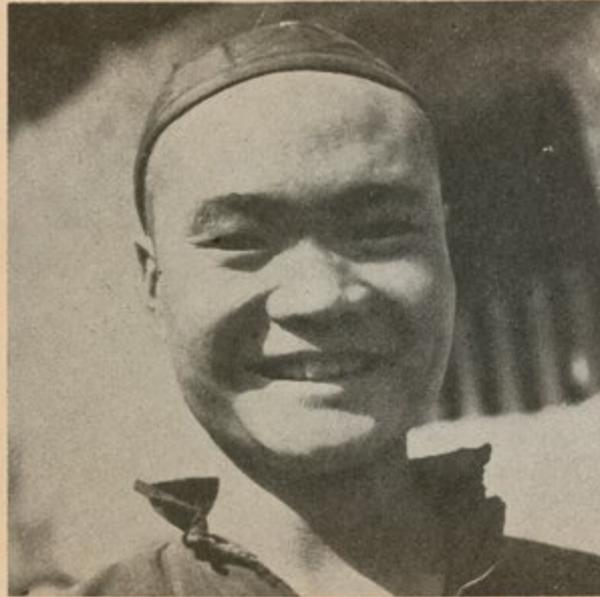
The composition of the brigades has changed considerably with the rise and development of Spanish troops. The foreigners have withdrawn more and more into the background, leaving a majority of Spaniards with only a sprinkling of other nationalities. Socialists, Republicans, Communists and Anarchists are fighting in the same battalions and in about the same ratio as in the People's Front. The wild scam-

ble of the first days of the Civil War is long since over. Now there are 70 brigades of 2,500 men each, and a new army of recruits can be seen drilling in the fields of almost every village from Barcelona to Valencia, from Valencia to Madrid. This spectacular achievement hides the more minute but important adjustments that go on all the time. For instance, the language difficulties between the mixed troops are exasperating. Just to give an order on the field becomes a feat.

Sometimes the townspeople are a little bewildered by the strange horde. To try to eliminate any misunderstand-

ings, one of the batteries recently planned a social evening for the townspeople. There were 70 men in the battery, of 16 different nationalities. I do not know the name of the town, or its location, except that it was close to one of the front lines. We drove with lights dimmed and occasionally blacked out, past the big bull-ring in Madrid and for miles into open country. The town shot up suddenly out of a field—a huddle of dark buildings, looking as deserted as the ghost town of Chinese Flats in the old gold-country of California. A door sprang open and the light seemed dazzling. Actually, two hanging lamps were shrouded with green mosquito-netting in a long room. Tables covered with white tablecloths had bouquets of lilacs and irises, pitchers of red wine and pink cups of black coffee. The soldiers were seated in their heavy loose cinnamon-colored uniforms, some with red handkerchiefs around their necks. Their skin was burned brick red, making their eyes look startlingly clear, bright and curious. Everyone was talking. We sat down to eggs, bread and wine. The commander, a Hungarian, sat at the head of the table, the chunkiest if not the tallest man present. I sat next to a

(Continued on page 30)



A soldier, a worker and a peasant, from the documentary film, "This Is China"

IT MAY have been a trick of fate, but the annual convention of the American Legion, the arrival of Vittorio Mussolini, and the first actual newsreels of the holocaust in China all took place at the same time during the past month. It just goes to show that you can never count on anything running true to form in the motion-picture industry.

The arrival of the Junior Duce was acclaimed with considerable fanfare in the press of New York. A special cutter landed him from the *Rex*, a special guard of motorcycle cops escorted him around town, and a special watchman was told off to watch the airplane that would take him to Hollywood. All of which must have been more than gratifying to this new recruit in the mass-entertainment business.

His reception in Hollywood, however, was something else. Hal Roach, up to now best known as the producer of the *Our Gang* and Laurel and Hardy comedies, went to considerable expense to throw a large and expansive shindig for him, on the occasion of the young man's 21st birthday. As is customary with all Hollywood parties, the newspapermen came and gobbled and drank. But even that did not prevent *Daily Variety*, a local motion-picture trade paper, from carrying a full-page ad which read in part:

"Hollywood is on record throughout the country as having welcomed Signor Vittorio Mussolini with open arms.

"We feel that Hollywood does not deserve this reputation. We can best show the world what Hollywood really feels about Vittorio Mussolini by helping to bind the wounds of innocent victims of Signor Mussolini's favorite sport.

"The Motion Picture Artists Committee calls on the decent people of Hollywood who emphatically dissent from the welcome accorded Signor Mussolini to redeem the name of our community by sending—

MOVIES

And so — Vittorio. But Hollywood receives him coldly . . . Vivid Shanghai reels dominate the month's offerings

"A carload of medical supplies to Spain."

It is another indication that Hollywood is at last growing up.

Newsreel News

THE NEWSREELS of the terror in Shanghai were best furnished by Universal and the March of Time—clips of a radically different variety

THE FIGHT RECOMMENDS:

The March of Time—For its newsreel clips of the Sino-Japanese conflict and its history of Mayor La Guardia.

100 Men and a Girl—For its brilliant presentation of worth-while music.

Stage Door—For its lively, volatile and exciting presentation of backstage life.

THE FIGHT FIGHTS:

Annapolis Salute—Another "service" picture which Hollywood thinks is so necessary.

Big City—For its half-hearted, inept, and wholly unpalatable attempt at picturing a taxi labor war.

Navy Blue and Gold—Another "service" picture.

than those given us by Paramount last month. Here was war in all its ghastly horror, here was destruction naked and unashamed. Nothing that the movie theaters have given us for many years past has matched these reels for sheer shocking awfulness, nothing can compare with them in point of violence and horror. Bodies bloated and drifting down streams, bodies gaping and strewn through the streets, bodies blown apart in maniac frenzy, bodies dumped in and out of trucks like so much garbage. It was a hideous thing to look at; it became even more hideous with the realization that such things are still going on.

The March of Time delved into the background of the conflict with honesty and power. It sketched the rise of the New China under Chiang Kai-Shek and his wife, it commented upon the growing restlessness of Japan, and it accompanied the scenes of the bombing of Shanghai with forthright words and declamations. It is this same March of Time, incidentally, which this month is giving us the career of New York City's progressive Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia. All this is the more surprising when you consider that the Screen Actors Guild is still

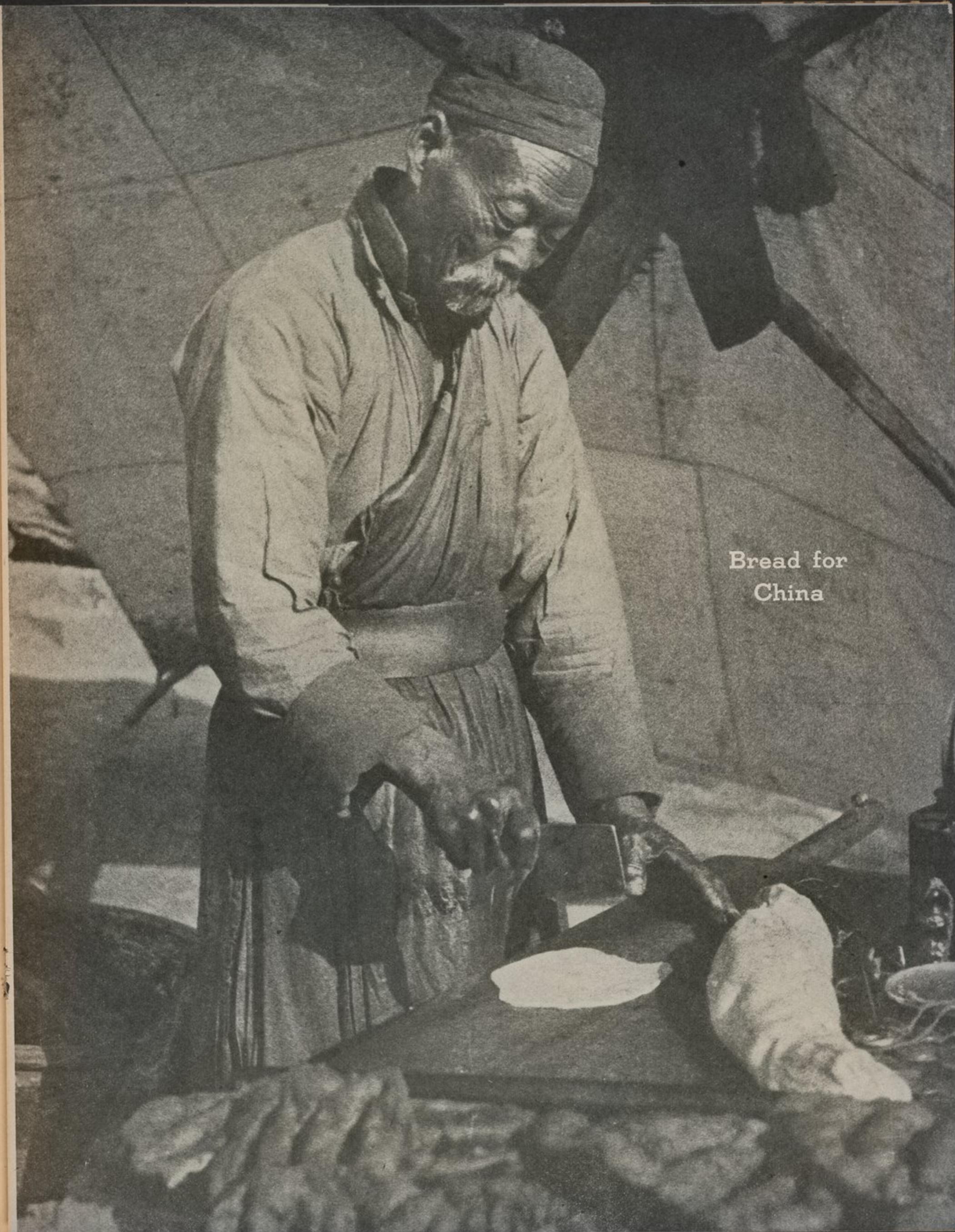
having to battle for recognition from the March of Time company.

An outfit called Imperial Pictures made its presence felt during the past month with a documentary film called *The Dead March*, in which Boake Carter, of radio fame, did the talking, and in which old newsreels did the acting. It was, in the main, much like Laurence Stallings' *The First World War*, and while it contributed nothing new toward the art of popularizing a hatred for war, it did gain importance by the very fact that it was presented.

Here and There

AS FOR the rest, there was another announcement by Elder Hays, patting everybody on the back for such pictures as *The Life of Emile Zola*, *Dead End*, and *100 Men and a Girl*, and disclosing that the movies can really be of social significance. There were such pictures as *Annapolis Salute* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, one of which had nothing to do with the other. There was a sudden revival interest in matters Oriental, including a Jack Holt number about bandits in the Gobi desert and a revival of *Shanghai Express*. And there were such otherwise notable numbers as *Stage Door* and the above-mentioned *100 Men and a Girl*, which also had Leopold Stokowski. The French gave us Gorki's *The Lower Depths* and the Hapsburg tragedy of *Mayerling*, both of which were extraordinarily effective pieces. The Paramount studios announced a forthcoming naval picture based on the life of Stephen Decatur, under the name of *Millions for Defense*, and immediately followed it with another announcement of one called *Gettysburg*, to be written by Clifford Odets.

All of which items are of little importance. Those newsreels from Shanghai dominated the scene as nothing else has done in the movies for years past.



Bread for
China

PEOPLES' CONGRESS FOR



PITTSBURGH, PA. NOVE

DEMOCRACY AND PEACE



EMBER - 26 - 27 - 28 - 1937



Books

A Modern Venture

Modern Age Books—THE LABOR SPY RACKET, by Leo Huberman; 195 pages; 35 cents. RED FEATHER, by Marjorie Fisher; 151 pages; 25 cents. OLD HELL, by Emmet Gowen; 178 pages; 25 cents. FROM SPANISH TRENCHES, edited by Marcel Acier; 199 pages; 35 cents. BABIES WITHOUT TAILS, by Walter Duranty; 168 pages; 25 cents. MEN WHO LEAD LABOR, by Bruce Minton and John Stuart; 270 pages; 35 cents. KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—EUROPE, ASIA, AMERICA; by H. V. Kaltenborn; 183 pages; 35 cents. MEALS ON WHEELS, by Lou Wilson and Olive Hoover; 168 pages; 25 cents. MURDER STRIKES THREE, by David MacDuff; 152 pages; 25 cents. ALL'S FAIR, by Richard Wormser; 148 pages; 25 cents.

WITH THE coming of fall, there also comes a new avalanche of books. This is an experience which should be an exciting one to an editorial worker. Men and women write for a year, two or three—sweat and sometimes half-starve—then bring their work to a publisher so you and I may be able to see and feel what they thought and felt and experienced. A commendable undertaking, and one that should ordinarily keep us in a state of exciting curiosity. And maybe it does. We never give up hoping. And still . . .

This fall, for the first time in many years, we picked up book after book in a somewhat sceptical mood. Same old jackets with the same old titles and covers and subject-matter by our old and new friends and enemies. The books came with the regularity of a monotone. Maybe, we thought, there was something wrong with us.

Then one day there was placed on our desk a big package. We got up gingerly from our chair and stepped aside. We had just received a threatening love-note from a vigilante in Youngstown and that package—who knows, maybe a bomb with a time-clock. We were considering seriously calling up a Republican friend of ours and inviting him to lunch, meanwhile having him open the package, when we noticed the label of Modern Age Books.

The package was unwrapped quickly

OLD HELL BY EMMETT GOWEN



THE LABOR SPY RACKET LEO HUBERMAN



Two of the Modern Age popular-price books

and we were excited again. A new publisher, maybe a miracle, who knows? Our curiosity was real when we saw a blue-and-ivory box with ten books in gay jackets. We took out the books, one by one, each jacket gayer than the preceding one. We read the titles, opened the books gently so as not to break them, examined the paper and looked at the type. And wonder of wonders, here were popular books of almost two hundred and three hundred pages priced at 25 cents and 35 cents. We were happy again that day, and the job of ridding the world of Fascism became as simple as a fly on our nose.

Evaluating this new publishing venture is not so simple (though a subject very close to our heart). Therefore in all fairness we will say that we have read only two or three of these ten books and found them good. This is therefore not a review of ten new books by a new publisher. This is something else.

Not so long ago a publishers' trade-journal printed an article by a St. Louis librarian on what kind of people read what in our libraries. Much to our book-publishers' surprise it was found that the so-called best modern writers and the so-called classics were read by

the so-called common people. Another upper-class and snobbish theory was shattered. No, the common people did not read Joyce and Proust. These were for all practical purposes a sort of technical book, read only by very few of even the so-called *intelligentsia* and understood by even fewer. Yes, yes, it was found that workers even read Henry James. Then why, asked the publishers, don't the people buy our "best" books? The answer was simple. You publish so much trash and you charge \$2.50 and up.

This state of affairs has long been recognized by some thinking people who were in search of a way out. A curious turn it took about two years ago in certain "radical" circles. The masses do not read our newspapers, books and magazines—the argument ran—because we do not give them what they want; let's become popular, let's learn from Hearst. We witnessed a curious shifting and search, which is always good (we mean the search), and almost a landing in a ditch, with strange company. Circulation did not come anyway and good sense saved the situation. Which reminds us of what Matthew Josephson once wrote in these pages apropos of another subject: "This shiftiness in moral and social

code, which we now recognize everywhere in the Fascist type, is the real problem of anti-Fascists."

Of course we need popular literature and of course the anti-Fascist must have his ear close to the ground where the masses tread. But why set up two standards, one for yourself and one for the worker and farmer? Do you think the miner is less intelligent than you are and is incapable of enjoying, appreciating and understanding the good things of life?

The history of the American labor movement is an old one. We can and should learn from our seventy-five years' experience in the publishing field. We have had labor and Socialist publications reaching the million mark. We have had labor books and pamphlets reaching the million mark. We have had many failures and so-called successes, too.

Which brings us back to the ten books with the gay jackets in the blue-and-ivory box. We have placed them in our favorite spot in our little library at home, and we make our friends in publishing houses miserable with them when we hold forth with a concrete sample of what can be had for a quarter.

And to Modern Age Books, good luck in your brave venture!

—JOSEPH PASS

Rise of the Far East

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE PACIFIC, by Gregory Bienstock; 299 pages; The Macmillan Company; \$4.00.

THE AUTHOR of this compact and highly factual analysis of the Pacific problem represents a school of political thought long known in Germany under the name *Geopolitics*. By this is meant, roughly, the interpretation of national and international affairs in terms of concrete material forces, of which climate, raw materials, transport and communications, population pressure, and the general level of economic development are among the most important. Such an approach, while it favors an exceptionally detailed understanding of the *mechanics* of imperialism, is very apt to—indeed, usually does—stop short of the *dynamic* aspect, as revealed in the growing strength of popular move-

ments against reaction, and in the facts of class struggle.

Allowance made for this defect, Mr. Bienstock's volume may be recommended as a very solid contribution to our knowledge of Far Eastern affairs. In a series of comparisons between the Atlantic and Pacific areas we learn some very surprising things regarding the swift development of the latter. For example, in the twenty years ending in June, 1932, the gross tonnage of merchant marine serving the Atlantic countries (Great Britain, France, Holland and Norway) increased by only 30 per cent, while for Pacific countries (Japan, China and Manchuria, Australia and Chile) the increase was 125 per cent. Such facts as these (and Mr. Bienstock accumulates them almost to excess), although they hardly seem to justify the conclusion that the East is beginning to dominate the West, certainly demonstrate the futility of attempting to pursue an "isolationist," or even neutral, policy towards Japan and China.

Just what the Pacific area has meant in European history is summarized in a long, heavily documented chapter that carries us from the sixth century before Christ to the present tension involving four great states in the Far Eastern balance of power. Between two of these states—Japan and the Soviet Union—the tension is so marked and persistent that Mr. Bienstock devotes his final chapter to a consideration of the war which might well result from it. A detailed analysis of the industrial and military strength of the two countries throws the advantage decidedly to the side of the Soviet Union, whose reserves of both raw materials and man-power are enormous: as for *morale*, the author concedes that "one of the results of the great Russian Revolution is undoubtedly a far greater unity throughout the whole social organism."

"Seen through European eyes," concludes Mr. Bienstock, "there is today but one problem: Germany. But it is often forgotten that the German plain is but a continuation of the Russian steppes, and that the latter stretch to the Pacific." Perhaps it would be well if Germany, too, forgot this fact. It is a long, long way from Berlin to Vladivostok—even with a supposedly "friendly" Japan waiting at the eastern terminus.

—HAROLD WARD

Autobiography of a Snake

LABOR SPY, by GT-99; 309 pages; The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.50.

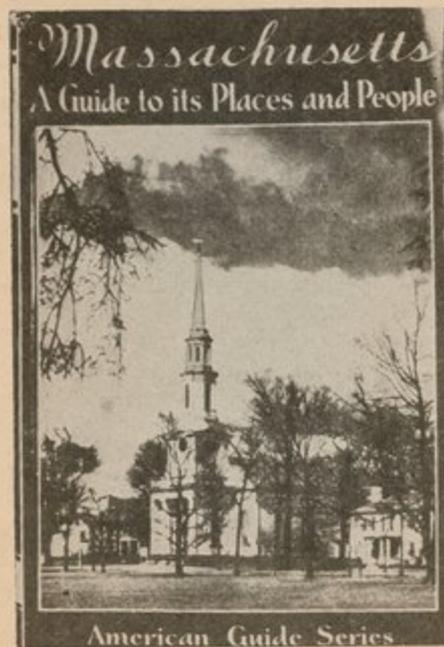
THE PUBLISHERS describe these reminiscences of a professional Judas as "an unusual story of an unusual job." Recent investigations suggest that the job is not so unusual, but the manner of telling this particular story is certainly distinctive.

For some 20 years GT-99 was employed by a detective agency as a labor spy, and during the course of his career he appears to have indulged in every form of the spy's activities from betraying his intimates to beating up a rival gangster. Yet the story is written as coldly as the autobiography of an accountant. If a snake could write, one might expect some such book as this.

It is only at the end in 1935, when the A. F. of L. convention passed a resolution demanding a Congressional investigation of the anti-labor activities of detective agencies, and at once frightened the author into leaving his job, that GT-99 indulges in any emotion. Then, characteristically enough, he concludes by attacking the C. L. O.

For the rest, he describes in plain and unadorned language the methods by which he wormed his way into the confidence of his fellow workers, his part in the formation of racketeer unions, his obstruction and sabotage of strikes, and his alleged rise to power in the A. F. of L. "One of the problems of a labor spy," says the author, "is to keep from doing any active organizing himself. . . . Once I got caught out on a limb and had to take applications from three molders, but I saw to it that they were fired within a month and blacklisted at every shop in town."

He had, of course, a contempt for the workers, but no active dislike of them. But, on the other hand, he shows no great respect for the bosses. The one person he really seems to have liked and admired was "the Chief," that is, the head of the detective agency. "The Chief" had a fascinating smile, and was, in fact, "the greatest guy in the world." The Chief proved his good qualities on the occasion when GT-99 was instrumental in organizing a union in "Northtown" to end all unions. But "before he took the job, the Chief extracted a written promise from his clients that they would use the men's money plus an equal amount from their



Houghton Mifflin's W.P.A. Guide that raised a storm

own pockets, to give these people all the things our union were promising." Only "the greatest guy in the world" would have been so thoughtful. The manufacturers immediately started an athletic field and clubhouse, and named it "Union Field."

It would be wise to look out for GT-99's successors and colleagues, for this particular type of parasite has neither warning rattle nor odor.

—LESLIE READE

The Reconstruction Period

RECONSTRUCTION: THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY, by James S. Allen; 256 pages; International Publishers; \$1.25.

THE NORTH won the Civil War, freeing the Negro slaves. But in the decade immediately following, corrupt Northern "carpetbaggers" invaded the South. Allied with ignorant, barefooted Negroes (the same for whose freedom the war was fought), they despoiled the defeated region. So we were taught in Northern schools.

The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments gave the Negro the rights of other Americans. So we were taught. But we had already learned that in the South the Negro is today a pariah without any rights; that throughout the North he is treated systematically as a being of a lower order.

And yet hundreds of thousands of farmers and workers had fought—and won—a long and terrible war to free the Negro, half a century ago. Many of the survivors were still living. But what had become of the victory?

James S. Allen gives a clear and convincing answer to this question in *Reconstruction*. He tells the true story of the post-war events in the South, the bitter struggle of the Negroes and their white allies for the Democracy implied in the military victory of the North—and their defeat in 1876 by the reactionary landholders, with the connivance of the Northern capitalists. His truth takes on heightened meaning by contrast with the slanders which have come down to us—the "carpetbagger" tales.

The acceptance, up to now, by the North of these utterly unfounded concoctions of apologists for the South has been truly the final touch in the post-war Southern victory. In their wake have come such movies as *The Birth of a Nation* and such books as *Gone With the Wind*—productions which Abraham Lincoln could not but have called "seditious." Nor can their authors plead that they deal only with "past issues": as Allen points out unmistakably, the real great aim of the Union forces was Negro freedom—an aim only partially achieved, an issue which remains crucial in our time.

Reconstruction gives the lie to the

Bourbon historians, dead and living. One wishes for the book a wide circulation. The progressives to whom it is addressed, the Negro people, the workers and farmers who were not strong enough in 1876, appear to be in a better position today. John Brown will not lose again.

—CHARLES PRESTON

Pacific Without Peace

THE FAR EAST COMES NEARER, by Hessel Tiltman; 357 pages; J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.00.

NEARER today than ever to the rest of the world is the Far East. Since 1918 the Pacific area has become of prime importance in world politics. Japan, in its six-year march of ruthless imperialist aggression, has marked for its own all Eastern Asia, is straining to turn China into a shambles, holds aloft the exploding bomb of world war. Great Britain and the United States view with uneasiness this prospect, increase their navies, strengthen Pacific naval bases, but lay no restraining hand on Japan's blatant militarists. Background of this bloody, nervous Pacific scene is given in *The Far East Comes Nearer*. The author presents a fairly complete though at times faulty political panorama.

Journalist Tiltman is an opponent of war, believes that peace is indivisible, that Japanese militarism is a danger to the world. But his opinion that Japan, while bearing in the one hand war, bears in the other civilization, will leave in many minds the dangerous impression that the latter justifies the former. Samples: "The Japanese Courts and police force are among the best in the world, and the introduction of that system into Manchuria is a decided improvement on the lethargic and corrupt Chinese Courts of former days" (p. 190), "... the state of the Chinese millions could not be more wretched under Japanese-inspired rule, and would probably be better" (p. 333). Completely exposed by author Tiltman are Japan's political intrigue, military action, smuggling activities in North China. Exposed, too, Japan's unnumbered raids over borders of the U.S.S.R. and Outer Mongolia.

Best chapters in the book describe the rôle and strategic importance of the Pacific's two greatest naval bases: Britain's Singapore, America's Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. Mr. Tiltman, who fails utterly to comprehend the relations of Japan's military and civilian leaders to Japan's financial oligarchy, can write of the most unscrupulous and destructive power which today threatens civilization: "Her army, despite its recent sins of aggression, is, as has been said, the most truly idealistic force existing in Asia" (p. 333)—which, to say the least, is an exceedingly unfortunate formulation.

—E. P. GREENE

WALL STREET continues in the doldrums. Its frame of mind for more than two months has been one which a psychologist would diagnose as melancholia, coupled with an acute fear of the dark.

The reason for the Street's depressed and fretful condition is quite simple: stock prices have been falling badly and, since midsummer, about one-fourth of the market value of all exchange-listed securities has been chipped off. Now, a drop in the market is the one development which invariably produces a deep indigo in the financial district. The boys may get the jitters from the labor situation, may rant about "Communists" in Washington and get in a lather about the sanctity of the Supreme Court and of American womanhood, but so long as the market is "right" their equanimity is basically undisturbed.

What makes a break in the market especially trying to the heavy financial wizards is that it always comes as a complete surprise. The fact that the economy of big capital is irrevocably geared to cycles of boom and depression, of both major and minor proportions, is a truth which the great minds of Wall Street cannot fully digest, despite the record of history. Each slump in the market is viewed as a mystery, almost with awe as an act of God or of Satan, which must be exorcized by incantations or other verbal gymnastics. For the past three years, the Wall Street chorus has been that the New Deal and labor have been first preventing recovery, then retarding it, by throttling profits and "undermining business confidence"; meanwhile, profits and stock prices were soaring. In other words, the market was "right."

But now that the market has broken, after two and a half years of almost steady increase, these phony complaints have been dropped and the Street is groping for light on its predicament. In their anxiety to be soothed and patted on the head, the boys have hauled down from the shelves where they have been stored since the last slump such old mossbacks as General Dawes, ex-Vice President and ex-oracle of Big Business, and Roger Babson; dusted them off, and had them croak their piece that "business is fundamentally sound" and "everything will be all right in the Spring."

Despite these reassurances, the Street is unconsolated and still puzzled. The *Wall Street Journal* could explain the break in the market only by a parable of two small boys frightening each other with their Halloween false faces. American brokers, according to the newspaper, contended that the break was caused by "selling from London," and London retorted that it had sold only after New York was breaking.

As the climax to this Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and following one of the minor rallies which punctuated the decline, the news ticker gravely re-

WALL STREET

The slumping market gives the speculators a bad case of jitters . . .

Looking for a "right" rabble-rouser . . . Hold on to your war-stocks

ported: "European markets gained confidence from our higher markets and Wall Street said that our markets were stronger because Europe was showing more confidence in their markets."

Wanted, One Hitler

BEHIND its laments and mystification, Wall Street and its bootlickers are continuing their quest for a magic key or a magic program to overturn the New Deal, wreck organized labor, block the growing progressive movement, and restore the country lock, stock and barrel, to the unchallenged control of big capital. The high-pressure campaign to smear Justice Black and force his resignation from the Supreme Court—a campaign that has been linked to the Tear-Gas Girdler bloc of independent steel com-

panies and other reactionary Pittsburgh interests, that uses undercover operatives to secure its "evidence" and that has purportedly picked John L. Lewis as its next victim—is an example of this unceasing effort to reverse the prevailing political trend.

But, in addition to such basically negative tactics as these, there is a growing search for an American Hitler, a demagogue extraordinary who would entice the American people away from their present progressive path and into Wall Street's parlor. Taken in conjunction with the efforts of the steel magnates to organize the vigilante spirit of certain backward areas and groups into a formal semi-Fascist movement, this longing for a *Fuehrer* merits alert scrutiny and quick action from progressive ranks to head it off.

An outspoken expression of this open invitation to Fascism has been con-



Scrap iron for Japan! Here is a barge-load awaiting shipment at Brooklyn. The Nipponese government has announced that it is cutting down on consumer's goods imported, in order to buy more munitions materials from the U.S. How long will we continue to furnish the sinews of war to the enemies of peace?

tributed by Walter B. Pitkin, celebrator *ad nauseam* of Big Business virtues. In a recent issue of *Advertising Agency*, Pitkin wrote at length on this subject under the title of *Wanted: A Rabble Rouser of the Right*. Herr Pitkin is quite distressed by the current situation and by the inability of the big-money boys to evolve an effective political program. "With each passing month, unrest spreads, Chaos, Inc., signs up new members, wobble-wits multiply, and America becomes more and more like the worst of the Old Worlds," he complains. "The drift is toward an ignorant proletariat and dictators. Everybody whimpers. Everybody hides under the bed (except Tom Girdler)."

Sage Pitkin's specific solution, it is true, is something less than brilliant, since he proposes only that the assembled advertising and publicity men of America choose their Messiah, put behind this "White Hope" all their "resources, intellectual, oratorical and financial," and then—presto chango!—Wall Street will be saved.

But Pitkin's yen for a "White Hope" has its contemporary significance, since he has made a fortune by celebrating the whims of Big Business. He concludes: "Heaven send us a Rabble Rouser of the Right! . . . The hour has come for words which smell, for words which set fire to men and things, for words which loosen avalanches back in the mountains."

Gambling on War

THE DECLINE in the market, coupled with the kaleidoscopic international situation, has created problems for the stock-market gamblers who have been loaded up with war stocks—copper, nickel, aircraft shares, etc.—and who do not know now whether to sell or to hold. But Wall Street is still "bullish" on war prospects and hence on war stocks. One financial commentator recently cautioned speculators in these stocks to stand pat, predicting that "the intensive armament-building plans of the various nations will go along as scheduled, as it is feared that when the Spanish embroglio comes to an end the real international trouble in the Mediterranean will come to a head."

Japan also is luring on the gamblers in war prospects. The Japanese Minister of Commerce and Industry recently assured the war profiteers that, although Japan will curtail its imports of materials consumed by the already poverty-stricken Japanese people, it will use this saving in foreign exchange to buy more war material. He said: "Japan will tell the United States that instead of buying cotton it will buy other items such as munitions materials, leaving the trade balance the same for the time being. The United States will have no reason to protest."



Express for Peace!

Labor is moving to halt war. Here the president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen calls the working people of America to rally to the standard of Democracy, against war-makers

By A. F. Whitney

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BURKE

TWO PRINCIPLES most vital to the welfare of the working men and women of any nation are Democracy and enduring world peace. Labor unionism is of the essence of Democracy. Labor unionism is built upon the foundation-principles of Democracy: that men shall be free to assemble together, to give expression to their views, to petition their government. Working men and women who assemble on the picket line are exercising their democratic rights. When they picket, they do for themselves what the kept press of the nation does for those selfish interests which attempt to oppress labor and destroy its democratic rights.

Just as Fascism destroyed labor unions abroad, so will it destroy Democracy here if working men are not protected in those just rights, possessed by other citizens, to join with their fellow men in common cause. The Wagner Labor Relations Act has been placed upon the statute-books of the United States of America for the purpose of protecting this essential right of free American citizens. To contend that a law which protects such essential rights is one-sided, is no more logical than to contend that a law which forbids murder and stealing is biased. The Wagner Act, like the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of the United States, protects fundamental democratic

rights, and neither of these charters of liberty and freedom makes provision for, or compromises with, those who would destroy these rights.

Modern George III's

The free right of working men to organize is now being threatened by a vicious doctrine which is presented to the country under the bigoted and capricious slogan of "making labor unions legally responsible." It should be recalled that King George III regarded the American Colonists as a group of "irresponsible" men and women, inclined to mob action. Mussolini and Hitler regard working men as "irresponsible," and on this pretext they destroyed the unions in Italy and Germany. The doctrine that the free democratic rights of the people should be subjected to license is a Fascist doctrine, born out of a desire to subjugate the people to the will of a dictator or tyrant and to crush the legitimate labor unions in this great nation of ours.

Just as Democracy is a guarantee of peace, so peace is a vital protection to the continuance of Democracy. We must never forget that it is governments and their spokesmen, not the people, that wage and conduct wars. Mussolini and Hitler could not carry on their war programs if Democracy prevailed among their people. As President Roosevelt has so well put it,

"war by government" must be changed to "peace by people."

Fascism is now attempting to glorify war before the peoples of the earth. Mussolini has said that war is to man what motherhood is to woman. When we contemplate Fascism, with its destruction of free expression, its contention that neither science nor truth exist except as they are compromised for the evil purposes of a dictator, we agree with the great Mayor of the City of New York that to any Democracy-loving American, Fascism is a "chamber of horrors."

Call the Fascist Bluff

We may easily remain neutral with respect to any foreign conflict, if we really dedicate ourselves to the principle that human life is more precious than private profits. But I submit that the spirit of neutrality does not require that this nation continue to supply munitions of war to those nations which, while proclaiming a state of non-belligerency, conduct wars and spread their doctrines of imperialism under the false and hateful philosophy of racial superiority. Although we wholeheartedly desire peace and Democracy, the time has come when we must call the bluff of those Fascist leaders who advertise their belief that a Democracy is too clumsy to act in an emergency and too cowardly to de-

stroy the rot within its own system.

When Mussolini was carrying on his Ethiopian conquest, he bluffed the world by his vain assertions that "sanctions mean war." In effect, he told this sovereign nation of ours that he would come across 3,000 miles of water and "spank" us if we did not sell him oil. Today Mussolini and Hitler are carrying on actual warfare against a democratic nation, while other peaceful democratic nations sit supinely by and permit their profiteers to sell these warring nations the sinews of war. It seems that in this modern age, only statesmen and diplomats fail to understand that it is possible for a Fascist dictatorship to carry on war without declaring war. How childish it is to believe that a nation does not legally assault unless it first formally declares its intention to assault!

War Is War

We must maintain Democracy. We ardently desire peace, but we are promoting neither when we yield to the bluff of a madman dictator. We do not maintain neutrality when we sell munitions of war to warring nations, on the flimsy pretext that those nations are not at war simply because they have not made a formal declaration of war.

I am further encouraged by the fact
(Continued on page 29)

Feature Picture

By Flora G. Strousse

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH OLDS

THE FEATURE picture moved on, silvery staccato over the screen. Stuffed dolls stirred about, exhibiting emotions so sterile that even the players did not appear affected by the pseudo-dramatic situation. HERO purged by a love that found expression through a well timed kiss on the beautifully curved lips of HEROINE. HERO finds all answers to LIFE'S PROBLEMS. What rot! But then, every one did not agree. No, indeed. John, for instance.

John and Mildred sat in the fifth row. Usually they found places farther back, because some kindly person would notice John's limp and make room for him. He was always pleased by these small courtesies. Would never refuse. For it was difficult to stumble down the poorly lighted aisle. Mildred minded, though. She would refuse to take the place next to her husband unless she was certain that there were other seats vacant for those who offered. She winced a little when John, smiling his most charming smile,

pushed awkwardly past people, mumbling a series of "Thank you"s, and then turned to Mildred and said, too loudly, "Don't be like that, Mildred. Remember, it is just as generous to accept, as to give."

Mildred would sigh. She was much more used to giving. But this night the place was jammed. It was a popular picture, and no one had offered.

In the midst of romance Mildred moved a little, away from her husband. John did not like this sudden separation. For he had tried to tie her to him through an awareness of the play. Little remarks: "Wasn't that well done!" or "Isn't the hero a fine-looking chap!" And once when the romance might have been wrecked on the rocks of destiny, he pressed her arm.

She had not answered him, but when he touched her arm Mildred turned; was amazed to see his face shadowed with lines of pain. Actually, tears stood on his eyelashes! It was absurd. Ridiculous! Mildred's lips drew in to a thin line, and her arms fastened them-

selves close to her body, taut and final. John sensed the judgment and quickly jerked back the hand that had sought her fingers. Mildred was cold. Sometimes, even a little hard. John sat listless, staring behind his dead mask of a face. The picture did not matter. No longer yearning for a human contact, John's hand found his other one and he clasped them together like a little child playing, "This is the church, and this is the steeple, open the door, and see all the people."

MILDRED noticed that her husband was distracted. Noticed that he no longer enjoyed the play. A wave of tenderness made her repentant. Her mouth curved to a smile of gentle protectiveness. Her arms relaxed so that she touched him, but she found his arm rigid, removed.

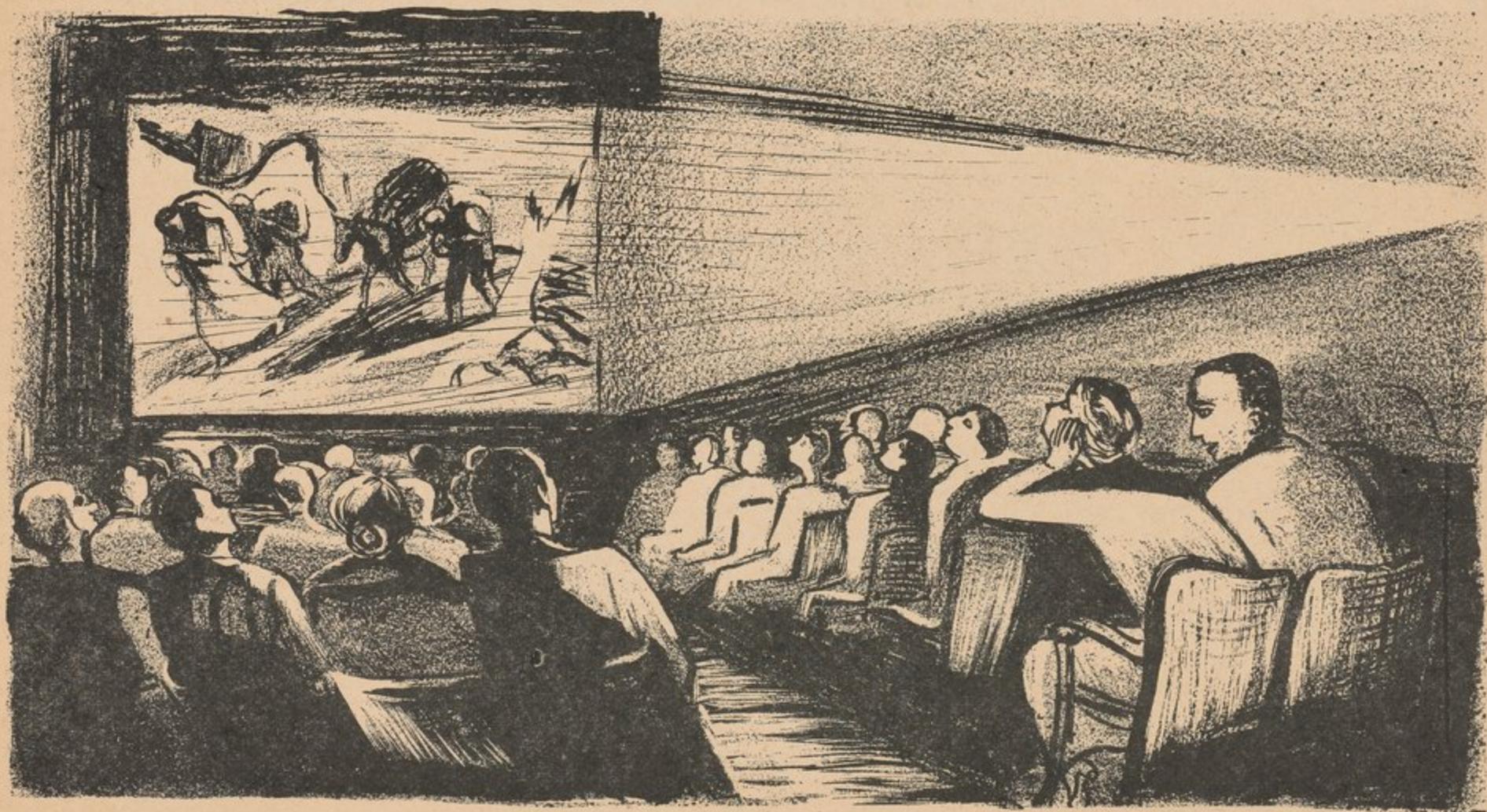
"Are you comfortable, John?" she asked.

"Perfectly," John said. Nothing more.

Of course he was comfortable. Mildred need not trouble herself to in-

quire. First she pushed him out by being superior, and then she acted as if he needed taking care of. Just like Mildred. The seats were hard, but why couldn't he stand it if she could?

"Are you comfortable?" John's voice was cold. Mildred did not answer. He knew perfectly well that she was not talking about the seats. He *should* have known anyhow. His leg! It was dark in there, but light or dark she could see it. Some trick of memory, a sort of visual image indelibly etched on consciousness, was drawn with broad strokes on the screen. John's leg, more vivid than those silver dolls moving about. There it was, a special feature, not mentioned on the program! Mildred saw the clumsy orthopedic shoes, and above them, especially on the left leg, flesh. A large area, yes tremendous, of deep scar-tissue. And how fortunate! Remarkable that John had been able to keep his leg at all. Six whole months, no, it must have been a thousand months, one shrapnel-riddled leg had been fastened to the other, so that it



The hero in the film found the answer to life's problems in a kiss from the beautiful heroine. But John, fifth row, and Mildred, beside him, found no answer and no heroism. A gripping psychological story of the World War's aftermath

could receive nourishment. Why was that such a terrible thought? Really, it was remarkable. Then the grafted flesh was severed. Amazing! But why did John have to have so many mirthless little jokes about it? Why did he exhibit his bad leg to people, grin a malicious grin when they winced? And then remind them, and her, oh how often he reminded her, after all these years: "Good there was an English surgeon there. Those French docs were so handy with the saw, they would not have taken the trouble."

"Handy with the saw," like a tree, or a mill. Why *did* he? Thank God he did not joke about the other. But then, he did not seem to think that the other mattered. Did not even seem to know. That was the trouble. The nerve doctor had told her. "Your husband's trouble is psychological, not physical. He rejects the idea that there is anything wrong with him. Why don't you try, Mrs. Scott, to make him recall events preceding the shell shock?"

That was long ago. She had tried. But John wasn't interested. He rather resented her efforts.

"What do you drag me to all those war pictures for?"

And when she gave him that Hemingway book, what was that thing called, oh yes, *The Sun Also Rises*; what a lot of fuss about—sex: "That's a damn silly book, Mildred."

But she *would* give him the oddest literature, take him to the war movies. All that shooting business.

"It's all exaggerated, Mildred," he told her, again and again. She got so sore about it, that he finally agreed, to keep her quiet, "Oh, well, it's kind of interesting."

But that did not suit her either.

"You sound like you're talking about your pet stamp." What in the name of heaven did she want him to say? Some fine stamp collection he had!

THEY often went to the movies. As a matter of fact, it seemed that whenever they did not have a special date with friends, they would find themselves in a movie house or at the theatre. Evenings at home were not much of a success. Funny, too. He used to think that Mildred was a regular little home-body. She used to so enjoy fussing with the curtains, tacking up little tapes to match the shelf coverings and filling the bright little

bowls with flowers. Mildred certainly knew how to arrange flowers. She did not bother any more. Not unless guests were coming. And when they sat home together, she always seemed to be waiting for someone. *Even when they were not expecting guests.* It made him nervous to see her sit there and start when the phone rang. Waiting, and waiting. It made him nervous when she did not talk. Waiting, and if he spoke to her it was "Yes, John," fraught with meaning, vibrating with expectancy. But when he answered, to tell the news, Mildred looked bored, disappointed. Yes, those evenings at home were enough to get on any man's nerves. They put him in a state all the next day.

"Nothing ever goes right in this house. Never tasted such food. Why don't you fire that maid? What a wife! Not interested in your home. Bloodthirsty. Abnormal taste in literature. War pictures. Who cares about them! Let people take care of their own problems. Has nothing to do with us." And then Mildred, infuriatingly superior, looking one of those never-batting-an-eye looks he hated so, "Doesn't it, John? Doesn't it *really*?" He *did* have a bad temper. But he was always sorry.

Sandwiched between the feature picture and News of the Day, was a Mickey Mouse comedy. John was not hurt any more. He looked at his wife. She always seemed to like Mickey Mouse and his funny friends. Yes, Mildred was looking at them with a smile of affection. Tenderness. That was better. People came out to enjoy themselves. Mildred was cute with her far-away little smile. Mildred was a peach.

"I say, aren't they funny?" John asked her.

"They're sweet." Mildred smiled at him. "Sweet," they were a riot! John laughed at the dog Pluto, pulling his winding carcass behind a nose exaggerated for the purpose of sniffing. Funny nose. Sniff, sniff. John laughed at Pluto again. He laughed at Mickey and Minnie at the opera. In fact, John laughed when all of the other people did. Yes, Mildred was a great baby. And *what* a baby she'd been when he married her!

THAT was before he had gone to France. John always said, "When I went to France." Never, "When I went to war." "Everyone got married

in a hurry that season." And John sounded as if it had been decreed by the Rue de la Paix, that during that season, hats were worn turned down at the brim and everyone got married in a hurry. Would Mildred have married him anyhow? She might not have, she most likely would have, *of course Mildred would have married him anyhow.* He offered to let her off. But they loved each other. Theirs was a spiritual love. The very best kind. Anybody knows that.

It was when he lay in the hospital, all done up like a mummy. His eyes showed, though. Mil had said, "The very same eyes." She looked sweet when she said it. He could not hear her very well, because he was a little deaf. His leg was pretty bad then, too. Darn good thing there had been an English surgeon there! But the doctor had said that his leg would be good as new, and it was. And his hearing was usually pretty good, too. The nerve of that doctor! Telling Mildred that when his hearing went bad, it was because he did not want to hear! More scientific baloney! He *had* offered to let Mildred off. He heard his own voice saying the words, "You don't have to go through with this, Mil." But of course she wanted to.

And there was nothing really wrong with him. He would have been interested in that sort of thing later. It had been his idea to have a family. Well—later, of course. And as for the rest—well, Mildred did not like being made love to. When they used to stay home in the evenings, she repulsed him. She certainly did.

"I can't stand it, John. I can't. If you—if we—aren't going to—if you really don't want me, I can't stand this sort of pretense." Just her way of saying that she did not like to be made love to. These women! But then spiritual love *was* best.

Mildred didn't seem to care much for children. She was nice to them, but if they'd try to get near her, she acted as if she did not want to have her dress mussed up. Funny though, she always seemed to be mothering *him*. Oh well, he did not mind. Let her see him cry for the lovely girl with false eyelashes. Maybe she liked the hero.

The curtain was drawn for a brief interval while the orchestra boomed loud the William Tell Overture. Mildred made a funny face. Would the cymbals blow her out of the seat! Mil-

dred was cute. John rather liked the boom-boom. Never had much taste for music anyhow.

"Did you like the hero?" John leaned close, and almost had to shout to make her hear. The woman on his left shot a deep look of reproach. She wanted to hear the lovely music. As if she couldn't have anyhow! John and Mildred giggled a little.

"No, I thought he was a mess," Mildred whispered.

"You didn't!" Surprise made John forget the anger of his neighbor.

Mildred giggled again, and nodded her head up and down, making silent words with her lips: "Yes, I really did!"

INTERMISSION was over. Then came News of the Day. It was war again. Had Mildred known? Oh dear. War in Spain. Mildred leaned forward in her chair. Her face was intense with absorption. So funny. First she was so sweet and then she lapped up that bloodthirsty stuff. What was it she said turning abruptly from the picture, and why did she look so angry? It sounded like: "This is *real* war. You can't call it exaggeration!"

Then she turned from him suddenly, like shutting a door in his face. Maybe she hadn't said it, though. His hearing wasn't too good. What a war!

Old cows moved lazily over the landscape. Large leaves hung motionless in the summer sun. Quite a nice little town. Very peaceful! A group of peasants stood—looking up. Maybe it was going to rain! Their faces lined with deep accepted doom. The camera moved quickly. Small village in ruins. Humph, they must have had a fire there. Quaint little village. Nice little wagon. Hauling wine, no doubt. Suddenly a city street swings into focus. Nice place. Fine buildings. Pretty church, too. A hanging steeple, the crucifix swaying like a pendulum. Like something on a clock. Very funny. People walking on the streets. Up and down. Just like any big city. People lying in the gutter and no one noticing. What are they doing? What on earth are they lying in the street for? Well, maybe they're asleep. People don't sleep on the streets. *I know damn well they're not asleep.* Oh well!

John glanced furtively toward Mildred, riveted there tense with excitement, staring. Bloodthirsty, just that!

(Continued on page 29)

AS TO WOMEN

*How to boycott Japan . . . A brave teacher
. . . Missionaries and the war in China*

MANY women have been inquiring about a manual for buying so that they may observe the consumers' boycott of Japanese goods. We hear that such a manual is being prepared, and word will be sent out as soon as it is ready. Meanwhile, the most important item for women to remember is that silk stockings are nearly all made from Japanese silk. One member of the American League went into a department store the other day to find a wearable substitute for silk stockings and fell into conversation with the store clerk. "Of course I believe in the boycott," said the clerk. "This is the time we should stand together and not help countries who think they can do anything they want to with other people. It burns me up. Already we have canceled all our orders for Japanese handkerchiefs." We have not gone in for household hints in this column, but it is true that you can buy very beautiful lisle stockings now if you are willing to pay a little more than you do for silk stockings. One thing to remember, when you think of the price, is that lisle stockings last much longer than silk. And it is a contribution to the struggle against war and Fascism.

IN THE vigilante hearings held by the League in Pittsburgh during the past month, one of the most terrifying stories was told by a teacher who had been dismissed after 16 years of service in the public schools of Flint, Michigan. It was not a story of violence. There was no gore. It was a quiet story, illustrated by a chart on the blackboard, of how a whole community, its education and its cultural life, were regulated by the General Motors Company. G. M. officials served on the boards for culture and recreation. They were the ones who were in control of the Library Foundation. They were in charge of the choice of schoolbooks. And from the membership of these committees and boards the organization of the Law and Order League was born. From a simple chart there emerged a picture of stifled freedom in one of the industrial towns of America that was frightening in its consequences. Praise should go to the teacher who had the

courage to stand before the audience in Pittsburgh and reveal what she had learned.

SPANISH children are facing the winter. France has returned many of her little guests to Spain because she could no longer find room to house them and money to feed them. We, as Americans and as believers in Democracy, must help care for the children who will build the Spain of tomorrow. Send us your contribution now.

THE other day a mission board met to consider the disposition of its missionaries in China. A motion was finally made that all women and children should be brought home or taken to places of safety. But the board reckoned without the women. They refused to leave their jobs. "Why should we leave just when the Chinese need us as they have never needed us before?" they asked. So they remain, taking care of refugees, caring for the wounded, and lending the moral support that they can give by showing the Chinese people the deep sympathy that the American people have for them in the disaster that has come to them. It is because of these women, too, in large part, that the United States knows so much about China. There is hardly a town in the Middle West that is not supporting some part of the missionary work in China. Women missionaries return to the little towns and tell of their experiences. It is not unusual to hear women who have never been farther from home than the county seat tell of the situation in some remote school in West China. It is familiar to them.

The young people who have gone to the small Middle Western colleges have met children of missionaries and young students from China in their classes. One man said the other day, "This war in China is particularly close to me. I always felt that China was a part of home." No matter what you may think of missionary work, it is responsible for breaking down the "America for Americans" feeling—at least, so far as China is concerned.

—DOROTHY MCCONNELL

Little Steel Czars

(Continued from page 9)

killed, more than a score wounded. This gave rise to indignation. Rubber workers from Akron, steel workers from Aliquippa, truck drivers from nearby towns all offered to come and reinforce the picket line. The county and city administrations increased their police force and their stock of munitions. Everyone was afraid of further bloodshed, and Ohio's Governor Davey was urged to declare martial law. The tin soldiers arrived, were cheerfully greeted by the strikers, and just as peace and quiet was restored Governor Davey turned over the militia to Tom Girdler, and like Mayor Shields', tin-hat men in Johnstown, Ohio's militiamen proceeded to convoy workers through the picket line into the suddenly reopened Republic plant.

In Massillon, Ohio, Cleveland Avenue S. W. runs directly into the gates of Republic Steel's Central Alloy plant. The last house on the left-hand side of the street faces the gates diagonally, and commands a complete view of them. The house is a two-story, drab, long unpainted, wooden structure, indistinguishable in the main from scores of the neighborhood's structures which are occupied by steel workers and their families. In the course of the strike this house became the center of activity. It was converted into a strike headquarters and a strike commissary. Here striking workmen came for news, for assignment to or release from picket duty, for their coffee and sandwiches, and to exchange bits of gossip with friends and co-workers. The establishment consisted of an office, a general sit-around room, a kitchen and a pantry. The workers' wives had charge of the place, and managed to keep it clean and orderly. Then suddenly this headquarters was turned into a mass of ruins which even *Il Duce's* bombers would find it difficult to duplicate.

The occupants were driven off with tear gas and bullets, and custody of the place was taken over by half a dozen heavily armed deputies, who guarded it from the street, and who permitted only the most respectable-looking and respectably accredited representatives of the press to enter. And we entered only on condition that no photographs would be taken. "You don't work for a picture magazine, do you?" one or another of the guards never failed to ask, and his tone made it clear that it would be too bad if the answer was yes.

The front wall was spattered with buckshot and deep gashes made by tear-gas projectiles. All the windows were broken, and faded green window shades with curiously shaped cuts in them, as though slashed by a maniac, flapped in and out of the window frames like the loosely hanging sleeves of a scarecrow. The interior was aptly

described by the escorting deputy, who repeated several times without the slightest trace of emotion, "It's a mess all right, it sure is a mess." Broken chairs, an overturned leather-covered sofa, a table with two legs splintered in the middle, boxes, desk drawers, packages of every size and description were piled into a fantastically conglomerous heap on one side of the room. The other side of the room presented an even more fantastic sight. Here loaves of bread, literally hundreds of them, wrapped in their colorful cellophane wrappers, were scattered over the floor in greater or lesser piles, abandoned to a somehow terrible uselessness.

Tom Girdler's Trademark

No more than 20 feet from the house there was a sizeable crimson spot on the pavement, which attracted passers-by, and which the deputies preferred not to have examined. The spot has been scrubbed and scraped, but there it is still, a stark bit of testimony to the right of terror. It was made by the blood of Fulgencio Calzada, a striking steel worker, a union man, a young Spaniard who met his Franco in Massillon, Ohio. He was shot in the back of the head, shot dead as he was running from an unprovoked attack.

A court injunction had been procured the week before which limited pickets to from six to twelve at any one gate. In compliance with this injunction the strikers remained away from the gate, but about 200 of them gathered around the headquarters, and from that post were able to see the gates and to observe with considerable satisfaction that the back-to-work movement was practically standing still. This was on July 11th, at about 11 P.M. A troop of 35 men, several of whom were identified as plant foremen, passed across the street in military formation, and moved on toward the gates. There they massed themselves so as to face the strikers, and before anyone knew what was happening bullets began to fly. It was later learned that the immediately provoking incident had to do with a motorist's refusal to turn off his automobile lights. The motorist contended that he had started his motor, was ready to pull out, and therefore, could not turn off his lights. The deputies, however, would stand for no argument. "Let's bust 'em up," the leader shouted, and the firing began.

The strikers were so startled that for a few seconds everyone stood still. Then they began to run like deer, hopping, jumping, ducking. The bullets followed them. One was dead when picked up. Another died the next day. A dozen or more were sent to the hospital. A few nursed their wounds at home. Two factors account for the reason why there were not many more casualties: (1) the deputies had to

(Continued on page 26)

November 1937, THE FIGHT

★ The Seamen Lay Hold ★

★
By Joseph Curran



★

THERE is a new factor for peace arising in this country—a factor that has been overlooked, more or less, in the general upsurge of public sentiment against the Japanese war machine. I mean the maritime unions.

Most people think of the seamen as being apart from the rest of the trade-union movement. And that attitude of the general public is to a certain extent justified. For years, the seamen and other maritime workers have been engaged in one of the toughest struggles of any group of workers—a struggle that was carried on mostly without the official leadership of the unions and in the face of the fiercest kind of employer opposition. Necessarily, then, the energies of the trade-union activities of the marine workers were directed toward somewhat narrow objectives—those of capturing control of their own unions and improving their own working conditions.

During the past two years those efforts have become in great measure successful. The longshoremen and maritime workers on the west coast, the seamen on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and many others engaged, directly or indirectly, in marine transportation, have succeeded in winning control of their own organizations. They have begun to solidify their ranks and to achieve decent wages and human working conditions.

The Seamen Have Learned

In addition, the maritime workers have become educated—educated in a trade-union sense, I mean. We have learned which side our bread is buttered on. We have learned just how we, as organized workers, can get the things we want.

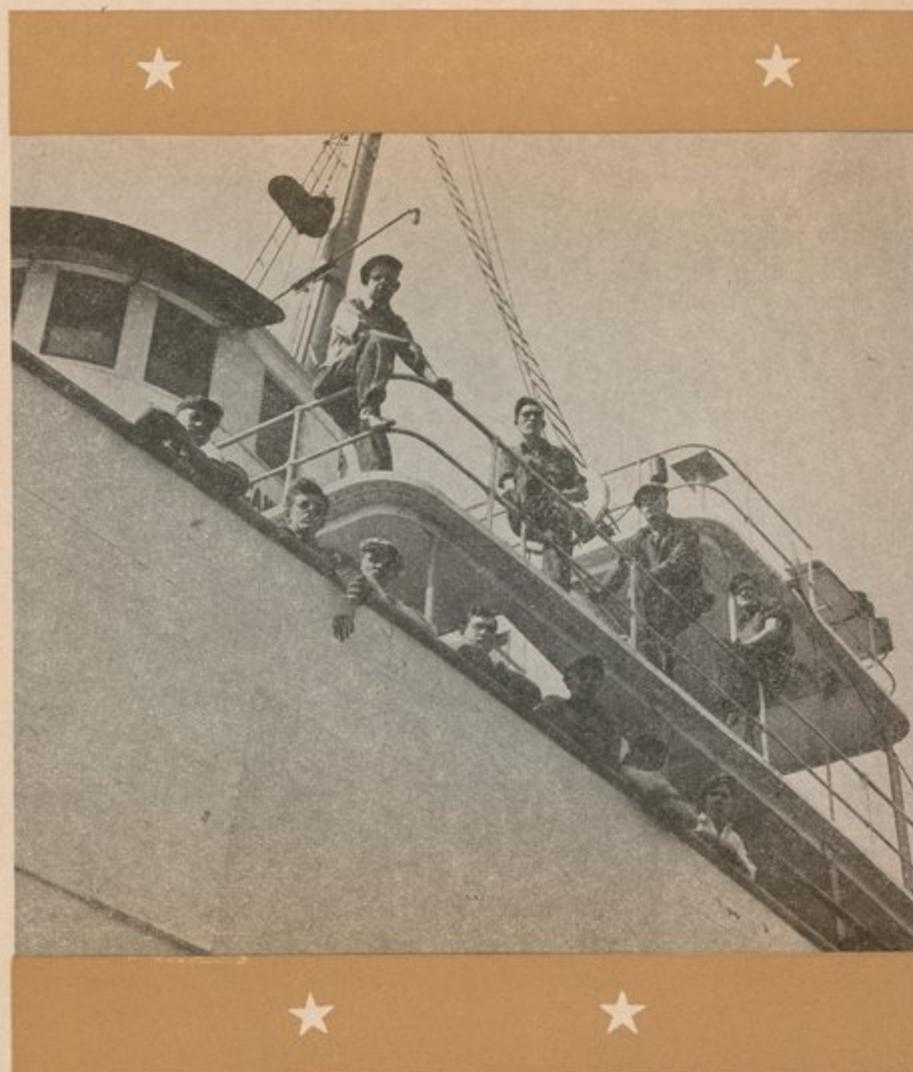
And we've learned something else, too. We have learned that there are much broader aspects to this trade-union business than we once suspected.

For example: we have found that the fight for wage increases, for the eight-hour day, for decent living-quarters aboard ships, clean linen and decent food, goes much deeper. We have found that when we really mustered sufficient economic strength to win our demands, we were opposed not only by the ship-owners, whose opposition we naturally counted on—but we were opposed also by municipal and state administrations, by reactionary labor "leaders," by most of the press, by chambers of commerce, manufacturers' associations, and by persons high in the Federal government.

One of the fiercest attacks on the seamen in recent years came from elected officials in the United States Senate—that was the drive led by Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York to nail us down with the so-called "fink" book, a sort of governmental black-list. That drive was defeated, incidentally, by a unified defense on the part of the maritime workers, with the help of other trade-unionists—some of whom had never seen a ship or a seaman.

The Pattern of Labor

As we got deeper into this thing, we found that it followed a sort of pattern. It followed a pattern that was the same in all trade-union activities, apparently. We found arrayed against us all the forces whose interests lay with the *status quo*—whose interests were bound up with maintaining the subservient status for the wage earner. The same forces that fought the steel workers, the auto workers, the agricultural workers, were all lined up



with the ship-owners when we were forced to take action to win a few-dollars-a-month wage increase.

The picture, we found, is even broader than that. It reaches not only into the innermost recesses of our economic system in this country, but it extends even to Europe, Africa, South America and the Far East. It seemed that everywhere we looked we found the same forces lined up against each other that we found here on the waterfront. On one side the employers, the ship-owners, the banks, the press, and often the government apparatus. On the other, the trade unions.

Now, the seamen read a lot. When you're away from port for weeks at a

time, you find yourself turning more and more to newspapers and periodicals and books. Naturally, we don't get home newspapers all the time. We get newspapers in every port we come to.

So during the depression, when strikes and political activities of the workers began to develop in this and other countries, the seamen could easily get wise to what was going on. And one of the things that was going on, it seemed, was that wherever it looked tough for the employers, they tried to find ways and means of abolishing whatever democratic institutions there were for protecting the workers' rights. It happened in Italy, in Germany, and now it is being tried in Spain and (in a way) in China.

And that's why I am able to say that there is arising a new factor for peace. The seamen are beginning to see in the Spanish invasion by Fascist troops and

The general organizer of the National Maritime Union points out a rising new factor for peace

in the attack on the Chinese people by the Japanese military machine, the actual armed outbreak of the struggle which, in times of so-called peace, goes on beneath the surface—in strikes, lock-outs and the like.

So, at the very moment when the seamen are embarking on a program of unity for all maritime workers in a huge National Industrial Maritime Federation, they are taking steps to broaden their activities.

Here I want to quote in part a letter sent to Secretary of State Hull by the New York Maritime Council, with which the National Maritime Union is affiliated, along with the American Communications Association; the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association; the Masters, Mates and Pilots; the Scandinavian Seamen's Club; the Industrial Union of Marine Shipbuilding Workers of America; the Apprentice Engineers Union, and the Lumber Yard Workers Union. Signed by Thomas Ray, secretary of the council, the letter reads:

Aid to the Aggressor

"It is pretty generally agreed, both by the Government of China and by the war party in Japan, that the recent State Department ban on government-owned ships carrying munitions to China and Japan and the announcement by the Department that merchant ships enter Chinese waters at their own risk, is an outright aid to Japanese armed forces.

"Merchant seamen, whose economic interests are bound up inextricably with the preservation of democratic institutions at home and abroad, as a result find themselves engaged in a commerce which is admittedly of a nature to help destroy that which they are determined to do all in their power to preserve.

"The paradox is not to their liking. Representatives of more than 100,000 licensed marine and harbor workers, at a recent 'unity' conference in Chicago, called upon the Government of the United States, as a signatory of the Kellogg-Briand pact and of the Nine Power treaty, to 'classify Japan as an aggressor nation and enforce an economic embargo against her until such time as all Japanese troops are withdrawn from China.'

"In that demand, we believe, the conference was doing no more than echoing the sentiments of the American people generally—certainly of American workers.

"We endorsed that position.

"Since then, instead of taking steps to restrain Japan as an aggressor nation, the Government of the United States has seen fit to do just the opposite—announce a policy which is, in effect, an economic embargo against China.

"In the language of a leading American newspaper (New York Daily News), 'This embargo will help Japan

at the expense of China. It . . . doesn't add up or make common sense.'

"We believe that the effective way to peace is to help China stop Japanese aggression—to enforce the Kellogg-Briand pact and the Nine Power treaty. Collective action by the United States, Great Britain, France and the Soviet Union would, we are convinced, restrain the Japanese war party in its mad course.

"Therefore we, members of the New York Maritime Council, representing 60,000 marine and harbor workers in the Port of New York and echoing the sentiments of all maritime labor organizations as well as the larger groups of progressive trade unions in this country, feel constrained to make a request—a request, we believe, without precedent in the annals of American labor relations.

"We ask that the State Department set a date for a hearing before representatives of your department and of the House and Senate Foreign Relations Committees, at which we and any and all interested parties or groups, may present our views on the present policy of the Government in relation to the situation in the Far East and outline a program which, we believe, will aid in carrying out the spirit of the two above-mentioned treaties."

The significance of these things is apparent to all progressive trade-unionists, I believe. As evidence that they are not lost on many other persons, I wish to quote from a recent article by a columnist in the Washington Star.

He said that the seamen had taken "a definite attitude toward the whole policy of the Federal government."

"For the first time in our history," he said, "organized labor threatens to take a hand in forcing a change in the nation's foreign policy."

Labor's Own Business

Well, of course he's right. Organized labor is taking a hand in the nation's foreign policy. And I say, it's about time. The columnist implies that our foreign policy is none of the workers'—business. If the foreign policy of the Federal government is none of the workers' business, I'd like to know just whose business it is.

In fact I think the workers, and especially the seamen, are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the nation's foreign policy and domestic policy both, are their business.

So much so, I believe, that they will come to feel that their economic strength is to be used not only to win wage and hour demands. It can and should be used also to help shape the foreign and domestic policies of their government.

And why not? Whose government is it, anyway? Is it the government of a few thousand employers, or the government of a hundred million Americans?

In Japan

(Continued from page 11)

to dark" is literally their daily life, and yet they cannot keep out of debt. On the contrary, despite their back-breaking labor, their debt increases, in the national total, by 600,000,000 yen annually.

The Scissors Widen

It is significant that the farmers' price-scissors widened suddenly at the end of last year, when the Hirota cabinet announced its budget of 3,000,000,000 yen. The increasing price of commodities thus has a close connection with the war budget. It has been current opinion since July, that the Japanese budget for the coming year will reach as high as 4,000,000,000 yen. There is not the slightest doubt that this will further widen the "scissors," making the farmers' lives utterly intolerable. Taxes have been already increased and they will be further increased. The government agents will take even the last penny for the "national defense." The farmers as well as the workers are required to pay the utmost attention to the "nation's crisis," but not to their own crisis, let alone their well-being. While the amount of the war budget skyrockets, the lives of the toiling farmers sink deeper and deeper.

Low and High in Japan

But there are Japanese and Japanese: Japanese who are dragged into the depths under the "nation's emergency," and Japanese whose pocketbooks continuously fatten in the very same situation.

Many pretty stories have been circulated in Japan that certain industrial and financial concerns have donated large sums of money to the "national defense." Their deeds have been acclaimed as tokens of their conversion from "greedy" capitalists to "benevolent" capitalists.

But let us see, before singing "Hallelujah" to these fine examples, how much profits these rich men of Japan have received from the war prosperity. Here are some figures which, though very dry, tell the undistorted story. Taking 1931, the year of the Manchurian invasion, as 100, we learn that in 1935 the index of the dividends of the general industrial concerns stood at 219; that of the exporting companies at 293; and that of the munitions makers at 406. Thus it cannot be disputed that the invasion of Manchuria brought a substantial profit to the industrialists. It is perhaps even more significant to note the increase of the bonuses which the directors of these companies have received. In 1935 their indexes stood at 205, 290 and 687 respectively.

Is it any wonder, then, that combines like Mitsui and Mitsubishi have given sizeable sums to the "national defense"?

Or that the Kuhara concern, one of those which have increased their income tremendously during the "nation's emergency," has been willing to finance the movements which aim to put the country on a war basis?

Even What They Have

Japan has now launched another gigantic military operation in China which is almost ten times as large in scale as was the invasion of Manchuria in 1931—at least so far as the financial requirements of the army are concerned. The increased taxation, which aims to raise 140,000,000 yen immediately, puts further economic pressure on the population. But at the same time about two-thirds of the enormous war-budget will be poured, as in the past, into the coffers of the munitions industrialists. Those who have will be given more and those who have not will be robbed of what they have. This is what Japan's so-called "national emergency" really means to the Japanese people.

Little Steel Czars

(Continued from page 24)

stop for about five minutes to replenish their ammunition and many of the people got away during that interval; (2) most of the deputies were poor marksmen.

The shooting and rapid dispersal of the strikers was only the beginning of a reign of terror which lasted until early dawn. Reinforced by city police from Massillon and Canton, as well as by a couple of car-loads of militiamen, the original squad of deputies went on a sadistic manhunt. Without permission or warning they forced their way into homes and rooming houses in the neighborhood, occupied principally by steel workers. One rooming house had everyone of its 28 rooms broken into. They allowed no time for the opening of doors but broke right into them and dragged the occupants off to jail. Tear gas was used unstintingly.

The Strike's Aftermath

In Massillon, as in Johnstown and in Youngstown, the strike was broken. Most of the men went back to work, but not all of them are working today. This is due not to discrimination against union men but to lack of orders. Tom Girdler won the strike to the extent that he did not sign a union contract, he lost it to the extent of many millions of dollars. Whereas his competitors are working almost 100 per cent, Republic mills at this writing are working less than two thirds of capacity. Orders are simply not forthcoming. Customers dealing with union labor are disinclined to place their orders with Republic and compel their employees to use "scab" steel. Tom Girdler the cop won, Tom Girdler the business man lost, and is continuing to lose heavily.

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid



FARM PEOPLE are deeply interested in the People's Congress for Democracy and Peace which will convene at Pittsburgh on November 26th. Local organizations, state conventions and farm leaders are giving their support to this national assembly. The North Dakota Farmers Union on October 7th voted endorsement of the Congress and decided to send delegates, after hearing an address by Ralph M. Compere, League organizer. Similar action is expected from the Iowa Farmers Union whose convention also heard Mr. Compere. J. J. Schefcik, vice-president of District 1 of the Nebraska Farmers Union, has written: "I wish to endorse your Congress wholeheartedly, having many reasons for the endorsement. First, we have four sons. Second, many of our farmers have sons. Third, humanity and all its high ideals are at stake at this time. Yes, use my name a thousand times if convenient." Mr. Compere's schedule will carry him before a number of farm groups in the next few weeks. After attending the South Dakota Farmers Union convention he will be present at the national convention of this organization at Kankakee, Illinois. Farm leaders in various sections of the country are responding with endorsements. Among them have been Governor William Langer of

North Dakota; C. Michael Mitzell and Andrew Omholt of Pennsylvania; John H. Bosch, president, and Dale Kramer, secretary-treasurer of the National Farmers' Holiday Association. In addition the Congress has been endorsed by Donald Henderson, general president of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America.

LABOR is joining with farm and other groups in giving support to the Pittsburgh Congress. Along with the South Dakota A.F. of L. convention, the Wisconsin C.I.O. Council in its state convention voted to endorse the Congress and send delegates. The Minnesota A.F. of L. convention heard the Congress outlined by Ralph Compere, who received a warm reception. Delegates are expected from many labor locals in this state. Eleven international and regional officers of trade unions have endorsed the Congress to date. Among the latest are S. H. Dalrymple, president of the United Rubber Workers of America; Professor Jerome Davis, president of the American Federation of Teachers; A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; Reid Robinson, president of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter

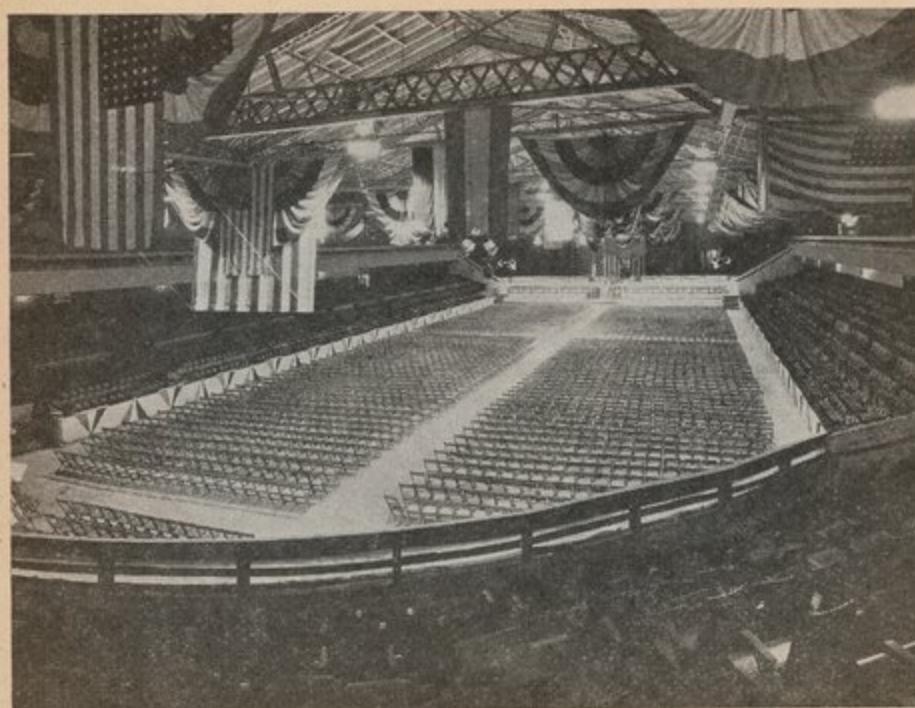
Workers, and James Nelson, president of District 50 of the United Mine Workers of America. Several internationals are sending calls to their locals and urging them to elect delegates to Pittsburgh for the November assembly. The National Office of the League has put a new trade-union organizer into the field for special work in getting delegates for the Congress. He is Albert E. Edwards, former field-organizer for the International Association of Machinists.

AT LOS ANGELES, CHICAGO AND NEW YORK CITY last month, 110 delegates met in three regional secretaries' conferences to prepare for the 4th Congress. Their chief concern was the promotion of the Congress in their local communities and the securing of delegates from labor, farm and other community organizations. Bert Leech, California organizer, reported that the conference held in that state "was the most stimulating and hopeful single experience we have had in this area. It showed a real step forward in collective planning and leadership. We have more forces than we had realized to go forward to the building of a mass people's movement for Democracy and peace." California held two broad regional conferences, at Los Angeles on October 17th and at San Francisco on October 24th, as further steps in promoting the Congress and securing large delegations from the various organizations in the state.

PITTSBURGH was the scene of a hearing and mass meeting of national importance on October 8th. During the day, a distinguished panel heard testimony of a number of victims and witnesses of vigilante activities. At night a large meeting was held for the public where the findings were presented. On the panel were Dr. Robert Morse Lovett of Chicago University as chairman; Margaret Forsyth of Teachers College, Columbia University; the Reverend Bernard Clausen of Pittsburgh Open Forum; Rose Stein, author and labor teacher; Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Dr. Marion Hathaway of the University of Pittsburgh, and Dorothy McConnell of the American League. Witnesses and vic-

tims were present from Johnstown, Pennsylvania; Weirton, West Virginia; Massillon, Cleveland, Warren, Canton, and Youngstown, Ohio; and Flint, Michigan. The mass meeting in the evening heard Roger Baldwin, Dr. Claussen, Dr. Lovett and Harold Ruttenberg, research director of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, and two star witnesses who had appeared before the panel. Over 125 religious and civic leaders were present at the panel hearings and were deeply interested in the startling testimony given by trade unionists, a teacher, a minister and a white-collar worker, all of whom had been subject to or witnesses of vigilante activities. The Pittsburgh staff of the League, headed by the local secretary, Mrs. David Turets, and supported by Dorothy McConnell, Sam Swerdloff and William E. Dodd, Jr. of the National Office staff, did valiant service in organizing the hearing and mass meeting. The effect of these meetings on the public has been most favorable in creating an awareness of the activities and nature of vigilante groups, and the need for defending the democratic rights of workers and other citizens.

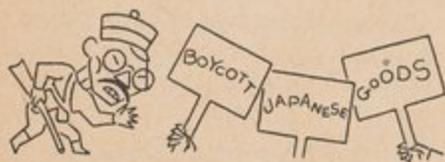
A MASS MEETING FOR CHINA was the major activity of the New York City division of the League during the past month. In cooperation with the American Friends of the Chinese People and the National Office of the League, a colorful and dramatic program of speakers and music was arranged for Madison Square Garden on the night of October 1st. Dynamic slogans on huge streamers, dramatic lighting effects, several stirring numbers of classical Chinese music by a Chinese orchestra, and the singing of the Chinese national anthem by a group of Chinese-American children, contributed much to the attractiveness of the demonstration. Dr. Harry F. Ward was chairman of the meeting and presented a five-point program of activity on behalf of the Chinese people. He called for a boycott campaign against Japanese goods on sale in this country; urged cooperation with organized labor in its refusal to handle shipments to Japan; demanded an embargo on all war materials to Japan; insisted that China be permitted to buy here everything she needs for her defense, under



Duquesne Garden, Pittsburgh, where the People's Congress for Democracy and Peace will open on November 26th

conditions that will not involve the United States in war; and maintained that our government should fulfill its international obligations under existing treaties to stop Japanese invasion of China. The audience was in hearty accord with this program. They responded with a collection of \$5,000 in cash and pledges, for aid to the Chinese victims. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Tsune-Chi Yu, Chinese Consul-General; Dr. D. Willard Lyon, former national Y.M.C.A. secretary in China; Dr. John L. Childs of Teachers College, Columbia University; Joseph Curran, general organizer of the National Maritime Federation; Luise Rainer, star of *The Good Earth*; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise; Dr. Chao-Ting Chi, and Philip J. Jaffe, managing editor of *Amerasia*. A dramatic point in the program was the presentation by Roger Baldwin of a Korean, an Indian, a Japanese and a Chinese. The latter, Miss Shih, had just arrived by plane from the west coast and Shanghai, and had been in the United States less than 48 hours.

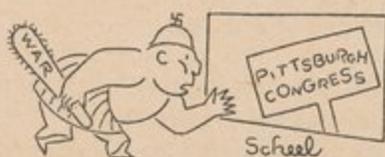
The boycott campaign is growing rapidly as labor, religious and other groups are using this method of helping China. The League has offered to serve as clearing house for information to avoid duplication in this work and will also receive funds for aid to the Chinese people. These funds will be transmitted by a board of trustees to Mme. Sun Yat-sen and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek for the purchase of food, clothing and medical supplies. The League is also pressing President Roosevelt for action by the United States in cooperation with other signatories of the Nine Power Treaty, to halt Japan's attack on China.



NEW BRANCHES of the League are growing up in a number of communities. Homer Young is the chairman of a Branch that has recently been organized at Charleston, West Virginia. The first public meeting was addressed by Harold Huston, prominent attorney. Rabbi Cooper has given his support to the organization. For some weeks a new Branch has been gaining momentum at Poughkeepsie, New York. Professor Philip Davis is the chairman and the Branch is already active on the Chinese situation. The Branch was recently addressed by the Reverend W. W. Camp, pastor of the Friends Meeting in the city. In Dutchess County, New York, a Branch has been organized under the leadership of Mrs. Polly Leeds Weil of Stanfordville. The Branch developed out of a discussion group that met in various homes and has now arranged a

program of two meetings a month in the community. The Reverend Norval Webb, minister of the Friends Church, spoke at a recent meeting. Down in Texas, work is progressing on the establishment of a Branch at Dallas with Hyman Miller as organizer. At Corpus Christi, the Committee for Peace and Progress has affiliated with the League and several of its members have joined the national organization.

MIDDLE WEST—The Toledo League has had an increase in activities during the past month, and as a result announces that strong resolutions against the Sheppard-Hill Bill have been adopted by the Central Labor Union, the Toledo Industrial Council of the C.I.O. and the Lucas County Workers Alliance. The C.I.O. Council, representing 33,000 workers, has also endorsed the 4th Congress and will send delegates to Pittsburgh. Cin-



cinnati reports a meeting of 250 people addressed by Paul Fuller, regional director of the C.I.O., and a meeting to be addressed by the Reverend William B. Spofford of the Church League for Industrial Democracy. Work has begun on a local Japanese boycott campaign. In Cleveland, the League has started a campaign to repeal the state criminal-syndicalism law, and continues to expose the activities of the Association of Leagues, the local Fascist coalition. Congress endorsements have been secured from a number of local leaders and plans are already under way for a big mass-meeting on Armistice Day. October 9th and 10th were observed as Tom L. Johnson tag days, when funds were raised for a Spanish children's home bearing Johnson's name. Milwaukee on October 3rd entertained Gung Sing Wang, Chinese vice-consul from Chicago, at dinner, and later held a public meeting with Mr. Wang, the Reverend Dakin and others as speakers on the Far Eastern situation.

HERE AND THERE—League work in Denver, Colorado, is taking a new lease on life, facing a local Nazi group and working for aid to China. In Washington, D. C., League members again organized a demonstration at the doors of the Japanese embassy. Picketing was not permitted, but banners carried slogans and a delegation calling upon the embassy presented a letter of protest against Japan's invasion of China. The Washington League arranged a special dinner for affiliates and friends to be addressed by Paul Reid, on October 19th.

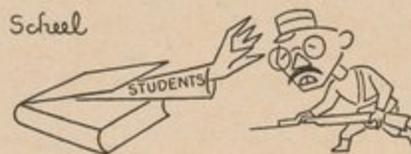


By
James Lerner

AFTER many weeks of careful discussion and thought, the United Student Peace Committee is prepared to issue its program for Armistice Day demonstrations. This platform represents a tremendous advance over that which was issued by the same group in April for the Student Strike. At that time, although the need for cooperation by the people of the world was recognized, the Committee advocated stringent neutrality legislation. There was no appraisal of the differences between aggressors and victims and no effort to rally support for the victims of aggression.

But students will learn. Now the Committee declares boldly: "We must help the Chinese people in their struggle against Japanese aggression"; it approves of collecting aid for the students of China who are victims of this aggression; it supports "the demand for the withdrawal of foreign troops in Spain" and urges "our government to extend its present embargo" to Italy, Germany and Portugal if this is not granted.

There are other important sections of the program, but this indicates what a tremendous advance has been made by a committee which represents the leading groups at work on the American campus. The President's denunciation of aggression in his Chicago speech, therefore, will receive hearty response from students.



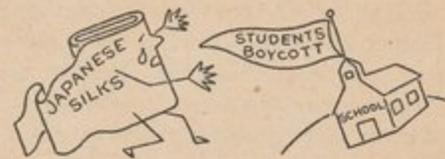
THE Armistice Day program, however, omits an appeal for a people's boycott of Japanese goods. There is no other undertaking which can solidify American support for China and at the same time strike at the shaky financial structure of Japan as can the boycott, and it should sweep the campus like wildfire within a short time.

There are a few organizations opposed to the boycott for fear that it will be used to develop a "hate" campaign against the Japanese people. The guarantee that this won't happen lies in the groups which support such a

YOUTH NOTES

move. To have it come from Hearst would be one thing, but when labor, student, peace and religious groups couple their boycott with pledges of sympathy to the people of Japan, as has invariably been the case, we fail to see the "hate" danger. At our Madison Square Garden meeting where we opened the boycott campaign, Japanese contributed money to assist.

So a number of student and youth groups will see to it that Japanese toothbrushes, silks and other articles are not bought. If we can keep Santa Claus from bringing in a load of toys from Japan, there will be fewer Made in America bombs falling in China this Christmas.



THE forward step taken by the United Student Peace Committee should help make the People's Congress for Democracy and Peace a huge success. Already we have secured endorsements from a number of prominent youth leaders. We can mention at this early date Jack R. McMichael, co-chairman of the National Inter-Collegiate Christian Council; Robert G. Spivack, secretary of International Student Service; Joseph P. Lash, secretary of the American Student Union; A. L. Sachar, head of the Hillel Foundation; John Lewis, president of the Young People's League (United Synagogues of America), and Rose Troiano, chairman of the Industrial Council of the Y.W.C.A.

The particular value of our Congress to student and youth groups is that it will help illuminate the path to a more effective program and bring them into cooperation with other sections of the population. The cross-fertilization will be scientifically correct and socially invaluable.

IF YOU went to the movies this month and saw a picture of a fellow picketing young Mussolini's press conference in New York, you should be told that the picketer was Gordon Sloane, our New York Youth Director.

Feature Picture

(Continued from page 23)

She felt the motion of his turning, and her profile became an oval, eyes shining and direct, trying to hold his eyes before her steady gaze. Her lips were drawn to a tight line, and a little nerve on her cheek was beating.

She opened her mouth and said, much too loudly, "Your war was to end all wars. What's this one for?" It was a vicious demand, and John was glad that she moved from him so that he would not have to answer. Why the hell was Mildred shouting at him?

A small brown-eyed child wandered down the street. She was looking for someone. Then her head turned toward the camera, to start in fright at that *thing* taking her picture. Funny, most children like to have their picture taken. Soft murmurs went up in the theatre, "Ah" and "Isn't she cute?" But Mildred's eyes were blazing. She looked from side to side as if to hush the people in their admiration of the brown-eyed child. You see, she didn't like children.

"One shouldn't *have* children!" Her voice was low and tense. "It's no place to have children." What ever did she mean, "it's"? Not in a movie house of course. That was funny. No, Mildred had never liked children. One more flash drew Mildred's eyes back to the screen. John was tired. He squinted. He would be glad when the whole business was over. Refugees running. Women and children. Old men with packs on their backs. A burro loaded down with furniture. Those foreigners were not kind to animals. Well, they were running. They could all get away if they wanted to!

A GLARING flood of cold yellow light leaped into the place. People trying to adjust themselves to the reality of the situation. Of course, they were in the theatre! Stirring about, struggling in wraps. John tried to help Mildred find the sleeve of her coat, but she pulled away so sharply, it seemed as if she would strike him. And by heaven, he'd had enough for one evening! John turned to tell her so. Turned to find Mildred gone, struggling up the aisle against a tide of people. Mildred never did that. Never left him lagging behind. Never left him— Now some people noticed John's limp and moved aside to make room for him.

Out in the lobby Mildred waited. She did not look angry any more. Only sick. She looked white and ill. They kept those places too warm. The air wasn't good in there.

"Well, well, Ted Blane." Ted was John's boss. A fine fellow, too. "Do you know my wife, Ted?" Blane turned toward Mildred. He had a



Pablo Picasso's "Guernica." The famed artist's anti-Fascist mural is on view in the Spanish Building at the Paris Exposition

kind of a way of looking at women.

"No John, this isn't really your wife!" He looked at Mildred, a glance of searching appraisal. "What right has an old codger like you to have such a young beautiful wife?" Ted gave him a playful little punch and then turned his attentions exclusively to Mildred. Stood looking down at her with a sort of devouring attention. And Mildred—she looked lovely. Young, and gay and sparkling, standing close to his boss, her head thrown back, her eyes drinking in the words. Evidently she did not think that *he* was "a mess!" These women. You could never tell what they'd fall for. Not that Mildred—

The cool evening air met them with friendly breaths. Mildred's walk had become a sprightly little swing.

"What a nice man! What a really lovely man!" She meant Blane, of course.

"Yes, he has a way with the women." John's tone held a hint of derision.

"Well, what's wrong with that?" Mildred defending Blane.

"Oh—nothing. Only—I didn't think that you went in for that sort of thing."

Her voice came back through the dark: "Didn't you?"

What in heaven's name had got into her? And then, for some reason, John tried switching the subject, or *was* it switching the subject?

"Do you know, Mildred, I think that you're right about it's being silly to have children." Why did he say it? When she had spoken the same words, there in the theatre, he had thought it terribly dramatic.

They walked for a while in silence, John's good leg making an emphatic little thud on the pavement. Yes, Mildred loved him. And not silver-screen, kiss-and-live-happy-ever-after love, either. Theirs was the never-kiss and what's-all-this-talk-about-happiness

sort of love. After all, they weren't children.

"I didn't exactly say that." Mildred was still thinking about it. She *did* harp on a subject. "What I said was—oh John, you never told me that Ted Blane was so nice. Maybe we could have him for dinner sometime—soon."

"No, I wouldn't want to do that," John protested. "He might—that is, maybe he would think that I was trying to be too friendly. Wanted a raise, or something."

"I don't think he would, John. He did not seem that sort. He acted very friendly."

"Friendly enough to you." John's voice held the subtle accusation of how the boss treated *him*.

MORE silence. They walked far from each other, separated by the divisions on the asphalt. Separated by their thoughts. People passed on their way home. Home. It would be nice to get there. To go to bed. He had to work like a dog. Little Mildred knew about people. Just because Blane gave her a few compliments. He could drive hard, that fellow.

A mail plane soared on its nightly flight. Strange little colored stars shooting a trail in the dark above. They were nearing an arc-light and John looked at his wife to see if she had noticed the big bird. What was wrong with Mildred? What had suddenly happened to her? She was standing quite still, a look of fear and fury on her face, hands held over her ears. What was wrong? Had she suddenly gone crazy?

As if in affirmation to this terrible thought, Mildred started to scream. Her voice cracked crazily in loud hysterical wails. "Children are in those houses. *Children*, sleeping. That plane could drop bombs on them!"

"But it's a mail plane. Stop yelling, will you?"

"Sure, sure it's a mail plane." She did not lower her voice. "But it might not be. 'Has nothing to do with us,' that's what you said—that's what you always say. It's the only thing that *has* anything to do with us, the only thing. Do you hear, *do* you? War! War! But you won't remember. That's why we shouldn't have children. *That's* why. War stole my husband. Stole my baby. Did you see her there? My baby in the movies. Did you? Did—" Mildred was writhing with the agony of her lost baby. She sobbed aloud, without tears.

"Mildred, you're crazy!" John protested. "Bats!" She was raving out loud, like a lunatic. Some people turned to look at them. They laughed. "Tight as a tick!"

But Mildred did not notice them. She had started all over again. Screaming, screaming at John. But he could not hear another word that she said, because he had suddenly gone stone deaf.

Express for Peace!

(Continued from page 21)

that the great masses of working men and women throughout the nation are beginning to realize that their forefathers gained for them only a political Democracy; that there still devolves upon them the great task of establishing a larger and more important Democracy in the means by which men live. Although the reactionaries of our country, speaking through the effective voice of the American press, are still counseling fear of moving lest we move "too far," the American people's minds return to the days preceding March, 1933, when their leader's refusal to act nearly wrecked the nation. By the orderly processes of Democracy, the people will ultimately prevail and they will select leaders who will not be afraid to act and save Democracy in a world of threatening dictatorships.

Evening in Spain

(Continued from page 13)

German who had been in a concentration camp three years. He wanted to know about Tom Mooney. He remembered Mooney's mother very well, as a little thing in black who made a fine speech in Germany.

Men Alive

Every man in that room had a complicated, some a sensational past. Yet they were an unusually composed, self-contained lot. Many of them had taken part in some of the hardest fighting of this war. Some of them had come through the World War and persecution in their own countries. They seemed the most curiously alive group I had ever seen. They were smoking American cigarettes and drinking coffee, and there was a great deal of getting up and moving around. The woman whose home it was came often to the door and two of her daughters helped bring in food. The inside of the house was in simple peasant style, common all over Europe, with thick whitewashed walls. The 16 different nationalities looked very much at home.

The event of the evening was to take place in a schoolroom. One of the organizers of the entertainment walked with me over the rough cobbles. A year before he had been a Nazi in Germany. On a visit to Holland he met a well-known radical journalist; their talks clarified all his doubts and disgust. It was just as if a curtain had rolled up in a dark room to let in the sun. He never went back to Germany, came instead to Spain. He was very eager about the social evening and a little nervous for fear it would not go off well.

The big schoolroom was jammed with soldiers, women and crowds of children and older men. Fathers held children and children stood on chairs. The window-sills bristled with little boys. The soldiers of the battery had modestly foregone chairs and stood in rows along the wall toward the front. A wild mixture of people boiled like broth, turning, twisting, coughing and talking. We had seats of honor in the front row where everyone could stare at us to his heart's content. There was a blackboard up front, and a piano.

About ten men from the battery filed modestly to the front and, standing in a double row, waited for quiet. Everyone began hissing for everyone else to be still. A soldier clapped his hands. Finally the roomful of steaming energetic people simmered down and the men began to sing. They were mostly from Czechoslovakia and their first song was in Spanish. Most of them could not speak Spanish, but they had taken pains to learn every word correctly.

The favorite number was the violin. A famous violinist from Budapest, a

tall slim man with a little dark mustache, now in charge of telephone communications to the front lines, stood up with his violin to his chin. The room became really still; the soldiers along the wall hardly breathed. He played the *Humoresque* and Hungarian folk songs and was encored wildly. Flushing with pleasure he kept trying to retreat, only to be dragged back again. Then the chorus sang *Röslein, Röslein*, and the Hungarian commander next to me hummed it all the way through, his eyes shining. After that came a song in Italian and then five little girls from the town were persuaded to come forward.

They had not expected to be called on to sing and had not practiced. They stood in a half circle, their arms awkwardly resting on each other's shoulders, little girls about 12 years old with their eyes lowered. Very shy, they began in wavering voices, *Up Workers*, but they soon steadied. When the leader saw they were really coming through, she lifted her head proudly and let out her voice. The house stamped and roared with pleasure. American cigarettes were passed around. The air was thick with smoke. A Spaniard slightly drunk tried to make a speech and was restrained. The little girls sang *The Youth Guard* and their voices, now released by applause and confidence, rang out clear and touching. Parents in the room half wept with pride and a warm, fluid, congenial smile passed from face to face.

Time Marches in Spain

Then the Czech chorus came on with more songs. They were warmed up now and sang *Bandera Rojo* so beautifully that the audience got to its feet and joined in. The little girls came out and stood by the men as the song was repeated. No one wanted to stop. Finally the evening moved on to its most elaborate number. Five big mirrors were carried on the stage. Each mirror was supposed to be a radio station, with the announcer crouching behind it. One station represented Prague, the others Vienna, Leipzig, Nuremberg, and the fifth was simply 29.8. When it was announced, everybody applauded loudly. Then the broadcasting began. A high hysterical voice, intended for Hitler, shrieked that the Germans must have room, more room, always more room. They must have also more children. Then came Goering with the reminder that cannons were preferable to butter any day. Finally 29.8 reminded its radio audience that when they got tired of their oppressor they had only to unite to throw him off their backs. Though most of the people could not understand the words, the mirrors and the voices pleased them and they applauded with whistles and cheers.

By this time the room was steaming with happiness. The clear peasant faces

were luminous with joy. Tomorrow no one knew what might happen. One had only to stick a head out the door and see the darkened villages to be reminded of what the world was like. But here at this moment a calm and joyful future seemed as clear as a song. The former Nazi who was engineering the event kept hovering in the door with anxiety obliterated. He was smiling, and as excited as if it were a day at school and everything had gone well. The simplest, happiest feelings became very clear and real to everyone. They all wanted to sing *Bandera Rojo* again and did.

A Temperance Lecture

Then the Spaniard who was a little drunk insisted on making his speech. He could not longer be held back, and the Germans and Czechs looked on with anxiety. He began tipsily, waving a wine-flask of goat skin. A Czech seated in front of him said something in a quiet, imploring voice. As if by magic, the Spaniard righted his shaken limbs and stood like a soldier. In a completely composed voice he began. Had he been pretending? Evidently, as he was making a little oration against drunkenness. It was very effective; he said drunkenness was against the morale of the troops and civilians alike. He said in this town people didn't just talk. They got together and worked things out. Internationalism wasn't just a sound coming from the mouth. It was something they studied to arrive at, not just in the future but now. He wanted everyone to be aware of that fact and to realize that the little children were being taught the first steps toward the kind of world they were all fighting for. He then thanked everyone and, to the delight and relief of the Germans, gave a neat salute and walked off, the picture of sobriety, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic applause.

The evening ended with the chorus, the little girls and the audience singing the *Song of the International Brigade*.

People streamed out into the narrow streets and were swallowed by dark houses. We went to another house, another white-clothed table, another chandelier swathed in mosquito-netting, and this time had champagne with some of the battery. They brought out stacks of photographs and with pleasure pointed out how Rumanian, Greek and Italian were taken with arms on each other's shoulders, that German and Frenchman, former enemies, were seated side by side. Their delight was fully as huge and more inclusive than the pleasure German women used to take in showing me family portraits years ago. It was curious that many of the old habits, as the old songs, survived here with fresh burnished looks.

On Spanish soil I recognized more of the German homeland I used to know and love than I did on a return.

visit to Germany in 1935, when I felt I had entered a well-ordered cemetery. The entire evening I had been reminded of paintings I had once traveled days to see, and passages from books not read for years sprang out of a well that had seemed sealed. I kept thinking of Breughel in that room churning with lively venturesome faces: the color of their skins, their hair and reddish-brown clothes, their expressions so full of delight at a shared experience. D. H. Lawrence might have found, if not an answer, a direction to his question put with a sure instinct for the needs of men—and such an unhappy conviction of its hopelessness—"Men have not got in them that secret to be alive together and make one like a single laugh, yet each fish going its own gait. What civilization will bring us to such a pitch of swift laughing togetherness?"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933.

Of THE FIGHT Against War and Fascism, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1937.

State of New York) ss.
County of New York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abner F. Levin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE FIGHT Against War and Fascism and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Executive Committee, American League Against War and Fascism, 268-4th Ave., N. Y. C. Editor, Joseph Pass, 268-4th Ave., N. Y. C. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Abner F. Levin, 268-4th Ave., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) National Executive Committee, American League Against War and Fascism, 268-4th Ave., N. Y. C.; Harry F. Ward, Chairman, 268-4th Ave., N. Y. C.; Wm. P. Mangold, Treasurer, 268-4th Ave., N. Y. C.; Paul M. Reid, Executive Secretary, 268-4th Ave., N. Y. C.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ABNER F. LEVIN,
(Signature of Business Manager)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1937.

A. KRENTZ,
(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)
[SEAL]

Quarantine Fascism!

FOR MORE than two years now, the Fascist countries under Mussolini and Hitler have been driving and pushing the world into what was obviously a world war—Ethiopia, then Spain, and now the Far East.

War is no longer a thing of the future. *War is here.* War on two major fronts. War is facing every civilized nation in the world. The Fascist governments have chosen their allies and their objectives. Only two or three weeks ago, Mussolini's own paper, *Popolo d'Italia*, in a mad moment, let the cat out of the bag when it denounced "those who represent conservatism and reaction-capitalism, parliamentary democracy, Socialism, Communism, liberalism and a certain wavering Catholicism with which we will sooner or later settle accounts in accordance with our style." If this confused statement means anything—and it does—it means war against everything that is decent in human life, as well as against everybody anywhere who will not bow to the proposed demands and aggressions of Fascism.

The peoples of the world, remembering the last war, want peace. The democratic governments—tangled in their own contradictions—have failed the weaker nations attacked by Fascism. Fascism, taking advantage of the situation, is driving the world into war . . . and finally the President of the United States was forced to speak.

The people's desire for peace can be realized only through their militant safeguarding of Democracy and the projection of an immediate program to halt the war-makers' aggression policies. The President's proposal to quarantine the invading aggressors is welcomed enthusiastically by all socially minded people who understand the difference between Democracy and Fascism and are not merely four-o'clock peace tea-drinkers. The indications that "we will cooperate with the other signers of the Nine Power Treaty in upholding its pledge of the independence and integrity of China" (American League wire to the President) is another step in the direction of peace. To prevent the aggressor in China and Spain from using our resources and to change our neutrality legislation so that the attacked, in this case China and Spain, will not be handicapped, is the initial step in keeping our country free from the pestilence of Fascism.

As long as we have the present economic set-up, the danger of war will be with us. There is no escape unless the people in democratic countries and their allies everywhere—the common people in the Fascist countries are our allies too—will be on the alert in the struggle for human rights and peace which is rapidly approaching a final turning-point.—J.P.

The Vigilantes Exposed

ON OCTOBER 8, 1937, in the city of Pittsburgh, a hearing of vigilante activity in the steel and auto industries was called before a panel brought together by the American League



Picketing the Japanese Embassy in Washington

Against War and Fascism. Sixteen witnesses from Cleveland, Massillon, Canton, Youngstown and Warren, Ohio; Flint, Michigan; Johnstown, Pennsylvania and Weirton, West Virginia, gave testimony in so clear and straightforward a manner that no one could challenge the truth of their statements.

Representatives of steel companies have already approached the reporters who took down these statements. Members of vigilante committees have called on some of the members of the panel to "protest" the hearings. But the testimony stands for all time—honest and convincing—a revelation of the growth of Fascism in the United States of America. At the close of the hearings, Mr. Ruttenberg of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee said: "I am grateful to this organization for their services in helping to publicize and re-publicize, so that everyone can know and can never forget the fact that the spontaneous character of such committees as the Citizens' Committee of Johnstown was made spontaneous by the dollars of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation."

The "spontaneous" character of the Law and Order Leagues, the John Q. Public Committees and the Citizens' Committees is blasted forever for anyone who reads the findings of the hearings. May they reach a wide public!—D.McC.

To Pittsburgh

A LITTLE over four years ago there came upon the American scene a new peace organization, different from all other peace groups in that it recognized the link between a nation's economy and the making of war. In going beyond mere *wishing for peace*, that organization was led to realize that its first job in the achievement of peace was to struggle against Fascism in all its manifestations, and for Democracy and civil liberties. That organization is the American League Against War and Fascism.

Accepting the above precepts as its foundation led the American League to a natural conclusion: the checking of war, the right of labor to organize, free speech, free press and the right of assembly, freedom of racial and religious minorities—these ends are the people's business and can be achieved only when the masses organize to achieve them. *Democracy and peace will not be handed down to the people on a silver platter.* Furthermore, to achieve these common everyday and necessary objectives, it is the business of the people to unite on a single platform regardless of political, racial or religious differences.

After four years of work the American League has grown to be the largest single peace organization, with its influence felt in every important labor, political, religious and civic group in the country. For four years the American League did the pioneer job of pointing out the danger of Fascism and its relation to war. Today that idea is a recognized fact almost everywhere.

Now the world is entering a new phase. The danger of war is no longer a theory. Labor in the United States has entered a new stage in its development. Democracy or Fascism is no longer an afternoon-lecture theme—it is a living fact. In this period the American League has called a People's Congress for Democracy and Peace to convene in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, November 26th-28th. *Every* organization is invited to elect delegates to this timely gathering. There a program of action to preserve our lives and liberties will be hammered out.

Upon our decisions in Pittsburgh rests a great responsibility. We have our lives and liberties in our own hands. We can shape and mould them. We must bring there our everyday experiences and knowledge from office and shop, mine and mill, city and countryside, school and nursery, home and store, so that Democracy and peace may become living forces in the struggle against slavery and war.—J.P.

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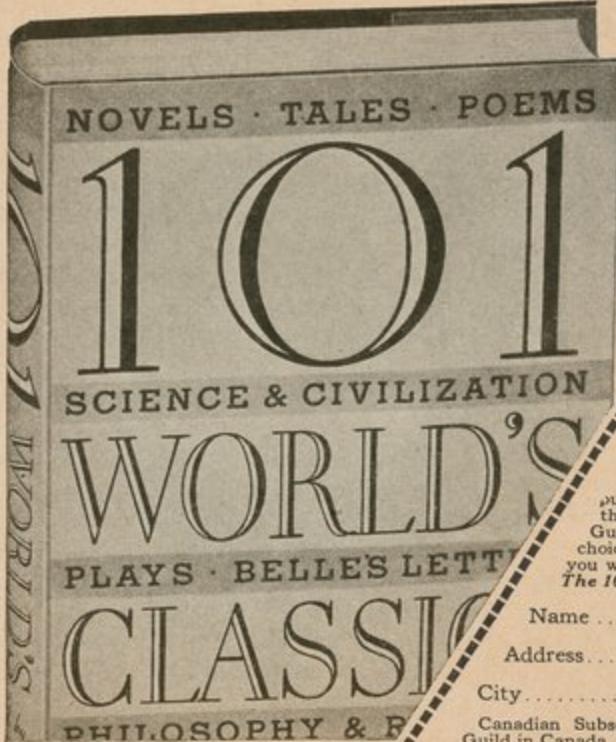
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