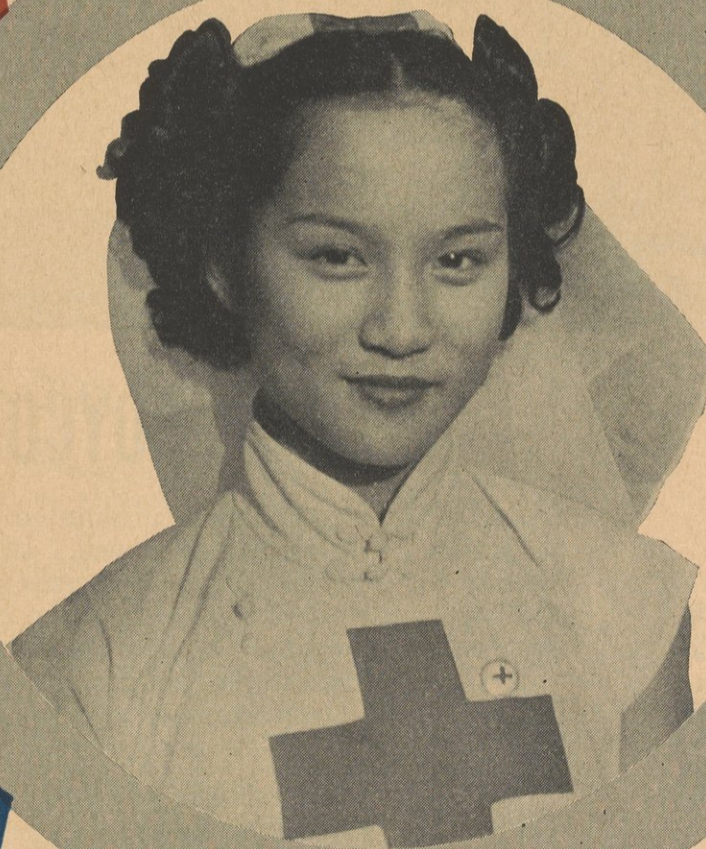


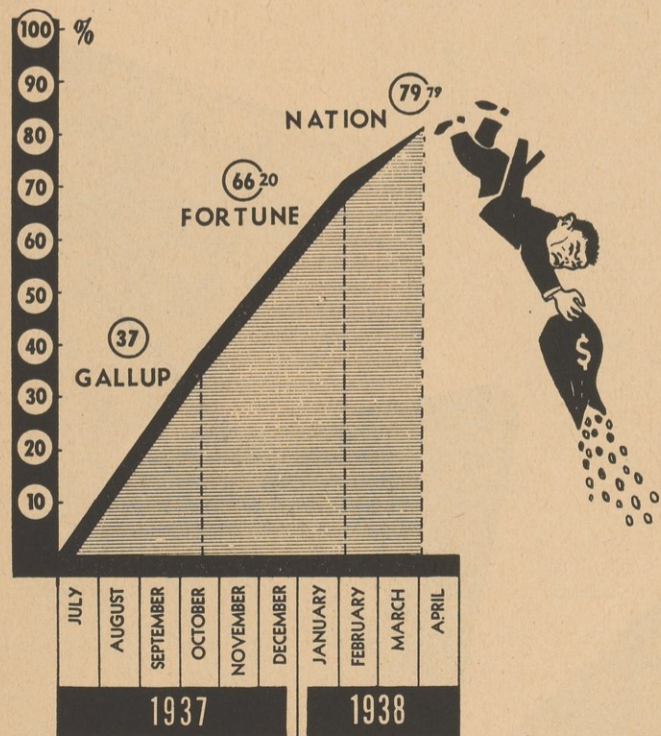
August
1938

The
Fight
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

10 Cents
a Copy



TO THE YELLOW RIVER • By Dr. Norman Bethune



Boycott Rises, Japan Falls

AMERICA BOYCOTTS AN INVADER

JAPANESE imperialism's attempted conquest of the peace-loving Chinese people isn't getting along so well. In China, the samurais' expensive, highly mechanized army of destruction seems to be running into a Great Wall of human and superhuman resistance. And the Nipponese self-styled "civilizing crusade" (by means of incendiary bombs) isn't doing so well in America either. The people of the U.S.A. have never thought much of robber wars, and the more they see of Fascist "totalitarian warfare" and the bombing of women and children, the less they like it.

Under the leadership of the American League for Peace and Democracy—one of whose exhibits is shown above—and other groups, America is boycotting Japan the invader. The graph at left shows the extent of our non-coöperation with these aggressors of the Far East. In October, the Gallup poll showed 37 per cent of Americans favoring the boycott—the largest boycott sentiment in our national history. *Fortune* magazine's poll, taken in February and published in their April issue, showed 66.2 per cent for the boycott. *The Nation* poll in April showed 79.79 per cent for it. And still growing!

We urge our readers to join their millions of fellow-Americans in this form of action against the war-makers. Don't buy goods made in Japan!



AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY, 268 4th AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

With the Readers



AS we often have noted in this column, the printed word and the format in which it is couched always has been a thing of everlasting wonderment to us. As far back as we can remember, a book, a magazine, a newspaper, a poster, a pamphlet was the thing which interested us most and was often our guide and index, the key to the cultural level of man and society. And by "cultural" we take that word in its broadest sense: how man lives, works, eats, struggles, thinks, loves and plays.

IN the *Saturday Evening Post*, more than in any other American magazine, we saw the perfect example, the perfect symbol, of the "average man." True, it was always for the status quo, always for the upper income bracket, never exactly a pioneer in progressive thinking or doing, never the advance leader in literature or art. Nevertheless it was never the arch reactionary, it never stooped to the Hearst type of journalism. It was "safe and sound," always more or less with the "ins" and always an ethical journal as ethics go in our modern acquisitive society. (The technical side of the magazine fascinated us, the best product of big magazine technique.)

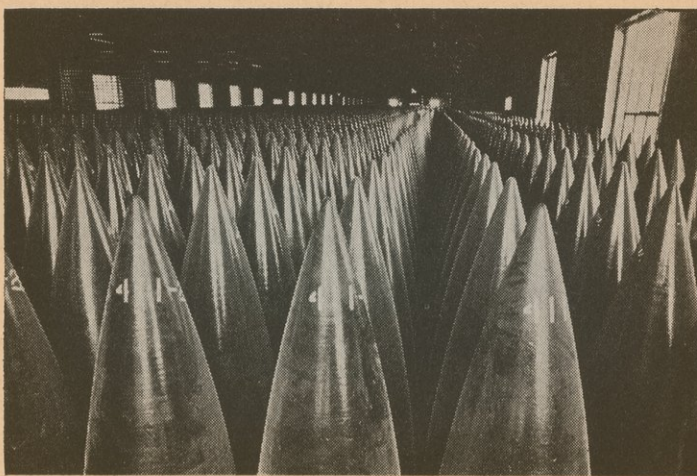
BUT something has come over the old girl in the last year or two. *Shades of Cyrus Curtis who would not accept cigarette ads because he did not like or did not approve of cigarette smoking!* Unfactual articles are a common occurrence today in the pages of the magazine . . . attacks on the Negro . . . attacks—underhanded attacks—on the chief executive of the United States . . . the hiring of a writer with a dubious reputation to do leading articles . . . sneering editorials . . . the magazine which in the past had a policy of "leaving well enough alone" has turned to be the arch reactionary "muck-raker" of the day.

WHY? Is it possible that the death of George Horace Lorimer and the coming of a new editor has something to do with it? We are confident that Lorimer could achieve his objectives in a more subtle and straightforward manner. Or is this really the death rattle of a dying group in our society?

TO say that we are living in a very critical stage of world history would only be saying what we all know and feel. Our lives are at stake. Our democratic way of living is at stake. A magazine like the *Saturday Evening Post* could contribute a great deal, from the conservative point of view, to the life of the country and the world as a whole if the printed word would be handled, shall we say, a little more carefully and more conscientiously.

THE problems of the Negro, war, peace, labor, Democracy, Fascism are of utmost importance to all of us. The foreign policies of the United States, France, Spain, China, Japan, Soviet Union, Great Britain, Germany and Italy mean life and death to all of us. Our editorial responsibility is to present these problems, no matter whether we are Republican, Democrat, Socialist or Communist, in an intelligent and honest way. And there are writers in America in both the radical and conservative fields who can do it, writers who know and understand our political life and the various movements. So far, in the last year or two, the *Saturday Evening Post* has failed its readers and America in its social responsibility.

THE FIGHT, August 1938



These aren't ice cream cones. They are row upon row of 16 inch shells made at Dover, N. J., and will they be shipped to Japan?

IN THIS ISSUE

August, 1938

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 10

To the Yellow River	5
<i>By Dr. Norman Bethune</i>	
Garner Is Willing	10
<i>By Henry Zon</i>	
Chinese War Victims	13
<i>By Eitaro Ishigaki</i>	
From the Hell That Is Austria	15
<i>By Berenice E. Noar</i>	
Hooker	16
<i>By Benjamin Appel</i>	
ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN DIBNER	
Station NAZI	21
<i>By George Scott</i>	
Young China Advances	22
<i>By Molly Yard</i>	
Chao Tung Writes Home	25
<i>By Chao Tung</i>	

DEPARTMENTS

Radio	12	As to Women	24
Movies	14	In Step with Labor	26
Books	18	Building the League	27
Wall Street	20	Youth Notes	28
Editorials	31		

JOSEPH PASS, *Editor*

CHARLES PRESTON, *Assistant Editor*

The Fight For Peace and Democracy, published monthly by the National Executive Committee of the American League for Peace and Democracy, 268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Chairman, Harry F. Ward. Vice-Chairmen, Robert Morss Lovett, Mrs. Victor L. Berger. Acting Treasurer, James Waterman Wise. Secretarial Staff: Acting Executive, Russell Thayer; Membership, Steve Nelson; Youth, James Lerner; Women, Dorothy McConnell; Trade Union, A. E. Edwards; Publications and Publicity, Frances Fink. Single copies, 10 cents. Yearly subscription, \$1.00. Six-month subscription, 55 cents. Canada and Foreign, \$1.50 a year. Reentered as Second Class Matter, December 23, 1937, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

140

The Contributors



DR. NORMAN BETHUNE, who heads the American League medical mission to China, is an outstanding Canadian surgeon who has made an enviable contribution to the profession in his method of storing blood and transporting it. Dr. Bethune interrupted his study of medicine in 1914 to join the first Canadian contingent in the World War. Invalided home in 1915, he finished his studies, reënlisted in the Royal Navy and served as surgeon-lieutenant on *H.M.S. Pegasus* until the Armistice. Since that time Dr. Bethune has been principal medical officer in the Canadian Air Force, a member of the staff of Sacred Heart Hospital in Montreal, and consulting surgeon to the Department of Pensions and National Health. He resigned from these positions in the fall of 1936 to head the Canadian Medical Mission in Loyalist Spain. He is now in China healing the sick and wounded soldiers and civilians. In *To the Yellow River*, Dr. Bethune proves himself to be not only a great surgeon, but a great writer as well.

HENRY ZON is the Washington correspondent of the Federated Press and has contributed on two or three other occasions to these pages.

BENJAMIN APPEL, author of *Brain Guy*, *Runaround* and other novels, contributes a section of a forthcoming book which will appear early next year under the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Appel has written for many magazines including *Red Book*, *Scribner's*, and has been included in the O'Henry and O'Brien collections of best short stories.

EITARO ISHIGAKI is a Japanese painter living in the United States. The reproduction of his painting here (with his kind permission) is more than living proof of the unity of the Chinese and Japanese people against Japanese imperialism.

MOLLY YARD, born in China—the daughter of Dr. James Yard, missionary—graduate of Swarthmore where she was a leader of the Student Christian movement, has recently returned to the land of her birth as one of the International Student Delegation. Miss Yard is treasurer of the American Student Union.

GEORGE SCOTT is the pseudonym of the radio editor of *THE FIGHT*, who is closely connected in an official capacity with the radio industry.

MARTIN DIBNER makes his debut in these pages with his illustration to *Hooker*. Mr. Dibner has contributed to many nationally known publications in the country.

CHAO TUNG, Manchurian partisan leader, writes a letter home to his father and mother from a village near Wenping, Hopei Province. A beautiful letter which we feel privileged to have the opportunity to publish so that America can better understand the struggle of the Chinese people and the spirit behind that struggle.

BERENICE E. NOAR, who writes on Austria, is a New York newspaper woman who has contributed on previous occasions to the pages of *THE FIGHT*.

THE cover of the Chinese flag and the Chinese nurse in that war-torn country was designed by the editors.

They Like 'The Fight'

SENATOR, steel worker, labor leader, mother — professor, student — they and many others like THE FIGHT, because they are concerned for the peace of the world and America — because they are not willing to lose the freedom which generations of Americans have won. And in these pages they find exposure of the ghastly plans of the war-makers — stories of the people's counter-attack for peace — reasoned articles by leading defenders of our liberty. You too will like THE FIGHT — subscribe today.

FROM SENATOR POPE. "You are to be congratulated on your efforts in portraying vividly to the world by word and picture the situation in Spain. Bringing information such as this before the people is a distinct contribution to the processes of democracy."—U. S. SENATOR JAMES P. POPE, Idaho.

RAILROAD UNION LEADER. "In this, your most ambitious effort, you have told a story that ought to awaken democratic America to the realization that unless we come to the immediate aid of the Loyalist government, Spain today may be America tomorrow. It has been said that a picture is worth a thousand words. If that be true, the April issue of THE FIGHT is a weighty contribution to the cause of Spanish Democracy."—A. F. WHITNEY, President, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Cleveland, O.

A STEEL WORKER. "The message that John Brophy's article carried in the June trade-union issue of THE FIGHT should be distributed by the hundreds of thousands. . . . Why not reprint it in pamphlet form? As a steel worker I know how effective such a pamphlet could be amongst my fellow workers."—JOHN RAMSEY, Youngstown, O.

NURSE FROM SPAIN. "I have recently returned from Spain, where I was a nurse at the American Base Hospital. . . . It was a great pleasure to me when I picked up your last issue of the magazine and saw what a remarkable job you had done. I am writing to you to congratulate you and your staff. I feel that an issue such as that will help greatly in bringing the message of the Spanish people to all Americans. It is an important piece of work and I send you greetings from the doctors and nurses at the American hospitals in Spain. . . ."—S. MERIMS, Sunnyside, Long Island, N. Y.

WRITER ON WORLD AFFAIRS. "Must tell you what a swell issue of THE FIGHT you got out on Spain. Best thing I've seen here in this country—or any other—on the subject. Beautiful job in every respect. Should be loads of help to Spain. Congratulations."—HARRY GANNES, New York, N. Y.

SPLENDID. ". . . and deep sense of gratitude for the splendid work that you and others like you are carrying on in the cause of peace and Democracy. More power to you."—HELENA WEIL, Evansville, Ind.

LABOR EDITOR. "The Spanish issue of THE FIGHT is the finest report relating to the war in Spain that has appeared in print. It should have a good effect in arousing all liberty-loving Americans to a realization of the cowardly manner in which Franco, Mussolini, Hitler and the Moors are attempting to destroy the right of the Spanish people to govern themselves, and should also serve as a warning to Americans of what might happen here."—MAX S. HAYES, Editor Cleveland Citizen (Oldest official labor newspaper in America).

RADIO AND MOVIES. "My compliments to you. . . . I especially admire your radio page and movie criticism, two important aspects in the process of formation of public opinion which are generally neglected."—FRANK KISHIN, Cambridge, Mass.

RELIGIOUS LEADER. "Your special edition on Spain is a real achievement. It is, I think, the finest bit of journalism in the interest of Spanish Democracy that I have seen."—REINHOLD NIEBUHR, New York, N. Y.

FROM DENVER. ". . . The magazine improves with every issue and it should be widely read in every city in the United States by all true lovers of Democracy and peace. The Denver League Branch will do all it can to encourage subscriptions to the magazine as a testimonial of our approval."—H. DARRELL SMITH, Denver, Colo.

TRADE UNIONISTS. "I am rooting for more trade-union numbers. A few more issues like the June one and I don't see how honest-to-goodness trade unionists can fail to see the struggle for Democracy as their struggle."—CHARLES BINDERUP, Portland, Ore.

INTERNATIONAL VETERANS. "We have just read the Spanish issue of THE FIGHT magazine and wish to express our heartiest congratulations. You truly reveal the spirit of what is going on in Spain and what the people of America must do to aid in the fight for peace and Democracy in Spain as well as here. Salud."—A GROUP OF VETERANS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE.

FORCEFUL. "Our executive meeting last night voiced their appreciation of the swell issue you gave us for April and voted to write and thank you. We do not mean that this is the only good issue but last month showed us more forcefully what a swell job you and the staff of THE FIGHT are doing."—JANE SWANHUYSER, Chicago American League.

AUTHORITATIVE. "The April issue is so 'meaty' that I wish thousands more could read the number. Every article is authoritative and full of interest and revealing."—A. A. ROBACK, Cambridge, Mass.

SUGGESTS NEGRO NUMBER. "Having in mind the recent special numbers you have had, especially the labor and Spanish ones, which were both remarkable issues, I am wondering if I may not suggest a number devoted to the Negro. What a wealth of material there is to be had out of Chicago's South Side, Harlem and the Deep South! Let us have a number on the Negro."—FREDRICK M. LONG, Birmingham, Ala.

FROM AN ARTIST. "Let's fight on! The April number is splendid—the mental and spiritual equivalent of a Fascist squadron of tanks and bombers."—MAX WEBER, Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.

LIKE HOT CAKES. "I want to tell you about the swell reception I got at an A.F. of L. Local meeting of truck and delivery drivers where I was invited to speak for the League. They gave me the floor for about forty-five minutes and when I got through they almost tore my coat off in their hurry to buy copies of THE FIGHT. There were about 250 in the crowd—and I had only twenty-five magazines with me—I could have kicked myself in the pants because even 150 would have sold like hot cakes. . . ."

"Tonight I am speaking at a new organization (Auslander Family Club) of about a hundred members, whom I contacted at this A.F. of L. meeting. Without effort practically, I sold fifty copies already, and tonight I expect to make it another twenty-five at least. THE FIGHT really sells."—LEO THOMPSON, Executive Secretary, Detroit League.

CHICAGO PROFESSOR. "I have read the Spanish number of THE FIGHT with the greatest interest. It is the finest piece of work that has been done with respect to the cause of the Spanish Republic. . . ."—ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, Chicago, Ill.

TECHNICAL QUALITY. "The large number dedicated to Spain is a monument of journalistic enterprise for its pictorial, typographical and textual quality. . . ."—A. GARCIA DIAZ, New York, N. Y.

HIGH-GRADE MAGAZINE. "I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you and your staff on the excellent job you have done in making THE FIGHT the high-grade magazine it is. Best wishes."—S. SHEFF, Los Angeles, Calif.

WITH A CONTRIBUTION. "I am sending you a contribution and I am sorry that it is so little. We are putting four children through school. You are doing more than that for them—trying to help them graduate into such a world as shall be safe and decent for children. . . ."—MRS. C. T. BROWNE, Miranda, Calif.

COLLEGE STUDENT. "The story by Miss Martha Dodd and the article on student activities in the May number make excellent reading. . . . My first year in college and I am wondering if at the rate the Fascist aggressors are going, graduation will ever be my lot. . . ."—HARRY BICKEL, Minneapolis, Minn.

A WRITER AND EDITOR. "The executive committee of the Chicago League has already congratulated you on the Spain issue. Here's where I personally toss in another bouquet. It was a magnificent job."—HARVEY O'CONNOR, Chicago, Ill.

ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH? ". . . have often meditated over THE FIGHT in quest of a solution of this problem: to whom are you addressing yourself: to the laborer, the farmer, the college professor, to the reader of the Saturday Evening Post, Yale Review, Liberty, Adventure, Nation? Such good numbers as the June issue or the Spanish one cannot obviously be of interest to all levels of intelligence. . . . Maybe you are attempting too much. . . ."—JACOB F. GREENBERG, Philadelphia, Pa.

FURNITURE WORKERS' PRESIDENT. "Congratulations on your very excellent Trade Union issue of THE FIGHT. I enjoyed thoroughly the article by Brother Brophy and Longo from Mayor Hague's own town. . . . excellent number and I hope we will have many more to come."—MORRIS MUSTER, International President, United Furniture Workers of America.

THE FIGHT
268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I enclose \$1 for a year's subscription.

Name

Address

City and State

The
Fight
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY
August, 1938



To the Yellow River

An epic story of the war in China, graphically told by the leader of the American League medical mission—a true narrative of flight for life before the pursuing Japanese army, of heroic Chinese wounded and refugees, of a meeting with dauntless Catholic priests, of Chu Teh's red horse—a story that comes once in a lifetime

By Dr. Norman Bethune

WHEN WE arrived at Chengchow, we found the train for Tungkwang completely filled, so after a stroll up the main street to see the damage which the Japanese had done the week before, we stretched out on the wooden bench of an open shed and, wrapped in our warm sheepskin coats, spent a comfortable night. The damage the bombing had done was extensive enough but, as usual, the much proclaimed accurate marksmanship

of the Japanese was pretty bad. About this marksmanship we were to learn more later, from personal experience! Here their objectives were the railway station and roundhouse. They missed both by a hundred yards.

Next morning, we left at eleven for Tungkwang. This railway is called the Lunghai Line. The line we were on yesterday was the Peihan Railway. The train was jammed with refugees fleeing west. After

an hour of slow traveling, the air-raid warning was sounded by the engine, and we all scampered out of the cars and lay down in the fields about a hundred yards away. The engine was uncoupled and went forward. We could see the bombers flying very high, but they did not bother us. They were flying south.

The chief accountant of the Lunghai Line was on the train. He is a graduate of the Walton School

of Business in Philadelphia. One of his remarks was interesting: "The Anti-Comintern Pact is similar to the Holy Alliance in European history. Both were designed to hide the real intentions of the conspirators."

Across the Yellow River

We traveled all day and all night, and arrived at Tungkwan at three the next afternoon. There we saw for the first time the great Yellow River. We went to the barracks, and were much impressed with the cleanliness, order and fine discipline of the

water. The river here is four hundred yards wide, with a current I would estimate at eight miles an hour. The junks are carried downstream by this current as they cross, for as much as a quarter of a mile. They then have to be towed back above their starting-point to recross.

As we boarded the train the air-raid warning sounded. Immediately there was a great exodus to the hills and the river bank, but we pulled out and did not wait to see what happened. This railway is called the Tung Kou Line and runs north through the center of Shansi to Chang Chia Kou, north of

terraces which rise, one after the other, as regular as a staircase. I thought at first these terraces must have been made by man, so regular are they, but when one sees them for hundreds of miles and often far from human habitation, one realizes that they are a natural formation.

The Refugee Trains

We travel very slowly. The weather is fine and warm with a clear blue sky. At every station there are vendors of food, hot millet soup, noodles, tea, fried hare, wheat rolls and steamed buns, and hard-



Some of China's defenders refresh themselves at a stop, before moving on to struggle against the invaders

men. At nine o'clock two Japanese prisoners were brought in. No one could speak their language, but Chew (a political director who had traveled with us from Hankow) was able to write it. They were deserters who were tired of the war. They said that many of their comrades felt the same. Slept in the office on the floor—six of us. Up at six-thirty. Hot tea after washing. Breakfast of rice, turnips and pork at nine. Ten porters with wheelbarrows took our luggage (fifteen cases) down to the river, which we crossed in a junk. Carried ashore by porters naked to the waist, wading in the ice-cold

the Great Wall. It is held by the Japanese beyond Tai-Yuan. The train was filled with troops. We were in the postal car which was very comfortable, as we could spread our luggage out and use the boxes as seats. At night it was rather draughty—the entire sides and roof were perforated with bullet holes, the train having been heavily machine-gunned the trip before. We are going up the east bank of the Fen River. Two ranges of mountains accompany us, one on either side. This is the loess country. These loess are curious low hills or mountains of light-brownish-ochre sand. The hills are cut in

boiled eggs. Many trains are coming down packed with refugees sitting on the tops of the carriages, on the engine, anywhere to have a foothold. The river on our left looks very low. There are literally thousands of ducks flying overhead. The land parched. Practically treeless, except for a few low cedars.

On Saturday, we arrived at the station of Linfen at three P. M. There we learned for the first time that the Japanese were only a short distance away, and the city was being evacuated. The station itself was jammed with humanity—civilians,

men and women and children, carrying all they possessed, their bedding-rolls, and a few pots and pans; wounded soldiers, arms and legs, heads wrapped in bloody, dusty bandages. Flat-cars loaded with mules, rice, and munitions. At four o'clock the Japanese bombers came over and machine-gunned us. We took to the trenches dug in the sand about the station. Only four men were wounded.

A Deserted Village

The headquarters of the Army for which we were looking was moved, and no one seemed to know

start off on the 200-mile march back to the Yellow River.

A fine hot day: we lay in the sun, looked up the railway line expecting the Japanese any hour to come around the bend. No soldiers, no one but a hundred or so wounded men walking down the line. We have four hundred bags of rice—very precious. It must not be captured. We walk up to the village close by. It is practically deserted except for a few old people. All day long we hear explosions down the line. We hear the Japanese planes overhead but are not bombed. Buy a quarter of a pig—\$1.40.

no one would answer our call, so we were forced to go around the walls, to pick up the road beyond.

Japanese Visitors

At four in the afternoon when we had been on the way for four hours, I was walking alongside the leading cart, saw two bombers going south about half a mile to our left. As we watched them, I noticed that the second of the pair who was trailing the leaders begin to waggle his wings violently. I recognized the signal and knew that we had been seen and were in for it! We must have simply



Whole families of refugees from Japanese militarism "ride the rods" in their desperate flight for liberty

where it was located. A train on a siding loaded with stores was preparing to leave. Back to Tungkwan! With a heavy heart we climbed aboard a box-car filled with bags of rice to the roof and slept fitfully till three A. M., when we were awakened by the silence. Our train had gone off and left us on a siding after bringing us only twenty-five miles. We were the last train from Linfen. The name of this station was Goasi. Here we stayed all day while our commander, Major Lee, was making arrangements with the surrounding villagers to unload the train-load of rice, reload it into carts and

The commander tells us that we are not going back to Tungkwan but that we will cross the river into Shensi and make for Yen-an, about three hundred miles west, crossing two rivers and a range of mountains. This seems nothing to the soldiers.

On Monday we left Goasi with forty-two carts, pulled by three mules apiece, two in the lead and one between the shafts. We were forced to abandon half the rice and the winter uniforms. It was a brilliant fine day. I walked ahead of our caravan for two hours, enjoying the clear dry air. Every town we would come to, the gates were closed and

made the Japanese' mouths water! Forty-two carts stretched out over a quarter of a mile, not an anti-aircraft gun within miles, no Chinese pursuit-planes in the entire province. We were just sitting birds asking to be knocked off! And this they proceeded to do, to the best of their ability. They were flying at a height of about a thousand feet. They turned sharply off their course and while one stayed high, the other came down five hundred feet and passed down our line looking us over carefully. All the drivers and our escort (ten men and boys with five old rifles between them) had left the carts, and we



Young orphans of the war in China. One makes himself a boat from a piece of paper

were lying out on the bare ground (not a stone, not a tree to give any protection). After passing down the whole line, the bomber turned on the leading section. His aim was so bad that even at that height, at which I would have guaranteed I could hit them with a baseball if I had been in the plane, he missed the leading carts by fifty feet! As a matter of fact he was as close to us lying out in the fields, as he was to the carts which he was trying to get. After bombing the leading carts, he turned and repeated the performance on the last section with another four bombs. Here his aim was a little better, the bombs dropping twenty feet from the carts.

Baptism of Fire

Jean Ewen, our nurse, who was riding on the last cart, had a narrow escape. A soldier lying beside her got a piece of bomb in his back, and a driver a fracture of the right arm by a piece of steel passing through and coming out under the armpit. They were lying about 150 feet away from the caravan. These bombs explode immediately on striking any object, and even large bombs make only a small hole in the ground. In this way they are more effective, as the steel instead of burying itself in the ground flies out flatly. I observed wounds of mules and horses which were received at a distance of a hundred feet, reaching no higher than two feet from the ground. One is not really safe unless one is in a trench. Our total casualties were four men wounded, fifteen mules killed, twelve wounded. We were expecting to be machine-gunned at any moment, but the bomber turned away and rejoined his companion and left us to collect ourselves together. Jean showed great pluck and fortitude under her baptism of fire and immediately after the bomber had passed, started to dress the wounded (who were to be taken to the nearest village, a quarter of a mile away) so that by the time I had come back from the head of the line to the rear, where the men had received their wounds, she had already applied dressings to the most serious. The wounded driver was concerned only about his mules and wept to hear that they had all been killed. The Army paid promptly for the killed animals—one

hundred Mexican dollars for each of the mules.

Behind the Rearguard

We cut out the dead and wounded animals from the wrecked carts and after four hours resumed our way, our caravan now reduced to twenty carts, traveling all night, sleeping on top of rice-bags, as the mules pulled us along over the uneven road. The night was dark and overcast. At five in the morning we stopped on the bank of the River Fen, and on the hard clay top of the *kong* (sleeping-oven) of the village inn, lay down again until roused at nine for a breakfast of hot sweet fermented rice-water with an egg beaten up in it—very good. Opposite us on the far bank is the city of Kiangchow. We hear that the Japanese have captured Linfen and are coming down the railway rapidly. We are

the rear of the rearguard! We and the walking wounded soldiers. Airplanes overhead all morning. The river here is two hundred yards wide and waist-deep. Current of brown muddy water about six miles an hour.

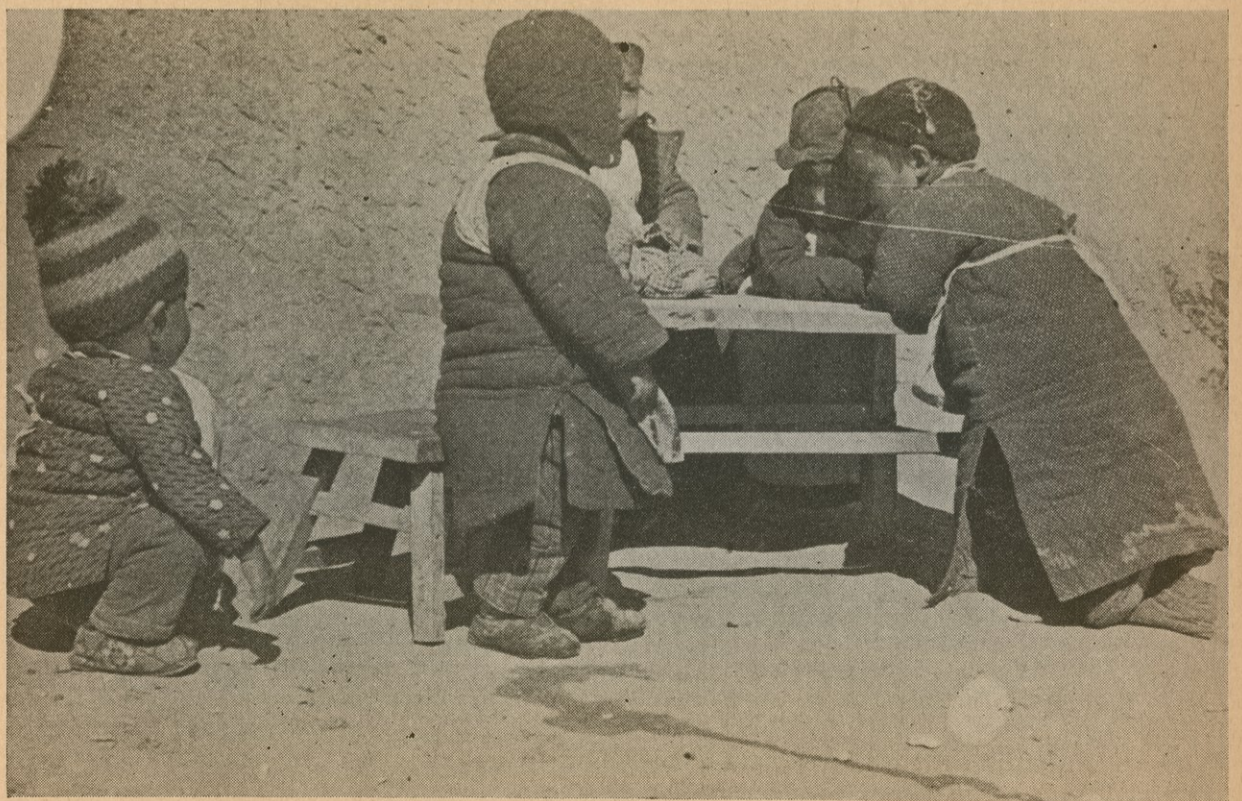
At the Catholic Mission

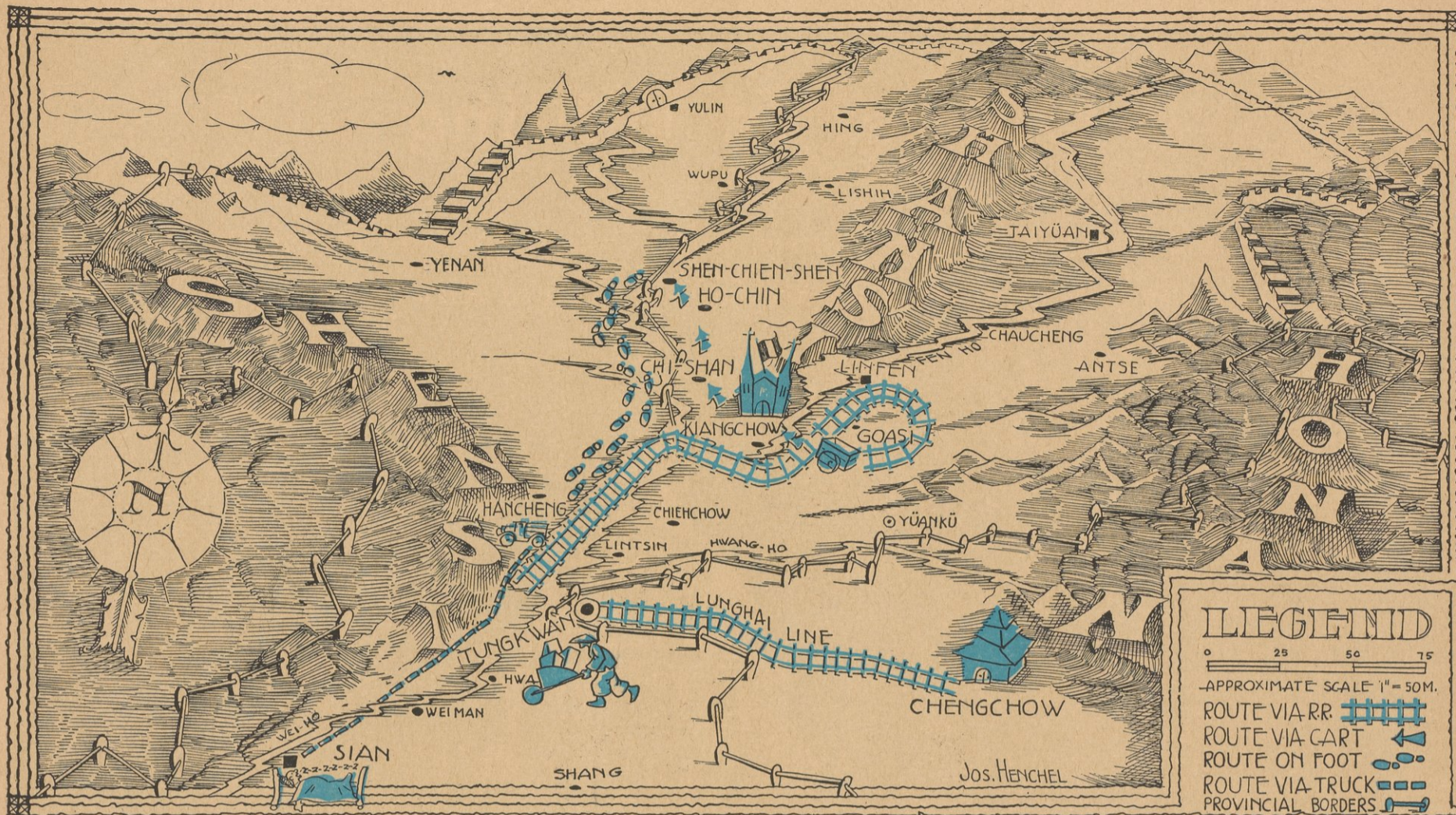
Observing a typical Roman Catholic church of the French style with its two steeples, I crossed to investigate while our commander was making arrangements to transport our supplies across—the ferries and the cable chain having been burned yesterday by the Chinese to prevent them falling into Japanese hands. A porter carried me across on his back. I was much amused to see the efforts of at least twenty men to get two camels on their feet. The camels obstinately lay down in the shallow water and could not be persuaded by the men's combined efforts to move an inch. The crowd burst alternately into roars of curses and laughter, all to no avail. To the best of my knowledge the animals are still there, unless the Japanese have some secret of how to move camels.

I climbed up the hill, through the city to the church. The city was practically deserted, except for a few shopkeepers and beggars.

At the mission, the compound of which was completely filled with the families of the church members taking refuge, I had a very pleasant talk in mixed French and English with Father T. Van Homert, O.F.M., *missionnaire apostolique*, *Shansi meridional*, a bearded Dutchman—and with Father Quint. Pessers, O.F.M., *Praef. Apost.* They opened a bottle of red wine and gave me a good cigar. They told me that the mayor and the police fled the city two days before, and that they were expecting the Japanese in thirty-six hours. What would happen to them? Would the Japanese respect the French flag on the church spire? A shrug of the shoulder. Yes, some missionaries had already been killed. They would stay and try to protect their parishioners. I admired their courage. We agreed that the Japanese atrocities, the rape of Nanking and the brutal murder of eight hundred men, women, and children will go down in history as an unforgivable crime of the Japanese army. Both were calm and

These war orphans, children of soldiers, are cared for in a nursery at Yen-an





Route taken by Dr. Bethune and party. (Note that the Yellow River is given its Chinese name, Hwang-Ho)

smiling as I bade them goodbye. Their last words to me were, as we parted, "I hope we meet again on earth, if not, then in heaven."

The next day, our rice was carried over the river on the backs of porters. The river had risen during the night so that it was now up to the breasts of our porters, who, completely naked except for folded jackets on their shoulders, carried us over sitting on chairs borne by four men. I was standing on the north bank waiting to cross when I heard a great shout of laughter from the opposite side. I looked up to see Jean go over backwards, turning a perfect somersault in three feet of water. One of her bearers had slipped or stumbled. Of course, this accident delighted the crowd!

We left Kiangchow at one-thirty p. m., feeling glad to get the river between us and the Japanese as we heard that morning that the enemy were only twenty-five miles away and their cavalry even less. It is a cold, heavy day with a bitter wind. We push ahead with two carts, leaving the commander behind to superintend the transport of most of the rice-sacks. Not enough mule-carts can be found, as the army which is ahead of us has commandeered the supply. The villages we pass through are deserted, no workers in the fields, all the culverts torn up. We covered sixty *li* (twenty miles) by seven-thirty that evening, walking all the way. Stayed that night at a little village called Chi-Shan. With my jackknife I opened the carotid artery of a wounded mule with a broken leg, its ears and tail blown off by an airplane bomb the day before. It had been left in agony for a day by the side of the road. The soldiers refused to shoot it, saying that the owner might claim damages. I took a chance on that and put the poor beast out of its misery.

Off the next day early. No soldiers to be seen but the poor walking wounded. Of the hundreds of

wounded we have seen in the past few days, there has not been a single case of serious leg wound, only one head injury (a bullet through the jaw). The wounds are all of the hands and arms, many of them being multiple. All the other wounded have either died, been killed or captured. In the four days since leaving Linfen, we have not encountered a single army medical officer or seen a single ambulance. We have seen only two wounded being carried by stretcher-bearers and one man in a bullock-cart who had a great wound in the thigh, which had not been dressed for ten days. Our first-aid bags became rapidly exhausted, but we were able to buy in the larger towns small quantities of gauze, cotton and some crystals of potassium permanganate. With these and our morphine tablets we treated the wounds of all we came across.

These exhausted dust-covered gray-faced men and boys endured the heat of the day, the bitter cold of the long night (none had blankets or bedding rolls), the pain of their undressed, suppurating wounds, lack of food (to many we gave money to buy rice)—all of this without complaint. It was marvelous to see such fortitude.

Fate of the Wounded

As I walked along ahead of the carts, I observed a young lad ahead of me stopping to rest every once in a while. On coming abreast of him I noticed that he was very short of breath. He was only a boy of seventeen. There was a great old dark blood-stain in front of his faded blue jacket. I stopped him. He had been shot through the lung a week previously. There was no dressing on a badly suppurating wound of the upper right anterior chest wall. The bullet had gone through the lung and come out at the back. There was fluid in the pleural cavity up as high as the third rib in front.

The heart was displaced three inches to the left. This boy had been walking in this condition for a week. If I had not seen it myself I would not have believed it possible. We put him up on our cart, where he lay coughing painfully as the mule-cart moved slowly along over the rough road enveloped in clouds of dust.

A Race for Life

We made only twenty miles that day. The sensation of having no one between us and the Japanese is a decidedly draughty one. We know that they are gaining on us as their cavalry is capable of doing twice our distance in a day. It is a race between them and us, who will reach the Yellow River first. Not until we cross that great stream will we be out of danger. What a humiliating thing it would be to be captured before even getting to work with the wounded, after having come halfway across the world!

On Thursday we came to the city of Ho-Chin. It was filled with the provincial troops of General ——. We have caught up with the army! That night our commander arrived, having walked day and night from Kiangchow, a distance of seventy-five miles. He was able to trace us by following the print of my rubber soles in the sand! Walked in town—live carp in water-buckets for sale, black pigs with big floppy ears, barkless dogs (*contra* Carl Crow), white paper windows, lousy *kwangs*. My birthday—forty-eight—last year, in Madrid. Dressed six wounded soldiers (arms and hands), nothing but neglected minor injuries—all others have died on the way back.

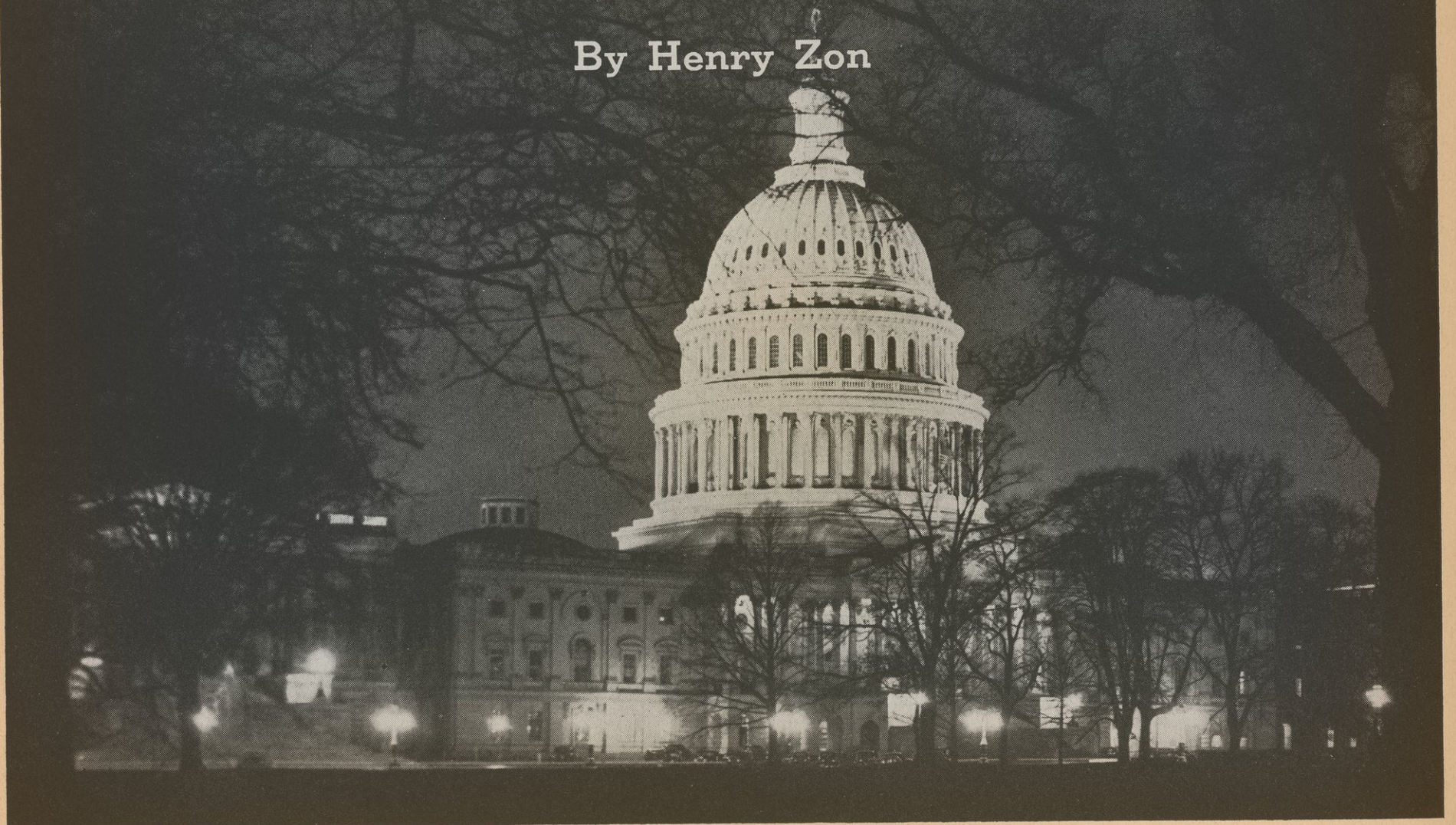
On Friday we left Ho-Chin for the village of Shen Chien Shen on the east bank of the Yellow River. We hear that the Japanese burned the

(Continued on page 29)

Garner Is Willing

Our thumb-twiddling Throttlebottom, chief of the Copperhead Democrats, would like to be president. Time and luck have carried him a long, long way

By Henry Zon



LUCK AND time have been very kind to John Nance Garner, vice-president of the United States. They have raised him, a mediocre Texas politician, to high rank, and they have endowed his whispered word with a weighty significance.

But Jack Garner is not satisfied with the bounties dropped in his lap. The White House dances before him like a mirage and he frets because luck and time are not moving with a fleet enough foot. The years are creeping up on him and it would be cruel fortune for his twin benefactors to bring him within sight of his goal and then drop him on the dry, hot sands.

Throttlebottom wants to be president. If he shouted it from the roof-tops he could not make it clearer. Yet his chances of becoming president are receding as the years creep up on him, and his meager talents are strained to the limit as the White House dances close and then moves away, like a tease dancer in a honky-tonk.

Not always has this fevered curse been upon him. In the thirty years that he sat in the House of Representatives Garner was apparently content to play

the political game, grabbing off a post-office here, a federal building there, moving up in the committee heirarchy as men died and as the seniority system ground its inexorable way.

A Very Dark Horse

So unobtrusive was the Representative from Texas' Fifteenth District that when he was nominated for vice-president at the 1932 Democratic convention, the publicity director at Democratic headquarters was forced to tell George Milburn, according to Milburn's account in *Harper's*: "It's a funny thing. Here's a man who has been before the public for thirty years and yet nobody don't know nothing about him."

Garner was born in Blossom Prairie, not far from the Texas-Oklahoma border, on November 22, 1868, according to most accounts, although some put the year at 1869. His formal schooling, the record shows, ended with the fourth grade of the country school. Some time was spent as a clerk in a general store in Clarksville, Texas, where he also played shortstop on a semi-professional baseball team. In the office of one of the town's lawyers

he turned to law books and at the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar.

A fledgling lawyer, his practice was poor, and the safest and easiest way of making a living was by running for public office. Accordingly Garner threw his sombrero into the ring and announced himself a candidate for the office of city attorney. His sombrero was immediately kicked back at him and when the votes were counted another man was placed in office.

In poor health and up against it, Garner moved his baggage to the small town of Uvalde in the hot and dry southern part of the state near the Mexican border. He picked up a small weekly paper, the *Uvalde Leader*, and for a time owned and edited it.

A Public Servant

The itch for public office again took hold and, with proper political connections, he was appointed to fill the unexpired term of a city judge who had died. In 1898 the local political powers put Garner in the Texas state legislature and it appeared that he would stay there for the rest of his life.

But luck played along with Jack Garner and the 1900 census gave Texas added representation in the federal Congress. Chairman of the Congressional redistricting committee in the 1901 state legislature, Garner went to work in a hotel room with some of the boys and emerged with the Fifteenth Congressional District neatly carved out along sure-fire lines. Getting elected in a district of his own creation proved to be a cinch.

In 1903 Garner took his seat in Congress and a firm foot was planted on the ladder of automatic succession. The *Congressional Record* for the succeeding years is barren of Garner's name. For eight years he made not a single speech—although it is recorded that a new federal building was put up at Eagle Pass and a new federal courthouse erected at Del Rio, in his district.

Notch by Notch

As sessions of Congress came and went the seniority system moved Garner notch by notch higher until in 1913 he got a post on the Ways and Means Committee, the controlling party body in the House. If he had any political ideas during these years, he kept them under his hat. A genial person with a huge capacity for making friends, Garner played the political game as one in which the "Ins" tried to hold the fort against the "Outs" and when the fortunes of the game turned it was the same thing all over again with positions reversed.

Republican and Democrat alike were his pals and in 1915, when the Democrats gained control of the House, he hurled his playful defi across the aisle. After lamenting the fact that the government was spending \$50,000 on post-offices that could be as well housed in a \$5,000 building, he remarked: "Now we Democrats are in charge of the House and I'll tell you right now, every time one of these Yankees gets a ham I'm going to do my best to get a hog."

So Garner sat in the House, letting time and luck carry him along. Although his friends say he was quietly studying and "preparing himself," the record shows that he did not introduce one important piece of legislation.

The Big Splurge

Despite his joviality and his knowledge of political tricks and horse-trading, Jack Garner was just one of the boys and not regarded as possessing any particular virtues. In 1923, when Minority Leader Kitchen died, Garner's seniority was ignored and Finis J. Garrett was chosen as successor. It may have been that which led Garner to make his big splurge a year later.

Whenever Garner is confronted nowadays with the accusation that he is a black reactionary, he always counters with the recollection that at one time he was denounced as a burning radical. It came about in this fashion:

In 1924 Andrew Mellon brought forth his tax-reduction bill. It was as rank a piece of legislation as was ever attempted. Garner picked it up and noted that for the \$200,000-a-year man a thirty-nine per cent tax reduction was provided while for the \$5,000-a-year man only a twenty-five per cent tax cut was provided.

Whether from partisanship or because of rancor at having been passed by the year before, Garner wound himself up and delivered a biting attack on the measure. In those days to speak with disrespect of Uncle Andy Mellon was akin to heresy, and Garner was accorded the newspaper space that goes at first to heretics. He was so pleased with



Vice-President John N. Garner

the results of his efforts that he came forth with more speeches attacking Mellon, Wall Street, the bankers and the rest of the lot. The result was a compromise bill and a reputation for Garner as a radical. "I have always done what I thought best for my country," he said, "never varying unless I was advised that two-thirds of the Democrats were for a bill, and then I voted for it."

In 1928 Finis Garrett, the minority leader, resigned to run for the Senate. He was defeated and announced his retirement from public life. Time and luck boosted Garner into the post of minority leader.

Ins Against Outs

As a minority leader in the Coolidge days, Garner found the going easy. Everything was riding smoothly and there was just the old game of the "Ins" against the "Outs" to play. Time and luck put in another lick for Jack Garner in 1931 when Speaker Nicholas Longworth died and the Democrats elected Garner speaker of the House.

Under the pressure of the deepening depression Garner was anything but adequate. He teamed so

well with the fumbling, bumbling Herbert Hoover that Representative LaGuardia, now mayor of New York, is reported to have moaned, "This isn't a session of Congress. This is a kissing bee."

At this point Garner began the "strong, silent man" build-up that has currently been picked up by the anti-New Dealers. He shunned the speaker's limousine and chauffeur and advocated economy, the balanced budget, "sound" government, curtailed expenditures and the rest of the patter.

On January 11, 1932, William Randolph Hearst made a radio speech boosting Garner for president. On February 26, 1932, Speaker Garner went before the House Ways and Means Committee and advocated a manufacturer's sales tax. He had always been opposed to the sales tax as unfair, he said, but it was forced upon him as the only way to balance the budget. Garner's sales-tax plea caused pandemonium in the House and it took "all the King's horses and all the King's men" to put this Humpty-Dumpty together again. The sales tax was rejected and the so-called nuisance taxes were passed instead.

(Continued on page 28)

THE FRANTIC efforts of the radio industry to prevent construction of government-owned stations and to forestall a threatened Congressional investigation are directly responsible for the large doses of "adult education" which startled listeners are being asked to swallow these summer nights.

The trend away from crooners and alleged comedians would be refreshing if it were voluntary, but the fact is that sponsors of such stuff are withdrawing from the air until they see whether business revives next fall. With one eye on Washington, therefore, the networks have hit upon the adult-education angle and are whooping it up for all they're worth.

Last year, you remember, C.B.S. and N.B.C. discovered Shakespeare simultaneously, with rather appalling results. This summer they don't feel like splurging and yet that critical bunch of congressmen must be mollified at all costs. Didn't Congress come within an ace of approving the radio investigation at the last session and just as near to passing a bill for construction of several "yardstick" stations?

Of course it is understood that no educational program must be controversial enough to embarrass or annoy an advertiser. Take one of Columbia's *Americans at Work* broadcasts as an example. This was allegedly designed to acquaint listeners with workings of the milk industry. What it finally boiled down to was an interview with a milkman on his route and a trip through the Borden plant. Not a word was whispered about the fact that in the milk business "nobody is contented but the cow"; that farmers have conducted scores of strikes to obtain a decent price for their product, and that consumers in New York and elsewhere have become so annoyed at the strangle-hold which Borden and Sheffield have on the industry that they are setting up coöperative purchasing agencies.

The same punch-pulling characteristics are obvious in the other educational programs, while little or nothing has been done by the networks to raise the intellectual level of the big commercial programs which continue to treat all adults as children and all children as half-wits.

When and if Washington gets around to constructing its yardstick stations we may really see the commercial broadcasters forced to live up to their responsibilities—even though it doesn't seem to have worked out that way in France, Australia and a few other countries where commercial stations operate alongside those run by the government. Listeners there tune in the government stations for information, education and cultural programs and pick up the privately operated transmitters for light entertainment.

A case in point as to what could be done here is WNYC, New York, the only municipally owned and operated radio station in the United States. It has served the public faithfully for fourteen years and has a large and loyal following. Without stint-

RADIO

ing on entertainment, it still finds time to broadcast good drama, addresses by men and women of public prominence, the proceedings of the city-council meetings, a consumers' buying-guide, and a novel series under the auspices of the State Unemployment Service by which jobless men and women of New York are informed daily of positions available throughout the city.

George Henry Payne, fighting member of the Federal Communications Commission, expressed some very definite views on what's wrong with radio in an interview recently published by *Variety*. As that inimitable trade paper puts it:

Four principal types of alleged entertainment and three outstanding commercial practices ought to be cleaned up before the industry breast-beaters claim too much credit for the "American system," is Payne's view. When these deficiencies are remedied, it will be time for the license-holders to yelp about excessive regulation and unsympathetic treatment at the government's hands.

These are the chief black marks against commercial broadcasting in the view of the most vocal F.C.C. reformist:

1. Still too many accounts promoting "deleterious drugs."
2. Excessive plugs and blurbs.
3. Forcing sales of sponsors' products, principally through influencing children to nag parents to buy certain articles.
4. Indecent dialog on so-called "sophisticated programs."
5. Over-sensational and excessively hair-raising kid entertainment.
6. Trashy comics, particularly those who think the height of humor is to swap puerile gags with the announcer.
7. The mystics, near-lotteries, astrologers, numerologists, and health lecturers.

Tuning In and Out

TELEVISION continues to be only a vision for Americans despite the fact that it is operating successfully in England, the Soviet Union, France, Germany, Italy and elsewhere. Columbia's big new set still is on the floor of the R.C.A. plant at Camden, New Jersey, almost a year after its completion, and N.B.C. has stopped experimental broadcasts for an indefinite period.

On the strength of the ballyhoo which both networks had given their television plans, many receiving sets had been sold around greater New York. Now the owners have nothing to look at and probably won't have until the World's Fair opens next year.

Such a furore was stirred up by Canadian listen-

ers recently because of the well-authenticated report that plans were under way there for the rebroadcast of programs from Fascist nations of Europe, that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is trying to hush up the whole affair. It is admitted, however, that Jean Marie Beudet, program director for the Province of Quebec, is in Europe making a "survey" of broadcasting in England, France, Italy and Germany.

Although the networks aren't setting the world afire with their educational programs, they are making steady advances in the dramatic field. Two outstanding new examples are Orson Welles and his Mercury Theatre players in their weekly *First Person Singular* series and *Men Against Death* based on the books of Paul de Kruif. Welles, who turned Broadway upside down last season with *The Cradle Will Rock* and *Julius Caesar*, seems to have hit on the first new radio idea of the year. The de Kruif shows need a bit of tightening up, but are well worth a half hour of listening time.

Give Them Air!

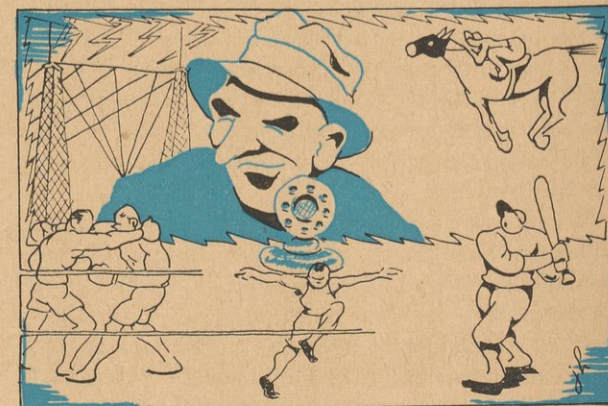
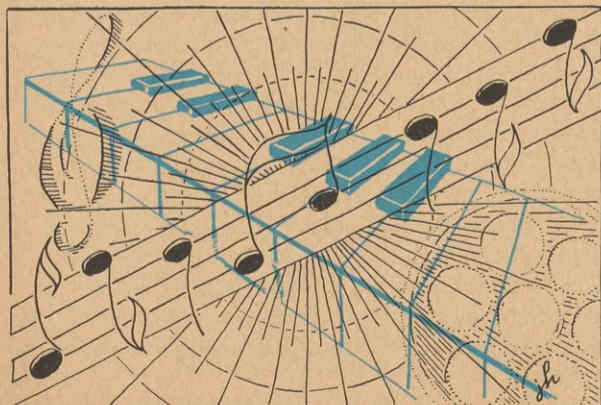
A FEW of the country's strategically located stations have been pestering the Federal Communications Commission again for permission to increase their power to 500,000 watts. And WLW, Cincinnati, the only transmitter which holds this privilege, has been fighting tooth and toenail to retain it.

The F.C.C. seems loath to grant such power increases, and with very good reason, for it would mean that ten or a dozen giant stations could blanket the country with their programs and choke out all competition. At present the little fellows can join a network and hold on to their audiences, but they wouldn't have this chance if super-power became the order of the day. In fact the networks themselves might be forced out of business—that's why they too have been objecting to any more stations joining WLW.

Undoubtedly a good many of America's small stations have little excuse for being. They depend wholly on their network programs and show no ingenuity in producing worth-while broadcasts of their own. And yet, in the long run, it would be a great mistake to let a few giants monopolize the field. Certainly WLW's anti-labor and all-around reactionary attitude is no recommendation for super-power.

Station WDAS, Philadelphia, is thinking of abandoning its man-in-the-street broadcasts because of bitter complaints from advertisers. It seems that strikers have got into the habit of edging up to the microphone, giving the names of executives of the struck plants, and then giving the dumbest answers they can think of to the announcer's questions.

—GEORGE SCOTT





THE FIGHT, August 1938

Chinese War Victims · By Eitaro Ishigaki

A FEW YEARS ago a young French photographer visited this country and brought with him some of the strangest and most extraordinary photographs that have ever been made. His name was Henri Cartier. His portfolio contained pictures of France, Spain and Mexico. At first seeing, one could only utter, "Amazing!" The pictures were about people: about their faces, their postures. Most of them, taken in the slums of Paris, displayed an intensity equal to that in the photographs of Atget and Paul Strand. His pictures of children (even those of New York children playing "war") projected a profound feeling of tenderness. While Cartier was in New York he did some experimental film work with Nykino—the group of young filmmakers who later founded Frontier Films. When he returned to France Cartier was a member of Frontier Films. After making a series of photographs on the Coronation he spent some time as an assistant to the great French director Jean Renoir. When the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy entrusted Frontier Films with the job of producing a picture on the work of the International Medical Aid, they assigned Henri Cartier as director. With the collaboration of Herbert Kline, Cartier went to Spain and produced the film document which Frontier Films is releasing as *Return to Life*. David Wolff wrote the English commentary and Irving Lerner and Robert Stebbins prepared the sound.

The first two reels make the general statement about the war in Spain. Men and women on the food-lines; children playing their war games in the streets of Madrid; the soldiers training, and the first-aid service. The next reel takes us nearer the front line and finally into battle. Now there will be wounded that need care and tenderness. We are taken back behind the lines to a railroad station. Train after train brings in its load of wounded. The film reaches its climax with an accumulation of shots that show us the wounded face of Republican Spain. "The men staring out of the windows with bandages on their eyes; the difficulty and pain of the simple movement when one is wounded; the soldier lying stomach downward on the stretcher." Then to the hospital, where doctors and nurses have come from other countries to bring back life to the torn bodies of these brave men. There on the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean the tragedy of the film reaches its highest point: the man without legs learning to walk (like a new-born babe) with two artificial legs; another using a useless trouser-leg as a



New times, new games. The Frontier Film "Return to Life" shows Madrid boys playing "refuge"

MOVIES

cache for his tobacco-pouch. The tenderness of the nurses is almost equaled by the tenderness of the machines that are used for exercising broken fingers or legs. The gentle humor of the checker game or the boxing match or the soccer game on the beach is tremendously moving.

Cartier moves us to a nearby village, to a fiesta in honor of the American hospital. We are given a little lift by the traditional dances, by the happy faces of the children as they sip hot cocoa. Again we are shifted, now to a children's home. The war babies are being cared for with tenderness and kindness. The children on this day also have a fiesta, and they engage in their dramatic play. This children's dance catches the essence of children at play. The delicate gestures are forever recorded even though we know that six of these very children were killed by a Fascist bomb several weeks later.

The director takes us back to the hospital. The soldiers who were returned to life are also having a sip of hot cocoa. They are going once more to the front, perhaps to be wounded again or even killed. They go smiling, not for Cartier's camera, but because they want to go. Few films (acted or documentary) have succeeded in portraying with such complete honesty the nobility and tragedy of a suffering people. *Return to Life* is unlike any other Spanish film and unlike any other documentary film.

Joris Ivens in China

WHILE we're on the subject of documentary pictures and democracies fighting for their lives I'd like to note that Joris Ivens has been these many months making a film on new young China. Actual events are determining the shape of the picture. It will tell the story of a new Chinese people and their resistance to the Japanese invasion. Ivens has recently returned to Hankow on the Lunghai Railway after a five-week stay along the Yellow River, about a hundred miles to the north. (See map on page 9—Ed.) I am privileged in being allowed to quote from his diary which speaks for itself:

April 2—In Chengchow. Chengchow is the intersection of the Lunghai and Peihan Railways. The population have not yet recovered from the fright of aerial bombardment. We arrived in Hsuchow in the afternoon. We travel through the night. The front is not far away and most of the time the lights in the train are out completely so as not to attract the attention of Japanese artillery.

April 3—The railway station is still full of corpses as a result of the latest air-raid. In the afternoon we pay a visit to General Li Tsung Jen, commander of the north front of the Tjin Pu Line. He is a wonderful and simple man who promises all possible assistance. From here we will go to the front. After two hours' walking we come to a little village surrounded by huge medieval walls with observation towers. This is the headquarters of the Thirty-first Division. For the next eight days we will be in constant communication with them. We filmed the heavy artillery and the telephone patrol in action. In the evening a lecture by the chief of staff, General Chin, about the general situation and the Taierchuang battle in particular. This battle is a very important one and an historic occasion because it marks the first major defeat of the Japanese by the Chinese. We also photographed the light artillery on the outskirts of the village. Troops arrive for reinforcements and the retreating Chinese fire a village which has been held by the Japanese.

The battle is fierce and the slogan of Taierchuang is raised: "We have to fight here, because there is no other place to die."

April 7—Morning brings the good news that Taierchuang is now completely occupied by the Chinese. The Japanese are in retreat. In the afternoon we leave for the front for some more filming. Several times we had to stop and seek cover against Japanese snipers. We hide behind mounds of fallen soldiers who were buried in the wheat fields (there are no cemeteries in this area). They are bombing the spot where we had our camera set up yesterday. Finally we arrive in Taierchuang. Many young and fresh troops arrive with us, together with munitions and rifles. Machine guns are hammering. It's a hell of a battle. The total destruction of men and women is greater than in Spain. It is horrible to behold this completely burned city, where the only things left standing are the ruins of houses; where one sees only corpses and bones of what were once people and cattle. Here and there a bit of household furniture. There is no more fighting, but from time to time there is a stray bullet.

Hollywood Hash

THE HOLLYWOOD fare for the month is pretty sad. Warner Brothers' film version of the *Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* is a faintly intriguing melodrama about the physician (Edward G. Robinson) who investigates crime by engaging in it himself. He gets involved with the high-class fence (beautifully played by Claire Trevor) and her trigger man (Humphrey Bogart). There is a murder and a trial. And here the film couldn't make up its mind between comedy and moralizing. It tried to be both and so succeeded in being nothing. Anatol Litwak directed, and he sprays the camera around (in the introductory sequences) like a hose—as he did in the opening scenes of *Mayerling* and *Tovarich*—and they can call it cinema. Some people call anything cinema as long as it has movement. *Toy Wife* (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) has movement. Luise Rainer goes around swishing her skirt, pouting her mouth, and making love to her husband and lover. Like Camille she dies with a cough in her throat and is forgiven by her enraged husband and child. *Shopworn Angel* (M.G.M.) is a comedy-tragedy (or something) about the days of 1917. It flounders around, never getting any place. The only thing that distinguishes it, is that it displays Margaret Sullavan. And finally *Lord Jeff* (also M.G.M.) continues the idea of human relations that was initiated with *Captains Courageous*. But the human angle is subsidiary to the idea of advertising the Cunard Line in general and the *Queen Mary* in particular. Is Metro trying to pay off a travel bill?

—PETER ELLIS



A soldier of Democracy in an American hospital in Spain. Scene from "Return to Life"



Stone guardians look down on once-gay Vienna, crushed beneath the Nazi heel

PHOTO BY BERNICE

From the Hell That Is Austria

RECENTLY in the course of some research that had to do with the performances of Torquemada during the Spanish Inquisition, I came upon a book dealing with that period, and written in 1885, whose author concluded happily, in substance: "But now all such events are things of the past, and the world has entered upon an era of enlightenment wherein their like can never happen again."

It was a statement fraught with irony and melancholy—when read in April 1938, just a brief time after the modern worse-than-Torquemada, Adolf Hitler, had crashed triumphantly into Austria, with none to say him nay; had extended into that country the unbelievable terror and tragedy and destruction which have been the lot of the defenseless anti-Nazis and "non-Aryans" in Germany ever since Hitler's accession to power in 1933.

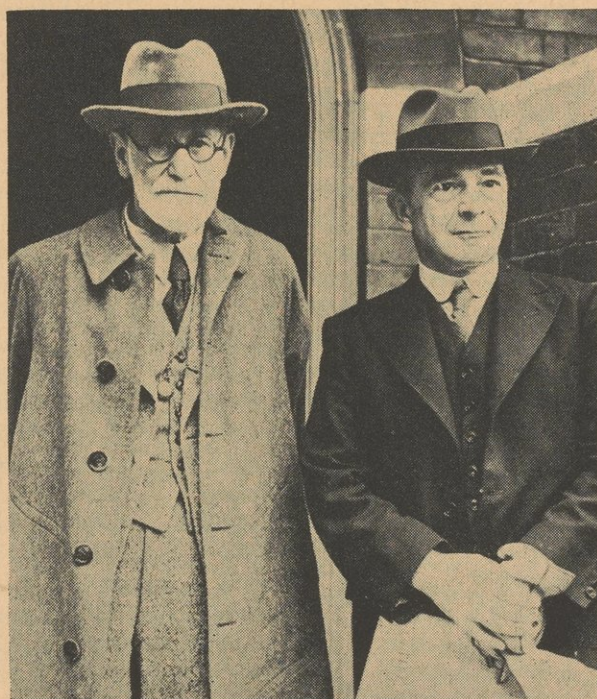
There Is No Escape

One says "worse than Torquemada" advisedly: for at least the Spaniard left one loophole of escape for his victims, whereas for the victims of the German *Fuehrer* there is no escape, unless it be escape from the country itself—and that is denied to the great majority. The Spaniard's sadism was mixed with religious frenzy, so that the Jews and Moors of fifteenth-century Spain at least could keep their skins whole by abjuring their own faiths and adopting the Christianity, so-called, of their persecutors. But the twentieth-century Nazi's prey are hopelessly trapped animals, let out to make a Roman holiday for the brutalized mob, whose masters expect that mob to find compensation in circus for what they lack in bread.

But out of Austria already come rumors of unrest on the part of the "mob." Letters that have escaped the censors by some underground route

Travellers, refugees, letters that eluded the censors describe the tragic plight of Hitler's victims

By Berenice E. Noar



Sigmund Freud (left), exiled "father of psychoanalysis," in England with Dr. Ernest Jones

through other countries, and persons recently arrived from Austria who have nothing to fear from speaking freely, relate events showing a weakening in the first enthusiastic conviction of the Nazi sympathizers in Austria that Hitler and the millennium are one. A letter written by a fortunate Austrian who had managed to escape into Czechoslovakia, says:

"In Vienna, they pass through the streets, shouting, 'Give us bread!' Food can be had only with tickets, and not much of it at that, and not good in quality, either."

Anti-Nazi Leaflets

The same letter tells of anti-Nazi leaflets that in spite of attempted strictness are scattered widely. One of these bears the couplet:

One land, one people, one *Fuehrer*;
We want Schuschnigg, and not the *Tapezierer* (paper-hanger).

Another leaflet, which reveals a potent element in Austrian disillusion with the *Anschluss*, demands: "Why must the positions taken away from Jews be filled by Germans and not by Austrians?" This last relates to one of the many signs that the German invasion is conquest, and not *amalgamation*, as the Austrians were led to believe; and one can but hope that here too lies a fruitful source of productive dissatisfaction.

From an Austrian woman who has fled into Italy comes a letter to an American friend, shedding light on the dealings of the invaders with their victims in financial matters. This woman, formerly well-off, considers herself happy indeed to have escaped with life and sanity, and to have retained an income of about ten dollars a week.

"The Germans made me sell all my stocks and

(Continued on page 30)

BURNING heat! It had been mainly noise and shadow in the pit. It was heat on the furnace floor. There was noise, too. Noise of wheels. Noise of locomotives. Noise of magnet cranes passing over the flat cars loaded with iron scrap. Noise of scrap flying up to the magnets and then dropping, clunking into the charge boxes. Noise of huge charging machines picking up charge boxes and dumping their contents into the furnaces. Ton after ton of scrap! Ton after ton of noise piling against eardrums! But the noise was forgotten in the heat.

Flame roared out of Furnace No. 3. Streaks shaped like the combs of roosters but redder rippled across the naked backs of the No. 3 shift. They were making front wall for the last time before quitting for the day. One by one, the third helpers shoveled white gravel into a gigantic iron spoon, twenty feet long. A sweaty face yelled at the incoming shift: "Hurry up!"

The new shift cached their lunch pails and put on their smoked glasses. With them Joe Trent got in line. He was a big-chested man of about thirty, blond and blue-eyed and with the attractive smile of a movie extra. Good looks never harmed a hooker.

Joe's fingers tightened on his shovel. It was his turn to dump white gravel into the spoon's maw. No God damn starting slow this morning, he thought. The whole damn job was a tough one. How the hell was he going to find out who belonged to the union if they kept their traps shut? The second helper, Charley Albee, was a union man according to the Company's personnel department but where the hell was the proof? The proof. The proof. The God damn proof.

The outgoing shift marched off. No one watched them go. The furnace's brick front wall had to be relined with white gravel or there'd be no wall. The scrap was cooking in the furnace! The scrap was cooking!

Heat snaked up Joe's arms and along his chest. His head, his cheeks, his lips seemed fire-wrapped. He stared through his smoked glasses. Red flame was yellow. Charley's powerful body darkened into a shadow. Only the heat remained constant, shooting hot pellets into Joe's brain. Fill up the spoon! Fill up the spoon! Dig into white gravel! Charley Albee's the second helper! Second helper spreads the gravel over the front wall. God damn front wall! God damn Charley! God damn furnaces!

Over!

THE NO. 3 gang leaned on their shovels, blinking the sweat out of their eyes. They walked to the trough and swallowed long cool silver drinks of water. They dipped their heads and hands.

"She'll cook awhile," Charley said. He was taller than the hooker. The hair on his chest was shaped like the foliage of a tree, a narrow trunk of hair running down the center of his belly.

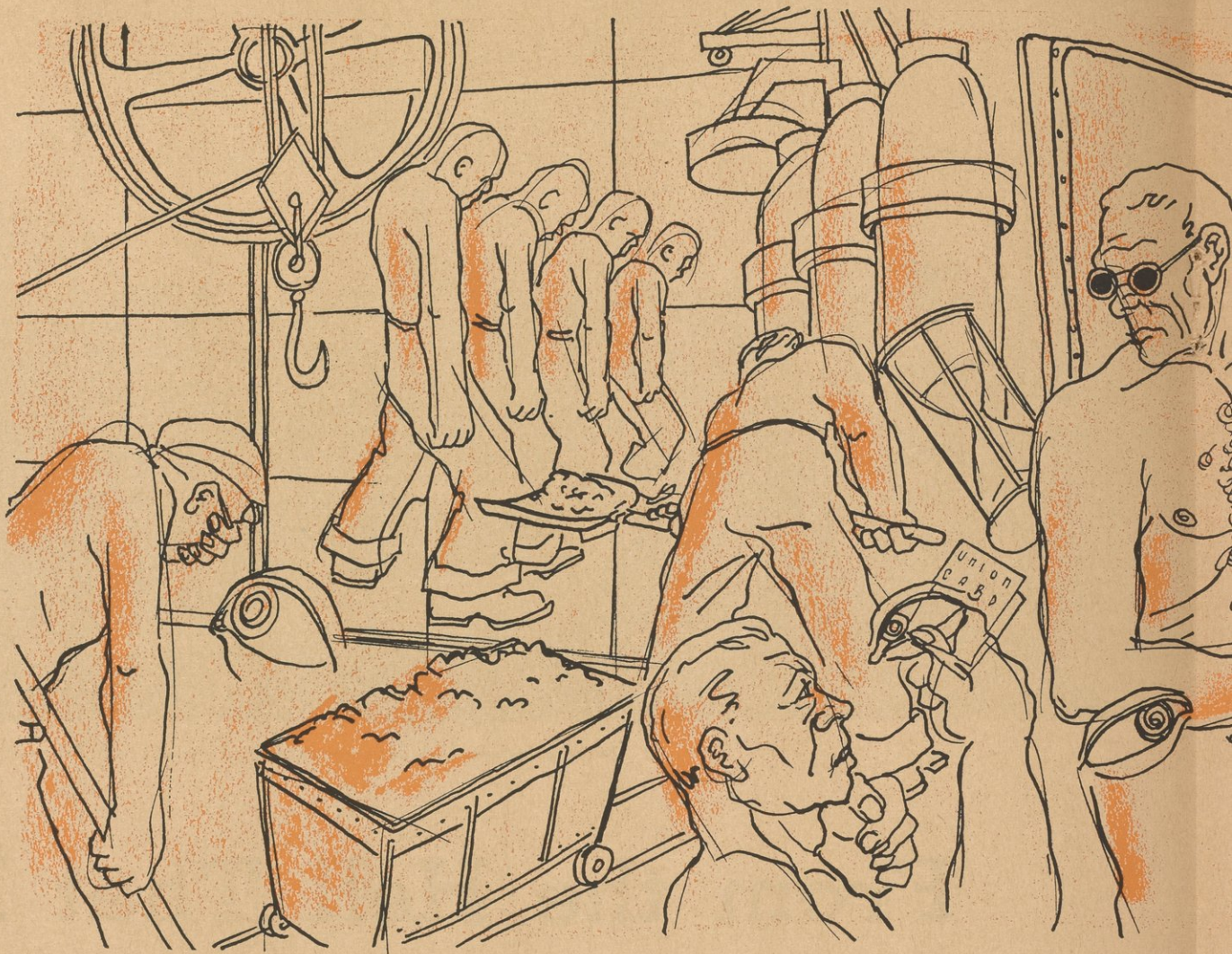
"I wish I was back in the pit," Joe used his smile. "Not so damn much heat there."

"This is nothing," Charley said. "Wait until it hits July."

"Two weeks of this is plenty." Joe combed his dripping hair with his wet hand. "Lucky they put me on part-time or I'd never stand it. That was a break." His heart hammered. Would anybody bite?

"That's the first time I ever heard part-time's a break," Charley said reflectively. He drank some more water and squirted a jet at Joe. "Cool off. For a new third helper you're too hot."

The men laughed.



"I'll take a drink on that."

They sloshed themselves at the trough. A third helper with a Venus tattooed on one forearm began to gab about the Spruce Street broads.

That was good safe talk, the hooker thought. But God damn it, he had to steer this bunch off into hotter talk. Talk of layoffs. Talk of part-time. Trouble talk. Union talk. "Broads are all right," he said, "but—"

"But what?" Tattoo demanded.

"What I'd rather have is a breather here. You can keep the broads. But give me a breather." His tongue felt thick in his mouth. That bastard Charley had nothing to say. That bastard.

Tattoo shrugged his shoulders, looked at his shoes.

The others said nothing. Their lips hardened into lines.

Charley said: "Time for making back wall if you ask me."

"What's the matter with you guys?" Joe asked.

They stared at him, their eyes sightless balls.

A minute later Nick cried: "Back wall!"

Joe dug himself a shovel of white gravel and stepped into line. Soon it'd be his turn to swing his shovelful over the flames against the back wall. God damn! First the front wall had to be saved. Now, back wall. Front wall, back wall. Front wall, back wall all the God damn day!

Two others were ahead of him. One hundred and fifty degrees of heat tightened the skin of Joe's face, chest and arms. He tried to keep his head in line with the head in front of him. God damn hell heat! Soon, his turn. Stoking ships wasn't hotter. South America wasn't hotter! Soon! Soon! A man'd burn up in a minute in that furnace!

Now! My turn!

Heat fired his skin and in one quick movement, he flung the gravel over the flames. Had he landed?

Hooker

The furnace gang were cagey, but the spy game . . . A story that

By Benjamin

ILLUSTRATED BY M

Yes! Had!

He turned his back on the furnace.

Nick tossed his arms upwards. "Hurry up! Hurry up or melt everything in pieces!"

AFTER thirty minutes of back wall, Nick slammed the furnace door shut, drawing in the flood of fire. He peked through the peep-hole in the door. The furnace could stand another shot of gas.

The third helpers mobbed the trough.

Christ, to be in the washroom. When you were in the washroom you were through work. The big sinks. The cakes of soap. It was cool cooler



hooker

agey, but Joe was an old hand at that sizzles with steel-mill truth

Jamin Appel

BY MARTIN DIBNER

cooler in the washroom, slopping soap and water. Joe rinsed his mouth. God damn the washrooms! God damn back wall! God damn eating in a rush between jobs! God damn the whole mill from top to bottom! God damn God damning!

"I tell her: 'You woman?' Yes, she woman. Oh, boy," Tattoo was saying. "Then she woman, she do what woman do but she no do. She Spruce Street broad. . . ."

The story hummed in Joe's ears but he felt too dead to start any union blah now. Tomorrow was Saturday and he only worked Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Only part-time, but the job took his guts. What about the hunkies, the wops,

the niggers? It took their guts but that's all they were fit for. He yawned. "It's a good life if you're the Boss," he said. "I'd like to be the Boss myself."

"You ought to put a clothespin on your mouth," Charley said. "The Boss here is a pretty good scout."

"That so?"

"That's so," Charley said.

"He's a good scout and I'm on part-time because he's a good scout?" The hooker wondered whether Charley was an officer in the union? Only an officer had the brains to act so cagey. "The next thing you'll be telling me is this is a good Company to work for."

Charley grinned. "That's right, third helper."

"Hey," Tattoo cried out. "They're tapping Four."

All eyes moved right. Hot metal streamed out of No. 4's spout into a huge ladle the crane had put in place. Hell, the yellow bellies were too wise to talk about anything but broads but never too tired to watch a tapping, the hooker thought sourly. Steel came first. But it was a dumb show for himself. Let the hunkies look. He shoved his head under the surface of the water trough. He came up dripping wet, his eyes magnetized by the tapping. The metal had thickened into a dazzling pouring rope. "That'd be fun to watch from a soft bed," he commented.

Nick swung open the furnace door of No. 3 and scooped an oversized soup-spoon into the cooking steel. He spilled the steel into a mould and then plunged the mould into the water trough. Up hissed steam!

The gang watched the test, their eyes narrowed like experts.

"Needs more cook," Tattoo said.

"No," said Charley.

"Too much carb." Nick placed the cool ingot on the anvil.

"Looks all right to me," said Charley.

The bastards behaved as if they owned the mill. Joe frowned. "You make me sick. It's not your steel. What do you care if there's too much carbon?"

"We make it," Charley explained.

Nick swung a sledge down on the ingot. It split in two. He examined the grain and pronounced judgment. "Nice. Nice."

NICE, nice, Joe thought mockingly. Things were going to be even nicer after he wrote his report. "I don't like being on part-time," he said. "I don't give a damn who knows it. I got a wife to support."

"Who hasn't?" a third helper in torn corduroys said. "They put me on part-time last week."

"Me, too." Tattoo spat brown tobacco juice.

"Part-time's better than no-time," Charley said. "When we're on the job we ought to stick to the job. There's a pair of ears in every furnace."

"That's right," Joe agreed. "We're being watched." His heart thumped. He'd got them steamed up for the first time.

Nick wagged his big head, his cheeks black with soot. "Me! I like farm. What I like! Milk cow. Eat the chick, the egg, the apple. Lay in bed with wife. Farm!"

They all laughed, relieved to be able to laugh. Quickly, Charley said: "I'd like a farm myself in this hot weather. We ought to get a ball team like the one we had five or six years ago. When I was a kid I was sure I was Big League stuff." He raised his arms as if holding a bat. "Nothing like hitting a hot single past first base."

"Baseball?" Tattoo shrugged his shoulders.

"I'd like to play ball," Joe said. "I used to play right field. With plenty of us on part-time, we can practice all we want."

"The Company'd buy us uniforms," Charley said.

"Some Company," Joe sneered.

Nobody spoke. Nobody wanted to speak. Showers of sparks danced up from No. 4. Whose turn was next to be laid off? the men wondered. Whose turn to be put on part-time?

"That broad you went out with last night didn't do you no good." Charley laughed. "When a young feller gets tangled up!"

"Broad nothing! I've got a wife. What did you mean before about a pair of ears in every furnace?"

"I didn't mean a thing."

"Yes, you did." The hooker flashed his smile at the silent men. "I know what you meant, too. Thanks for tipping me off, Charley. I get the idea. There are rats in this mill. That's why we're afraid to talk. That ain't right and I'll say it right out loud. They put me on part-time but I ain't scared of them."

Charley nodded.

The hooker smacked at a spark darting against his cheek like a mosquito. He'd turn in a real report! Report that Charley was agitating among the men! "I wonder how long we're going to stand for things around here?" He paused. Now was the time for one of these union bastards to talk union. To ask him to come to a meeting!

"Me, too," Tattoo said.

"You fellers're too hot for third helpers," Charley said.

That's the first time Charley lumped me and another guy together, the hooker thought. Hell, he was practically in the union this minute!



Books

American Pilot in Spain

SOME STILL LIVE, by F. G. Tinker, Jr.; 313 pages; Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$2.50.

CHRONOLOGICALLY and otherwise straightforward is this first-person, first-hand account of an American fighting-plane pilot's work for the Spanish Loyalist forces. In the racy lingo of the American airport, so dear to the hearts of our air-minded younger generation, this graduate of Annapolis and of the U. S. Army and Navy flying-schools with his book makes lovers of true adventure of all ages his fascinated fellow-travelers. In addition to this simple but strong appeal, Frank Tinker's book has the merit of bearing on an outstanding current world problem.

Not that he is or pretends to be a keen analyst of international affairs. Nor are his observations and digressions always factually accurate. Yet, it was Tinker's outraged sense of fair play that took him to Spain in the first place—the fiendish bombing of Madrid civilians. Implied in the narrative is that he went and returned as a soldier of fortune. But he leaves no doubt whatsoever that neither his love of adventure and of a good fight nor the direst economic need would ever cause him to enlist on the Fascist side.

It is the human element in *Some Still Live* that distinguishes it from the daily press despatches about war in the Spanish skies. Even the more skilled correspondents are restricted by the exigencies of the newspaper business to impersonal statistics of destruction and death to the attacked, the attacker, or to both. But here is an intensely personal story of Tinker and his fellow-airmen, including several well-known and beloved individuals, like the late Ben Leider.

Flight training, types of aircraft used, breathtaking dogfights with the German and Italian squadrons, bombing and strafing assignments, cellar refuges jammed with humanity during the enemy air-raids pass in review before us. Nor are we always permitted to remain in the reviewing-stand. For at times the author skilfully takes us for a thrilling ride with his patrol and into the thick of things.

All in all, this is an absorbing and sincere story of an unmistakably genuine American. Its errors, neither serious nor intentional, merely prove that the author is like most of us.

—LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

Seven British Workers

SEVEN SHIFTS, edited by Jack Common; 271 pages; E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

OF THE kind of men who make British goods, and the sort of lives some of them lead, *Seven Shifts* gives the beginnings of an idea. No women workers are represented, which defect is recognized in a note stating that the omission will be made good in a later companion volume. Meantime, Jack Common has gathered these seven simple narratives from a plasterer, a steel worker, an unemployed man, a gas worker, a stall holder, a furnace worker, and a railwayman.

The writers, or the majority of them, are not professionals—although Simon Blumenfeld is beginning to be known as a people's novelist, and Mr. Common tells us that two others have had, or soon will have had, books published; but all these seven stories would do credit, merely for their descriptive power, to many a full-time author. As examples of literary style the stories,

of course, vary in quality, but all attain their chief purpose of relating the everyday details of their authors' lives, the routine of their work, and their pastimes and interests outside of their jobs.

Despite the hard life most of these men have had—and in all cases except that of the comparatively well-paid railwayman are still having—it is noticeable how many of them take pride in their work. You find the plasterer, Jack Hilton, writing, "Plaster hides the ugly, and makes the groundwork for the beautiful"; the furnace worker, J. H. Watson, describes—though in somewhat mystical terms—the identity between the worker and the metal; and in most of these narratives there is the consciousness that the men are doing good work.

As for the rest, the million and a half without work, Will Oxley is a typical case of the veteran with four years of war service, and more than double that period of hand-to-mouth existence on the miserable pittance allowed by the state. In no recent book that I know has the hideous obscenity of poverty been more vividly depicted than in Mr. Oxley's description of a large family living in one unlighted room, and eating animal heads.

The workers themselves are beginning to realize that these conditions can and must be changed, and judging from some of the sentiments expressed in *Seven Shifts*, they are also finding out *how* to do it.

—LESLIE READE

Laughter on the Left

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, by Robert Forsythe, with illustrations by William Gropper; 255 pages; Covici-Friede; \$2.00.

WHEN we were very young, really no more than thirteen or fourteen, we formed the habit of rummaging through bound volumes of old magazines. (It was in this manner, and not in school, that we learned of most of our early New England writers.) The habit has persisted to this day, whenever time allows us this fruitful luxury.

So when not so long ago a friend asked us if we would like to have for a few days a complete file of the *Masses* which he had carefully preserved for more than twenty-five years, we were

not slow in carting this gallery of yesterdays over to our house. And for almost a week we read, and looked at the marvelous pictures, and lived over again the politics and literature of 1912 and 1914 and 1917 and 1919. Three or four things definitely remained with us after a perusal of these volumes. First, the great and beautiful drawings of Boardman Robinson, Art Young, George Bellows, Robert Minor. (The second line drawings which appeared in the *Masses* in '14 or '15 are appearing today in the *New Yorker*.) Second, fresh new talent in fiction and poetry popping all over the lot, talent untrammelled by any preconceived notions. Third, the great reporting of John Reed—and other young writers of the day—in the field of labor, politics, war and revolution. Fourth, the "satire" of such men as Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Charles W. Wood.

Which brings us to this new book by Robert Forsythe, a collection of essays from the *New Masses*. By the time this is printed the reviewers in the commercial press will have told us that here is the *only* man with a sense of humor writing in the left-wing press. And the left-wing press will probably have long articles explaining Robert Forsythe, the satirist of our age.

As a matter of fact, Robert Forsythe and William Gropper the illustrator of this volume are the two best inheritors



Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson meet for breakfast



Simeon Strunsky. From Reading from Left to Right

of what was best in the old *Masses* and the *Liberator*. And by that we mean that they project a wisdom and a culture which is the kernel of America.

If only Mr. Forsythe were wrong once in a while and would not write so many *must* essays, we would have enjoyed this new volume of his to the full. A fine book nevertheless.

—GILBERT DAY

Control of Television

TELEVISION—A STRUGGLE FOR POWER, by Frank Waldrop and Joseph Borkin; 299 pages; William Morrow; \$2.75.

ARE THE Morgans and the Rockefellers girding the loins of their respective monopolies—the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the Radio Corporation of America—for an epic struggle which will have as its prize the complete control of television in the United States?

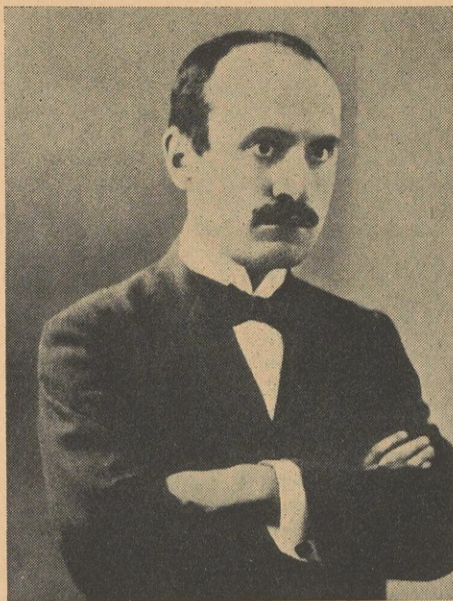
Messrs. Waldrop and Borkin think so and they have gathered together 299 pages of fascinating information to prove their case. The story of the fight for supremacy in the communications field—between A.T.&T., which owns all of this country's telephone lines and equipment, and R.C.A., the radio octopus—reads like a dime novel and would be fantastic were it not so well documented by the authors.

Yet this reviewer begs to differ with their conclusion that the two great monopolies will eventually fight and if necessary die for dear old television. They have never done so in the past (even according to the book under review), but on the contrary have always shown a great respect for each other's prowess, and a willingness to pool their patents and compromise whenever it looked as if a showdown were imminent. Moreover, radio is making so much money at the present standard of development that those at the top would prefer not to touch television at all.

As I see it, the real fight in the offing will find the two communications monopolies and their natural allies such as N.B.C., C.B.S., Western Union, Postal, etc., on one side, and the government on the other. The capitalists will postpone the struggle as long as possible, then bribe, lobby, inspire legislation and institute court actions in order to obtain the right to develop television as a means of profit.

And Washington will do its best to obtain the new medium as a public service. This trend already is indicated by bills now in Congress asking for investigation of the industry and also for construction of one or more powerful "yardstick" government-owned stations.

One of the weaknesses of the Waldrop-Borkin book is that it glosses



The hero at twenty-two and at fourteen. From *Mussolini in the Making*, by Gaudens Megaro and issued by Houghton Mifflin

over this basic struggle with a few belated paragraphs and a half-hearted recommendation for government supervision. Another is that the technical chapters are very difficult for the layman to follow.

—GEORGE SCOTT

Our Coöperative Movement

COÖPERATION: AN AMERICAN WAY, by John Daniels; 399 pages; Covici-Friede; \$3.00.

IN THESE days of Big Business, monopolies and ruinous competition, it is interesting to find as serious a student of social affairs as Mr. Daniels using the daring title. *Coöperation: An American Way*. It is even more surprising to find when one has come to the last page that one no longer doubts that coöperation once was, and is growing rapidly again to be, very much of an American way of doing things.

Although confining the subject here strictly to consumers' coöperation, John Daniels became interested originally in the general subject through a study he was making of neighborhood life. An otherwise vain search for something to "restore to people the local participation and sense of responsibility which in simpler days they got from neighborhood activities" led him to an interest in consumers' coöperation. Last year, going into the subject more thoroughly, he made a five-thousand-mile tour of representative coöperative organizations throughout the East, Upper South and Midwest. The result of this survey is in the main a review of all the various organizations and manifestations of coöperation in America, giving by far the best general picture of the situation that can be found; and this in spite of the mass of literature on the subject which has appeared in the last few years. Even more important perhaps are the early introductory chapters devoted to the background of coöperation in this country,



the reasons and need for its existence and its main principles. In this respect few writers have discerned more clearly the essence of coöperative philosophy or presented arguments for it with more persuasive common sense.

In the tremendous growth of coöperative business (an increase of \$259,000,000) during the four depression years, Mr. Daniels has a firm peg on which to hang his hope for Democracy and his claim that coöperation is in fact an American way. His book should at least rank well toward the top of coöperative literature.

—ELIOT D. PRATT

A Lord of the Earth

THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD: THE LIFE OF SIR HENRI DETERDING, by Glyn Roberts; 448 pages; Covici-Friede; \$3.00.

"IT IS BECAUSE men like Sir Henri Deterding are the powers they undoubtedly are in this world of 1938" that life is "chronically insecure and harrowing." Here we have in a nutshell what Sir Henri and all he stands for mean to us. There are few books published in the last ten years which show as conclusively as this one how the individual owner of a worldwide monopoly can affect the lives and destinies of whole continents.

The book is valuable because it reveals this truth in simple, concise fashion and because it makes exciting reading. It is amazing to see how inevitably Deterding's almost symbolic career ran to certain conclusions. Indeed, the fascinating thing about the story is that there is really no mystery about its hero. Deterding's career is simply that of a successful if ruthless business man who became a monopoly capitalist because, at a certain stage of the game, the elements that he was manipulating forced him into this rôle. Of course, Sir Henri did not object to this particular course that his career took.

In addition, the book has more thrills and excitement than any Phillips Oppenheim could give you. It is a tale of murder and intrigue, of Machiavelian maneuvers, and of men who play with the destiny of millions like pawns on an international chessboard. It is also the story of business rivalry and cut-throat competition and imperialist ambitions.

In short, it is a perfect backdrop to our present-day international scene.

—JOHANNES STEEL

Reporting Europe

INSANITY FAIR, by Douglas Reed; 420 pages; Covici-Friede; \$3.00.

DOUGLAS REED, who is probably remembered by the American public as the author of *The Burning of the Reichstag*, has been for more than a decade one of the European correspondents of *The Times* of London. Now *The Times*, as its advertisements modestly admit, is "the greatest newspaper in the world." The justification for that proud title is not apparent to any ordinary plebian either at home or abroad, but it probably has something to do with the fact that that paper is a house organ of the "Cliveden Set."

It is only fair to Mr. Reed to state this matter, because in judging his new book, one constantly has to bear in mind the smug and reactionary medium which has fashioned his writing. *The Times* being what it is, it is perhaps surprising that this "European cavalcade," as the author describes his book, is not a piece of Fascist propaganda.

Having traveled up and down Europe, having been at most of the important conferences, and having watched the rise of Hitler, Mr. Reed summarizes his opinion of contemporary Europe in the title of the book. The philo-Fascism of the British ruling class, no less than the Fascist governments themselves, become the object of some strong, but not very penetrating, criticism. For although the author is an excellent reporter, he is not even a superficial analyst. So far as Spain is concerned, he is capable of writing that "there is little to be said for either" side. Then, however, he does indulge in a damaging examination of the Fascist "crusade."

Let it also be recorded that Mr. Reed is almost blatantly anti-Semitic—he thinks, for instance, that the persecution of the Jews has, on balance, put money in their pockets. And he is sympathetic with the Rumanian Goga, who initiated only "two quite moderate measures against the Jews." It is extraordinary that a man who has seen so much should understand so little.

Insanity Fair is very well, and smoothly, written, perhaps the best written of all the journalists' autobiographies, but also the most superficial.

—LESLIE READE

WALL STREET always likes to think it is clairvoyant, that its sensitive finger is ever on the economic pulse of the nation, and that its great minds can unfailingly predict important changes in business trends long before they show up in actual business statistics.

Recent events, however, have proved rather painful to the Street's touching belief in its own omniscience. The stock market—which, of course, is Wall Street's pet private barometer—went climbing up, but Wall Street's favorite "experts" stood in bewilderment on the sidelines, having been virtually unanimous in their opinion that the market would get worse rather than better. Only two conclusions can be drawn from this performance: either the Street is suffering from delusions of grandeur—or maybe delirium tremens—in its estimates of its powers of clairvoyance, or else the falsity of its proposed cures for the nation's economic ills has been



Far, far from home and in bad company. American-made cars with Japan's army.

definitely established. More correctly, both conclusions probably are true.

Ever since the current business depression set in last fall, Wall Street has insistently put forward its own reactionary program as the only possible basis for recovery. The budget must be balanced—by slashing relief rolls. Taxes on great corporations and great fortunes must be reduced—to restore business confidence. The New Deal must be overthrown and a "realistic" régime installed in its place—to restore the government to "sound" hands. Monopoly prices must be maintained, at least until wages were reduced—to maintain the sanctity of the profit system.

What happened? In the throes of its first uncertainty before depression conditions, and stabbed in the back by some of its own "friends" within the Administration, the New Deal went through the motions last winter of attempting to balance the budget by curtailing relief expenditures. The result was further collapse in purchasing power.

Then, under the onslaught of the

reactionary, anti-New Deal Democrats, progressive tax policies were surrendered for the benefit of the great corporations and the great fortunes. But these reactionary concessions, which supposedly would at once restore "business confidence," were followed by further declines in the stock market, and by an almost complete drying up of new capital investment. The New

Deal completely lost control of Congress—as dramatized by the defeat of the reorganization bill and the sabotaging of progressive legislation—but the depression merely deepened to the tune of hosannahs from the tory press at the "public repudiation" of Rooseveltian policies. Monopoly prices were maintained, and the buying of steel and automobiles dropped to new low levels.

Why the Market Rose

NOW, THIS column will not certify that the recent fillip in stock prices is definite proof that the economic tide has turned. A positive support to mass purchasing power is required before the recovery can be definitely maintained. Nevertheless, the thirty per cent rise in the stock market during late June and early July represents a minor bull market in the Street's own language and by its own admission. And this rise has occurred against the following background (Wall Street papers please copy): the start of the New Deal's new pump-

priming program, which expands relief and stimulates new construction at the expense of a balanced budget; the recapture of at least partial control over Congress by the New Deal, and the passage of such long-delayed and constructive measures as the Wage and Hour Bill; the reassertion of the New Deal's popular strength by the results of early primary elections and private polls; and the undermining of the monopolistic price structure by the slash in steel prices without wage cuts. The effect of these developments, combined with favorable crops in the West, has been at least a temporary improvement in general business trends.

All in all, to be forced to the conclusion that New Deal policies can bring recovery is a bitter pill for Wall Street to swallow.

Consider the developments in the steel industry. U. S. Steel, backed by the strength of the House of Morgan, has traditionally been the prime mover in the semi-monopolistic price-control system of that huge industry, which has centered around the "basing point" method of pricing whereby the steel buyer paid the Pittsburgh or Chicago price, plus the cost of freight from those points, no matter where the steel was manufactured. This is comparable to the price system used by the automobile industry under which the buyer of a Ford car in New York, for example, pays the cost of shipping a completed vehicle from Detroit even though the car be assembled in New Jersey.

U. S. Steel has now—at least in good measure—abolished this system in its recent price cuts. What is the reason for this apparent change of heart by the dominant organization of monopoly capital? The answer is quite simple. As has frequently been pointed out in this column, and as has been privately complained of by Big Business consumers of steel, the sharp price increases in steel during the spring of 1937 not only covered the rise in costs resulting from wage increases, but above and beyond that included a generous slice of unwarranted profit for the steel moguls. With the New Deal's monopoly investigation expected to start in on the high steel prices and the "basing point" price system, Big Steel reluctantly decided that the smart move was to forego that unearned added slice of profit by abolishing at

least a good part of the basing-point system, and thus appear before the general public in the rôle of virtuous co-operator with the New Deal.

Steel's Family Fight

A SECONDARY influence in U. S. Steel's decision was the internal feud which has been waged in the steel industry under cover ever since the C.I.O. struggles a year ago. At that time, when orders were pouring in and profits were booming, U. S. Steel and the House of Morgan decided it was better business to deal peaceably with the C.I.O., whereas the "Little Steel" crowd of Bethlehem Steel, Republic Steel, National Steel, and Youngstown Sheet & Tube (Girdler, Grace and Weir) determined on a bloody battle to the death. Since that fight, the "Little Steel" crowd has consistently fought to undermine Big Steel's control of the industry and of the American Iron and Steel Institute, which is the central trade association. Significantly, Big Steel's blow at the "basing point" system, which it originally founded and fostered, was aimed directly at the Little Steel crowd who have been forced to slash prices even more than Big Steel to maintain their competitive positions, and who have been writhing in anguished profit pains since the price cuts occurred.

These developments have caused some complicated manoeuvres by the die-hard, tory press in its efforts to explain away the market's heretical rally and to save face before the public. The New York *Herald Tribune* caused its Isabel Patterson, who deserted aesthetics for economics to pinch-hit for Dorothy Thompson, to advance the fantastic theory that the stock market's rise was engineered by the New Deal through buying orders planted in Washington! Not to be outdone, the Washington "political experts" of Wall Street's *Barron's Financial Weekly* tried to explain the market's rise on the theory that President Roosevelt's drive to support liberals in the coming elections and to oppose conservatives spelt the doom of the Democratic Party and of the New Deal.

Munitions note: Said the Dow-Jones financial ticker the other day: "Watch companies will benefit from the armament program under way. Fuses of all sorts are manufactured by watch companies as well as all clockwork and timing instruments."

Recovery note: Coincident with the rise in the stock market, the Trinity Church carillonneur, at the head of Wall Street, in an inspired moment chimed forth with that famous old hymn: "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." The aforesaid old reliable Dow-Jones financial ticker service faithfully recorded this timely intervention by the All-Highest.

Station NAZI

The Fascist short-wave broadcasters spew forth their "poison gas" on the people of democratic lands

By George Scott

"THIS IS the world-wide Nazi network!" Such a statement may become commonplace over the short-wave broadcasting channels within a year or so if the present trend continues. For Germany, which has been flooding the world since 1933 with Fascist propaganda from the powerful radio stations at Zeesen, has embarked on a vast expansion program which contemplates the erection of Nazi-controlled transmitters in Canada, Greece, South America and other parts of the world friendly to her "ideals."

Although the etherial propaganda-war has been raging since 1930, first on the regular European broadcasting channels and then on the far-reaching short waves, it is only since the time of the last Olympic Games that it has become a menace to England, America, France and the other democratic nations.

Polluting the Air

Statesmen at first were prone to discount the contention that German broadcasts were responsible for the murder of Premier Dollfuss of Austria and—along with those from Italy—for creating disturbances in North Africa, South America and the Orient. But today nobody in Downing Street or Washington will deny the tremendous potentialities for evil which such programs have.

As a result, England's short-wave stations at Daventry have finally changed a long-established policy and are now broadcasting in Spanish, French, German and other leading languages. (Previously it had been considered beneath the dignity of an Englishman to speak any other tongue than his own.) And American congress-

men are clamoring for one or more government-owned stations with which to combat the inroads which Fascist propaganda is making into our markets below the Rio Grande.

What kind of programs are these which threaten to further upset the peace of the world? For an answer, tune in your short-wave set tonight. Immediately you'll be transported to a Never Never Land where black is white, might makes right, and Hitler and Mussolini are peacemakers sent by God to save a frantic world from "the horrors of Communism."

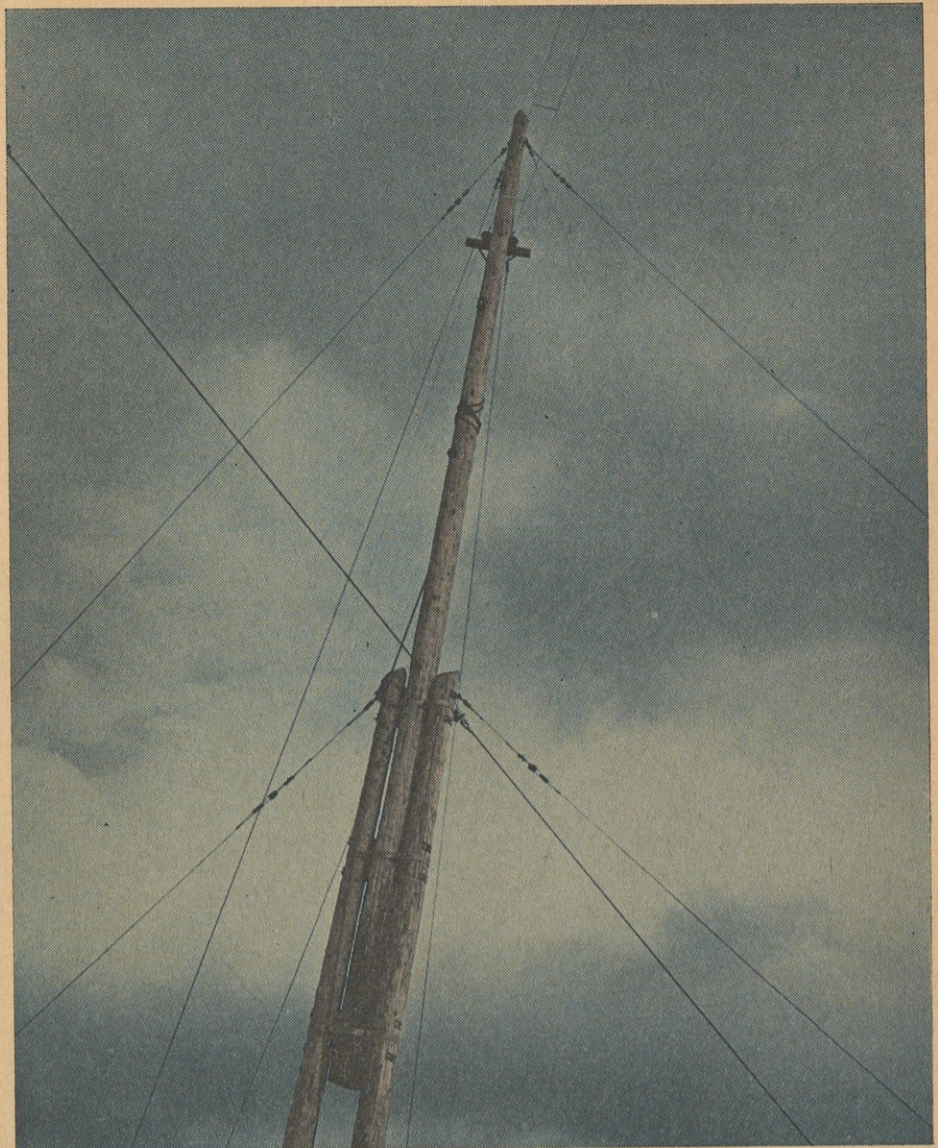
The Roads from Rome

From Rome a breathless woman, obviously suffering from a mild case of hysteria, babbles in English about the wonders of the Italian Empire, with liberal quotations from wealthy American visitors, or rhapsodizes about the "sensitive, leather-colored hands" of some renegade or captive Ethiopian chieftain who has come to bump his forehead before *Il Duce*.

From Rebel Spain Queipo de Llano, the paranoiac "broadcasting general," boasts windily of imaginary victories.

And from Berlin come well organized, ingratiating and—to the credulous—convincing stories of the New Germany and the omnipotence of *Der Fuehrer*. Fine music, travel talks, "news" . . . the programs flow on endlessly . . . a total of forty-seven hours each day on various wave-lengths . . . in a dozen languages, but mainly in English and Spanish . . . and so loud that they drown out many competing stations.

Occasionally the voice of sanity speaks from England, France, the



The wires hum for good or ill at an international short-wave station

Soviet Union or Czechoslovakia, but not in the stentorian tones which issue from Zeesen and spread to every corner of the earth.

One of the most striking examples of the manner in which the Fascists distort the news occurred on the day that Guernica was destroyed by German and Italian aviators flying for General Franco in Spain. On the evening "round robin" of news broadcasts in English, Daventry came on first with the true story of the tragedy. Moscow followed with a confirmation of the story from Great Britain.

But then the German announcer—in a cultured Oxford accent—came on to report that the town had been soaked with gasoline by Communists who thereafter set it afire to embarrass the heroic "Nationalists." And the equally suave commentator from Rome confirmed the German story to the last phony detail.

Behind the Lies

What is the purpose of this endless barrage of misrepresentations and downright lies which fills the short waves nightly? Cesar Saerchinger, for many years European representative for the Columbia Broadcasting System, sums the whole thing up as follows in a recent issue of *Foreign Affairs*:

"Having no colonial territories, the

policy of the German short-wave service is, first, to reach 'colonies' of overseas Germans wherever they may be, make them conscious of their ties to the fatherland, and preach to them the Nazi philosophy of national greatness; secondly, to promote 'good will' and create German markets in competition with other exporting countries; and thirdly, to convince the rest of the world of German greatness and the justice of German aspirations. This is being done consistently in six languages—and more, as required. It is carried out with tremendous thoroughness, broadcasts being 'aimed' with great accuracy and efficiency at definite communities to be 'cultivated.' German-Americans in the United States are showered with brotherly love from 'home'; South Africans are educated in Afrikaans to understand German colonial claims; the South Americans, in Spanish and Portuguese, learn to revere German music and incidentally German machines; and so on. Nobody is forgotten. A series of broadcasts aimed at Tasmania—opening with 'Hello, Tasmania, beautiful Apple Isle'—is but one example of this new 'spot' propaganda.

"Italy, both master and pupil to German fascism, is not far behind the big brother in this field. The Rome short-

(Continued on page 24)

Young China Advances

A member of the International Student Delegation tells her impressions of the Chinese people today

By Molly Yard

the International Student Delegation has visited (and we have visited them all) has expressed this thought to us. Every meeting which has been arranged for us has brought forward this idea again and again.

The People's Slogans

Yesterday we visited a school in Hankow—the First Municipal School for Girls. It was gayly decorated in greeting to our delegation. On the walls all over the school, inside and out, had been pasted bright-colored paper signs carrying slogans written in English. Three such signs were pasted on the outside wall of a building near the entrance which was sheltered by sandbags for air-raid protection. The slogans on these signs tell, I think, the story of Chinese defense propaganda and show what is in the hearts of the people. The first sign read, "Down with Japanese Imperialism!" And then the next, "Love the Japanese People!" And thirdly: "Long Live the International Student Movement!"

The Chinese people *are* international-minded. They stand for world peace and are anti-Fascist. And in these ideals and through the terrible suffering which China is undergoing, one clearly sees that the Japanese people are not held responsible for the war and that the Chinese want peace and freedom for them as well as for themselves.

There are so many ways in which this aspect of China comes out! For instance, at many of our meetings a Japanese writer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kaji, are present. Mr. Kaji has been a liberal in Japan for years. In 1934 he was imprisoned by the Japanese government. In August, 1937, he managed to get out and to escape to China. Oftentimes he speaks at our meetings, and always he gets a tremendous ovation from the audience.

When one remembers the hatred which existed for the Germans in the United States at the time of the World War, this fact of the love for the Japanese people becomes all the more remarkable. I cannot help but think that if the Chinese can wage a war and still not hate the enemy *people*, surely we in America can carry out a boycott campaign of Japanese goods without building up hatred for the Japanese people. I constantly think of those in America who are opposed to the boycott campaign because they fear it will necessarily be a campaign of hate. I wish they could be here to see that it does not have to be.



China's young people are trained in modern defense measures against the ravages of war

WE OF the International Student Delegation have had a splendid reception by the Chinese government. In Hankow we visited all the government officials and were given receptions by them. When we arrived at the airport from Hong Kong, thousands of students came out to welcome us and lined our route for five miles to the river where we got the boat across to the city. They sang songs and shouted slogans and were altogether marvelous. It was a grand welcome. Then later in the week we had a mass meeting of fifteen thousand students—it was a beautiful sight. Everywhere we are welcomed and cheered. One is proud that his fellow-students of his country are represented on the Delegation to take such a

part in this stirring demonstration of student solidarity throughout the world.

And speaking of international solidarity—the most magnificent thing about the Chinese people and the Chinese nation in this war which they are having to fight today is their attitude toward the Japanese people. It is almost unbelievable, but perfectly true, that the public education carried on everywhere always makes clear that China has no quarrel with the people of Japan. It emphasizes rather that the war is being fought against the militarists and imperialists who now control the Japanese government, and that the *Japanese people themselves suffer under this government as do the people of China*. Every government official whom

There is more than just love of the Japanese people in this war, however. There is a love for world peace and a love for freedom. And there is a hatred for Japanese imperialism. Today a luncheon was given for our delegation by General Huang, vice-chairman of the Political Department of the National Military Council. I asked him whether a victorious China would go on to take back Korea from the Japanese. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "We think Korea belongs to the Koreans and the only thing we would do would be to help them win their independence."

Love of peace and freedom and hatred of imperialism are not confined just to the intellectual group, but are a part of the whole population. Everywhere we find women and students going into the country and the villages to teach the people what is happening, to teach them to read and write so they can keep in touch with events. Particularly have we found the girl students going out in the afternoons, in their spare time after classes, to do educational work. In some cases they run free schools in their own school-buildings. Here they teach the young children to read and to write. In other cases they run adult-education classes for the same purposes at night. Of course, through all their teaching the idea of the war for national salvation is brought out. The remarkable thing about this work of the students is that it is completely voluntary. When we ask how many of the students take part in such work for the country, a somewhat pained expression comes across their faces as they explain that "everyone does it."

For a Single Cause

In China, all are working. They work for the final victory of China. They work unitedly under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. They work under the inspiration of their great leader, Sun Yat-sen, and his *San Min Chu I* (Three Principles of the People). This is another striking aspect of China today—its unity. All groups, all factions, all parties, all individuals, are determined to win this war and to work together to do it under a united leadership. This determination is repeated to us wherever we go, and one cannot doubt that the whole of China is working for the same cause.

One other fact stands out particularly to me in the brief time I have been here, and that is that China is not the same place I knew when I lived here as a young girl. The old mystic China about which so much ballyhoo is written, the strange China of the screen, the China of backward ways and quaint customs, just isn't anymore. It is a new China, forging ahead at a rapid pace, modernizing everywhere. The girls all have bobbed hair, they no longer have bound feet, they all take athletics in school and many of them even military training. Hundreds of people travel by airplane; there are motor roads all over the country. They may not be the most modern type, but they are a far cry from the old rice-field paths. Since I began writing this article, we have come to Nanchang by an excellent train. We are staying in a beautiful hotel with modern plumbing and modernistic furnishings. The schools we visit look just like American schools. There are really few things which mark China off from the rest of the world. There are more things that mark her off from her own past. We do, of course, see constant reminders of the past—the older women with bound feet, the squeaking wheelbarrows, the hard labor in rice fields without aid of modern machinery. But on the whole China has made tremendous advances in the last ten years—from the materialistic point of view, from the point



These Red Cross girls in Canton are typical of the alert Chinese youth of today

of view of women, from the point of view of education, and from the point of view of political development.

An example of all these things, and an example particularly of the spirit of the youth and students of China, is a speech made to us in English by a young girl welcoming us to her school. Her name is May Wong, and she says, at the Baldwin School for Girls, Nanchang:

"It gives me great pleasure in behalf of the students of Baldwin School to welcome you this morning. You represent to us the World Student Association. You have come to inspect the condition of the Chinese educational situation during this war of resistance. You wish to investigate the destruc-

tion which Japan has brought upon our country. You will make careful observations concerning this war and will inform the world as to what Japan has done here. As you go about Nanchang today you will see the results of the aerial bombing. This is only a small part of what we may expect in the future. Our hearts are sad at the wanton destruction of life, institutions, and property that has taken place all over China.

"We are fighting a war today, not of aggression, but for our very existence. We ask only to be left alone that we may continue our work of reconstruction in agriculture, education, public health, industry, transportation, and finance that has been pro-

(Continued on page 26)

AS TO WOMEN

*American missionaries report the war
in China. . . . One woman's prejudices*

ALL women must be proud of the rôle that has been played by American women missionaries in China since the outbreak of the war. Volumes could be written on the work they have accomplished by sticking by their posts, by carrying on classes in the thick of the fighting, caring for refugees and keeping up the morale of women and children who have been in the path of the invaders. But there is one task they have done that has not been spoken of. That is the way they have reported faithfully to their own Boards the actual events that were occurring both in the occupied area and the parts of the country that have so far withstood the attacks.

TODAY I have heard of a letter from a little Chinese village. It seems that one of the Chinese officers was returning from the front with Japanese prisoners in his care. As he reached the village the people turned out to shout epithets at the prisoners. A few small boys threw stones. The Chinese officer put up his hand for silence. He asked the people of the town to draw closer.

Then he told the people that these Japanese soldiers were merely the instruments of the war and they could not be held personally responsible for the aggression. He asked them to treat the prisoners with respect as human beings, and then left their treatment in the hands of the people. They passed through the village with no more incidents.

A woman who has spent many years in China told me she was not surprised at this story. "The village people often demonstrate their remarkable sense of justice," she said. "Time and again I have seen it work out this way."

China has never been a democracy as we understand the term, but the Chinese have perhaps better training to put Democracy into force than our Western people. It is good to have American women reporting that Democracy to us.

ON THE way to the Dutch West Indies I fell into conversation with a woman whose husband worked in

Haiti. She was the usual type of American woman of her class. She was violently anti-Roosevelt and hoped piously that some one would see his way clear to "fix" the President. Her feeling about the President was matched by her feeling against the Jews. But when we talked of the Negroes of Haiti, a change came over her.

Now this woman had been brought up in Baltimore and one might expect that her most violent race feelings would be directed against the Negroes. Perhaps the feeling would even be too strong to be ever eradicated. But there was no sign of an anti-Negro prejudice. She told of the visit of the Haitian president the year before and the brilliance of the social occasion. The sister of the President was the social arbiter of Haiti and the woman was proud to have been invited to her parties.

When we reached Port au Prince some of the passengers were rather dismayed by the idea that they were to be examined by a Negro doctor before they were allowed to land. Not this woman. She was distinctly annoyed at the race prejudice that was shown by her fellow-Americans.

The explanation is, of course, very simple. The husband of the woman had to work with those in power and the Negroes were in power. She was a good wife in that she was not going to drop any word that might affect her husband's business. Furthermore, the other white people of Haiti played the same game and she was not violating her caste's behavior pattern in any way.

This story is not told as a sample of how better race relations should be brought about, but it illustrates one thing—that is that the average woman can make amazing adjustments when she finds that it is advantageous for her to do so. When people are mutually dependent upon each other, prejudices which we have been led to believe were bred in the bone drop away. Although this story relates to a particular type of economic penetration and adjustment, it points to the fact that when races begin to understand the deep dependence they have on one another, prejudices will take care of themselves.

—DOROTHY McCONNELL

Station NAZI

(Continued from page 21)

wave station at Prato Smeralda, always one of the best-functioning in Europe, is now, according to official announcement, being supplemented by two short-wave transmitters of 100 kilowatts each and three of 50 kilowatts each, besides an ultra short-wave at Monte Mario. This will carry the Italian 'empire station' far beyond its British prototype, although the Duce still considers his empire in its infancy. The use to which these transmitters will be put is not in doubt. Even now the Rome transmitters emit a fairly steady stream of Fascist propaganda, mostly in the guise of news, history lessons and reports regarding the march of Italian civilization in Africa and elsewhere. By early 1937 the Italian short-wave station was broadcasting regularly in Italian, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese and Hindustani. On December 1 of the same year, the Italians further expanded their foreign-language broadcasts. Talks in Arabic . . . became a part of the daily programs. . . . In addition to the languages mentioned above, news is now being transmitted by Italian stations in Serbian, Greek, Turkish, Rumanian and Albanian. Even if this be taken as just commercial propaganda, there can be no doubt that both Great Britain and the United States are confronted by vigorous competition from Italy in their most important markets. Rightly or wrongly, however, the British see more in it than that; they feel themselves politically menaced in the Mediterranean, in India, in the Near and Far East, and along their trade routes everywhere."

Leaping the Atlantic

It was the recent abortive Nazi rebellion in Brazil which first gave American congressmen a case of the jitters similar to that being suffered by their British cousins. There is no doubt that radio-inspired German residents of Brazil were responsible for the uprising, and they came so close to success that President Vargas (who prefers Fascism of the home-grown rather than the imported variety) was defending his palace with a shrinking supply of pistol cartridges when the army finally came to his aid.

Soon after this event, two bills were introduced in Washington to enable the government to build powerful short-wave sets to be used principally for the purpose of counteracting Nazi propaganda in Latin America. At the same time the State Department brought pressure to bear upon the various networks to increase the number of their programs in Spanish and Portuguese. And agitation was started for a sweeping investigation into the workings of radio stations in the United States. Such an investigation was demanded on the ground that our privately-owned

transmitters and networks were muffing their opportunities for educating the American public in the principles of Democracy; were reaping tremendous profits from the ether, which they do not own; and were even, in many instances, allowing Fascist propaganda to be broadcast over their facilities.

The bills died in committee and the investigation also bogged down, but there is no doubt that they will be revived again next session. In the meantime the threats have been sufficient to force the networks to devote a great deal more time to education, to clean out some of their Nazi sympathizers—the discharge of Ernest Kotz from N.B.C.'s short-wave department is a case directly in point—and to spend sizeable sums—an estimated thousand dollars a week for Columbia Broadcasting alone—for programs in Spanish and Portuguese designed for audiences below the equator.

A Trojan Horse

In the meantime, however, the Nazis have broadened their attack on the Western Hemisphere in an unexpected manner. According to *Variety*, the German and Italian governments are now negotiating with notoriously reactionary Canadian officials to obtain permission for the direct rebroadcast of "prestige propaganda" on this side of the Atlantic.

The same trade-paper also reports that the United States State Department is considerably exercised over the fact that large quantities of German capital are being invested in South American radio stations, and that even where this is not the case the engineers working on transmitters in that continent are often predominantly Nazi.

And the New York *Daily Mirror* recently carried a report that the Greek government has given a 25-year lease to a German company for the construction of a "10-kilowatt short-wave station at Athens with aerials directed toward the United States where there are many Greek immigrants." It goes without saying that programs on such a station would be biased by its operators.

"Jamming" Programs

Just what the American answer to this flank attack will be is a moot question at the present moment, but the problem must be giving members of the Federal Communications Commission many sleepless nights. It is not impossible that in years to come efforts to "jam" programs may be made by sending out man-made static on the various objectionable wave-lengths. Jamming, however, is a two-edged sword, requiring tremendous power for the interfering transmitter—and eternal vigilance in following the offending programs as they skip about the ether, in defiance of the efforts of the International Broadcasting Union to bring some

(Continued on page 26)

August 1938, THE FIGHT



Chao Tung Writes Home

Seven years fighting the powerful Japanese behind the lines in Manchuria, hungry, ragged, wandering, taking arms from the enemy, hiding and fighting again for a free China. . . A letter from a Chinese partisan leader, now in Hopei Province, to his father and mother

By Chao Tung

SINCE the Lukowchiao fighting began the war, I have done my duty. I have called on all anti-Japanese elements west of Peiping to arise, to fight the Japanese and drive them from our country that our country may become free. Our main problem remains to develop and lead the people in mass fighting in North China. At first I broke open the second prison on the outskirts of Peiping and freed about five hundred political prisoners, who then joined our partisan force, participating in our fighting. We have broken Japanese communications many

times, destroyed the Peiping-Hankow Railway, the Pingsui Line and the highways. The Japanese have now thought it best to close the gates of Peiping, particularly Dehsengmen. We fought at Tienmenguo in the western hills and during the battle shot down one Japanese airplane. The enemy has become very anxious. In early September the enemy mobilized one army division, with tanks and airplanes, and tried to encircle us in the region of Miaofenshan, our base. Our intelligence work was done by the people, and we knew of the enemy's plans. So we moved to

a new region before they could encircle us. During this period the regular army did not succeed at all on the main front, but retreated to the south. . . .

"We Attacked the Enemy"

Our forces then moved through Tsaoluhsien to Yuhsien (southern Chahar), where we met a unit of the Eighth Route Army. They treated us very well. Then we moved southward to Fuping (western Hopei) where we were reorganized. In February of this year we attacked the enemy at Singtang, Tsengting, and Sinloh (western

Hopei) along the Pinghan Line. In March there was heavy fighting and we took back Fuping for the second time. In April we fought at Leiyuan, recapturing the city from the Japanese three different times. The most important battle fought was at Ertaohuhtze (Leiyuan *hsien*), where two hundred Japanese were killed. We got two Japanese captives there, and many supplies. We shot down two airplanes. But we had many dead and wounded in that battle. In the middle of April we moved to Tzejenkuan (western Hopei

(Continued on page 28)

IN STEP WITH LABOR

Toledano finds U. S. labor united in support of Mexican organized workers and their government's policy on oil

OUR "kept" press would like very much to report one or the other house of labor passive to Vicente Lombardo Toledano's visit to the United States. They would have liked nothing better than to publish that either the C.I.O. or the A.F. of L. was in disagreement with Mexico's policy on oil.

But as it happened, both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. have taken a determined stand in support of the Mexican government and its labor policies. This was particularly evident at a mass meeting held recently in New York City, where Toledano spoke and where international representatives of both the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. sat on the platform with him—sufficient proof of the support by the American labor movement of President Cardenas and the labor organizations of Mexico. As the labor leaders were introduced to Toledano, they were given a tremendous ovation by the audience.

At the meeting Toledano made a brilliant speech in defense of the Mexican workers, of Democracy and of peace. He said in part:

The rôle of the American republics is self-evident: To seek international solidarity; to fight in the common defense of democratic government and the maintenance of its insti-

tutions; to yield nothing whatsoever to the pressure of Fascism anywhere; to improve the standard of living of the masses, which is the only sound basis for a prosperous international trade; to turn squarely against Fascism wherever it may show its fangs; to make of peace, security and a respect for decency the basis of a lasting peace.

DISAPPOINTED at finding American labor leaders in complete agreement on the Mexican oil situation, sections of the eager press deliberately distorted a statement by Toledano, quoting him as saying that some Mexican peasants earn less daily than the cost of maintaining army mules. This vicious misquotation—which by no stretch of the imagination could be found in the actual statement—was given wide publicity, as a deliberate maneuver to divide the workers of Mexico and their brothers in the army.

Having concocted a distortion useful for their purpose, the press closed the subject by completely ignoring the wide support of Mexican workers for the fight against Cedillo, "white hope" of the oil monopolists and Fascists of Mexico. Perhaps they found this fact difficult to distort. Maybe they'll get around to it later.

—A. E. EDWARDS



Demonstrating labor solidarity at a New York City meeting. Right to left: M. Muster, president of the United Furniture Workers (C.I.O.); J. Mirsky, vice-president of the New York Council of Bricklayers, Plasterers and Masons (A.F. of L.); A. E. Edwards of the American League; Vicente Lombardo Toledano of Mexico's C.T.M. (arms folded)

Station NAZI

(Continued from page 24)

measure of regulation to the short-wave bands.

Proof that jamming is not the solution to the problem came from the opposite camp a few months ago. After the outbreak of the war in Spain, Zeesen did its best to render the programs of EAR, Loyalist station at Madrid, unintelligible to listeners across the Atlantic. EAR technicians fought by changing wave-lengths so frequently that the Germans could not follow. For almost a year the two stations engaged in a cat-and-dog fight, which ended when Zeesen threw up its collective hands in despair. Today EAR can be heard clearly by anyone who possesses a good short-wave set.

In this writer's opinion, however, it is not the propaganda programs from abroad which offer the greatest threat to American institutions, but the semi-Fascist tirades of Father Coughlin, Gerald K. Smith, William J. Cameron and others of their stripe; some of the foreign-language programs by small stations throughout this country; such broadcasts as the *American Family Robinson*—a fifteen-minute recording which is distributed free to stations asking for it by the National Manufacturers Association; and the activities of mysterious organizations like the Short Wave Institute of America.

Smith and Coughlin have been forced off the big networks by outraged public opinion but little has been done to prevent them setting up temporary chains of smaller stations. Columbia is becoming increasingly embarrassed by the attacks upon labor, free speech, and democratic institutions made by Cameron on the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*, and at the ninth annual Institute for Education by Radio unofficially promised to "do something about it" next fall.

The Newspaper Guild is campaigning against the *American Family Robinson* as carefully disguised anti-labor material.

The Nazi Network

And Rep. John T. Bernard of Minnesota is demanding a congressional investigation of the Short Wave Institute. The organization, he contends, is helping Germany send programs into the United States through its facilities, and is also supervising distribution of free music-and-propaganda recordings to smaller stations.

Outside of such measures and the threatened general investigation of radio and construction of "yardstick" government stations, it is probable that little can be done to block the barrage of Fascist misinformation. In case of war (when the government automatically would take over all radio facilities) we should see an amazing battle between propaganda and counter-propaganda, for it would be impossible

to throttle the voice of the opponent as was done in 1914 before the advent of long-distance broadcasting.

Under the present circumstances the task before all liberty-loving individuals is to convince their neighbors that belching in the ether must be taken with a barrel of salt. Latest reports indicate that South Americans are beginning to discount the short-wave reports even when, as is often the case, their newspapers print them verbatim in preference to purchasing expensive unbiased news. If such an educational program is begun in this country at once, it may be possible to discount the effect of the Fascist stations—although they never can be silenced until the régimes behind them collapse.

Young China

(Continued from page 23)

gressing so rapidly during the past ten years. We appeal to the students of the world for their sympathy in this struggle.

"Although the invading armies have not yet reached Nanchang, we have felt something of the horrors of this war. Every class of people of this province is enlisted to do its part. The women's organizations are very active in Red Cross work and in training the country women. We students also have a share. I shall try to tell you a few of our activities. We are studying harder than ever before; but aside from our studies, we are organized into service groups, several of which go out every day after school hours to the hospitals for wounded soldiers. We teach those who want to study, Chinese, arithmetic, English, singing, or whatever they wish to learn. We also sing for them or play gramophone records. We write letters for them to their homes. We mend their stockings or other garments. We help the doctors dress their wounds. We roll bandages and make dressings.

At the Home Front

"Aside from our work in the hospitals, we carry on activities in the city. We attend many public meetings to keep ourselves informed. We spread information by house-to-house propaganda to arouse the people to a sense of their duty. Several of our students have broadcast over the radio. We go on the street to solicit money for the care of orphans, and for the purchase of airplanes. In short, we hold ourselves in readiness to serve wherever we are needed.

"We ask you to carry our greetings to the students of the world, whom you represent, and assure them that we join with them in their purpose of recreating a world in which peace and justice shall reign."

This is the voice of New China—the voice which we of America and the peace-loving people of all countries cannot fail to answer.

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Russell Thayer

THE National Committee of the American League has voted for a League Congress and the time has been set by the Executive Committee for January 6, 7 and 8, 1939. It is expected that the Congress will be held in Washington, D. C. Washington is favored because the city will be in the national spotlight, due to the opening of the United States Congress a few days earlier. The Call for our Congress will be sent to thousands of organizations early in September. Invitations to speak will be sent to prominent American and European leaders in the struggle for peace and Democracy. Inasmuch as a review of foreign policy will be held by the Senate in this coming session of Congress, and labor and related measures of a progressive nature will be under debate, it is felt that we have chosen the right time to get together for consideration of the people's problems.

Our Pittsburgh Congress represented, through its delegates, organizations having a total membership of 4,025,000, and it is expected that the coming Congress will represent an even larger number.

THE New York City Committee inaugurated about a month ago a Peace Census, to be used by branch members in going throughout the community and fully covering specified parts of that community. The purpose of the census was twofold: to develop interest in the League and its activities, and to get the opinion of the residents of the community on the questions of the embargo and the quarantining of aggressor nations.

The Tremont Branch, newly reorganized, carefully marked off their territory, taking five parallel blocks as a beginning; theatres, market places and the like were carefully noted on their plans; also noted was the type of resident in each block. Five teams were paired off according to experience—for instance, several Italian members were assigned to the Italian neighborhood. The five teams started simultaneously and took one block each for the canvass. The team which reached the end of its block first received a prize. The results were highly successful. New members, literature sold, exciting experiences, and as a result of accounts of these experiences at the



Fifty thousand saw this China Aid Council exhibit at an Albany, New York, exposition

branch meeting, five teams of new people are to go out again this week. This is one example. We have the same glowing reports from other branches.

The results of this Peace Census in New York City have been so encouraging that the plan has been developed more fully in the National Office and the Census form has been printed for distribution to branches throughout the country. Returns are expected around the first of September.

VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO, secretary-general of the Confederation of Mexican Workers, was the principal speaker at a meeting in the Press Club Auditorium under the auspices of the American League Branch in Washington, D. C. The hall was jammed and great enthusiasm was shown by those present. A remarkably fine list of accompanying speakers and sponsors was obtained. The other speakers were Alejandro Carillo, secretary-general of the Workers' University (Mexico City) and John Brophy, director, Committee for Industrial Organization. Among the sponsors were John Carmody, Fred Silcox, Francis Gorman, Mordecai Ezekiel, Stuart A. Rice, Dr. Pedro de Alba, assistant director of the Pan-American Union, and Mary Anderson.

Among the present activities of the Washington Branch are two vigorous campaigns: the fight against anti-Negro discrimination and the police

brutality which has manifested itself in the indiscriminate shooting of Negroes; and the campaign for representation by the citizens of Washington, D. C., in the governing bodies of the district. At present the District is governed by a Congressional Committee and the residents of the city have no democratic voice in their government.

THE Detroit League is growing and now consists of four branches within the city. They are preparing to set up a City Committee and are busy contacting organizations for affiliation and memberships, as well as arranging a large meeting for Father O'Flanagan and an outdoor meeting in Cass Park on August 6th.

A SHOPPER'S GUIDE which has been prepared by the Los Angeles Committee is worthy of duplication throughout the country. This Guide lists all of the principal downtown stores in Los Angeles by name and tells whether or not they carry lisle hose and other substitutes for Japanese silk. It tells the trade names of the lisle carried and the prices.

THREE delegates were named by the National Executive Committee to represent the League at a conference in Paris in late July, called by the International Peace Campaign. They are A. A. Heller, Julia Church Kolar and Rev. Herman F. Reissig. The agenda

of the meeting was announced: effective action against the bombardment of open towns, improvement in the organization of the sending of food supplies to the Spanish people, and action for peace in conformity with the principles of the Covenant of the League of Nations, with special reference to Spain, China and Czechoslovakia.

The World Committee Against War and Fascism and the International Coordinating Committee for Aid to Republican Spain are cooperating in the conference, which will be under the chairmanship of Leon Jouhaux, secretary of the French General Confederation of Labor.

LOTTIE GORDON has been named as organizer for Ohio, and has the cooperation of Bess Meblin from Cincinnati who is doing work of a like nature in a volunteer capacity in the southern part of the state. Miss Gordon attended the convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People recently in Columbus, as well as the conference of the American Youth Congress in Berea.

THE Seattle Branch reports that the Kings County Democratic Convention, which seats over a third of the delegates to the Washington State Democratic Convention, has pledged to vote for the League resolutions as a bloc—and has included as one of its resolutions an endorsement of the principles of the President's Chicago speech and the enactment of the O'Connell Peace Act. It is expected that other delegates throughout the state will be pledged to vote for such a resolution and that it will be carried in the convention.

JULY 7TH was celebrated as the first anniversary of the war in China. In New York City a pageant and meeting was held in Madison Square Park, at which the principal speakers were Dr. P. C. Chiang, former dean of Nankai University; T. A. Bisson of the Foreign Policy Association; Mr. Wannamaker, chairman of the board of trustees of Lingnan University in Canton; and Mr. Luccock, former pastor of the American Church in Shanghai. Oliver Haskell, director of the China Aid Council of the American League, opened the meeting.

YOUTH NOTES

WE'VE had another test of how young people of this country feel regarding peace. The American Youth Congress national conference held at Berea, Ohio, from July 2d to 5th had several committees discussing recommendations to be made to the American delegation attending the World Youth Congress this month at Vassar. The Vassar Congress is to be divided into four commissions and each country is expected to have a position on the different points discussed. The commissions are on "Political and Economic Organization of Peace," "Economic and Cultural Status of Youth and Its Relation to Peace," "Ethical and Philosophical Bases of Peace," and "International Rôle of Youth." Members of the delegation as well as other leaders of youth thrashed out these questions at Berea, and the results are very encouraging.

The heart of the matter was examined in the discussion on the "Political and Economic Organization of Peace." One of the seven points in the program adopted states: "Aggression is not the private concern of the aggressor and the attacked but of all nations." This is followed by another point calling for the enforcement of the Kellogg-Briand Pact through non-shipment of war materials to violators.

The votes on the various phases of this discussion ranged from 50-8 to 48-4, so it can be seen that this very representative group was quite sure of its stand for concerted peace action.

IF THE American delegation continues this stand into the Congress halls at Vassar, as it seems quite likely to do, it will justify the hopes of the rest of the world's delegations. It is ludicrous to even imagine the presentation of an isolationist program at such a gathering. *Internationalism and isolationism don't mix.* And those who will try to present such a position to the youth of Spain, China and Czechoslovakia who have been subjected to Hitler and Mussolini "internationalism," or to the young people of South America who have been bombarded with international Fascist propaganda and inspired revolts, will find themselves in a most embarrassing position.

Indeed, one of the reasons why the people of Rumania are sending twenty-five delegates, those of Czechoslovakia twenty, Chile eighteen, Argentina twenty, and China ten, is because they attach a great deal of importance to

the friendship of our country in the struggle for peace.

The Chilean Parliament has by unanimous vote endorsed the Congress. The Argentine sponsoring committee is headed by the President of the Republic, and application has been made for \$15,000 to pay the delegates' expenses. Cuba is already assured of twelve representatives with several weeks yet to go. The Chinese group includes the Girl Scout who became the heroine of her country when she dashed across no-man's-land in Shanghai after the Japanese had completely surrounded the city, in order to bring a flag to her beleaguered countrymen still holding out.

We of the American League are looking forward to meeting the representative of the Indian League Against War and Fascism.

Preparations for this World Congress have revealed a very wide sympathy in America for its objectives. The Book of International Fellowship which is being presented to the delegates will include among its hundred thousand signers Secretary of State Hull, Secretaries Wallace and Ickes, Mayor La Guardia of New York, Prof. Urey—Nobel Prize winner in chemistry for his work with heavy water—and President Samuel Wolchak of the International Retail Clerks Union.

The Federal Theatre Project is supplying the directors for the International Pageant of Youth which will be a feature of the reception meeting. In order to make possible the proper running of the Congress, a whole series of "united front" committees have been established among different nationality groups.

THE Berea meeting of the Youth Congress also adopted a resolution calling for aid to China. That is to be the chief peace project of the movement during the coming months. The Chinese delegation to this country is to go on tour, and committees are to be established everywhere to coordinate activities among young people. The Congress went on record, also, for the boycott of the Japanese Olympics in 1940 and their transfer to a country whose activities are more in agreement with the original purpose of the games—international friendship. No sooner said than done!

—JAMES LERNER

Chao Tung Writes

(Continued from page 25)

a bit northward) and Leishui, then northeastward, and reached the outskirts of western Peiping, where we helped establish the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area and reestablish Chinese authority. At present we are west of Peiping and to the south, and we have reestablished Chinese government in five *hsien* and partly reestablished it in three others. But Lukowchiao still remains in Japanese hands. Our basic force is four thousand partisans, but my staff and I command around ten thousand men.

Japanese Captives

Partisan warfare has developed rapidly in recent weeks. On the 13th of May we captured Changping and got three hundred rifles and many other things. We took four Japanese captives there. One of them was the fellow in charge of that town; he tried to pass himself off as a Buddhist priest, and asked when he could return to Japan. I told him: "After we take back Manchuria." We sent all captives to the headquarters of the Army. Many of our men are on the outskirts of Peiping. The Japanese are very anxious. . . . We are now equipped with wireless sets and army telephones, and these make communications very convenient.

Your son has now fought the Japanese for seven years. He has had many difficulties and much trouble and much suffering. But now is the first time that I feel happy. Since most of my officers are not experienced in battle, I myself must go to the front to command on the field. . . .

Bei Chung-tzu is still in southern Manchuria leading his iron troops. Your son hopes to meet him in the near future. Bei is very brave and has rich experience in struggle. He fears nothing. He is a real national hero. Kao Peng and Chi Ting-hsien, Wang Yueh and Wu Kwey-liang are all well. I hear that Tu Ching-ling and Wang Hsieh-shen are also organizing partisan units now, in the south. Has my sister Li Ying entered the Army in the anti-Japanese war?

"We Are Wanderers"

My dear parents, you have helped me in the anti-Japanese work for seven years. You have lived on bad food and you have had no rest. You have roamed from the east to the west. Our whole family are wanderers. Your son and daughter cannot help you. We have caused many of our neighbors and relatives to lose their homes and their lives. But still you have never blamed us. Instead, you drive us onward and encourage us to struggle harder. You, yourselves, work heroically and fearlessly. You have never halted in your anti-Japanese emancipation work for our country, from the beginning to the end. In the future, after we have had

the final victory, our family will be reunited, and our country will be free and happy. This is the happiest thing in the world for us.

Now our partisans are in a very bad economic situation. But do not worry about other things. . . . I hope you have good health. Give my good regards to all those who have concern for me. My wife must not stay long in the south. She must return soon here, and after that go on to Manchuria. . . .

Garner Is Willing

(Continued from page 11)

It is believed that Hearst had two reasons in backing Garner for the Democratic presidential nomination. In the first place the Hearst papers were boosting the sales tax and Hearst thought that ordinary lobbying methods would fail to penetrate the armor Garner had developed during his years in Congress. In the second place, Hearst visualized the possibility of a Smith-Roosevelt deadlock leaving Newton D. Baker as the compromise candidate. Baker he dreaded as an "internationalist," while Garner was a safe isolationist.

The history of the Chicago convention is well known. On the fourth ballot Texas' forty-six Garner votes and California's forty-four Hearst votes swung to Roosevelt as delegates booed McAdoo's turnabout. Garner was nominated for vice-president by acclamation.

The Blushing Candidate

It was a long way that time and luck had carried Jack Garner, and yet he was not satisfied. On his way back to Texas after the convention he stopped at Dallas and made a speech that set the Roosevelt forces to shivering in their boots. "No man or woman can claim I said a word to advance myself as candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination," he declaimed. "But when my friends here in Texas and those in California decided I was fit timber to deal with Herbert Hoover I assented to their wishes. I think I may now be big enough for the job, considering his weakness and vacillation. I hold the most powerful position in the government excepting that of president of the United States."

Despite this boastful outburst he continued as a Congressional candidate from Texas' Fifteenth District and was, in November 1932, elected to both posts. At that point things began to happen beyond the ken of Jack Garner's political experience. His game of "Ins versus Outs" was no longer popular, and political issues of more consequence than a ten per cent tariff on mohair confronted the country.

Never a New Dealer, Garner drifted steadily away from the Roosevelt Administration. In 1936 the Senate

committee investigating lobbyists and lobbies unearthed an exchange of correspondence between Garner and John Henry Kirby, chairman of the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution—a southern adjunct of the American Liberty League that during the 1936 campaign sought to make political capital in the South on a picture showing Mrs. Roosevelt being escorted to a Howard University function by two Negro cadets.

Kirby's letter, dated July 5, 1935, read:

Dear John,

How long are you going to tolerate the apostasy of the Roosevelt administration to the cardinal principles of the Democratic party and the notorious contempt for the plain terms of the constitution?

Garner's reply, dated July 9, 1935, read:

Dear John Henry,

Your favor is just called to my attention. You can't do everything you want to and I can't do half what I'd like to do. You don't control everybody you would like to and I am in a similar fix. I think this answers your question.

With regards and wishing you health and happiness.

The high point of Garner's treason came during the historic 168 days of the Court Reform battle. When the battle in the Senate waxed hot Garner quit his chief and his party for a fishing-trip in Texas. Upon the loss of the fight and the death of Senator Joe Robinson, Garner came back ready for some high riding. Entrusted by the President with making the best possible deal, he promptly walked into the Capitol, summoned Senator Burt Wheeler, leader of the court-bill foes, and told him to "write your own ticket."

Today he is an open foe of the Administration, the pet of the anti-New Deal Democrats and the useful tool of reactionary Republicans. Senator Burke (D., Neb.), friend of the public utilities and vitriolic foe of the National Labor Relations Act, booms him for president. Senator Connally (D., Tex.), anti-lynching-bill foe and leader of the filibuster against the measure, mentions Garner for president. Conservative Democrats, fearful of the effects on their political fortunes of their desertion of the New Deal, flock to him for protection.

Good Old Garner

As always, he plays the game of politics on the "Ins" and "Outs" basis. He pals with Bertie Snell, up to now the minority leader in the House, and Roy Miller, lobbyist for the Texas Gulf Sulphur Co. which allegedly started the famous 1936 witch-hunt at the University of Texas to silence its critics.

Through an old crony, Representative Sam Rayburn (D., Tex.), House majority leader, Garner keeps a finger in legislation on the other side of the Capitol.

More and more Garner is coming

to be the spokesman of the anti-progressive Democrats. He is reported as demanding White House denunciation of sit-down strikes, as opposing the relief-and-recovery bill, and as being in disagreement with various fundamental tenets of the New Deal—and those reports stand in the absence of any denial from him.

Garner is becoming bolder. Time and luck cannot carry him much farther. His bid for power must come within the next two years. One recalls the luncheon meeting, back in the 1932 campaign days, when Jim Farley made a mistake and introduced Garner as "our next president." Garner followed the dead silence with the grinning remark, "Well, at one time Barkus was willin'." "Barkus," it seems, is now straining at the leash.

To the Yellow River

(Continued from page 9)

village we passed through the day before yesterday. At nine p. m. in the pitch dark, we march down to the river bank. There was an unforgettable sight. Lit by a dozen fires, five thousand men were collected, with trucks, carts, mules, horses, artillery and great piles of stores, waiting to cross the river into Shensi. The light of the fires is reflected back from the steep wall-like mountain-side. The river rushes between high cliffs. The swift current, twelve miles an hour, carries floating ice-floes which clash against each other far out on the dark surface. The whole scene is wild and fantastic.

Across the River

Lying on top of rice-bags, we finally sleep at midnight. The man next to me has a hand grenade in his belt and as he turns in his sleep it sticks into my back. At five we are awake. A cold overcast dawn. There are only four junks. It will take four days to carry us all over. We hear that the Japanese are only ten miles away. The Chinese officer in charge of the ferry puts us on the first junk to leave the bank. The boat is about fifty feet long and twenty-five wide. There are a hundred on board with field artillery, mules and baggage. As we are swept downstream, we see that the wounded (about a thousand of them) are being collected in one spot. With long sweeps we manage to get out of the main stream. A naked boy leaps overboard and with a pole anchor slows down our progress. Then the men at the sweep slowly maneuver us to the bank, assisted by a backwash current behind a bend.

Many troops on the west bank which is strongly fortified, with good trenches, dugouts. Several batteries of field guns. Troops look good. Sense of order, discipline, and efficiency. Machine guns on muleback. Troops in dusty faded uniforms, the color of

the soil which has stained them for months. Equipment good. Many automatic rifles, both light and heavy machine guns, stick hand grenades.

We march to a nearby village and occupy a deserted house. Open two cans of chipped beef for our midday meal. The last sight I remember as we crossed the river was the great red horse belonging to Chu Teh, which he had lent to an American who had been inspecting the north Shensi front some time ago. The American rode the horse down and it had been left in charge of our commander to return to Chu Teh, who was reported to be very fond of it. It had been captured from the Japanese, and was a grand, big animal with a fine red color. We hear that the Japanese are in Ho-Chin, the city we left yesterday. Well, we beat them to it!

The river is rising. The high bitter wind makes the shallow broad-beamed junks unmanageable. I am afraid that many men will be captured tomorrow on the east bank when the Japanese come down to the river. Ho-Chin is only five miles away. This afternoon many Chinese troops crossed from west to east—from Shensi into Shansi. This is very encouraging. We are expecting a battle on the river bank. It is raining and cold.

The Invaders Arrive

Sunday was cold, a high wind filling the air with dust. The Japanese cavalry arrived on the east bank across from us at four in the afternoon. I had gone down to the river with a party of men who were carrying back our supplies from the shore. We were machine-gunned, the bullets striking the water a hundred yards away. We scrambled up the bank into a trench and from there could plainly see the enemy on the opposite side. We walked along the trench cut into the river bank, but were forced to leave it finally and to make a dash across a piece of open land. Here they fired on us again. We threw ourselves down on the ground, the bullets kicking up the dust uncomfortably close. I raised my head, and to my horror saw that we were lying in front of one of our field guns fifty feet away. As soon as the Japanese turned his attention elsewhere we spent no great amount of time in getting out of that particular spot!

We hear that the Japanese force is twenty thousand, and consists of four hundred to five hundred cavalry, several batteries of field guns and infantry. Most of our supplies have got across, but no news of Chu Teh's horse. We moved into a cave tonight, much more comfortable than a house. Dressed many wounded men. Two of our men have left to get mules and carts. A cold night, with two inches of snow the next morning on the ground. We pity the poor troops lying out on the ground without protection. Our cave

is fine and warm. Nothing to eat in the village but millet.

In the morning the Japanese artillery arrived on the opposite bank and shelled the west bank all day, the noise of the explosions echoing back and forth between the mountains. Ours reply. This goes on for three days. A Japanese shell blows the top off a house three hundred feet away, but they can't hurt us in our cave which is dug in the side of a hill and forty feet underground. We have discovered a supply of drugs—bottles of Tincture Camphor Compound, digitalis, adrenalin, silk sutures, syringes, ampules of cocaine.

"The Marseillaise"

Woke the next morning to hear one of our Chinese singing "The Marseillaise." A fine clear day with a sharp wind. A child with convulsions—terrified mother, soap-stick enema-cure! During the convulsion, the mother rushed outside the cave and called the child's name loudly—this to bring back his soul which had temporarily left the body. (Reminds me of the Scotch "bless you" when one sneezes!)

On the following Wednesday we set off for Sian on foot—225 miles away. Lee, Jean and I set the pace. Jean is out to show some of our skeptical young companions that she can take it! It is a fine warm day, and the country looks very good, with the wheat up about four inches. Shansi, which is denuded of trees, never looked as good and prosperous as this province which is more fertile (at least in the southern part) and with many more trees. We keep the Yellow River on our right. Lee, a former rickshaw-man in Shanghai, arrives at Hancheng comparatively fresh. He has legs like trees! He is a splendid chap about thirty-two years of age and he was on the Great Trek of the Red Army, so that a mere twenty-five miles a day is nothing. The only English he knows is "damned fool."

As we came in sight of the city of Hancheng I for one was not sorry. We entered the city at five in the afternoon through the west gate of the high city wall. On the road we passed many students from the University of Linfen. The students (three thousand of them) all were scattered west and south, some had been killed, some had died in the mountains of cold. Many were eager to go to the University at Yen-an in Shensi.

North to Yen-an

In the city of Hancheng we stayed a week waiting for trucks to come from Sian. To describe all our week there would be too long. I was besieged with civilian patients—pulmonary tuberculosis, ovarian cyst, gastric ulcer. Here was a Chinese military base-hospital in a temple. After a few days the chief surgeon and the entire

nursing staff offered to come with us up to Yenau. Of course, we could not take them! At last we left for Sian, two hundred miles away. We made this in two days, and here we are now. The first thing we did was to go to the bath-house. The ineffable bliss of a hot bath—the first bath in a month! We learned that we had been thought lost, dead or captured. Mao had been anxiously inquiring after us and so had Hankow. We are now waiting to go north to Yenau in four days' time.

Austria

(Continued from page 15)

bonds at an enormous loss," she writes, "and then took over the money. As for real estate, they had a more subtle way of relieving me of that. I had to 'mortgage' each piece of property for its full value, and then was forced to invest the entire sum in a government project that bore no interest. At the end of four years, I am to take up the mortgage; but since I have been deprived of all means of doing so, the officials and their favorites will take over the property for a song. Thus, you see, they have not 'taken' the property from me—not really!"

It was a friend of this same woman's whose automobile was taken over by the Nazis; and after it was battered in an accident the cost of whose repair was a few hundred dollars, the original owner was forced to pay the bill, and at the same time to pay all the gas, oil and garage bills.

Suicide and Insanity

Another American has a letter from Austria which tells of a woman who, after twenty-six of her relatives had committed suicide, herself went insane and was committed to an asylum. Were this an isolated case, it would be bad enough; but unhappily it is typical of thousands, both as to the suicides and the insanity. A woman who owned an antique shop was robbed of all her goods, her sons were arrested, and she herself was put into an insane asylum—whereat her daughter actually did lose her reason, and followed after.

Robbing storekeepers of all their goods is a common practice. Like locusts the Nazis sweep through the shops of the Jews and the anti-Nazis, leaving their shelves entirely clean of merchandise. To add insult to injury, they force the owners to sign papers saying that the merchandise has been freely offered as a gift to the new government. One hardy soul who refused to sign is now in a concentration camp.

A few days ago I talked with a cultured American woman who had just arrived in New York straight from Austria, and burning with indignation at the inhumanities which she had personally witnessed. She has many close friends among the Austrian Jews, although she herself is non-Jewish, and

among the "Aryan" anti-Nazis, with whom she is wholly at one.

Games of New Germany

"A German officer had the incredible effrontery to tell me—me, who don't have to take any of it on hearsay!—that all the atrocity stories are untrue: that they are just Jewish propaganda," she said. "That is the account they try to spread to the outside world, of course; but I myself have seen enough to make the blood of any decent person boil with rage. Friends of mine—one man and two women—were taken out of their apartment in the middle of the night, ordered to bring along buckets and pails and brooms, conducted to a movie house that had been closed for years, and ordered to clean it. Though this was entirely unaccustomed labor for them, they were kept at it for hours, prodded and jeered at by the watching Nazis, who gave them not a moment's respite until the whole huge place had been gone over. The man was taken out again the next night, to wash away signs that had been painted with tar on streets and walls and lamp-posts by Schuschnigg adherents, and in the water he used was mixed an acid that ate away the tarred signs and his flesh as well. I saw these people a day or two later, trembling and frightened wrecks of what had been fine, upstanding, dignified human beings. I saw that man's poor burned hands. For days he had to keep them bandaged, suffering agonies.

"You've heard a lot over here about this street-cleaning business," she went on. "Well, it is all true; and the use of lye and caustic acids in the washing water is the usual thing. I could go on indefinitely multiplying the cases—from my personal knowledge, remember—of friends of mine who had to submit to that particular indignity. There is the case of the husband and wife, Czechs, who were roused from sleep at three in the morning, and herded with sixteen other persons from the same apartment house, to go out and clean the streets. Though my friends insisted that they were not Austrians, they were forced at the point of a revolver to obey orders, experiencing the additional anguish of knowing that they had left their child unprotected at home.

They Wait in Vain

"And perhaps you have already heard that the widow of Arthur Schnitzler, called out in the middle of the night to take part in the street-scrubbing, mercifully died of a heart attack."

Yes, mercifully! For there is no escape but death except for the fortunate few who are lucky enough to go forth out of the land of bondage; and those fortunate ones are few indeed. All day long, there are lines of des-

perate persons waiting before the doors of foreign consulates in Vienna and other Austrian cities, hoping for visas; all day long hundreds of them turn away with renewed despair, because some technical difficulty—full quotas, financial inadequacy, or whatever else—has doomed them to remain where they are. A woman of Austrian birth, living in New York, recently received the following letter from her sister in Vienna:

"If you cannot arrange for us to leave here, do not bother to send any money to help us out. It is quite useless. If we cannot get out of here within two months, we have no alternative but to commit suicide. Please believe that I am not saying this with any sentimentality. I do not mind for myself: truly there is nothing to make one want to go on living. But for the young people, with little children—ah, it is terrible to watch their helplessness and their despair!"

Redoubled Poverty

Though many of the victims have been used to poverty and hardship since the War, they managed with small jobs or little businesses to eke out some kind of living. Now those means of livelihood have been taken from them by the Nazis.

They are oft-told tales by now, these stories of the tragedies which all in a moment overtook thousands of peaceful citizens, with the march of Hitler's forces into Austria. They are echoes of similar happenings in Germany, grown all too familiar during recent years. But though the effect of repetition ordinarily is to dull the edge of poignancy, the Nazi sadists continually devise new additions to their cruelties, the telling of which serves to whet realization to a fresh keen edge.

And if that were not so, then those who undertake the telling would be challenged to contrive new means to drive the truth home to their hearers—for those of us so fortunately placed on the globe's surface as to be spared participation in the incredibly frightful events of Nazified Europe, are under moral obligation not to spare ourselves awareness of the sufferings inflicted on thousands of our fellow-men through the sheer accident of geographical location. The human mind has a tendency to spin a protective cocoon of incredulity about itself in the face of tragedies that are not right at hand; and that must not be allowed to happen. A key to the way of vital awareness is supplied in a letter that comes straight out of Vienna:

If It Happened Here

"Suppose one of your neighboring countries—Canada, Mexico, or any of those in South America—were to send armies into your country, and overnight imprison your President, spreading lawlessness and terror, raiding your

homes, and taking your property, and torturing and humiliating you and your family: *how would you like it?*"

There is the challenge; and the answer is obvious. One need only translate the horrors of the Austrian situation into his own terms to get the full impact of it. It is not some far-off victim of far-off Nazis, but yourself, who sit at home trembling lest an anonymous letter from an unsuspected enemy will send armed guards to take you to a concentration camp; to death, or worse. It is not a group of far-off, dimly realized women, but yourself and your friends, who are frantically crowding police stations, begging for information concerning your husbands and brothers and fathers who have failed to come home over the week-end; and it is yourself and your friends who are being told: "Everyone arrested from Friday to Sunday has been sent to a concentration camp, so there's no use hanging around." It is your own steps that are leaden, your own heart that is near to bursting with terror and despair, as you go home to carry the news to your frightened children. It is yourself who are standing in line, wretched and penniless, hoping for a miracle that will enable you to free yourself and your loved ones from the thrall of Hitlerism, yourself who learn that the age of miracles is past, as you are turned away. It is yourself crying out to the more fortunate ones in other lands to give heed—not to leave your children to their fate.

Helping Hands

And there are many who do give heed: organizations and individuals who are working frantically to relieve the desperate situation, and to rescue as many of the victims as they can. Visas are procured, affidavits made, guarantees of support given, as rapidly and as numerous as possible. But their most valiant efforts are inadequate to keep up with the ever growing need; and the suffering, physical and spiritual, goes on.

One stands appalled at the silence and the indifference of the civilized countries, the governments of the democracies, before this onslaught of barbarism. One cries out in protest that they should continue to traffic with the Fascist leaders as if the latter were normal and responsible human beings. But feelings of indignation are not enough: it is action that is called for. The signposts are perfectly clear, their direction unmistakable. They call for mass action to pursue the fight with renewed vigor. For this battle is against the scourge that is the worst in all the history of the world; far, far worse than the dread cholera epidemics of the Middle Ages: the monster known as Fascism. And there must be no lessening in the struggle until the last of its hydra-heads has been destroyed.

Taking Stock

THESE midsummer days, when the people of China and Spain are fighting decisive battles for the preservation of their lives as a democratic people and for the extension of their Democracy, we are called upon to take stock of our own internal situation as related to our economic welfare and the danger of world war. We cannot forget for even one moment that during these midsummer days the danger of a general war is at its greatest. July and August is the harvest season of the War God. (World War in August. Spanish war in July. Far East war in July.)

First, the reactionary and anti-democratic forces are oiling their machinery for the fall elections. These are the forces which are out of step with our democratic life and traditions, the same forces which have always and are today fighting to the last drop of the other fellow's blood against any and all progressive legislation. The farmer, the worker, the small business man, the professional have felt the hand of this over-acquisitive, selfish and destructive small class in our country. That hand has always been in the pockets of the overwhelming majority of our people. That class and its press has always been the stumbling-block to our welfare—it has fought the trade unions, the farmer organizations, child-labor and anti-lynching legislation, relief for the jobless, it has stood in various forms for suppression of free speech, free press and the right of assembly and organization of the underprivileged. This November the American people will have the opportunity to express in no uncertain terms the direction in which America shall go. A victory for the people this November is one of the best safeguards against Fascism.

Second, the foreign policies of the United States are slowly but surely forming for the preservation of a more democratic life and for peace . . . if, if the people will lead and point the way. During the last year our people have come to realize—slowly, slowly—that peace in America cannot be an isolated accomplishment. We, as a nation of 130 million people, are not and cannot be in this modern industrial economy a separate world of our own. (Hitler and Mussolini would like us to believe that we can.) With this economic fact becoming a part of our consciousness it is possible to delay and avoid war if we make a common front with the democratic people everywhere. The Fascists and the Fascist-minded groups have learned how to pool their common interests. Will the democratic-minded people throughout the world achieve this unity before it is too late? We believe that they will. We have confidence in the genius of the ordinary man and woman, your neighbor and mine.

The horizon is not altogether dark. Good signs are everywhere. The last month has seen the stirring of the democratic giant. The Chinese people are defending themselves in brilliant fashion. Fascist Franco with all of his military aid from Hitler, Mussolini & Co. is not able after two years of war to subdue the Spanish people. When Czechoslovakia—remembering what happened to Austria—showed decisively that she meant to resist Hitler, Hitler has not yet dared to move in with his terror on the other fellow's home. Things are not so well with Chamberlain, as the British people are going in the opposite direction from their prime minister—as the



Fireworks spelled out "China and U.S. Unite" at this Chicago rally

British people are determined to defend their democratic life. In the United States, there is an unmistakable drift toward the general current of concerted action. And we firmly believe that the next session of Congress will witness a better and firmer foreign policy which will benefit and strengthen all democratic nations and all democratic people everywhere.

The road toward peace and Democracy will be kept open if the people of the United States assert their rights in the preservation of their lives, if the people remain vigilantly on guard and do not give the reactionary and Fascist forces one inch of ground. (In light of this, the American League for Peace and Democracy is planning a national congress, where all organizations and groups are invited to send delegates, early this coming January.) The people of America and everywhere else where there is still a shadow of light left must not for one moment forget this struggle—in fact, the Fascists never permit us to forget it—until Democracy is safe and sound over these troubled waters and Fascism only an evil memory.—G. D.

Relieve the Suffering in China

THE American League for Peace and Democracy is sponsoring the collection of relief and medical-aid funds for China as an action directly in line with our double aim of preserving democratic institutions and the peace of the world. The Japanese government is the Fascist war-maker, the enemy of Democracy and peace. Any support that we give to China, moral or material, strengthens the resistance to Japanese aggression and thereby discourages those who would undertake aggression in other parts of the world. It also brings the day nearer when peace will be restored in the Orient and the danger of this war spreading will no longer agitate the world.

We have said that a dollar contributed to our China Aid Council will feed a refugee boy for two weeks, and it will. But it will do much more than that. It will give greater courage and determination to every man and woman who hears that a dollar was sent all the way from America to help them. It will give them new hope that friends in other countries will back them in their fight to save their homes and their dear ones.

Money spent to curb cholera, typhus, and plague in China is saving literally thousands of lives, not only in China, but in every part of the

world, because the spread of epidemics in the refugee camps might easily be carried abroad.

An important principle by which we are guided is that all money goes to the areas controlled by the Chinese government, so that it should not be spent in a way that will strengthen the conquests of the Japanese. It is reported on the best authority that the Japanese are interfering with relief administration in the territory they hold. And there is many times more suffering in the Chinese-controlled area than can be cared for by the funds which can be sent.

In view of the urgent need, we are calling on all humanitarians and friends of Democracy to redouble their efforts in this direction. Contributions should be sent to the China Aid Council of the American League.—O.H.

The Hague Plague

FROM our window on the island of Manhattan we can see our neighbor, Jersey City. We have always liked that city and that ferry-ride across the Hudson where every once in a while we would go to visit friends and drink a glass of cider.

Now through the will of one man called Hague and a few reactionary industrialists it has become an act of treason to read the Declaration of Independence out loud in Jersey City. And if you do . . . no matter whether you are merely a worker or Representative O'Connell or Norman Thomas or Senator Borah, Hitler Hague and his squad of strong-arm men will get on the job. Here is the simple procedure: a letter is sent out to various anti-labor, anti-democratic industrialists to marshal their men on the streets in support of Hague. A free demonstration—as free as a Nazi election—is held. Brass bands, confetti, fireworks, all supplied by Hague. A few broken heads, constitutional rights suspended, the foreigner from other parts of Jersey, or Washington, or Montana, or New York is deported. Hitler Hague has his picture taken . . . and the liberty-loving people of Jersey City spend another restless night having bad dreams of swastikas on the Stars and Stripes.

We feel sympathetic to our neighbors across the Hudson. We are confident that they will soon rid themselves of the Hague plague and will reestablish civil liberties in their city and good relations with their neighbors of other cities and states in the Union.—J.P.

FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS
OF THE LITERARY
GUILD...

For the First Time . . . The **WHOLE** STORY of Our Nation . . .
Its Struggles and Triumphs • Its Builders and Heroes
and Rascallions • Revealed from the **HUMAN** SIDE!

A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY

as only **W. E. WOODWARD**
could write it!



From the painting by Frederick J. Waugh, N. A. Copyright Detroit Publishing Co.

HERE, at last, is a true story of your country which is so fascinating you will forget you are reading a history—you will seem to be actually living through the tremendous dramatic events which formed the America we know.

For this is a history written "without gloves." The author of "George Washington" and "Meet General Grant" has torn away historic myths, discarded hallowed legends posing as facts. You will often be surprised, sometimes shocked, to find a traditionally great personage revealing petty and inconsistent traits of character. You will be equally amazed to learn that another character, fitted with a "dunce cap" by posterity, really had greater character and foresight than his contemporaries!

Mr. Woodward has proved that it is possible to write America's history as a tremendously exciting narrative, crowded with vital, often heroic, sometimes rascally, always fascinating characters—and full of action, adventure and meaning.

And now, through a special arrangement, it has been made possible for you to get this revolutionary **NEW AMERICAN HISTORY** as a **GIFT**—if you accept at once this offer of free membership in the Literary Guild.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FREE—"A New American History"

The Literary Guild of America, Dept. 8FTM
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

Please enroll me for one year as a member of The Literary Guild of America and send me **FREE** a copy of **A New American History**. I am also to receive free each month the Guild Magazine "WINGS" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will purchase a minimum of four selections a year for which I will pay only \$2.00 each regardless of their established retail prices. I may also purchase any other books in print through the Guild at the best prices.

Name
Address
City State
Occupation

Canadian Subscribers write direct to the Literary Guild in Canada,
388 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

GUILD MEMBERSHIP

IS FREE

Members are required to buy only four selections a year in order to enjoy all the features of Guild service.

The Literary Guild selects for you each month the outstanding new books from the forthcoming lists of leading publishers—fiction or non-fiction.

Books Sent On Approval

Although the publisher's edition sells for \$2.50 to \$5.00, if bought individually in the stores, Guild members pay only \$2.00 for these same books, in handsome Guild editions especially designed for members. Guild selections are delivered to members, on approval the same day the publisher's edition is placed on sale.

Wings Free Every Month

Guild members receive free each month a copy of the famous Guild magazine **WINGS**, which contains among other features, articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author. It is profusely illustrated. In addition, **WINGS** is an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail price.

WINGS also contains an advance description of the book to be selected the following month. If you feel you do not want that book, you merely notify the Guild not to send it when the time comes.

Guild members are not required to purchase a book every month. As few as four selections a year keeps your membership in force.

Free Bonus Books Twice a Year

Members who purchase four Guild selections within the six-month period between January and June, or July and December, are rewarded with a free Bonus Book worth \$3.00 or more. Full details of this popular plan will be sent you upon enrollment.

JOIN NOW • SEND NO MONEY

Remember: You buy only the books you want, and you may accept as few as four selections a year. The Guild service starts as soon as you send the coupon. Our present special offer gives you the 895-page **A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY** absolutely free. This book will come to you at once.



A GIFT TO YOU—

This Epic Story in 895 Pages

Captain Kidd *Became a Pirate by Accident!*

He was hired by a British syndicate to chase buccaners, but the greed of his crew forced him to turn pirate himself.

Called Lincoln a Baboon!

After Lincoln's inauguration, Edwin M. Stanton, later Secretary of War, called him "the baboon in the White House."

Every Woman Was Every Man's Wife!

In the famous "Oneida Community" they called monogamy "selfish love" and every woman was the wife of every man. Children belonged to the whole community, not their parents.

READ THESE AND MANY OTHER AMAZING FACTS IN "A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY."