

September
1938

The **Fight**

FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

10 Cents
a Copy



CZECHOSLOVAKIA—OUTPOST OF PEACE

By Clark M. Eichelberger

JARAMA BALLAD • By Ralph Bates

THE NAZIS PLAY SAINT • By Robert Morss Lovett



Labor's Day

WHEN the picture was taken, these Pennsylvania miners were 1300 feet underground, waiting for the boss to decide to raise their pay. But on the first Monday in September they don't wait for anything. Instead, they follow the good old American custom of marching through the streets of their town in behalf of a better life for all. (We take it for granted they won the strike.)

Such is the custom of labor in democratic lands, on various holidays. We think it's a good custom—there's some-

thing truly inspiring and satisfying in a parade of the working people. But in many parts of the globe labor can never

march in its own interests, but must step to the tune of some Fascist dictator. And in other countries the parades must be those of defense, for there is the necessity to drive out military invaders. Throughout our world the Fascist threat hangs heavy over the people.

Labor Day this year is marked by the determination to hurl back the threat of Fascism wherever it appears. This determination is voiced in **THE FIGHT**, the real American people's magazine for peace and Democracy. Subscribe now!

THE FIGHT

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With the Readers

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THE making of non-commercial magazines is a pioneering effort which we are confident will have more than a page in the history of the world—after Fascism has long been forgotten. The venture of these American efforts is a great story in the pioneering of ideas, new ideas, their contribution to the social advancement of man. Hundreds upon hundreds of these publications, from the days of Tom Paine, Garrison, to the first efforts of trade unionists. . . . All these were the first breath of life in the newborn baby.

TODAY as always there are many newspapers and magazines—especially those without “angels”—which are continuing the great traditions in the pioneering of progressive ideas in the struggle for Democracy. General Motors, Heinz, Standard Oil, Coca-Cola and the Bell Telephone System will not buy space in their pages. They must subsist on the income from sales of their publications. And that is a financial impossibility—as the cost of manufacture, distribution and promotion in the U. S. A. is based not on the ten, fifteen or twenty-five cents they get for the magazine, but upon the \$1000, \$5000 or \$10,000 per page received in advertising. Where does this leave publications like THE FIGHT? We have to depend for our income principally upon sales that come through our League chapters in the various cities.

THIS is all apropos of an announcement from our business office. The price of THE FIGHT may have to be raised to fifteen cents. Why this decision? There are two main reasons for it. First, in the past eighteen months the price of paper and wages in the printing industry have gone up. We thought we could pull through if . . . if a second thing had not occurred. A few of our cities have fallen down on the job, with Chicago as the outstanding example of not paying back bills and not selling nearly enough League literature.

WE will confine ourselves here to the problem of THE FIGHT only, but we must not forget that what we say in reference to the magazine holds good as well for all League literature, pamphlets, etc. We are confident that the rank and file of the Chicago League and its executive committee will remedy the situation. Therefore we are presenting the following facts: cities with half the population of Chicago are selling more magazines than the city on Lake Michigan; many cities throughout the country with proportionately less buying-power than Chicago are selling proportionately many more magazines; the only city in the country larger than Chicago—New York—is selling through its League chapter alone, thirteen times as many magazines on the average as Chicago. (On the matter of subscriptions, the proportion is about the same.) Then there is the money side. When a city like Chicago owes hundreds of dollars to its national magazine for an unbearably long time, and when that city does not make a real effort and we mean a real effort, to pay that bill, we believe it is time for Chicago to take steps to remedy the structure of that chapter. For the printed word is ninety per cent of the educational work of the League, and that ninety per cent is two-thirds of the value of the whole League. . . . Knowing the anti-Fascists, we are confident that this situation will be remedied.



Young Chinese demonstrating in New York City in defense of China and Democracy

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JOSEPH PASS, *Editor*

CHARLES PRESTON, *Assistant Editor*

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The Contributors

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CLARK M. EICHELBERGER, director of the League of Nations Association and chairman of the Committee for Concerted Peace Efforts, has been active for many years in the peace movement. Mr. Eichelberger's article here on Czechoslovakia is based on his very recent trip to that country and expresses a point of view which must be taken into serious consideration by every democratic-minded American.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, a resident for many years in Chicago, has closely observed the activities of the Nazis in that city. Professor Lovett is one of the founders of the American League and is very well known throughout the country as educator, civil liberties advocate and author of many books including *A Winged Victory*, *Richard Gresham*, *Edith Wharton: A Criticism*, *Preface to Fiction*.

CHARLES RECHT, who writes in this issue on the ever-important problem of political refugees from anti-democratic countries, bases his facts and conclusions on a recent trip abroad where he had the opportunity to study this question. Mr. Recht is the author of a number of books and a contributor to various nationally known publications.

RALPH BATES, the English novelist and author of *The Olive Field*, *Rainbow Fish*, *Lean Men*, etc., etc., contributes here his first short story on the war in Spain. THE FIGHT is proud indeed to present this first creative effort on the Spanish War by this distinguished writer who so valiantly fought with the Loyalists in the trenches and fields of that war-torn country against the Fascist invaders.

WILLIAM GROPPER, who illustrates the Ralph Bates story, is utilizing these drawings he made for THE FIGHT as sketches for paintings he is working on.

JEAN LYON, American newspaper woman and columnist, has recently returned from a six-month tour of South America, Mexico and other neighbors to the south of us.

JAMES R. MOORE is the editor of the *Ohio Farm News*, published by the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation. When we wanted to know what the farmers of the Midwest thought, we turned to the editor of this excellent publication issued by one of the outstanding farm organizations in the country.

MARY MACFARLAND is the pseudonym of a writer well known in popular magazines who has recently returned from Kentucky. And what a story she has to tell!

WILL BARNET has favored us with his good illustrations on a number of other occasions—but not for a long time now. We are more than happy to have him back with us. Mr. Barnet reports that some of our friends think that we should have more illustrations in the magazine. Maybe we think so, too—and we would suggest that our artist friends appoint a committee and visit the editor. The editor likes committees and enjoys his artist friends.

BERNICE contributes to this number some of the beautiful photographs which she took while in Czechoslovakia.



SUPPORT THE *REAL* SANTA!

SENSATIONAL advices have reached our office of a false "Santa Claus," operating from Japan and seeking to use the American Christmas spirit for his own purposes of death and destruction. We think it is none too soon to warn our readers of his activities.

THE culprit is pictured at left above. Behind the false whiskers one can easily detect the Emperor Hirohito, who is now carrying on a criminal invasion of China and menacing the peace of the world. Also pictured, so that one may compare them, is the *real* Santa Claus, who brings toys to children, not incendiary bombs—and who brings to all men brotherly love, not war.

WE HAVE learned that Santa plans this year to boycott Japanese goods and to substitute for them goods made in democratic countries — particularly in Czechoslovakia, defender of world Democracy. The Czechs manufacture many Christmas articles which can replace those formerly bought from Japan.

AMERICAN children will not want Christmas toys which mean bombs and death for their Chinese brothers and sisters. Let us all urge the store managers *now* not to fill their shelves with goods from the false "Santa." Let them stock up with real Christmas goods from America, Czechoslovakia, France and other democratic countries.



AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY, 268 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Outpost of Peace

Czechoslovakia defends world peace and justice, and we must give her all assistance . . . The director of the League of Nations Association tells his conclusions from a visit to Europe

By Clark M. Eichelberger



EVERY American who believes in world peace, justice and Democracy should be particularly concerned with the struggle that Czechoslovakia is making to save her independence in the face of Hitler's efforts to destroy the country, either through the establishment of a Fascist autonomy within or by a military invasion from without.

It is not too much to say that the future of peace and Democracy may be determined by Czechoslovakian resistance. If Germany is able to annex Czechoslovakia or destroy her, the way will be open to Nazi control of all

Central Europe and to an invasion of the Ukraine. The policy of the *fait accompli* will have added another success with which to charm the German people. France would be in an impossible position and the light of freedom would burn very low for the European continent. The economic inferiority of the dictatorship states which is, to the people who want peace, a considerable comfort, would have been done away with.

If, on the other hand, Czechoslovakian independence is maintained, that fact will have put a check to the policy of the *fait accompli*. Once the dic-



Will it be peace or war for the little town of Domazlice, on the German-Czechoslovakian border?

tators understand that they cannot have what they want by taking it, the militant aspects of the National Socialist revolution must be liquidated. Then the world will enter a long period of negotiations between the democracies and the Fascist states. If the dictators cannot take what they want, they must reach an adjustment with the rest of the world to secure satisfaction for their economic necessities through peaceful channels.

The problems besetting Czechoslovakia are both political and economic. No one will deny that that country has a very difficult minority problem to solve. Neither can it be denied, despite the fact that the Czechoslovakian minorities are relatively speaking better treated than most European minorities, that had Czechoslovakia followed a more liberal policy toward these minorities immediately following the War, they would be less conscious of being minorities now and more nearly partners in the development of the democratic state. However, we are dealing with the present, and there is no doubt that Czechoslovakia is today willing to grant her minorities equality before the law; is in fact willing to make more concessions than most people would feel the country could be expected to make.

There are, however, two demands of Konrad Henlein and his Nazi party which Czechoslovakia cannot grant. First, that country cannot be expected to permit the Sudeten Germans to establish a Nazi régime within a democracy. If Henlein wanted autonomy within the democratic laws of Czechoslovakia, such an autonomy could be granted without much difficulty. But Henlein does not want

Czechoslovakian laws. He proposes in effect that the law recognize that all Germans in Czechoslovakia are members of a German corporate state of which his political party is the sole spokesman. Hundreds of thousands of German Social Democrats would be delivered into political bondage. A Nazi state preaching allegiance to the German racial myth and suspending Czechoslovakian laws of freedom of speech would be a cancer eating at the heart of the only democracy in Central Europe.

The second demand which President Eduard Benes cannot concede to Henlein is that the Sudeten minority should dictate Czechoslovakian foreign policy. The Sudetens say: "Abandon your alliances with Russia and France and permit your state to be neutralized as is Switzerland and Belgium." The answer is obvious. With the example of the German invasion of Belgium in 1914 and the seizure of Austria shortly after Hitler's promise to respect the independence of that country, the Czechs would be very foolish indeed to depend for their independence upon Hitler's guarantee of neutrality. Furthermore, once Germany did guarantee that neutrality, the Nazis would demand denial of freedom of speech and the press as a price for that guarantee. Until the front of collective security has been restored, Czechoslovakia must depend upon her friendship with France and Russia.

Spotlight on Chamberlain

The sincerity of Chamberlain's policy will be indicated by the way he treats these two impossible Sudeten demands. If he wishes peace and Democ-

racy and the independence of Czechoslovakia, he will instruct his representative Runciman to work out a policy of conciliation which will be within the framework of the Czechoslovakian constitution, and which will preserve the independence of her foreign policy.

If, on the other hand, as some cynics believe, Chamberlain wishes to liquidate Czechoslovakia, his terms of compromise will include one or two of the demands which that country cannot accept.

If the first course is followed, it will be due to Czechoslovakian determination, French and Russian support, and the sentiment of the British people.

The second problem of Czechoslovakia is economic. One-third of her people are dependent upon foreign trade. For a time such a large proportion of her trade was with Germany that it looked as if Hitler could starve the country if military annexation did not succeed. However, the Czechs have succeeded in diversifying their foreign trade so that this danger is greatly lessened. One of the most important angles to the economic problem is the economic position of the Sudeten area itself. The extreme agitation arose after economic conditions grew worse in that area in 1933. If the Sudeten area is part of the Czechoslovakian state politically it must be part of it economically. The Czechoslovakian government, therefore, must do everything possible to increase the prosperity of that area.

There have been those Americans who have felt it worth while to boycott goods manufactured in the Sudeten area. Without in any way denying the good faith of these people, one cannot help but say



He does not know that tomorrow strange birds may appear in the skies . . . dropping bombs for Hitler . . .

that a boycott of Sudeten goods plays into the hands of the Nazis. I quote as my authority Dr. Wenzel Jaksch, leader of the German Social Democratic Party of Czechoslovakia, who wrote in the July 23rd issue of *Sudeten-German Newsletters*:

"All the friends of liberty and European peace have therefore the task of mobilizing the greatest possible moral and political resistance against Nazi pressure on Czechoslovakia. But that is not all. The deciding factor will not be only political or military, but will probably be largely determined by further economic development. Czechoslovakia is an export state par excellence. For us the question of whether we shall succeed in maintaining our export capacity in continued political disquiet is a very vital one. Industrial export is the deciding economic basis of the Sudeten German district. The more the export declines, the greater becomes the need of the working population, and the more easily do they fall victims of Nazi propaganda. For this reason, a boycott by foreign democratic countries of the Sudeten German export industry would be a direct political assistance for Henlein and Hitler. We warn emphatically before such a boycott movement."

Obviously German propaganda has worked to the disadvantage of Czechoslovakian trade with the United States, by creating in the minds of American importers fear that Czechoslovakia would soon be liquidated and orders that they placed would not be filled or, if so, would be marked "Made in Germany" instead of "Made in Czechoslovakia."

How can millions of people in the United States who believe in peace, justice and Democracy, assist

in this crisis? From the political standpoint our government was of material assistance when, in the latter part of May, the Secretary of State issued an appeal for the settlement of the problems of Central Europe in accordance with the obligations of the Kellogg-Briand pact. The moral weight of the United States at that moment had an important effect on the side of peace. Public opinion should express itself in support of the Administration continuing its moral weight on the side of peace at the present moment. Public opinion in this country should demand that a settlement of the Czechoslovakian difficulties be within the framework of justice and not through the sacrifice of Democracy to Fascism.

How We Can Help

I am particularly anxious to point out something very specific that could be done economically. Many people are refusing to buy the products of aggressor states. Might it not be worth while to undertake the positive step of assisting Czechoslovakia through increasing purchases from that country? An excellent reciprocal trade treaty has been made between Czechoslovakia and the United States. So far, we sell Czechoslovakia more than we buy, primarily due to the recession in the United States and to German propaganda which acts to discourage American buyers. An increase in Czechoslovakia's foreign trade would be second only to political assistance in saving that country. There are many products such as glassware, lace, etc., which could be purchased from Czechoslovakia. Within the last

few weeks a movement has started in the United States to encourage American citizens to ask their local merchants what they are carrying that is made in Czechoslovakia and then to purchase some of those goods. Here is a positive policy which is the reverse of a boycott.

One cannot but be convinced after a visit to Central Europe of the wisdom of Secretary Hull's views on economic coöperation. After aggression has been prevented and Czechoslovakia aided economically and politically, the most far-reaching policies of economic coöperation, reduction of trade barriers and financial liberalism, as repeatedly suggested by Secretary Hull, must be put into effect for all of Central Europe.

There is room for optimism. It has been assumed that in the near future Hitler's threat of May 21st will be repeated. If the determination of Czechoslovakia, France, Great Britain and Russia remains firm and the moral position of the United States continues clear, another effort to invade Czechoslovakia will not materialize.

The issue between peace and war must soon be decided. Within a few weeks we may be in a world war whose end can only be bankruptcy and suicide. But if that immediate catastrophe is avoided, there may be put into effect policies of conciliation, economic appeasement and collective security that will set us on the road to permanent peace. Never has the issue between suicide and salvation been as sharp. The courage and the determination of every person who wishes peace with justice is needed to decide the issue in favor of peace.



The Nazis Play Saint

You know of the activities of the rowdy German-American Bund in this country . . . But what about Hitler's quieter and no less menacing "cultural" and anti-Semitic campaigns?

By Robert Morss Lovett

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN DIBNER

NOT LONG ago, a Chicago newspaper carried a rather surprising item; and perhaps the most surprising thing about it was that it aroused so little astonishment either in newspaper circles or among readers at large. The tabloid *Times* announced with pride that complete records of an investigation into Bund and Nazi activities in this country, which it has been conducting for more than a year past, had just been subpoenaed by an investigating committee of the United States Congress.

Now it would be one thing, if this ardently anti-Nazi newspaper had simply and freely placed its findings at the disposal of the Dies Committee. When, however, the *Times* proudly welcomes a subpoena impounding its files and sealing the lips of its reporters and editors concerning the fruits of their own investigation, it is quite another thing. In fact, it is a striking instance of how unpopular with the general American public the Nazi cause has become, that in this case nobody has raised the issue of freedom of the press or remarked that a precedent violating such freedom has been cheerfully established. Nobody seems to care, as long as the Nazis are likely to suffer by it.

Turning from the Bund

However much well-meaning enthusiasts may tend to confuse the basic issues, one thing at least is clear: the Nazi label has become pretty generally discredited throughout the United States. So generally is this so that, wherever German-Americans do not utterly abhor the name of Hitler, they prefer to say less and less about it. Even the rowdy

Bund appears to have discovered the wisdom of drawing in its horns a bit.

An inclination to trim sails before the wind of public opinion has been evident for some time in German-American quarters. Apparently it dates back to various exposures of Bund activities by such newspapers as the *New York Post*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Chicago Times*, which served to instill a genuine distrust of Bund indiscretions among the more sober majority of our German-speaking population. Since last fall it may be noted that most of the German language newspapers in this country—while continuing to accept Nazi subsidies in the shape of tourist and shipping advertisements, free boiler-plate, free trips to Germany for editors, etc.—have been gradually adapting themselves to the altered outlook of their readers. They have a distinct tendency to soft-pedal the more arrant varieties of pro-Nazi propaganda, confining themselves instead to slanted news items and vague proselytizing for the cause of German "culture." Within the past few weeks, even the Cleveland *Waechter und Anzeiger*, up to then one of the devil's strongest advocates, has expressed sharp disapproval of Fritz Kuhn and his methods, and recommends the *gutes Auftreten* (good behavior) as a way of living for German-Americans.

Sentiment in favor of the *gutes Auftreten* has become increasingly outspoken during the past year among the membership of those hundreds of German-American societies which dot the country. It has led to the ejection or retirement of Bund representatives from posts of leadership which they had managed to seize since 1935 in these otherwise

non-political organizations. Revolts against Bund domination have been staged in the United German Societies of a number of large cities, such as San Francisco, New York, Seattle, Milwaukee. Of course, this process has been hastened materially by the Nazi espionage scandal, publicized during the last six months on a scale unheard of during peace time in this country.

Criticism of the Nazis

While one effect of the New York Grand Jury revelations has been to make German-Americans more solidly conscious than ever of their Old World heritage and fearful of discrimination against them such as occurred during the World War, it has also made them quite pathetically eager to disclaim any suggestion of double allegiance on their part. There is something almost touching about the speed with which several of the older German-American organizations have recently rushed to repudiate the Nazi doctrine of blood-bondage to Hitler. During April, President Hoffman of the Steuben Society for the first time indulged in open criticism of Nazi tactics of violence in the United States, while the Central Association of German Societies in Milwaukee voiced similar sentiments in the form of a downright resolution.

Still more recently, with the espionage scandal at its height, the American Turnerbund (Gymnastic League)—a national organization with some forty thousand members—voted to change its name to the "American Turners," to avoid any possible suggestion of identity with the Nazi Bund. The same happy idea of dropping the word *Bund* (League)



from its title and resolving undivided allegiance to the star-spangled banner appears to have occurred quite independently to the League of German, Austrian and Hungarian War Veterans, convening at about the same time. While such gestures may be gratifying in their way, it is nevertheless possible to overestimate their significance for the cause of anti-Fascism in this country. Perhaps the public disgrace into which the Bund has fallen only stimulates the Nazis to intensify their efforts in other and more subtle directions.

The Loyalty Question

There is no question but that the overwhelming majority of German-Americans consider themselves loyal to the United States and its system of government, and are prompt to resent any implication to the contrary. At the same time, they find themselves in the natural dilemma common to all expatriates—a dilemma which recent events have merely served to emphasize. Just as other foreign-born groups support the countries of their birth, individual members of the German-American societies are generally inclined to "defend the policies of the Reich and oppose the boycott." The Foreign Policy Association, in its July report, has pointed out this fact as one of the things making a clear-cut trade boycott of Germany very difficult. Such sympathetic sentiment on the part of former German nationals and their descendants is obviously more profitable in dollars and cents to Germany, than any amount of aggressive trouble-making on the part of a small organization like the Bund. It is likewise more difficult to combat, without creating a sense of injury and isolation among a very considerable section of our population.

For some time, therefore, the Nazis have been determined to solidify and to broaden this sympathetic base for official Germanism at all costs. Since 1934 Nazi agents far removed from the Bund have been quietly engaged in promoting feeling for *das Deutschtum* (German customs and manners) among German-American farming colonies as well as in the cities, with brilliant if unobtrusive results. Their success for the most part has passed unnoticed, in the midst of the dramatic diversions created by the Bund. No one has thought of inquiring just what concrete benefits have been obtained by Nazi Germany, as a result of this "innocent" type of emotional appeal. It would be hard to convince most German-Americans, in fact, that there was any deep-laid scheme to extract profit, political or financial, from their affection for the songs and the speech,

the festivals and the cookery, the legends and the scenery of old Germany.

By avoiding the controversial political issues and stressing the more general appeal of culture, song and spirit, the *Volksabteilung Deutscher in Ausland* (German Community Abroad) is today pursuing its ends more vigorously than ever before in the United States. The system is slower but surer than the methods of direct attack and it operates in fields far removed from the Bund. *In the end, however, it serves very much the same purposes, and serves them somewhat more efficiently.*

A Subtler Method

A church in Chicago, for instance, whose pastor has long been an authority on German history and literature, has instituted the custom of a social evening twice a month where only German is spoken. Politics were banned for some time, in favor of group singing, literary lectures, and descriptive movies of German scenic resorts. Attendance grew by leaps and bounds—until no less than eight hundred persons were present a few weeks ago, when the first showing of the official film of Hitler's reception by Mussolini was applauded in the vestry-



rooms of that church on one of those same social evenings.

Another and more significant success of the indirect Nazi approach can be seen in the merger effected a few weeks ago between the Reformed Lutheran and Evangelical churches in the United States. This event—which in its way closely parallels the Nazi drive for a State Church in Germany—marks a step towards that unification of German-American groups by which the Nazis ultimately hope to create a hyphenate political bloc in this country. The church merger, it may be remarked, did not occur spontaneously. On the contrary, it was the fruit of nearly three years of activity and persuasion in the church, carried on with the tacit blessing and encouragement of the Nazis. This summer, as though to seal symbolically the final union of the two church groups, an Evangelical pastor from Chicago has been invited to preach from the pulpit of Martin Luther's own church in Wittenberg—and then to top off his free visit to Germany by attending the Nazi *Parteitag* (Party Day) in Nuremberg, as a personal guest of Adolf Hitler.

Throughout all the cultural and church activities, and the simple folk festivals promoted for no appar-

ent purpose in the countryside, one *leitmotif* appears and reappears with variations, viz: that Hitler has been maligning; that everything said against him is propaganda invented by the Jews; that he has built up Germany out of the ruins caused by the Jews, who are still attempting through economic boycott to prevent the regeneration of Germany. This sinister appeal to racial prejudice is Hitler's trustiest weapon for defeating the boycott against Nazi Germany. At the same time, it is sowing the seeds of anti-Semitism to an alarming extent, not only among second and third generation German-Americans, but among many other native groups as well. As an instance of the degree to which this vicious propaganda has permeated some of our large cities, a judge on the Chicago bench recently stated that for five weeks running in his court not a single Jewish lawyer had succeeded in winning an accident or damage case before a jury.

Believing that anti-Semitic propaganda, if persisted in long enough, will end by awakening a certain tolerance for Hitler, Nazis have lately concerned themselves in promoting various super-patriotic rackets like the Silver Shirts and the Anglo-Saxon Federation. Their heavy hand can also be detected in the literature of a whole flock of addled "new thought," "metaphysical" and astrological groups. The Silver Shirts and the Anglo-Saxon Federation make their appeal to men, the "metaphysical" movements to bored and childlike women. Many of these groups attack Hitler and Mussolini along with Roosevelt, but are careful to preserve their most consistent thunder for the Communists and the Jews. The single thread which unites them all is a poisonous anti-Semitism.

Resisting the Poison

From this it may be seen that the Nazis, in their present activities in the United States, are not particular about labels. They know what they wish to accomplish; and if they must appear to sanction attacks on Hitler in the process of indoctrinating American groups, they are unofficially ready to do so. Being realists, they understand that labels are not always important—a truth which many of our anti-Fascists have yet to realize. These last should take warning against underestimating the strength of the enemy or supposing that the decline of the Bund marks the end of Hitler in this country. It is only by achieving a far greater degree of flexibility and clarity in our own methods, that we can hope to educate the people of the United States to resist the poison of the Fascist infiltration.





One Million Refugees

By Charles Recht

ONE HAS to go back, perhaps, to the migration of the nations to discover a parallel for the plight of the Jew and other persecuted peoples in this year of the Christian Era. It is as though ancient Rome had not given the human race the law, Greece its pristine culture, France its humanities and the Anglo-Saxons the Bill of Rights. Under Fascism, it seems as if mankind was emerging from the nomad stage, from the crude tent, girded with the battle-axe. One million human souls are being invited, forced and threatened into leaving their age-old home, to flee or to commit collective suicide.

Until the Evian Conference, the refugee question had received only superficial treatment by the powers. When the League of Nations created a special commission to solve this problem, it was sought to raise ten million dollars amongst the nations for the settlement of refugees. In these days of armaments and waste, ten million dollars spent in reconstructing human material would have been an investment, as experience shows, that in a short time would have multiplied itself manifold. But when we approach the problem of the refugee, nations as well as individuals regard him as a liability rather than a potential asset. The cry everywhere seems to be, in respect to the Jewish refugee, that none of the democratic countries have any objections to receiving a Jew but that they would prefer Jews with money. Thus the problem presents a vicious circle: for the Fascists prefer the money without the Jews and take their savings and the means of making a livelihood.

Streamlined Pogroms

The anti-Jewish plank in the Fascists' program is the easiest to accomplish, and almost the only promise they made to their followers which can be kept without grave international repercussions. The value of the business enterprises, property and funds which the Nazis were able to confiscate from the Jews—who number less than one per cent of the population—is, taken alone, a fairly substantial amount; but in the scale of the whole German national economy, its shifting from one portion of the population to another is meaningless. It has been estimated that Hitler was able to confiscate some \$200,000,000 of "non-Aryans," political opponents and Catholics, in the Viennese banks. But while the most rabid adherents of the Nazis came in for this windfall, the integral economy of the so-called Greater Germany, after the rape of Austria, suffered by addition of the international obligations of Austria. The fact is that the money so seized was in the main in Austrian shillings and very little of it in foreign credits and *valuta*. But the Nazi chieftain can sport an automobile seized from a Jew, his wife a few trinkets, and the petty fellow can brandish a watch and some other small souvenir. The biggest fry step into "Aryanized" corporations, stores, factories, doctors' and lawyers' offices. This streamline model of the

barbarous practice of the Middle Ages, the raiding of the ghetto, is the age-old bloodletting process in warding off popular discontent and disaffection.

However, in our more close-knit world, anti-Semitism is an even greater *international* menace than in the past. Alongside the defeats suffered by the democracies on the political and military fronts, are retreats and routs on the ideological field. Racial hatreds, when so brazenly proclaimed—and even though idiotically documented—if unchecked and unpunished, have the tendency to become contagious. Their contagion infects the vitals of the doctrine of Democracy. When a government can confiscate the few last sticks and pennies of citizens whose forefathers have for centuries lived within its borders, and expel those people into adjoining lands, it does not merely create a legalistic problem for the surrounding governments. It raises the issue whether toleration and Democracy can survive against such flagrant defiance. Violence begets violence, and such morals as still remain after the Hoare and Chamberlain treacheries, are weakened reeds.

A Political Problem

The Evian Conference exhibited in the main the same show of impotence and bankruptcy of the great democracies in the international arena, as other international conferences have shown in the past. Are the powers constantly going to gather and mumble pious resolutions, while force and oppression unabated are undermining the structure of the world? The expulsion of a million people and their deliberate pauperization is not only a humanitarian problem. It has for the world as concrete and valid political consequences as tariffs, annexation and war.

President Roosevelt, following America's traditional stand on the right of asylum for refugees, was the mover of the Conference. Perhaps he has sensed that if our Democracy is to be preserved, it must reassert its fundamental principles—not the least of which is the right of asylum. Already in Colonial days the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony in New England enacted into the Body of Liberties of the Colony, the following:

If any people of other nations . . . shall flee to us from the tyranny or oppression of their persecutors, or from famine, wars, or the like necessary and compulsory cause, they shall be entertained and succored amongst us, according to that power and prudence God shall give us.

In his Thanksgiving Proclamation of January 1, 1795, George Washington stated:

. . . humbly and fervently to beseech the kind Author of these blessings . . . to render this country more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries. . . .

And Thomas Jefferson, in moving the repeal of the notorious Alien and Sedition Laws, said:

Shall we refuse the unhappy fugitive from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our forefathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe?

While the robbed and persecuted peoples fled from Hitler terror, the great nations at the Evian Conference mumbled pious resolutions . . . A stirring call for defense of the right of asylum and for a truly democratic welcome to the victims of Fascism, in this critical hour for liberty

In 1864 the Republican Party platform, influenced by Abraham Lincoln, provided:

Resolved, that foreign immigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development of resources and increase of power to the nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all lands, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

And in the same year Secretary of State Seward wrote:

That the practice of civilized nations and especially in this country has maintained this privilege of asylum, and that this nation at least would consider its honor engaged to vindicate it, no one will be disposed to deny. This privilege is understood to embrace refugees from personal oppression and from the consequences of political offenses. . . .

Our government has in the past more than once voiced its disapproval of racial and national persecutions, and in at least one instance followed its protest by direct overt action. We not only disapproved of the persecution of the Armenians but sent emissaries to alleviate the sufferings and exile of those people. In the case of the Jews persecuted by the Czarist Government, our protest led to the breaking of relations with Czarist Russia.

The Grand Bluff Game

Thus the Evian Conference was concerned not only with a world problem, but with a peculiarly American problem. The leadership taken by the President must receive wide popular support. The task which confronts the American people is two-fold. Our government must not only pursue the historic tradition of asylum, but must emphatically disapprove of the Fascists' rôle in creating and aggravating the problem of the refugee, and must follow that disapproval by vigorous action. There is a body of public opinion which, from the outset, has warned the world that the Fascists are engaged in a grand game of bluff, for which the democracies are spinelessly falling. Time has given proof to the correctness of that judgment. Later revelations show that had it not been for the cowardice (at best), or perhaps the treachery, of Hoare and Laval, Abyssinia would not have fallen. Halifax obliged when Hitler broached his plans to seize Vienna. The powers who rigged up the sham Non-Intervention Committee are collectively guilty of causing the sufferings of Spain. The United States shares in that guilt by the passage of the ignominious so-called Neutrality Act. The rôle which our own country has played in the Far Eastern conflict is nothing to boast about. One need only observe the growing exports to Japan and the character of the goods that militarist state is purchasing in this country, to realize how great is our share in the guilt for the murder and bombings in China. Alone, little Czechoslovakia called Hitler's bluff; and for the time she was saved. If the machinations of London do not succeed in undermining her stand, Czechoslovakia will shine as an example of how to deal with bullies and bluffers.

The refugee problem provides another test of the

vigor and vitality of the democracies. If our own house is not to crumble, we must cease the coddling of treaty-breakers and violators of the most elementary principles of human decency. Any other attitude merely weakens us in our self-esteem and makes us the laughing-stock of the Hitlers, Mussolinis, Francos, Mikados and their minions. Nor has Hitler been hesitant in declaring judgment on democracies, when he called them "a lot of stupid cows being led to slaughter." Fortunately for us, Germany needs our guarded approval—not to speak of our good will—far more than we are in want of her barest intercourse. The moral and financial power of our government can be felt the world over without involving us in any kind of alliance or a war, as some of our more timid friends fear.

The problem of the refugee presents, in addition to its international aspect, an internal economic question. Despite our recession, we must make room here for the comparatively small number of immigrants which our government has under existing laws agreed to accept into our midst. At this point it might be well to remind ourselves of some figures.

From the year 1930 until February of 1937 (total figures for 1937 are not at hand) our aggregate immigration was exceeded by emigration from our country, for the first time in history. These are the statistics:

| | <i>Immigrants Admitted</i> | <i>Departed</i> | <i>Gain or Loss</i> |
|-----------|--------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------|
| 1930..... | 241,700 | 50,661 | +191,039 |
| 1931..... | 97,131 | 61,888 | +35,257 |
| 1932..... | 35,576 | 103,295 | -67,719 |
| 1933..... | 23,068 | 80,081 | -57,013 |
| 1934..... | 29,470 | 39,771 | -10,301 |
| 1935..... | 34,956 | 38,834 | -3,878 |
| 1936..... | 36,329 | 35,817 | +512 |

Compare this with the rôle of the immigrant in our historic past:

| <i>Decades</i> | <i>Number Immigrants Entering U. S.</i> |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 1820 to 1860..... | 6 million |
| 1861 to 1900..... | 14 million |
| 1901 to 1914 (World War)..... | 13 million |

To comprehend these figures better on a national scale, one would have to examine the chart showing the ever-rising growth of our national wealth. Supplement that chart with one showing that our native-born population today exceeds our foreign-born in a proportion not paralleled in our history. Further, the records of vital statistics show that America's population is fast approaching the stationary stage, with a tendency of the death-rate likely soon to exceed the birth-rate.

Our Ranks Will Gain

Our government, under the quota law, has agreed to accept a total of 27,300 people from Germany during the fiscal year. The refugee committees

(Continued on page 30)



"KEEP THE rabble out!" In her book entitled *Why Forums?* Mary L. Ely of the American Association for Adult Education reports that this slogan has been unofficially adopted by N.B.C.'s *Town Meeting of the Air* in order to prevent embarrassing questions.

The host of similar discussion programs which have sprung up on the radio this summer are taking the same tack but not always with the same success. A case in point is Columbia's *People's Platform* which already has had two unfortunate experiences despite the suave chairmanship of Professor Lyman Bryson of Columbia University.

On the initial program Alexander Watt, a Connecticut grocer, calmly proved that he knew more about the practical economics of recovery than either George Soule, editor of the *New Republic*, or Robert L. Lund, executive vice-president of the Lambert Pharmaceutical Company and former president of the National Association of Manufacturers.

And the very next week, Tim O'Rourke, a fighting Irish union carpenter, made a monkey of George Sokolsky, another N.A.M. stooge, strikebreaker and what have you, despite the latter's ability to crawl back under his rock when the going gets tough.

No more delightful interchange has been broadcast in months than that in which Sokolsky tried to prove that O'Rourke was a capitalist because he owned an electric refrigerator.

"You're wrong, me bhoy," Tim said in effect. "The finance company owns it. Not I."

"Well, I'm proud to say that I'm a capitalist," boasted America's Labor Hater Number 14½.

"Shure and ye can well be, and ye holdin' down ten jobs at once," O'Rourke snapped just before a perspiring announcer cut the program short. (For the record it should be pointed out that one of Sokolsky's fat-salaried jobs is the preparation of weekly fifteen-minute transcriptions attacking Roosevelt, unions and in fact all liberal activities. These are distributed free by the N.A.M. to 235 radio stations throughout the United States.)

Even the commentators are coming in for their share of mauling these days. Boake Carter is going off the air because his present sponsor, General Foods, is finding his reactionary mouthings a liability rather than an asset, just as Philco Radio did last year. And George McCall, Hollywood chatterer, ran spang into a hornet's nest some weeks ago when he remarked that movie stars had no right to hold political opinions. Immediately Melvyn Douglas, Gloria Stuart, Miriam Hopkins, Paul Muni, Irving Pichel and several other luminaries demanded—and received—the right to answer McCall on the air. "What affects the other 130,000,000 people in this country also affects us," the stars maintained. "We are citizens just like the rest of them and we want, above all else, the right to use our Democracy as other citizens do."

The end product is likely to be another batch of those "quiz" broadcasts which even now litter the networks on Tuesday nights and which devote themselves to the dissemination of great hunks of absolutely useless information.

Pirates of the Air

THE CORRECTNESS of the analysis of Fascist radio penetration into the Western Hemisphere in "Station NAZI" (August issue of *THE FIGHT*) is strikingly corroborated by Linton Wells, N.B.C.'s air reporter, who has just returned to the United States after a fifteen-week trip of 27,000 miles through Latin America for the *Magic Key* program.

RADIO

The Nazi régime is acting as a pirate of the air waves below the equator, Wells reports. Their powerful short-wave broadcasts interfere with the programs of other nations, moving in on the latter's frequencies whenever it suits their convenience, despite international agreements.

"In one South American country," he told newspaper reporters, "I tuned in to hear a speech by President Roosevelt. The opening announcement came clear as a bell. When the President began to speak, however, a German short-wave station on a nearby frequency immediately shifted to the American band and drowned out the entire talk with a piano concert. When Roosevelt finished the Germans also went off the air. This deliberate interference has been carried on repeatedly."

Nor are the Germans the only ones to interfere with programs from the United States, Wells said. On the contrary he found that Argentina was the only nation in Latin America observing the international wave-length allocation agreements. One South American government with distinct Fascist leanings even went so far as to give a radio station owned by a political favorite the same frequency as that on which W3XAL, N.B.C.'s international station, operates—thereby making reception of United States programs impossible over a vast territory.

Not that the Argentine government is such a paragon of virtue, however. Recently it announced that it would produce inexpensive receiving sets for all citizens. But it developed that such sets were tuned so that only Argentine programs could be picked up.

Various liberal organizations in this country that have been toying with the idea of building or buying a radio station which would be able to fight wholeheartedly for the constitutional rights of the American people were set back on their heels last month, when the Federal Communications Commission issued an estimate on the costs of various kinds of broadcasting equipment.

The price of a clear-channel station—that is, one

capable of being picked up without interference anywhere in the United States—is exactly \$445,127, the F.C.C. reported. Of course a five-kilowatt clear-channel station could be built for \$94,837, but that could be tuned in at great distances only by the very best of receiving sets.

Regional transmitters cost from \$19,466 to \$260,468, according to wattage, while even a local station using but fifty watts of power runs around \$19,629. Under the circumstances it looks as if at present our only choice is to bring pressure to bear upon existing stations to force them to keep their programs unbiased and honest.

Dog-Day Notes

THIS seems to be the goofy season for radio. Let a few examples suffice. Just when Donald Peterson, producer of the *Junior G-Men*, was ready to admit that the series was too lurid for children and should be abandoned—along came Garnet Garrison, radio director at Wayne University in Detroit, to remark that the classics are full of gruesome highlights and he didn't see why children should be prevented from enjoying them.

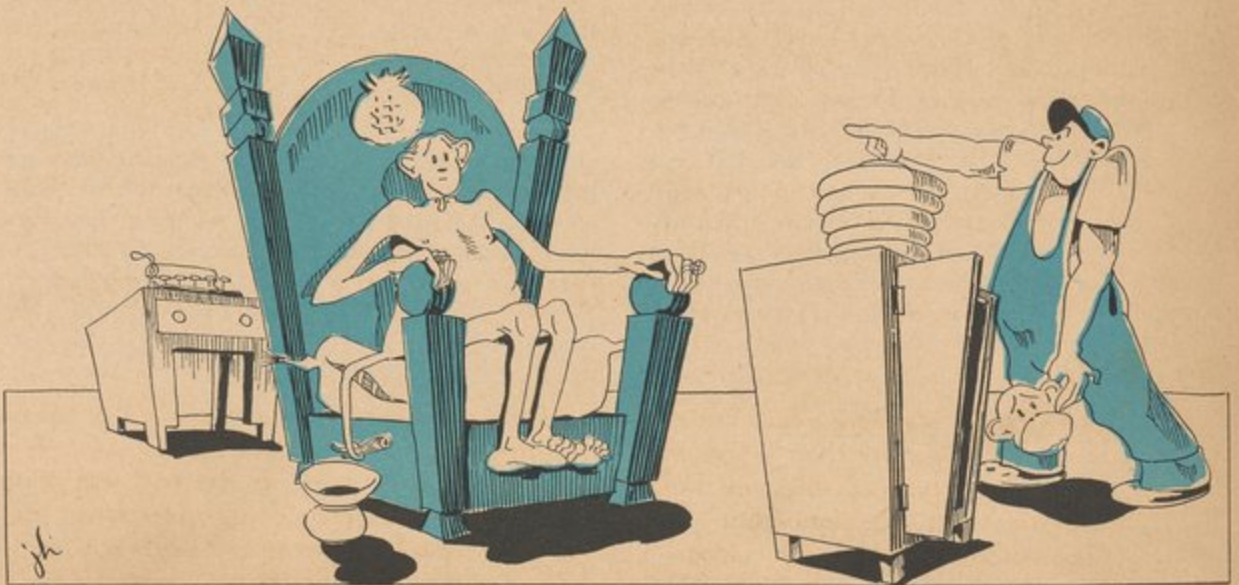
WDAS, Philadelphia, has ruled "Flat Foot Floogee" off the air because one of its biggest patrons, the Foot Health Institute, claimed the song praises just what it has been preaching against—flat feet. Another sponsor, who advertises a swimming pool, suggested that the station avoid giving bad weather forecasts for weekends.

The vast potentialities of radio at last are being made use of by a mattress company in San Francisco. It is presenting a show intended to put listeners to sleep.

Swing music was called "a degenerated form of jazz" and its devotees "the unfortunate victims of economic instability" by Donald Grant, president of the Dancing Teachers Business Association at its recent New York convention. "The present furore over swing is a sign of our uncertain times," Grant told the delegates. "Our young people, disturbed by uncertainties of their economic situation and wondering whether they will be on W.P.A. or in a C.C.C. camp tomorrow, have found in swing neurotic and erotic expressions of physical activity."

Listeners (if any) to a transcribed speech of Alf Landon broadcast over KNX in Hollywood apparently failed to notice that during the course of the fifteen-minute address the record got stuck on three separate occasions. The endless repetition of phrases derogatory to the Administration seemed exactly in keeping with the rest of the text.

—GEORGE SCOTT





In War-Torn China . . .

This Chinese standing weary but erect in a shell-hole might well be a symbol of all his people. For the Good Earth has been devastated for more than a year now by a worse scourge than Nature ever sent — and yet the nation of China, with mighty heroism and unbreakable will, holds to its own. Such a spirit in the end will triumph. Already, it has awakened a great response from the democratic peoples of the earth. Liberty-loving Americans are doing all in their power to offset the effects of the Japanese aggression. One of their proudest accomplishments is the Medical Mission of the China Aid Council, American League for Peace and Democracy. America will not forget war-torn China.



At left, Dr. Norman Bethune, leader of the Mission, chats with a Chinese friend. Above, a village mother and child. At right, a supply caravan destroyed by Japan's bombs

... a Medical Mission ...

At left below, a porter carries Nurse Jean Ewen of the Medical Mission across the River Fen. A moment later she fell over backwards! At right below, a wounded soldier





At left, the Chinese Red Cross operative unit working in coöperation with the Catholic hospital at Haiyang. At right, wounded convalescing

. . . Binds Up the Wounds of Democracy

What was a peaceful village before the coming of the Japanese militarists, is seen at left below. At right, a Chinese nurse with the new Fourth Army





ONE EARLY morning soon after my appointment to the 97th Brigade I left headquarters to inspect the line. That morning the four poplars were standing up out of the mist like ship masts, and then, as I mounted the hillside, the other poplars came into view and the valley looked like a harbour, below green-grey hills, into which Mediterranean ships had run. It was early, no one had been awake but the night staff in the Brigade Headquarters, but already the explosive bullets were cracking in the barranco like the smack of water in sea caves.

How well I remember that morning. The air ran like invisible, cool water over my face, the light, still striking in beams over the Perales hills was sharp, crystalline. It was a morning when one half-believed the sea, the open sea, lay over the hill. Often, in the old days, I had felt that unseen presence, and elated strangely, so that my heart beat fast, had turned a corner of tarred shacks where wretched men lived, half expecting to perceive, through derelict factories, the shining sea.

But between us and Them lay the vineyard of death, where the next pruners would find dead men's bones and stand, knife in hand, talking of the fights they had fought. By the time I reached the trenches, the bullets were crackling overhead like wildfire in a heath of broom.

The night watch was standing on the firestep, tired and hungry, left knees pressed against the trench wall, rifles through the fire holes. I turned into a bay and asked one of the men why the enemy was wasting so much ammunition, pulling out my thermos flask as I spoke. The anticipation of hot coffee contented him. "Ah, a sea of thanks, comrade," he said, his eyes glowing. "Well, it's the flag, I expect." I swore, and peered through the fire hole.

"Over there, by the nut bushes," the soldier said, in a neutral voice. I saw it readily enough; beside the clump, two-thirds of the way across No Man's Land, a republican flag was flapping.

"This has got to stop," I exclaimed angrily, and the man answered, "Yes, it's a silly thing to do."

"But who did it? Now look here, it's no use telling me no one knows, do you know?"

"Ah no, comrade, it wasn't there last evening."

"No? You came on at eight o'clock, it was dark then. Come on, out with it."

"I came in early, to talk with friends," he protested.

"Ah, but the night watch must know something about it, whoever put it out there must have told

you not to fire when he came back."

The comrade paused and sipped the coffee, thinking worriedly; then his face brightened. "Ah, that shows it was someone at the other end of the line, because he did not tell me!"

The inconclusiveness of that simple argument convinced me he did not know and I went along to the Battalion Headquarters. The commander, a school teacher from Badajoz, who had escaped from the massacre, had begun his inspection so I sat down and waited, trying to ring up the Brigade on our left.

THE BRIGADE on our left was the 15th International, and they were partly the cause of this flag nuisance. Their right flank was the English Battalion, with whom we had had some controversy about the digging of a trench across the barranco head between them and us. One day they would find that weak spot. One morning our men had excitedly reported that the English comrades had stuck up a flag in No Man's Land. That began a craze for flag sticking. Our men put out a flag, a little nearer the Fascist lines and then it appears that the Americans on the 15th left flank carried the practice a stage further; there was some complicated contraption of grenades tied to the bottom of the American's flagstick, I believe.

At first we of the staff did not object to this, but soon it went too far. For one thing, there was unnecessary risk; if so much danger was to be run then let the men organize bombing raids. And for another, the enemy always lost his temper and opened heavy fire, as he did that morning. There was no danger in that, but it was a moral impossibility to prevent our own men answering. The men will not believe that our shortage of ammunition is an enduring nightmare to the Staff. Sure enough, that morning, as I sat trying to reach the 15th on our wretched field telephone, the firing gradually began from our lines. I ran out and tried to stop it.

I heard Pablo laughing uproariously as he gazed, not through a fire hole, but over the sandbags. He had no rifle.

"Get down, God damn your evil eyes," I roared and he stood down promptly enough and even saluted. "You've got no rifle, you put the flag out."

"No, comrade," he answered, shaking his head and grinning.

"Ha! So you got out of your blankets just to see what the firing was about?"

The enemy would not come over without artillery preparation, Pablo knew as much as that; though

it would not have been so had the enemy known that at that time we had not a single machine gun that would reach their trenches unless the gunners put the sights to fifteen hundred meters. During the last Fascist attack, we had been forced to put anti-tank ammunition through the guns, for lack of other, and that had ripped the truth out of the barrels. Pablo was looking ruefully at his fox hole, scratching his stubbled chin.

"Now, tell the truth, Pablo," I began.

"Yes, it was silly of me to get out of bed; there's time to go back, comrade?"

"Hell, no," I said irritably. "So the flag just grew up in the night, I suppose." He considered

Jarama

*"A Spanish Loyalist officer speaks" . . .
by the English novelist who has written*

By Ralph

ILLUSTRATED BY W. I.

carefully, his gaze abstracted, a lock of his thick black hair slowly fell over his wrinkled forehead.

"We cannot believe that flags grow of themselves, comrade," he said slowly, and added quickly, as if advancing irrefutable proof, "At least, not out of a vineyard."

"God damn your evil eyes," I shouted, "I know you put the flag out!"

"I am capable of much that is to be condemned," he answered sadly, "but surely not of lying to a comrade officer," he concluded, with the most exaggerated air of innocence I had seen even that rascal assume.

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I was bound to burst out laughing at Pablo's angelic expression; he sustained it so long, visibly endeavoring to perfect it. Finally, that mixture of beatific imbecility and satyr-like mockery vanquished my resistance; first I chuckled and then I guffawed. Pablo promptly abandoned his effort and guffawed also, and slapped me on the shoulder.

"Blast you," I shouted, laughing the while, "you're a damned liar."

"Ha ha ha," he roared, his beautiful white teeth flashing through his stubble.

"Get yourself shaved," I choked, "you're disgraceful."

"It's cold, comrade," he said, at once ceasing to

his shelter was nothing but dirt and stones laid over olive-wood beams.

"And if a shell falls on this roof one day while you're in it? You've seen the order about dugouts?"

"Ah, that will be adios to Pablo. What a pity it will be." There was genuine melancholy in his voice, and in his small black eyes.

"You're a disgrace to the Brigade," I sighed, gazing at his dirty, untidy uniform. Nothing fitted Pablo. Every tunic in the quartermaster's shack had been either too long or too short for him. His thick arms and shoulders had burst the seams around the armpits. Despite that April cold he was wearing canvas shoes; his military boots, I knew, were hanging up inside his fox hole, greased with oil that should have been used upon his rifle. He was keeping them for after the war, his captain had told me, when he should return to his village. None knew the name of his village, I had been told. When asked he always replied, "Beyond the mountains," and in our mountainous Spain such an answer had no precision.

"Yes, you're a disgrace," I repeated as the schoolmaster captain approached.

Pablo sighed as he saluted. "Indeed I know it, comrade," he murmured sadly.

"What are you to do with a man like that?" I said to Captain Muñoz as we made our way to Battalion Headquarters.

"Ah, they're children, brave children," the schoolmaster said. I suppose it was because he was accustomed to the children of these peasants that his battalion was so well managed.

AT MY orders Captain Muñoz drafted a fresh notice which the Commissar at once posted on the school dugout notice board, prohibiting the planting of flags in No Man's Land. I remember that morning very vividly, for about ten o'clock a Yugoslav comrade, Kobal by name, came over from the 15th to discuss the arrangements for a bombing raid which they were planning. The last time the 15th had gone out, our left flank had opened fire, hearing a noise among the vine stumps. The raiding party had lain beneath two fires for twenty minutes. Kobal and I decided to consult our commanding officer and we set out to descend the hillside, going, not by the evacuation trench, but through the torn olives. As we began the short cut an enemy battery opened fire. I looked at my watch and said, "Ten-thirty or thereabouts. That will be *Los Nuestrós*," and we continued through the trees towards the sunny hillside, still dotted with the stone

piles our men had made during the bullet-black February days, when the enemy had nearly cut the Valencia road. We called that battery "Ours" because, day after day, it threw its shells on to a barren hillside beyond the White House, facing the village of Morata, distant over a mile. No one ever visited that hillside, and even in peace time only snakes would have basked on it in summer, or little brown partridges. We knew that the artillery officer of Their side was one of us, and would not harm us. The shells thrummed overhead, regularly, and presently we saw the black smoke cloud pushing up, mixed with red dust, beyond the White House.

We were scrambling over the little, black-fisted vineyards when Kobal suddenly stopped and listened. The four shells were rushing through the air, tearing with fluctuating noise through the different densities of air. He said something in his own language just before I shouted, "They're coming this way," and we flung ourselves against a terrace wall as the shells tore down the sky, like a mighty wind, upon the vineyards. They were plunging straight at my spine, I felt, I could hear them screaming and wobbling just above me. Then they burst, at least fifty yards away, metal and stones whined away in the bright light outside the dust.

"Come on, come to the holes," Kobal shouted, using the wrong word; he said "to the bones" in his excitement. As we jumped into a shell hole the next four were rising out of the Jarama valley, galloping like a team of invisible horses over the arch of the hills. They rushed down upon us, at the small of our backs, and the earth shot up red and black, higher up the slope. The surface of the hillside, in an avalanche of dust and small stones, rushed over us, burying us to our waists. Kobal coughed and spluttered angrily, "It's not fair." I laughed, for that was exactly what I had been feeling.

Ten minutes later when the bombardment had stopped, I was joking about the unfairness of it, when Kobal interrupted me. The quietness of his voice made me reflect before I had caught the meaning of his words.

"I think, what can have happened over there," he nodded towards the enemy emplacement. We sat among the first of the destroyed vineyards, silent, thinking of what might have befallen the commander of "Ours," that the range of his guns had been so suddenly changed. After that day the enemy battery ceased to be "Ours" and its shells fell less frequently, but they were often mortal.

(Continued on page 24)

na Ballad

aks" . . . The first story of Spain in war
as written much of Spain before the war

Ralph Bates

BY WILLIAM GROPPER

laugh. He dived into his fox hole and emerged with something wrapped in a piece of filthy cloth. "This is for you, comrade, I've made it for you, out of that olive tree that was blown onto Captain Muñoz's office." He did not speak of Battalion Headquarters, but like all those peasants, referred to his captain.

In the cloth was a beautifully made pipe, too large for comfortable smoking, at least for me, because the bad food of the winter's fighting had loosened my teeth. "See, I've got the rest of the tree in my little house." He lifted the sacking and pointed into the fox hole. I looked in, the roof of

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Books

China's People's Army

CHINA FIGHTS BACK: AN AMERICAN WOMAN WITH THE EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY, by Agnes Smedley; 282 pages; *The Vanguard Press*; \$2.50.

NO ONE can read Agnes Smedley's intimate account of the living and fighting of China's Eighth Route Army and fail to be stirred. There is a thrill in every page which tells of the military prowess of these men of steel—men who can march seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, strike a paralyzing blow and then swiftly and silently disappear into the hills, carrying with them the captured equipment with which to arm more men for the fight for freedom. We Americans of all peoples are prone to admire men who fight against tremendous odds, especially when they win, as the Eighth Route Army very often does. Valley Forge means more to us than Chateau Thierry. And the armies of China have been fighting the Valley Forge way for more than a year.

Miss Smedley is a master of description, and her story is the story of a whole people in the throes of the greatest catastrophe of modern times. Her book inspires admiration and respect for the Chinese people rather than any maudlin sympathy for their sacrifices, because China is no longer a defenseless, dumb animal turning plaintive eyes upon its tormentor. This new China she describes is sensitive but aroused, alert and militant, and determined to resist subjugation with every possible means.

The most significant part of Agnes Smedley's book is the picture of the Eighth Route Army's unity with the people among whom they live, and for whom they are fighting. The success of their military operations is completely dependent on the coöperation of the peasants with the army. Every child is a lookout for the soldiers. Every farmer is ready suddenly to become a part of the army's transport service. Every woman is willing to give food and shelter to the guerrilla fighters. And this unity could be achieved only by a continuous demonstration of the army's devotion to the interests of the people, scrupulous adherence to the principles of paying

for everything used, cleanliness, courtesy, and even help in the farm work, suppression of banditry and exploitation.

China Fights Back has a serious shortcoming, however, in the matter of perspective on the interplay of influences in China. True, the book is about the Eighth Route Army and, therefore, is concerned mainly with the doings of that army. But the significance of the Eighth Route's working and fighting for China is nowhere brought into proper focus in the whole picture of China's struggle. For all the reader can tell, the Eighth Route is fighting the Japanese invaders practically single-handed. It is like a photo in which somebody's hand sticks out at the lens many times larger than the subject's head.

This is a serious omission. More significant than the existence of the Eighth Route Army itself is the unity of this force with the National Government in the struggle for independence. If one can speak of the war as having done anything positive for China, it is that a new unity has been forged by the Chinese people. And in the very presentation of this first-hand account of a people's army, fighting the invader without flinching, and at the same time building the foundations of a richer and happier life for the people of China, Agnes Smedley has perhaps put in our hands the key not only to the outcome of this war but to the probable future of one-fifth of the earth's population.

—OLIVER HASKELL

The Tragedy of Austria

THE LAST FIVE HOURS OF AUSTRIA, by Eugene Lennhoff; 269 pages; *Fredrick A. Stokes Company*; \$2.50.

THE BODY of Austria was still warm after her murder by German Fascism, when Herr Lennhoff wrote his breathless eyewitness account of the crime. The veteran editor of the *Vienna Telegraph* had his finger on the pulse of history-in-the-making virtually to the moment of his country's final convulsive gasp, for he left his newspaper office by the back door while the Storm Troopers were breaking in through the front.

Contrary to the implication of its



Agnes Smedley, author of *China Fights Back*, with her "hsiao kwey" (little devil)

title, the book does not treat solely of the five hours preceding the occupation of Austria and her dissolution as an independent nation. Through the author's own materials and Paul Frischauer's introduction, the reader is equipped with adequate data on the events that led up to the tragedy.

Intimately, through the eyes of one who is both a dyed-in-the-wool Viennese and a keen student of Central European affairs, we view the horrible drama of the senselessly brutal accession of the Nazis. We see it unreel as our experienced guide makes his rounds of the cafés frequented by other men in the know, of the government offices, the streets seething with the marching, slogan-shouting Nazis and with the anti-Fascist workers and the Fatherland Front groups.

From the composing-room of the *Telegraph*, where the agitated printers analyze the ripening crisis, we are projected into the chancellery where Schuschnigg faces his fateful hour of decision and indecision. Chaos and terror assail all Austrian patriots, in addition to such certain victims-to-be as Jews, Catholics, Socialists and even such innocuous liberals as Herr Lennhoff—whose only anti-Nazi "crime" was his advocacy of an impartial plebiscite.

Without a pronounced effort on the part of the author, there emerges from the book a lesson for small nations who are likely prey of the unprincipled Fascist aggressors, a lesson for democratic powers plagued with the Nazi spy

rings and native Fascist machinations. The point is not pressed in *The Last Five Hours of Austria*. But it is unmistakable—the lesson that national independence and Democracy can be saved only by the organization of the people in a solid anti-Fascist front.

—LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

The House of Krupp

BLOOD AND STEEL: THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF KRUPP, by Bernhard Menne; 424 pages; *Lee Furman, Inc.*; \$3.00.

“UP TO AUGUST 1914, Creusot exported 22,000 guns, Krupp 30,000. Their sale was largely instrumental in splitting Europe into two opposing armed camps and in leading up to the events which caused them to be fired.”

This simple statement by Bernhard Menne presents the reader not only with the clue to his fascinating book, but perhaps also with a most important clue to the dynamics of modern history. One does not know offhand how many guns Creusot has manufactured since 1919, nor how many Krupp has built. But the parallel is obvious. And to this reviewer's mind one of the chief war-making factors in the world today is a similar truth: that if the terrific armaments which Nazi Germany has built up and by which Krupp has profited to a fantastic extent are not used aggressively at a certain point, they become obsolete.

The author of *Blood and Steel* has assembled an astonishing array of such facts that throws a revealing light on many hitherto dark phases of European history since the beginnings of the House of Krupp. The wealth of material and information in the book cannot even be indicated here, except to remark that Menne says probably everything there is to be said about the history of the death-dealing firm. And the Krupps of Essen have had their fingers in much history, selling armaments at one time or another to Prussia, Germany, Russia, Turkey, China, the Balkan states, Morocco and most of the South American republics.

Bernhard Menne has covered also the recent activities of the trust and its peculiar relation to the Hitler movement. Of particular interest is

the chapter telling of Hitler's visit to Essen in June, 1934. Captain Roehm's representatives had been there a few days earlier and had agitated among the Krupp workers for a "second" revolution.

Herr Krupp von Bohlen Halbach decided differently. On June 28th, he told Hitler so. On June 30th Roehm learned who runs Nazi Germany, paying for the lesson with his life.

—JOHANNES STEEL

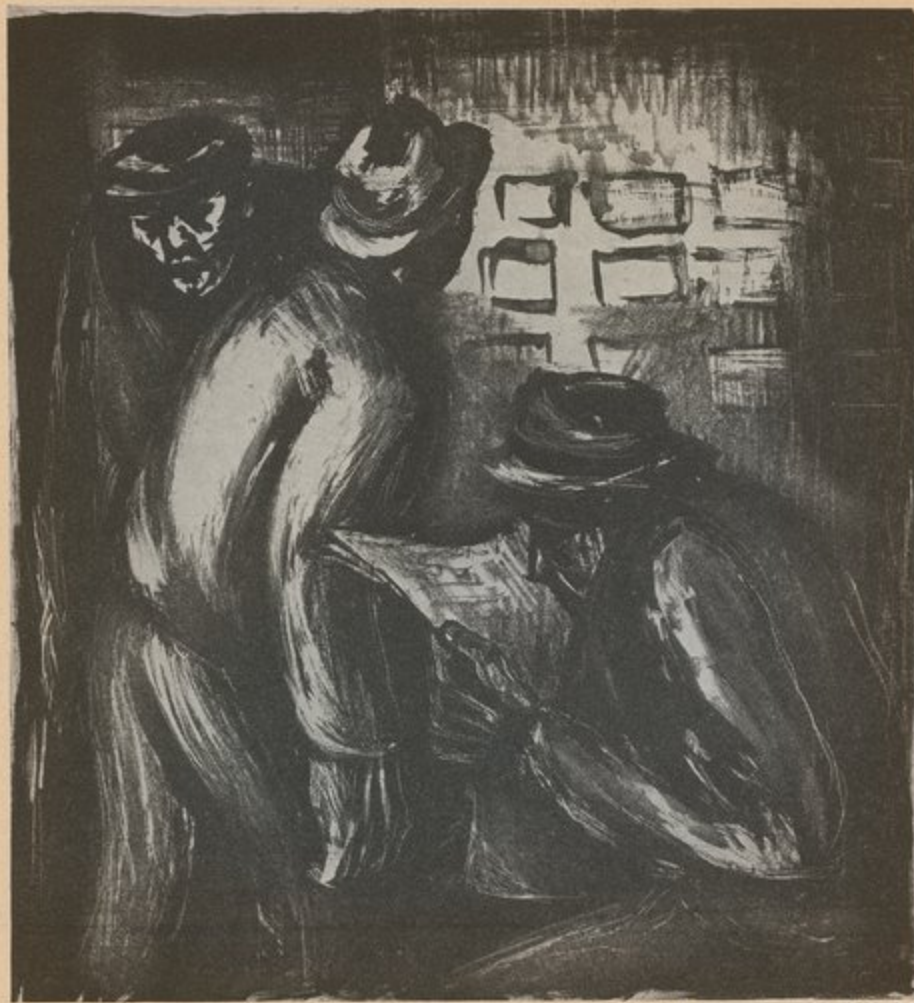
A Modern Monte Cristo

THE WORLD IS MINE, by William Blake; 741 pages; Simon and Schuster; \$3.00.

THIS AMBITIOUS first novel is as baffling as a Chinese puzzle-box, and its author appears to be a remarkable angel with quite a streak of devil. Suppose your hero is a Spaniard with anarchist leanings who resolves to amass great wealth in order to wipe out four British financiers who have wronged his family. Suppose that this "modern Monte Cristo" is further determined to use the wealth then to right the wrongs of society, by directing it against the masters and the oppressing "state." Suppose, furthermore, that he does become the richest man in the world and proceeds to his objectives. And, while it would be wrong to give away the ending, a glance at your morning paper will show you that he has obviously not succeeded, at least in his social aims. The moral might be that superman tactics are bound to fail. Pretty tricky, what? Or is it?

Next: take a look at the end-pages. You learn that the author, an American whose early career in the Democratic Party ended when he opposed our entrance into the World War, has been engaged in banking and financial activities. And he has also "lectured . . . before workers' audiences on subjects connected with socialist theory and history." (In the absence of more definite information, one must bear in mind that "lecturing on socialist theory" may cover a multitude of sins.) Thus the "financier-anarchist" hero is matched by a "financier-socialist" creator. The author—who must forgive the reader's curiosity since he himself has induced the atmosphere of duplicity—becomes a character in the book. One is intrigued not only by the figure of Don Cristobal Pinzon, but by that of William Blake.

The question arises why this book, so subtly and realistically written, is at the same time disfigured by such a large dose of rather cheap "romance." This playing with the life-and-death issues of our time becomes worse than annoying when it is carried into the setting of the Spanish War. The hero of the novel is himself a playboy of history. And while William Blake has technically drawn the logical conclusion in showing the fate of his hero, one fears that he has not been able to overcome his own



UNEMPLOYMENT

MAXINE SEELBINDER

tendencies in the same direction.

Beautifully written and at times "too beautifully," *The World Is Mine* is especially instructive when treating of finance and financiers. The book shows its writer to be a man of the widest experience and culture, considerable literary skill, awareness of world problems, and probably with much sympathy for the downtrodden. May he learn simplicity!

—CHARLES PRESTON

Stories of the Oppressed

THE WAY THINGS ARE, by Albert Maltz; 218 pages; International Publishers; \$1.50.

MOST OF the eight short stories contained in *The Way Things Are* have already been published in magazines varying in political complexion from the *New Masses* to *Scribner's*. That fact in itself is an indication of Albert Maltz's quality, for he is quite uncompromising in his representation of contemporary America.

The picture he presents has as its subjects the victims of a decaying economic system, and they are drawn with such humanity and understanding as have not been seen for a long time in a work dealing with the oppressed. Except in "A Letter from the Country" (which is a direct plea for unionization) the author does no political preaching, but beneath the surface there is nevertheless a message. What Maltz

implies is that a system which is responsible for turning good workers into the wrecks who inhabit "Season of Celebration," for the tense misery of "Good-by," for turning little children into thieves as in "The Game," and for the agonizing brutality of "The Way Things Are"—that such a system is wrong, and should be changed.

The outstanding, and perhaps surprising, characteristic of these stories is that they are written not in anger and with hatred of the evil-doers, but in compassion and with love for the poor. It is a more positive approach than is common with many working class writers, and one of the results is to make all the characters, on both sides of the struggle, breathing human beings. Even the policemen in "Incident on a Street Corner," who are described hardly at all, leave a clear impression as the dumb, bewildered instruments of some unseen power; and the drunken, brutal sheriff of "The Way Things Are" is merely the agent of the effete plantation owner, well-meaning and honest, but warped by his conviction that "nigras" must be "kept in their place."

This last story, together with "Good-by" and "Man on a Road," are perhaps the most moving pieces in the book. Their ability to affect the emotions springs not from sentimentality, but from a deep understanding of the causes which have produced the tragedy of the common man. It is not very difficult perhaps to say that a profiteer-

ing company fails to take precautions to protect its workers from silicosis, but it takes an artist to turn such a simple statement into a heart-rending document like "Man on a Road." Albert Maltz is such an artist.

—LESLIE READE

Hitler's Youth Handbook

THE NAZI PRIMER, translated from the German by Harwood L. Childs; 280 pages; Harper & Brothers; \$1.75.

IT IS not often the privilege of American reviewers to recommend wholeheartedly the reading of an official Nazi book. The American reviewer is afraid of boring to death—as he himself is bored—by the stupidity, lack of elementary decency, illiteracy, unscientific approach and the gangster "thinking" of the Hitlerites. At first, in 1933 and 1934, it was *news*. And the American press gave considerable space to the novel idiocies of the new government. But then . . . it wore off. (This wearing off in a sense is dangerous, for we can never forget for even one minute that the Fascist "culture" is not confined purely to Germany and Italy.) Therefore this book, which is the official handbook for schooling the seven million Hitler youth, is a valuable contribution to the understanding of the Nazi government, its program and the constant war threat since Hitler seized power in 1933.

Roughly, this handbook can be divided into two sections. First, inculcating the German youth with the idea of the superiority of the German over all other races. *We Germans are the greatest, the best, the purest, the finest race in the world.* Casting aside, in reality, the beautiful contribution made by Germans to world culture in the past, or corrupting that contribution, the Nazis are attempting to foist on the German people a new way of thinking and living. Laying this as the base, they proceed to the second part of their program: since we are the greatest, etc., of all peoples, *Der Fuehrer* and his party have the inherent right to world leadership, and Germans *everywhere* must pay allegiance to that leadership. Around these two major theories, fantastic and confusing facts are presented.

It is not often that books are given to us in such "objective form" as this one is. Professor Childs' translation is accurate and the preface in relation to the Hitler youth movement is very informative. (Certainly the Nazis cannot complain of Professor Childs' treatment of their guide and bible.) William E. Dodd's commentary at the end of the book rounds out a perfect volume which we recommend to every democratic-minded teacher, writer, minister and labor organizer in democratic America.

—GILBERT DAY

THE DOG-DAYS of August have not distracted Wall Street from meditation on the ways and means of producing a bigger and better reactionary America.

Various matters have been weighed by the great financial minds during the hot summer days, but the greatest measure of cogitation and wishful-thinking has been devoted to the prospects of bolstering profits by slashing the standard of living of the people generally through wage-cuts in basic industries. Having been won over by fancy speculative profits to the idea of a bull market despite "unsound" policies in Washington, the Street is now concentrating its maneuvers on sweetening the pot by undermining the improved wage standards won by organized labor last year.

There are two strategic fronts in the present struggle for and against wage-cuts: the steel industry and the railroad industry. Of the two, the steel industry probably represents the more crucial battleground from the standpoint of industrial labor as a whole. Since steel prices were cut late in June, hardly a day has gone by in which Wall Street gossipers and financial commentators for the Big Business press have not hopefully predicted a drastic slashing of steel wages "sometime in the near future."

There are various reasons why Wall Street attaches such great importance to the outcome of the wage fight in the steel mills. In the first place, of course, the steel industry is basic in American Big Business and, by its own strength as well as by the power of its controlling banking groups, commands great influence over the policies of American industry generally. For this reason, many other basic industries—auto for example—are standing on the side lines to see what happens in steel before risking wage-cuts in their own bailiwicks.

Split Steel

A SECOND reason for the basic importance of steel developments is the wide split which has developed within that industry, with the two factions at swords' points over the proper politico-labor tactics to be followed in the present "emergency." On the one side is Big Steel, controlled by the House of Morgan, which has decided that it is smarter business to deal with the C.I.O. and to make compromises with the New Deal than to fight both labor and the government, and thus risk strikes and embarrassing monopoly suits. On the other side is Little Steel—Tom (Back-to-the-Farm) Girdler, Gene Grace, E. T. (Tear-Gas) Weir and others of the Bethlehem-Republic-National Steel crowd—who have determined on a war to the death with labor and the New Deal, no matter at what cost of tear-gas, fixed murders, and expensive propaganda à la the

have made the air ring with demands for immediate wage-cuts. Nevertheless, despite all of their tub-thumping and chest-beating, they have not so far been able to effect a cut. The reasons are not hard to find. In the first place, consideration must be given to the ready-made union argument that would be provided for the organization of their workers if the initial wage-

WALL STREET

The family fight in the steel industry . . . Unions . . . Around the world with the Wall Street boys

New York *Herald Tribune's* George Sokolsky. Big Steel, of course, precipitated the present crisis by carrying the fight into its rival's camp by price-cuts and changes in basing-points for prices which placed the Little Steel czars at a competitive disadvantage.

And since this action, the loudmouths of the Little Steel crowd—Girdler, Weir, Grace *et al*—out of all proportion to their size or importance,

cuts occurred in their unorganized plants. Reason number two is that even these tycoons, despite their arrogant defiance of the New Deal, hesitate to carry their battle too far without Big Steel backing, in view of the ample ammunition for counter-attack which is held in Washington. The issue, of course, is far from settled and it is possible that Little Steel may shoot the works with a wage-cut and gamble



These gentlemen, snapped at the LaFollette Committee hearings, allegedly served as labor spies during the Little Steel strike, alleges the picture agency. They are Edward C. Ray (left) and Kenneth J. Soddors. Do you really think a firm like Republic would do such a thing?

on the consequences. Already there have been a few trial-balloon actions taken by some small companies under the thumb of Little Steel.

The reason Big Business likes company unions and why workers can look for defense of their rights only from legitimate unions was recently made clear by the *Wall Street Journal*,

mouthpiece of Big Capital. In explaining hopefully why steel wage-cuts would probably start in the Little Steel plants rather than in plants organized by the C.I.O., this organ said: "It is pointed out that any one of these producers (*i.e.* Little Steel) could come to an understanding with representatives of their employes under the working plans (*i.e.* company unions) in effect in their mills and inaugurate a wage reduction. There is no doubt that representatives of workers in these concerns would understand conditions and problems of their organizations more readily than 'outsiders' representing the SWOC. Thus, it is contended that negotiations for an agreement on wages might be reached in these companies with less difficulty than in some others."

"World Relations"

BETHLEHEM STEEL, which believes in beating up its own workers and caressing them with gas bombs, is turning a pretty penny by cooperating with Japan's effort to coax China into a "saner frame of mind" through bombardment of open cities and mass slaughter of civilians. A recent Wall Street trade report, credited Bethlehem with selling ten thousand tons of pig iron to Japanese interests.

Henry Ford, the Darling of Dearborn, is finding it harder and harder to reconcile his real sympathies with his old pose as benefactor of the masses and enemy of Wall Street. First came Henry's touching admission of his long friendship with and admiration for J. P. Morgan. Now comes his fawning acceptance of the "Grand Cross of the German Eagle" from Adolf Hitler, this being the highest decoration which Adolf can bestow on a foreigner, and the first time it has been tendered an American. In many ways, of course, Henry is most deserving of this great honor from his spiritual Nazi brother. Henry's rampant anti-Semitism preceded Adolf's advent to power by many years, his demagoguery—at least in the old days—must have caused considerable envy in Fascist quarters, and his brutal exploitation of his workers provides a model for Fascists everywhere.

The growing prestige of the airplane and especially of bombers, in military circles, is fattening the larders of war-plane manufacturers in this country. In the first half of this year, sales of American aircraft increased 47 per cent over 1937; sales of military aircraft increased 95 per cent; sales of commercial aircraft decreased 5 per cent. And the profits of plane companies jumped 125 per cent over last year. Export orders accounted for more than 40 per cent of the total sales this year.

IT WOULD be folly to maintain that the farmers of this country—or even that portion of them pledged to cooperative action—are all determined to stand militantly and permanently for peace at any price. They are human beings, and because they are human beings perhaps the first thing that needs to be said about their thoughts and feelings and beliefs about war and peace and Fascism is that those thoughts and feelings and beliefs tend to change from day to day.

Since these Middle West agriculturists are human beings, they are like most other human beings in that they want no more of war. They have the same innate desire for peace that all other peoples of the earth have. They want civilization preserved. They want their own comforts and pleasures expanded, their own knowledge of and familiarity with the world extended. But, still, they are human beings, and as such they also have the same capacity for fear and suspicion and hatred as their fellow-men everywhere.

In World War Days

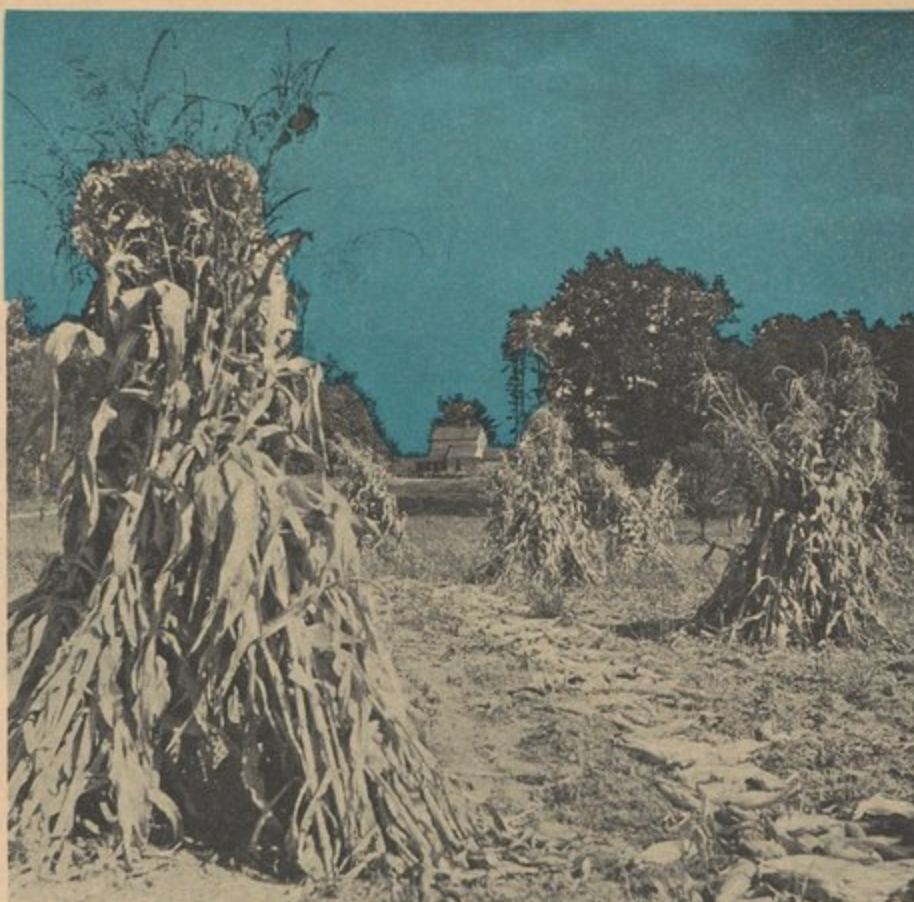
When the newspapers and school-teachers and ministers became the mouthpieces for World War atrocity stories, the farmers had no better basis for finding the truth than anyone else. Very few found it—until it was too late. It was money and not lives that needed protection, but intense physical persecution stories usually can make us hate and fight, and the glossy patriotic phrases about human blood and national pride and honor fooled nearly all of us.

We have learned much since then about how wars are manipulated for the benefit of the money-lenders and the bullet-makers. Today there is a larger number of all classes of citizens who recognize, at least partly, that war has seldom, if ever, solved a problem, that it has usually created countless new problems, and that the mechanics and imminence of war—in some instances even its actuality—are promoted and maintained through the caprice and intrigue of the munitions makers.

Many farmers today will agree with you when you recite those contentions. There is little cause for emotional reaction to such general observations. But it is harder to remain unemotional when the story of human suffering or disrespect is told. The farmers are learning that they cannot depend upon themselves to make a rational and intelligent decision in a time of crisis.

This is no sad reflection on the farmers. It is simply an admission—a recognition—that needs to be made by and for all people—a recognition that as long as the economic conventions of the world remain as they are, people will remain helpless to maintain any concerted resolve against war.

The farmers of Ohio are learning



On the Farm

Many thousands of Midwestern families are seeking the road to peace . . . A stimulating report on Ohio activities by a Farm Bureau editor

By James R. Moore

that the real basis for war is one that controls the psychology and morale of the masses—not one which can be controlled by a previously determined psychological or philosophical scheme. That basis is economic enterprise. These Buckeye tillers of the soil are becoming more and more realistic about it. They are hoping for peace, talking for peace, resolving for peace, along with many others. They are expecting to deviate from their resolves as the result of misinformation. But they are also working doggedly at the transformation of the economic forces which make wars—and Fascism and most of the rest of the strife and suffering in the world.

As long as economic enterprise is motivated by the opportunity and urge for private profit to a few at the expense of many, both people and natural

resources will continue to be exploited by the selfishness of that few. The economic power of the few will enable them to continue to manipulate the political and military forces for the protection of exploiting operations. And the same economic royalty will continue to control the mediums of propaganda—the newspaper, the radio, the school, the church, the movie—which determine largely what the masses feel and think and do.

When the powerful persons in industry or finance decide that property or operations require protection, the military is consulted. The military (which may already have cooperated with the munitions representatives to create the situation) readily responds. A few maneuvers and the propaganda machinery begins to function. Then comes the build-up of emotions—the

suspicious, the fears, the hatreds. After a few more maneuvers an "international incident" occurs, and we go to war.

It should not be inferred that one individual, or a group of two or three or four, deliberately decides that there shall be a big fight, calls in the teammates for both sides, and blows the whistle, and that the cause-and-effect process is just as simple as that. There are many everyday policies and activities and trends that enter into the developments. Tariff walls, immigration quotas, armament races, buy-at-home campaigns, development and exploitation of natural resources, and personal and group thirst for power, are some of them.

Economic Aggression

The point to be noted—which is being noted more and more by the thousands of farm adults and youth in Ohio who are studying such problems regularly in conferences and discussion groups—is that underlying all of these considerations is the surge of economic aggression—an aggression which is fostered by selfish quest for private profit and indifference to the ultimate welfare of society. Most of the problems enumerated above are not by themselves certain causes of war; in fact, most of them could easily be solved by peaceable study and arbitration, even though they hold inherent seeds of ill-will. But such procedure seldom brings the most profit to the profit-seekers, and when profit is imperiled the tough-hearted magnates are ready to counsel with the Machiavelian war-lords.

The result is sometimes war. Sometimes it is the menacing twin of war—Fascism, the effect of which may not be so horrible at the beginning, but in the end is worse. Because Fascism is a twin evil of war, and because it is the result of the same economic process, the farmers who are concerning themselves with the problem are gradually but certainly coming to agreement that concerted efforts for expansion of economic Democracy and economic cooperation are the only possible safeguards against either of these threats to civilization.

These are reasons why thousands upon thousands of Middle Western United States farmers are spending less time on attitude-building for peace and more time on groundwork for an economic order that will tend more toward warlessness. Their interest and attention to the matter, moreover, is no mere hypothesis. In the state of Ohio alone more than three hundred "Advisory Councils," each composed of twelve farm families who are members of the Farm Bureau, meet once each month in the home of one of the members to discuss current agricultural, economic, social and political

(Continued on page 26)



Harlan's Union Parson

By
Mary MacFarland

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILL BARNET



EVERY morning at five o'clock in the dragging days and weeks of the trial of Harlan County coal operators and their "peace officers," you could see a group of men go tramping over the low hills around London, Kentucky. Government lawyers went along sometimes, and LaFollette Committee men, or members of the Department of Justice and union staffs. But always there was among them the man whose need for fresh early morning outdoors in his nostrils every day had led them into the habit.

He was the one who walked with steady tempo, who climbed without a quickening breath, who swung home unscratched with huge buckets of blackberries while beside him G-men thirty years younger hurried panting and bramble-torn with their tiny quarter-pails of berries and none of their accustomed cockiness.

That supreme berry picker was Preacher Marshall Musick, whose simple, utter integrity was so deep an influence among the mining men of Harlan that every weapon of the owners' extensive grim arsenal was called into play against him. Yet he has walked calmly on, unswerving, through bullets and dynamite along the path that he decided was the right path for his feet to take.

Food for the Hungry

In the deep depression when the mines were running only a day a week, men whose hungry families were driving them to desperation could get milk for their babies from the Musick cow. Old women brought crocheted bedspreads, pillowcases trimmed with handsome lace, precious old hymn-books, to trade for food for their children and grandchildren. Mrs. Musick sent them home with their arms full of jars of garden vegetables—and the treasures they had brought. When children died unnecessarily because of want, a funeral service preached by Marshall Musick soothed the angry pain.

Parson Musick was a man of peace and tolerance but the miners accepted him as a warm living man among men whose peaceful ways did not spring from a poor spirit. There was the time, for instance, when a certain husband took to bootlegging and then mistreated his protesting wife who happened to be Preacher Musick's oldest daughter Ruth. "I undertook to lick my son-in-law," he says simply.

Musick is a man whose competence in mining is only one of many stout strings to his bow. Starting with deep knowledge of the woods and fields of his

father's Virginia farm, going to roadmaking, then working in a barrel-stave mill where before the eight o'clock whistle he cooked fried chicken and biscuits for twenty men and washed the dishes, he proceeded to learn bricklaying, stone-masonry, carpentry. He boasted to his lovely, healthy young farm-girl wife before they married that they would always get along because "if one job fails I can always do another."

Making a Living

So Parson Musick took his one day of mining a week, filled it out with carpentry and timbering, farming, hunting. He cleared the coal operators' land in return for the privilege of transforming the acres into richly productive gardens. He and his three sons worked by the day on the farms of mine officials. The older son and he each earned a dollar a day and the younger sons fifty cents apiece—in scrip. Very few miners could learn the art the preacher knew of recognizing ginseng plants which grew rare and wild in the woods. Dried over the Musick stove, the roots of the ginseng brought seven dollars a pound from a Louisville drug house. The Musicks among them could sometimes find as much as two dollars' worth of ginseng on a good day.

But even for Parson Musick there began crises that could not be solved by ginseng. Months came when raising the few cash dollars to send two daughters to high school in Harlan town shortened the rations in the Musick home beyond the danger point.

The preacher stood in the company commissary one day and watched a miner at the scrip window asking for a dollar's credit. "My wife is in bed with a new baby," he said. "There's no food in the house and if my wife doesn't eat she can't feed the baby."

The bookkeeper told him there was no work credited to him against which he could draw.

"But I was in bed with tonsillitis on the last work-day," the miner explained.

The bookkeeper answered, "I know, but this is a matter of business."

The miner walked away, and though he was one of the toughest, hardest men in the mining camp the noise of his crying could be heard by the preacher, searching his own empty pocket, forty feet away. Three days later the baby died. Parson Musick did not forget that, nor the fact that the baby's father was a competent, loyal miner, unafraid of work.

Still, the mine operators thought the change in Marshall Musick was sudden when he rose to speak that night in June, 1933. Perhaps they should have

remembered the times the year before when the preacher had tried to organize neighborhood relief for destitute mining families. He had lined up small grocers who would grant the miners credit. Why didn't the operators remember what happened to the grocers, a thing that stuck in Marshall Musick's memory? For had not these same owners themselves, controlling the wholesale grocery business in Harlan, acted at once to put the small grocers out of business by cutting off their credit? . . .

It was at the first regular monthly "safety" meeting after the passage of N.I.R.A. and the manager of the company had been explaining what the Act would mean.

"It means that you men have a legal right now to join unions and bargain collectively," said Manager Lawson, cynically nicknamed "Uncle Bob." He added, "But just remember this. We have a right to hire the men we choose. And it just happens we won't choose to hire a man that chooses to join the union."

That, after his years of cooperating in a Christian spirit with the companies, somehow went too far for Marshall Musick. He had always thought laws were for good men to obey in spirit and in letter.

"And about these United Mine Workers," Uncle Bob went on. "If an organization is all this one claims to be, why does it have to distribute its literature at two o'clock in the morning?"

He went on to describe another kind of employee organization—a different, acceptable, type of union. When he had finished he asked remarks from the floor. Four or five foremen, bookkeepers and other salaried company mouthpieces spoke up and told of their perfunctory love for the company and hatred of unions. The miners sat glumly silent. Then Lawson said confidently, "I'm sure Parson Musick will have a valuable message for us tonight."

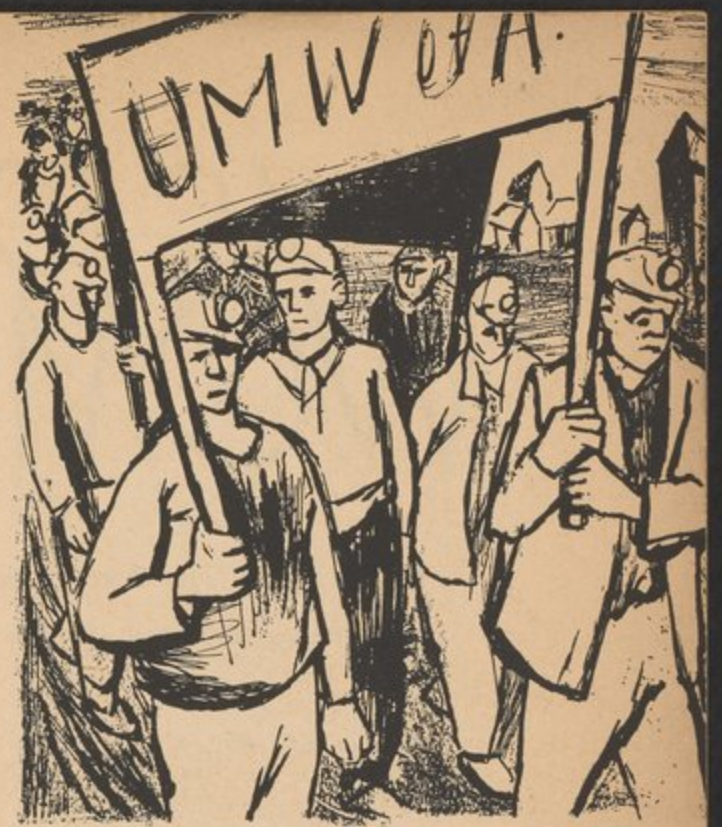
A Daniel to Judgment

Marshall Musick rose. "First I'll try to answer Mr. Lawson's question about why the United Mine Workers distribute their leaflets in the nighttime," he said. "My guess is that they figure they don't want to go so quick to the graveyard as Sheriff Blair would send them if he caught them."

The atmosphere in that little theatre auditorium changed like winter turning to sudden stormy summer. Musick went on calmly. "Mr. Lawson described some kind of organization we miners could join. I guess we've all been here long enough to



Marshall Musick preaches by his conscience and organizes for the United Mine Workers . . . The life-story of a people's leader in the county of company terror



know a company union when we hear tell of it. I want to say right now that I'd rather be kicked out of the county on the toe of somebody's boot than join a company union."

A sudden violent roar of voices, clapping hands and pounding feet, thundered through the hall. Lawson's florid face turned the color of concrete. Musick lifted his hand and added, "If I learn that joining the United Mine Workers will help my children and other miners' children I'm ready to join right now, even if they beat me for it."

In that week the name of Marshall Musick at the head of the list of union joiners led the names of 317 out of 327 eligible miners in his camp. Such was his potency as a threat to the Harlan hierarchy.

N.R.A. helped to deter the coal operators for a while from open violence. They had not fully developed their use of gunmen thugs for deputy sheriffs. Many of the men who were later to become deputies were still engaged in the moonshine rackets which had grown to such rich proportions during Prohibition. Under this outward lull, Marshall Musick preached and organized with great success.

A Chance for the People

To him there is nothing contradictory between being a minister of the gospel and an organizer for the United Mine Workers. Going into union work was a logical step in the straight process of his thinking which began when at seventeen he realized that some men never had a chance. As he saw it, looking around him in his first mining job in Virginia, the tragedy did not lie so much in the shocking conditions under which people lived as in the fact that they had never had any opportunity to get the health, the education, the vision, that would have made it possible for them to correct these conditions. They were licked before they started.

Religion was the only force he had met that seemed to offer any cure. He felt that as a preacher he would be able to promote a Christ-like consideration for the poor, the meek, the under-privileged, that he could promote the generous sharing of life's abundances. In the church to which he allied himself he could preach these tenets exactly as he felt them. For in his sect of the Baptist faith there are no "paid preachers." The minister owes no allegiance to any directive except his own conscience. This is the cornerstone of Parson Musick's life. He guards as his greatest treasure the freedom to preach

the word of God exactly as it comes to him.

In Harlan, once, in the days when he was regarded as a company man, he was asked to be the camp pastor. He agreed until the day he had to meet with a "committee on doctrine" whose members were coal company officials, to learn the prescribed—and proscribed—canons of faith in a mining camp "community church," supported by contributions cut from the miners' pay. At that point he walked calmly out and continued his preaching in churches off company territory.

Negro Support

Part of the preacher's solid base of worker support lies on the Negro side of the Harlan mining camps. It was the tremendous upheaval of applause from the Negroes in the balcony of the theatre when Parson Musick made his first pro-union speech that set off the fireworks and greyed the mine manager's face with fear. In Musick's denomination, which is largely in the South, Negroes are welcome; Negro ministers have equal voting power with whites in the policy-making conventions.

A church conclave was held at the Musick home in Harlan when the 1934 anti-union storms were brewing. Seventy-two delegates from freer air innocently enjoyed fried chicken which the parson had cooked by his own famous tenderizing process compounded of butter, steam, precise timing, and a native feeling for food. Most of the delegates hardly noticed the carloads of thugs, who by this time—Repeal having cut the profits of the moonshine racket—had been organized as anti-union deputy sheriffs by the coal operators. All day the cars drove past and men stared from them with puzzled suspicion at the gathering that packed the Musick house and yard. Parson Musick laughed to himself.

By November, 1934, Preacher Musick had stopped laughing at the continuous trailing, the sinister interference, of the deputy sheriffs. He had had many opportunities to learn that the legal machinery of the county offered him something quite different from protection. But it remained for the High Sheriff himself in that month of November, 1934, to put the fact into words.

Sheriff Middleton sent for the preacher to come to his office in Harlan's filthy, frightening courthouse. "Musick," he began abruptly, "you were always well thought of around the camps. You were a good man until you took up with this God-damned racketeering organization. Now you've

been around here long enough. I want you to get out of the county."

Musick answered him firmly. "I'm a good citizen. My home is here and I do my duty as a resident of Harlan County. I am not going to leave."

"Then all I can tell you is this," the High Sheriff said. "No matter what may happen to you or your family from now on, you needn't ask this office for any help."

But Marshall Musick was still in Harlan County, still preaching his gospel on Sunday and going about the perilous business of organizing on weekdays in the face of open terrorism, when his hip was fractured by the butt end of a submachine gun in a brutal pair of hands. For months he could not walk without crutches and to this day bad weather makes him limp.

He was still there, still organizing, in January, 1937. Musick and his wife were on a Sunday afternoon walk to visit a church member when bullets plowed into the highway all around them, grazing their bodies and pelting them with gravel.

Fighting the Terror

He did leave on the night of February 9, 1937, after two friends had warned him that he was to be killed, and his wife for the sake of their children's safety begged him to go. He took the train at eight o'clock for the town across the county line. Arriving there at nine, he learned that one of a barrage of bullets tearing into his house that night had killed his nineteen-year-old son, Bennett. His wife and a younger child had been wounded by flying fragments from a splintered porcelain door knob. Even an undertaker could not be found that night who dared to go across the line and get his boy's body. But it took the sheriff of this neighboring Bell County to hold Musick from going straight back into the unfinished terror that waited for him in Harlan County.

And after his family had been moved safely out of Harlan County, Preacher Musick did go back in—to organize. A thousand men had signed a petition asking him to come and represent the union among them in Cumberland, Harlan County, Kentucky. A call from a thousand men to do for them the work he had decided was the most effective way to help his fellow men could not go unanswered in Marshall Musick's life. For Parson Musick believes quite literally that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

AS TO WOMEN

How we can "buy democratic" . . . The
woman question and the world question

THE New York Times recently published a report that exports from Japan to this country had been cut down one-third by the people's boycott of Japanese goods. It has been proved for all time that such a method is an effective one to halt aid to an aggressor nation. The American women can take a great deal of credit to themselves for the effectiveness of the boycott.

But we often forget that there is another side to the boycott method. That is the economic aid to those democratic nations that are threatened by aggressor nations.

Some time ago Czechoslovakia signed a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States. Up to the present time the trade agreement has been in favor of the United States. Some change has been noticed in the last few months because the Japanese boycott has helped the sale of Czechoslovakian goods—goods which are much the same sort of things that we bought formerly from Japan. But the change has not been rapid enough. Moreover, certain sincere anti-Fascists have been boycotting goods from the Sudeten-German district in the belief that they were boycotting Nazi-made goods. Such is not the case. The Sudeten district is still part of Czechoslovakia and many of the German workers in that district are perfectly loyal to the Czech government. Such boycott actions have been instead a direct aid to the Henlein party, who have used the economic distress to further their own plans.

In addition to this sincere but mistaken boycott, Nazi propagandists in the United States have done their bit to shake the credit of Czechoslovakia. There have been well-authenticated stories of visits by Germans to certain importing-houses in this country suggesting that it would be bad business to place orders with firms in Czechoslovakia. "Czechoslovakia may collapse as a nation any time," they say. "How do you know they will be able to fill your orders? Even if they do not collapse as a nation, they are thoroughly disorganized and the war scare has endangered their credit."

Here the women who are interested in preserving Democracy have a very

important rôle to play. Christmas orders are already being placed. Czechoslovakian goods are mostly the kind that make great appeal at Christmas time. The Czechs have long been famous for their inexpensive linens, their glassware and their pottery. Their toys are known the world over. It is necessary that women not only buy Czechoslovakian goods already on sale, but ask their dealers to stock more against the coming of the Christmas season. Certainly this should be an easy thing to do. It has always been easier to persuade people to give help than to withhold help. We have seen how, even though it is more difficult, the Japanese boycott is being effective. We must show how, by buying these substitutes for Japanese goods from Czechoslovakia, we can aid a country fighting not only for its own Democracy but for European Democracy.

And in the act of buying it is just as well to tell the other women and the shopkeepers why you are buying Czechoslovakian goods.

I HAVE lived through many phases of the appeals for the rights of women. It has been the habit in the past to look on the woman problem as a separate problem, the solution of which would benefit only the oppressed women involved. But in the situation that the world is in today the problem has taken on the wide aspects that it should have had from the beginning. During this month three hundred women gathered in New York City to discuss the status of women throughout the world. The guest of honor was the Swedish member of the International Labor Order of the League of Nations Association, Madame Hesseltine, and the Chairman was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. During the presentation of the findings of a survey made of the status of women, the thought came out over and over again that the freedom of women was not just a woman question but part of the world-wide struggle for Democracy. And furthermore, the preservation and extension of Democracy were directly tied up with the entire peace movement.

—DOROTHY MCCONNELL

Jarama Ballad

(Continued from page 17)

We were melancholy for the officer's sake as we descended the hill to our Brigade Headquarters; which was, by the way, a palatial house that had once belonged to a manufacturer of indifferent mineral waters.

PABLO was always getting in my way after this. The very next day I caught him *cagando* in a sap that we were flinging out across the vineyard of death. The same afternoon three of our tanks came up the hill and their drivers explained that they were going to try out their repaired guns. Pablo worked like a demon to ease the tanks' way over the trenches, dragging rails and baulks and great rocks to lay in the trench. Then when the tanks had scratched their way over, tearing up the earth like leashed dogs, they opened fire. Almost at the first round we saw an enemy gun nest blow up, its baulks spinning through the air.

Pablo jumped up and sat on the sandbags, like a lady upon a horse. "More, more," he shouted, encouraging the deafened men inside the roaring machines. "More, more," he yelled, though the bullets were coming over in hissing swathes.

"God damn your evil eyes," I bawled, and dragged him headlong into the trench.

"They're all up," he protested, rubbing his bruised shoulder. It was true. That afternoon we lost two men who had climbed out of cover to get a better view of our tanks. The machines were new to us and the men were inordinately proud of them. Help was coming.

A day or two later Pablo was brought before me, for an offense that we regarded as serious enough. His fox hole had leaked during a heavy storm and this had reinforced the unobserved order about safe dugouts; he had begun to excavate a deeper one. A seam of unusually hard rock had hindered him and this he had attempted to remove by hacking a pit and exploding in it four or five hand grenades. The crash had naturally startled the night watch and caused the whole sector to open fire into the lifeless night. Besides this he had blown up about ten feet of the firestep and breastworks.

I rebuked him as severely as I knew how, but could think of no punishment. To fine him was useless, he invariably gave half his money away, they said. He never spoke of family or relations.

"You will rebuild the firestep and trench," I said at last.

"Why, of course, comrade," he agreed, nodding.

"And do an extra hour per day in the new sap, for a week."

"Just as you say," he answered, shrugging. "That's nothing."

"I think less of you, Pablo," the

schoolmaster Muñoz said, shaking his head; the man was abashed.

"I meant no harm," he mumbled.

Pablo had not seated himself upon the sandbags out of bravado, or because he was indifferent to danger, nor yet because he was stupid. He was not stupid. In those days we were doing our best to get rid of illiteracy among the troops. In the 97th, over seventy per cent of our men could neither read nor write. The Commissar of Pablo's battalion was an energetic young anarchist, and encouraged by the Captain, had organized the digging of a very large dugout to serve as the Battalion school. I was so pleased with his effort that I offered my watch, as a prize for the first peasant to compose and write a letter to the Central Commissariat in Madrid. Pablo won the watch with a long letter which needed no correction, except the deletion of certain over vigorous expressions. His speech was always racy, though never blasphemous. I remember once when I was rebuking him for non-fulfillment of certain minor orders. I said, "The other comrades have cleaned their rifles and swept their dugouts."

"One ox *caga* more than a hundred house-martens," he replied, meaning that the little things were unimportant if one performed the big. He had just accomplished a successful one-man bombing raid.

"Come now, don't despise your comrades."

"I don't," he flared; it was the only time I saw him show anger. He always obeyed, but in that moment he revealed that in him the sense of hierarchy was entirely missing. Doubtless in his village "beyond the mountains," generations of hierarchy had been unworthy of respect and now he could not create in himself a new tradition. He had his own traditions, however.

A WEEK or so later I came down to breakfast a little late, to find the Brigade Staff commenting on a ballad that was being passed from hand to hand. They gave it to me at once, since I was credited with the keenest interest in books. The ballad was signed Pablo —; I have completely forgotten his surname. At the time I did not think of the troublesome Pablo as the composer of the ballad.

There were defects in the ballad, in its meter and rhyming scheme; but when it had been sung for a few months and a hundred judgments had corrected it, it would be an authentic romance, as good as anything in the *Romancero*. I was excited by this, for in it was the sonority and weight of the authentic folk poem. True, it bore a name, but that was because its writer was now literate; in any sense, I knew that unless the ballad were recorded in the volume being prepared in Madrid, it would soon be anonymous, like those of the Middle Ages. It was not recorded,

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Oil. And with oil, imperialism and Fascism. This is the story of our South American neighbor where the ghost of Dictator Gomez rules . . . And at first the people were afraid to talk to the strange new kind of Yankee visitors. When they did, they spoke of freedom

Venezuela - Land of Oil

By Jean Lyon

OIL. THAT'S all you hear as an American in Venezuela. "I'm with Gulf. What's your company?" . . . "Glad to meet you. My husband is Socony. What's yours?"

You can't be an American in Venezuela for more than a week without being branded as an oil person.

Even in the bus, where there were no other North Americans, the people thought we were in oil. "No," we said. "We aren't." Well, what else do Americans come here for if not for oil? they wanted to know. These were workers, traveling to market . . . or home from market . . . or to the next town to visit a grandmother.

I had to save a woman's pigeons from being sat upon by a fat man before the bus would believe us when we said we weren't "petroleros."

Oil. "We do the work. The rich boss *Yanquis* get the money."

"What do they mean, they do the work? We're developing their country for them. Don't they live off our oil taxes? Where would they be without foreign capital? Where would they be without our technical skill?"

"But they develop oil. Only oil. There are no other industries. What do we get from it? Jobs. Lousy jobs. They won't give us jobs where we can learn the technical skills. When the oil is gone to make some rich man in New York richer, what will Venezuela have? Nothing. A lot of workers sick with malaria. Some government buildings. But what will the people have? Not even farms."

Oil.

And with oil, Fascism.

Afraid to Talk

At first people wouldn't talk to us about the Fascism part of it. They were afraid to talk. They

would talk about oil. They would talk about Gomez, the hated dictator who died in 1935. But they wouldn't talk about the current government except in platitudes. "Well," they might say, "at least there are no tortures in the prisons now." And that was all.

In that same bus, when we were riding to the llanos, an old man and a young man got on at a turn in the road where there was a mud-walled thatched-roof house surrounded by a cactus fence. The old man carried a guitar. The young man held a pair of black gourd rattles.

Everyone in the bus urged the old man to sing. He began strumming his guitar, and the young man beat time with the rattles. The old man sang a story. There was not much tune to it, and his voice was cracked. His head nodded on the beats between verses.

Song of Venezuela

It was the story of Venezuela. It began with the Spanish conquerors. The people in the bus who had been talking and joking all afternoon, sat quiet. They clapped for the stanza about Bolivar, the Liberator. They grinned as the story reached Gomez. They were expecting something good. And they got it . . . wisecracks for five stanzas about the man they all hated. Everyone joined in the applause. Everyone was laughing. The ones nearest the singer slapped him on the back and said, "*Hombre*, what a song!"

But the song ended with Gomez. It ended with December, 1935.

People were afraid to sing and to talk about 1936 and 1937 and 1938. When we'd say, "And now, how is it?" they would shrug their shoulders and change the subject.



These Venezuelan women marched recently in a protest demonstration against press censorship

After we made friends, they began to talk. But they took us out to remote hillsides to tell us . . . or they whispered.

"I wouldn't trust that dark fellow who sits near you in the hotel dining-room," one of our friends said. And we closed the door of our room and whispered, after that, when we wanted to use such words as "imperialism," and "Democracy," and "labor movement."

A Leader in Hiding

One night we met one of the leaders of a suppressed united-front party between liberals, democrats, and radicals. I cannot tell you his name. He is supposed to be in exile. We were taken in a circuitous route, under cover of night. We were led up dark stairs in a strange house. We waited there until he came—we never knew from where or by what conveyance. We talked with shutters tightly closed, and with ears attuned to every little sound and creak at the doors and windows.

For a year and a half this man has been moving about only at night. He must always obscure his trail. He must not live in the same house for long. The reason?

In the exuberance of the new day which followed the death of Gomez—a period of six months which our friend fondly called the "honeymoon of Democracy"—liberals and radicals amalgamated their parties in order to insure the election of democratic officials—to make certain that Gomez didn't rise again. But their faith in the new day was soon dashed. They were suddenly cut short. There had been a strike in the oil fields. A general strike had occurred. The workers were organizing and growing articulate. And in the local Caracas election

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IN STEP WITH LABOR

Labor conventions act for a positive peace policy . . . Our resolution to quarantine the Japanese militarists

THE end of the summer and the beginning of fall will see many state labor conventions assembled in this country. It is imperative that the American League branches and Trade Union Committees in the different cities and states reach these conventions with our position on the questions of peace and the defense of labor's rights. A good beginning was made at the Massachusetts A.F. of L. Convention, which adopted a resolution calling for concerted action to quarantine the aggressors and supporting the policy outlined in President Roosevelt's October 5th speech. It is also important that League branches and Trade Union Committees in the cities where these conventions are held make every effort to get a speaker to the convention who can present our position on the question of peace.

THE National Trade Union Department of the American League for Peace and Democracy is circularizing all of the trade unions throughout the country with a resolution which asks the United States Government to adopt legislation preventing the shipment of U. S. war materials to the Japanese militarists. Many labor leaders in the A.F. of L., C.I.O. and the Railroad Brotherhoods have spoken in favor of stopping such shipments to Japan. Numerous trade union organizations have already adopted resolutions of a similar nature. It is important that the entire trade union movement of the United States get behind this campaign so that the incoming U. S. Congress will know labor's stand on the Japanese aggression in China. We ask all branches to familiarize themselves with this resolution and see that the trade unions in their territories adopt it and mail it back to us, so that we can present the returns to the opening sessions of Congress.

The resolution which is being circularized follows:

WHEREAS: Japanese militarists now in control of Japan are waging an undeclared war and employing tactics such as bombing civilian populations and killing eight thousand people in the city of Canton in one week and tens

of thousands in other parts of China; and

WHEREAS: Scrap iron, oil and other war materials leave the ports of the United States for Japan daily to be manufactured into cannons, bombs and other war equipment to carry on the war of aggression; and

WHEREAS: It is an open secret that Japanese interests in the United States are trying to negotiate loans and commercial credits in this country to be used in killing more innocent people; and

WHEREAS: The Japanese militarists, repudiated by the Japanese people in the last free elections, have now put into effect the Industrial Mobilization and Conscription of Labor Act and suppressed labor unions in order to put the entire burden of the war on the Japanese workers; and

WHEREAS: The United States Government has branded Japan as the aggressor nation in the present Sino-Japanese conflict and has repeatedly protested against the merciless bombings of undefended Chinese cities, the brutal slaying of Chinese noncombatants and the destruction of American missions and hospitals;

Therefore, be it resolved, That Local No. _____ Name _____ urges the government of the United States to enact legislation to prevent the material and financial resources of this country from being used directly or indirectly to aid Japan in her conquest of China.

IT IS important for members of trade unions to know to what extent American sources have been supplying Japan with the essentials for waging war. An excellent pamphlet has been published on this vital issue by the American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression. This pamphlet, which is called *America's Shame in Japan's War Guilt*, should be read by every man, woman and child in the country.

One interesting fact divulged in this pamphlet stands out "like a sore thumb." It is that 54.4 per cent of the materials essential to Japan for carrying on the war in China come from American sources!

—A. E. EDWARDS

On the Farm

(Continued from page 21)

problems. Only two months ago the subject for study by these councils was "Democracy or Dictatorship?—The Answer Depends on You!" It was one of the most lively-discussed questions yet approached.

These council members are but a few of the thousands of Ohio Farm Bureau members who are waiting impatiently for assistance in the formation of new councils. It is estimated there will be a thousand or more groups meeting regularly within another year. Similar groups, following the Ohio pattern, are forming in other states.

At a Farm Convention

Five thousand representatives of eighty-four County Farm Bureaus in the state, attending the nineteenth annual convention of the Ohio Farm Bureau last November, included the following among their resolutions:

Inasmuch as some of our neighboring nations are in the strong grip of another devastating war that is endangering the future peace and security of all nations, we recommend that we inculcate peace sentiment in all our lines of work; that we advocate the teachings of Christian brotherhood in economic matters; that we favor co-operation rather than competition, and also international trade. Believing that co-operatives are the economic foundations of world peace, we would bring the spirit of co-operation into the economic life of the world by the application of Christianity through the co-operative movement.

We furthermore urge that there be developed an effective educational peace program against war which will stimulate a definite peace action not only among the masses of people, but also among those government officials in whose hands our destiny may be determined, and which will maintain a constant vigilance that is of paramount importance at this critical time. We also urge all nations to practice good neighbor policies which, if carried out, will do much toward attaining the goal of World Peace.

Thirty youth councils, in as many counties, have memberships ranging from thirty-five to two hundred, and the attainment of a warless world is often recognized in their discussions as one of the paramount objectives of co-operative economic action. Nearly eleven hundred high school seniors participated last year in the third annual essay-oration contest sponsored by the Ohio Farm Bureau; three subjects were offered from which each participant chose his or her own, and more than half of the group selected "Economic Practices That Lead to War."

In two previous annual essay projects, the peace topic was likewise chosen by more than the proportionate number of participants.

Week-end Conferences

At many week-end camps and conferences, held for adults, youth, co-op managers and employees and other groups, under the auspices of the Ohio Farm Bureau, war and peace and

Democracy and Fascism are always discussed—but not simply as desirable or undesirable concepts. Uppermost is the question as to what can be done about them, and whether what is done will be a permanent forward step or an ephemeral gesture.

Coöperative Movement

Thus the organized farmers of Ohio, and also those of most of the other agricultural regions, are making their daily effort to build, rather than merely to campaign, for peace. Their front line of offense, if we may have the privilege of such a figure in this article, is the ever increasing number of coöperative purchasing and marketing associations, with their ever expanding fields of service. In Ohio alone, eighty-four county Farm Bureau coöperatives, owned and operated by the farmers themselves, and maintaining 112 service stores and warehouses, supplied nearly 100,000 farms last year with about \$15,000,000 worth of commodities.

The farmer is facing many local and national problems, of course, as well as those of international import. Most of them—including too high costs of supplies, surpluses, too low prices for his products, and numerous others related to these—are basically economic problems. They have their root causes in the same economic malady—the quest for private profit and its confederate, the lack of Democracy in economic control.

Farmers are rapidly joining the throng of those who see that these problems contribute to each other, that in working for the coöperative solution of one they are helping to solve the others, that none of them can be solved separately and alone. Legislation and, to a certain extent, political action are being used as temporary transitional expedients. The crop reduction provisions of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, designed to peg prices for the farmer, have at least one temporary justification: While industry and labor and the professions are still working zealously to maintain scarcity of their services and thus hold prices up, agriculture cannot be expected to promote abundance, and thus still further increase the disparity between income and necessary expenditures.

Toward a Healthy World

Likewise, the Pact of Paris, which outlaws war, is valuable in that it influences those persons who form their attitudes and make their decisions in the light of social and political judgments. But these legal pronouncements are but relief and partial assistance. Their founders, their adherents, their opponents are pawns—voluntary or involuntary—of economic forces. The democratic control of these economic forces will change the health, the spirit, the mind, the body of world society.

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BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Russell Thayer

THE JANUARY CONGRESS—Plans are afoot in League branches for making the extraordinary Congress, January 6th-8th, the most effective League Congress ever held. The United States Congress will convene on January 9th, and we have an exceptional opportunity for formulating a policy which can be offered to the U.S. Congress and which we are confident the American people will support. The present Neutrality Act expires at the end of January, 1938, and we have the opportunity of helping to formulate a new American policy on foreign affairs and peace. The National Labor Relations Board and the Wagner Act are under reactionary attack as are expenditures for relief purposes, and we can give a great deal of support to these measures.

The Call to the Congress is being issued early in September. Suggestions from branches and individual friends of the League for making the extraordinary Congress extraordinarily successful are welcome.

THE Chicago Nazi Bund was prevented from holding a "heiling-fest" at Riverview Park recently, due to the pressure from trade union, religious and democratic organizations and prominent individuals which caused the management to reexamine the application of the purported "German-American business men" who had rented the grounds. The Chicago Bund a few months ago endorsed the threat of the Silver Shirts' leader to assassinate President Roosevelt.

MYRA HAYES will be back from Mexico this month with what by advance accounts is an extremely interesting story of the development in that country of the progressive and labor peace movement. She will combine organizational work with speaking engagements, and plans to remain for several days in cities where she will speak, in order to give the fullest assistance to branches.

THE Cincinnati Committee, as we have reported before, has a cooperative buying adjunct which is known as the Progressive Buyers' Club. Recently they have added dry-cleaning and pressing to the list, which includes gasoline, oil, coal and many other consumers'

goods. The League Committee gets ten per cent of the proceeds on all sales made through this cooperative—constituting a major source of the Committee's income. All of the services used are fully investigated by the League before their inclusion in the Buyers' Club list.

FRANK KAI MING SU, the Chinese writer and editor who has been on a speaking and organizing tour for the China Aid Councils, has done particularly valuable work in making contact with people with prestige in the communities he has visited. He received assurance of cooperation from Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, Mayor Scully of Pittsburgh and Eleanor Ferry of the Pennsylvania Labor Relations Board.

THE REV. HERMAN F. REISSIG has returned from Paris, where, with A. A. Heller and Theodore Dreiser, he was a League delegate to the Conference for Action on the Bombardment of Open Towns and the Restoration of Peace. The Conference was held under the auspices of the International Peace Campaign and sponsored also by the World Committee against War and Fascism and the International Co-

ordination Committee for Aid to Republican Spain. Mr. Reissig reports that the Conference, attended by about one thousand delegates from thirty-four countries, truly showed the power of the democratic peoples if properly exercised for peace and Democracy. A set of resolutions has been received from Mr. Reissig which should be helpful to all organizations in doing effective work for halting the monstrous cruelty of war on civilian women and children.

WE WANT to thank W. C. Kelly of Miami, Florida, who is undertaking the task of building the League in that city. Mr. Kelly for over a year has acted as secretary of the Medical Bureau and North American Committee Chapter and will continue in that position, but the need for a broad peace movement as well in Miami was recognized by a number of enthusiastic League members.

THE way in which the China Aid Councils are able to break into new territory is well illustrated by the success of our work in Arkansas. There are no League branches in the state, but Mrs. John A. Gosnell, who is a resident of Arkansas, discussed with us while she was in New York the matter

of organization and fund-raising—and upon her return proceeded to set up Councils in a score of cities and towns. A reception and musicale was held first in Little Rock, and among those present were Bishop Roots and his daughter Frances Roots, who had just returned from China.

DOROTHY McCONNELL, secretary of the Women's Department, is on a short tour of the Middle West and meetings have been arranged by the new Women's Committees in Cleveland and Detroit.

NEW JERSEY STATE COMMITTEE has under way a project for a League School, to last for eight weeks, in which the program of the League and organizational problems will be covered, as well as techniques in drawing up resolutions, leaflets, press statements, etc., and contacting of prominent persons and organizations outside the League. The purpose is to train organizers and speakers for the League. They also have under way a play contest and are planning meetings throughout the state on September 25th, the Anniversary of the Bill of Rights; October 10th, Chinese Independence Day; October 25th, the anniversary of the Dedication of the Statue of Liberty, and November 11th, Armistice Day.

LOS ANGELES WOMEN'S COMMITTEE is conducting a campaign for funds for the peace work of the League and for Austrian refugees, and has already received contributions for these two purposes amounting to \$535. They have organized a series of chain luncheons and estimate that they can reach ten thousand new people on this drive. As you know, the National Office should receive all funds collected for Austrian refugees. We will in turn forward them to the President's Committee for Aid to Political and Religious Refugees.

BETH CUNNINGHAM, field organizer for the American League and the China Aid Councils, has returned from a successful tour of New England and is now working in New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania. She will attend a number of religious conferences in New England and will later go on a three-month tour of the South.



Mayor James Law buys the first tag for China Aid in Madison, Wisconsin

YOUTH NOTES

ALTHOUGH the World Youth Congress held at Vassar last month is over, it is still too early to completely assay its value. The true importance of the Congress will be felt only after the delegates return to their countries and start to put into effect the results of their deliberation.

There can, however, be no question that the Congress will have a tremendous influence on the course of the youth peace movement in America. It should serve as a powerful answer to those who still think that America can solve all her international problems behind a Chinese wall of big armaments and Neutrality Acts. Certainly the British and French delegations were living proofs of the fact that within the great democracies there are powerful forces capable of sincere devotion to the task of maintaining and defending peace and Democracy.

A valuable by-product of the Congress is the tour undertaken by the Chinese and Spanish delegations to acquaint the youth of America with the courageous part being played by their brothers and sisters in the war-torn countries of the world. These delegations can be of inestimable value if their visits are followed by intensive efforts to capitalize on the enthusiasm aroused, by close organizational attention to drawing in those individuals whose first participation in the peace movement may have been in connection with a reception arranged for the delegations.

The welcoming meeting at the New York Randall's Island stadium was a brilliant example of applied initiative and imagination. The huge and colorful pageant, the vastness of the assemblage, the prominence of the speakers, and in general the breadth and courage that characterized the entire undertaking, should serve as an inspiration for the entire American youth and progressive movement. The arrangements committee for the meeting certainly demonstrated that it *can* be done.

FLASH—The American League Congress assembles on January 6th in Washington, D. C. Let us organize for the biggest youth delegation yet.

MAY I take a few lines of this column to announce to our readers that I have resigned my secretaryship of the Youth Department to take up work in

other fields. The four and a half years I have spent with the American League have been fruitful years, and to have seen the youth movement in America grow during this time from almost zero to a powerful factor in our country has been a great privilege. I want to thank all our friends everywhere for the coöperation which they have extended to the Youth Department; and in introducing our new secretary, Regina Rakoczy, I am confident that the same coöperation will be extended to her in our work.

Miss Rakoczy's experience both with the American League for Peace and Democracy and in youth organizations should get her off to a flying start in her new post. As far back as 1934 she was learning the problems of the American League in one of the best ways—by serving as organizer for the McKinley Square Branch in New York City. The branch, she relates, was composed in the majority of young people. Somewhat later she was Bronx Borough Organizer for the League.

About this time Miss Rakoczy joined the Young Women's Christian Association and soon became active in the work of this leading youth organization. She served on the Branch Members Council and was sent as a delegate to the Eastern Region Summer Conference of the Y.W.C.A. Her activities in the "Y" have been various, she tells, and she names some of them as: chairman of the International and Peace Commission, captain in the Fund Campaign, member of the planning committee for the Business and Professional Conference.

Two years ago Miss Rakoczy was sent as a representative to the New York Metropolitan Membership Assembly, a city-wide body which meets to discuss current questions—local, domestic and foreign—of interest to the "Y" members. This Assembly recommends measures to the New York City Board of the Y.W.C.A., and sponsors courses to educate the general membership on the association's program. Miss Rakoczy has been secretary of the Assembly, as well as a member of its Program Committee.

She is at present president of the Branch Members Council and was a delegate to the Biennium National Convention of the Y.W.C.A. held this year at Columbus, Ohio.

—JAMES LERNER

Jarama Ballad

(Continued from page 24)

but I do not doubt it is still being sung in those far-off Jarama trenches.

It recorded the hazards of Pablo —, in escaping from the tyranny of his home town, where a terrible Vigilance had been created. He had run fifty leagues over night-hidden hills, living on what he could obtain from fields and village corrals. Then, reaching Toledo, he had dared to ask help of "friends who conversed darkly in a corner" and had been given a pistol and money, and had been told to hide in a shed upon a market garden outside the city. During the early hours of the following night, two others had arrived and fumbled at the door. They had been at "the point of death that was not delivered" from Pablo's pistol, when he had thought of saluting them. "Salud," he had said and they had replied, "Salud." They were communist wreckers and had with them dynamite; in the shed their equipment was stored. Together they had blown up a railway bridge, after which Pablo had continued his journey. The last stanza described how he had crawled through the vineyard of death and cried, being then twenty paces from the Loyalist lines, "Do not fire, brothers, a brother calls," and had put his arms above his head and scrambled into the trench and wept. All the brothers had wept, and kissed him, and had brought him a bowl of soup and a skin of wine. The ballad had been written by "your Pablo," the officers told me.

The explosive bullets were cracking in the barranco as I mounted to the lines. Streams of metal were flying overhead. I asked what was the cause of this display and was answered, "Somebody hung a dummy of Franco on a tree in the enemy lines."

"In their lines?"

"Yes, on an olive tree that overhangs their trench. There were grenades in it and when they pulled it down it exploded."

The culprit was Pablo, I knew; after that ballad I could believe any hazard of him. I had, like everyone else, accepted the ballad as true.

I found him sitting in a bay talking with a group of comrades. "You hung up that dummy," I began.

"No, comrade," he answered, blinking his little black eyes.

"Who else could have done it, confess! You blew up the railroad bridge, didn't you?"

"That was proper, comrade. Hanging dummies in the enemy lines is improper."

"Goddam you, you know perfectly well you did it," my exasperation was giving way to amusement. I began to smile, at which Pablo grinned.

"Ha ha ha," he burst out and all the others laughed.

"Demonio," I said, "let that be the

last time."

"Oh no, comrade, it wasn't me, comrade," he protested, completely serious again.

"Burn your evil eyes," I shouted, and then I remembered Muñoz's manner of impressing the man. "Pablo, I'm ashamed of you; I have no affection for you at all."

It produced not the slightest effect on him: he ran his fingers over his shaven chin and shook his head, and then caressed his perfectly clean rifle. "The comrade is mistaken," he remarked, as if to himself, "in fact, the comrade officer does not tell the truth . . . on this occasion. Now as for me, I am doubtless capable of much that is to be condemned, but not of denying my esteem for a good comrade officer."

I did not doubt that was how he felt about me; but the cajolery was flagrant. Nevertheless I could not resist it.

"Tell me about this ballad, did you write it?"

"I made it up; these comrades helped. We sang it and I wrote it down." Tremendous pride sounded in his last remark.

"You sing it, what tune do you use?"

"Any tune that fits the words."

"Let's hear it then." The four of them bunched together, while one of them sang. At one stanza there was an outburst from Pablo and one other, "knocked at the miller's door," Pablo insisted. That was the concreteness of the peasant in him, it must be the miller's door, not just any door, because it had *been* the miller's door.

"And all this is true?" I asked, when they had finished, but I knew it was the truth.

His companions spoke up. "All of it, and much more."

"Where is your town?"

"Beyond the mountains, in a town."

"Ah, you're not Señor Don Pablo of the Half Moon then!" I said.

"No, there's a Pedro Luna in our town!"

"Tell me, how did you get through the enemy's lines?"

"He stole a basket of eggs in San Martín de la Vega and gave a sergeant five to let him sell them in the trenches, didn't you, Pablo? Then when no one was looking he climbed over and ran to the sunken road."

"You're lucky there is a sunken road."

"Yes, I stayed in it till they got tired of watching for me. There's a dead man on it, long dead. I left my rosary with him."

I put out my hand and he took it, grinning. I knew he was thinking of my adoption of the schoolmaster's method.

"I rode all one night on a horse, that I found," he continued, with no trace of pride in his voice. "It rained all night, small rain. When I came to a town without lights, I was afraid the horse's shoes would awaken people and



I got down and sent her back. But she followed me round the edge of the town; I was frightened when I heard her breathing; she snorted and I began to run and she trotted after me. So I rode her again. I tied her up when it grew light, and went on. Ah, comrades, I often think of that mare, she was a pleasant animal and very sympathetic to poor Pablo. *Demonio*, how she scared me, snorting in the darkness.

"It's not in the ballad."

"No, it wouldn't go in; nor the woman, the comrades said it wasn't proper for a ballad."

"What woman, *demonio*, what's this about a woman?"

"It's nothing," the others exclaimed and I could not persuade them to tell me. Pablo wished to do so I saw, but they had had a share in the ballad making and this had established their joint possession of the adventure. I never found out about the woman.

I left them, but was stopped in the next bay by a young officer who asked my advice about the blockhouse he was constructing there. It was a good blockhouse, but I feared he had not sufficiently masked it. If the enemy brought up any of those anti-tank guns we had heard about, it would be destroyed at once and everyone in it. I was forced to tell him this, and he was very downcast.

Suddenly Pablo and his friends began to laugh. "Poum!" I heard Pablo shout, imitating the sound of an explosion. I dashed round the corner and pointed at him. "Now say you didn't hang up the dummy!"

"Ah no, comrade," he said, "it was one of those *bandidos indisciplinados*."

"You are an undisciplined bandit, and you are alive today merely because of good luck, my friend," I shouted and returned to the Battalion headquarters.

So far Pablo had had luck. His evasion of enemy vigilance in his great journey, the blowing up of the railway bridge, and other incidents I learned about, were instances of fantastic luck

and serene indifference to strain. His luck held during the foolhardy hazard he took four days later, when the enemy came over. The blockhouses which should have held the enemy off proved not to have been properly masked and were soon put out of action; though after the first was hit I withdrew all the machine gun teams from them. But a couple of the enemy got near enough to occupy a shell hole near two fallen olive trees. Pablo went out, under our fire, with a revolver and a pocketful of grenades. Counting "one, two," he tossed a bomb into the shell hole and came back, very happy.

"We can make another ballad," he said, grinning, when Muñoz mildly rebuked him.

AT THE end of April Pablo was wounded, shot cleanly through the right side of the breast. The machine gun bullet, which was not explosive, bored straight through the lung and emerged through a broken shoulder-blade. The wound was serious but not likely to prove fatal. The man with him, an old peasant of the town of Arganda, was killed instantly, by a stream of bullets that filled his chest.

The peasant was a civilian, dressed in old velveteen trousers and jacket, with a great blue belt wrapped around his waist; hook-nosed, half bald; eyes bloodshot from a lifetime of sweating under a braising sun. He was the chief of the group of peasants which had been sent by the landworker's syndicate of Arganda, to collect the olives that still hung, blue-black and wrinkled, even upon the bullet-shattered trees in the line itself.

The delegation began their work at the bottom of the hill, in absolute safety, except for shell fire and the stray bullets that are not fired by any man, I swear. They come suddenly, hissing softly out of the sky, and pluck up the little stones and sputter the dust around one. And the enemy is a mile away over a great hill. It is the most unpleasant phenomenon of war I know.

The delegation of old men and boys worked up the hill towards the splintered trees and there they should have stopped. The Commissar had omitted to fix a limit for their work and they came too near the line, and climbed too high in the tree. Pablo, from the first, had spent most of his off watch helping them. He and the old peasant were standing among the boughs of a big *zorzaño* olive, when the enemy gunner saw them. He must have seen them, though the Commissar insisted it was parabolic fire: the first burst of fire toppled the old man upon the bare earth behind the trench. Pablo crouched down on the bough and hung on until the comrades lifted him down.

As soon as I heard that Pablo was wounded I hurried to the dressing station. He smiled as he saw me, and addressed me lightheartedly.

"I climbed too high, comrade," he said in a low voice.

"You shouldn't have climbed high, and be quiet," I answered, kneeling by him.

"I wanted to get the ripe olives," he explained, but that was a lie; for all the olives were long overripe. They should have been picked at the latest by January and this was April. Even the least ripe were far too full of glycerine to make good oil; but Madrid was hungry, then. I supposed I must have smiled skeptically, for he made a little grimace and continued, with difficulty.

"No, that wasn't true . . . I forgot all about the war . . . we had three trees at home . . . beyond the mountains . . . fine trees. There were very beautiful bunches at the top . . ."

I bent down and kissed his cheek and his hand touched mine and I took it. "You'll soon be back, famous hanger of dummies."

"No comrade, I never . . ." he whispered, and the old stubbornness showed weakly in his eyes. Then the stretcher bearers came and I kissed him again and he was carried away.

I NEVER saw Pablo again. I was told he was still convalescing when I was ordered to this sector on the Aragon front. I sometimes thought of writing to him, but I do not remember his surname. I might have written to Comrade Pablo at the hospital, or even to the Brigade on the Jarama line. But there are so many Pablos, thousands of Pablos are fighting against the invaders; and I was busy for months training new Pablos into fighting men. I could have written to the Commissar, but I did not think of that until months after. Pablo will still be fighting on the Jarama front or somewhere, on a mountain slope of our Spain, and I suppose he will still be hanging up effigies and exasperating Chiefs of Operations; and from time to time he will be thinking of the three olive trees beyond the mountains.



On the Farm

(Continued from page 26)

How will it work? In coöperatives, each person has only one vote. No one owns a large share of the capital. Earnings are returned to members in proportion to patronage. Reserves are set up for expansion. By these simple rules the unsocial, destructive expression of the selfishness of any one individual is eliminated. Yet, the inherent and constructive selfishness of all is organized and protracted for the good of all.

Education, a slow and sometimes disturbing process, is the crux of any sort of democratic action. People must understand in order to act effectively. And they are learning. They are clamoring for more knowledge. They will clamor for more worthy knowledge as exploitive temptations are reduced. With approximately 100,000,000 families already members of the movement in thirty-nine countries of the world, there seems to be a ray of light proclaiming the coming dawn. Without waiting, though, Midwest farmers are plodding along, and beckoning to their fellow-workers in the factory and mill and office to join them, to reconstruct society through Democratic Economic Coöperation. The ultimate fruit, they believe, will be lasting prosperity, security and peace.

Venezuela

(Continued from page 25)

for aldermen, seventeen liberals had been elected out of a total of twenty-two. So the government took measures. The strikes were broken by the government. The students were disbarred from political activity. The united-front party was declared illegal. And over fifty of its leaders were ordered into exile.

The legal ground for the exiling and the closing of the party was "Communism." The Venezuelan constitution has a Section 6, Article 32, which makes it illegal for a Venezuelan to belong to a "foreign political party." And the Communist Party is labeled a "foreign political party." So the government found it a simple matter to "prove" that anyone who was anti-Administration or pro-labor was a "Communist." Most of those exiled, we gathered from the things people told us, were about as close to the Communist Party as is any progressive-minded American.

Our friend was supposedly exiled along with the rest. But he hasn't been caught. He refuses to leave the country until he is caught. The remains of the broken united-front movement must be held together, he feels, even though it must be done secretly and in the dead of night.

This same man spent most of his twenties in exile, under Gomez. Now,

in his thirties, he is still hiding. I marvelled at the fight left in him. He can even laugh. I'm sure I couldn't.

Hope for Venezuela

He is certain that there will be Democracy some day in Venezuela. This is what he told us: The government, to be sure, has shown a pro-Fascist hand—by its suppression of free speech; by its suppression of the united-front party; by its exiling of liberal leaders; by tying the hands of the workers; by limiting the powers of the labor union; by entertaining officially representatives of Franco, and forbidding the representatives of the Spanish government even to land on the coast of Venezuela. Evidences of its pro-Fascist tendencies pile up higher each month. The oil companies—American, British, Dutch—all play partners with the government. The only newspaper distributed in some of the oil camps, our friend said, is a pro-Fascist, pro-government sheet. Rumor has it, he said, and on good reason, that an American oil company is financially backing this newspaper. The government wants to please the oil companies because it exists on their taxes. And the oil companies want to please the government because they consider it "stable"—with Lopez Contreras in the presidency there will be no worry about expropriation. Oil and Fascism are working hand-in-glove, our friend told us.

But Socony and Gulf and Shell are not the United States. And that is where he finds hope. Lopez Contreras wants to remain in favor at Washington. A South American country cannot ignore the power to the north of it. And the people of the United States believe in Democracy. Our friend pins his hope on the democratic United States.

The next day after we had talked with him, the wife of another of the exiles showed me two newspaper clippings dated within the same week. One announced the extension of the period of exile for her husband and his colleagues for another year. "It will always be another year and another year and another year," she said. The other clipping stated that President Lopez Contreras had sent word to President Roosevelt that he would welcome the political exiles from Austria to his country. "That is so that the United States will think Venezuela is a democratic country," she said bitterly.

The Contreras Government

There are people in Venezuela who still think the Contreras government is building a Democracy. Among them are some of the Americans who say that Contreras is doing more for the people than Gomez did. "True," the wife of the exile said when I told her, "but anything would be better than Gomez."

Among them, too, are some of the old anti-Gomez people. They spent their years of martyrdom in Gomez prisons, in irons, and under tortures. They were freed when he died. And many of them were given jobs by the new government. Their hopes ran high. It was a new day. It was Democracy, after a lifetime of one of the cruelest dictatorships in history. And then they saw their more fiery friends exiled, their new party suppressed, some of their newly won allies scurrying back in fright to the government banners. They were tired. It was good to be home and out of jail. And they began to say, "But Democracy can't be built in a day. We must be patient." And they keep their jobs and close their mouths.

But they are an element in the government for hope. The fight may be gone from them at the moment. But eight and nine years in prison for the democratic cause cannot be wiped out in two and a half years. They will remember, and some of them will be democrats when Democracy has a chance to come into the open again.

A Liberal Senator

The few liberals who went into office on the tide of popular elections during "Democracy's honeymoon" are another source of hope. One liberal senator was jailed this spring for exposing prison conditions in the paper *Ahora*, which is the one remaining liberal paper that has been able to live despite the heavy fines exacted upon it for "Communist propaganda." The senator was sentenced to two weeks in jail for his exposé. But he made a second exposé at the end of the two weeks, based on his experience. He was sentenced to a second imprisonment. He finally had to be released because of the immunity which is allowed a con-

gressman during the month before the opening of a congress.

One such man in congress gives those who believe in Democracy hope.

The seventeen aldermen in Caracas, too, who were elected on the democratic ticket, are clinging to the hope that they will have their chance to elect legislators before the government has moved too far toward Fascism. They were elected by the people. According to the Venezuelan system they in turn elect legislators and the legislators in turn elect senators. Their turn to elect legislators doesn't come until 1939. But when it does come they will be able to elect five. "If," one of them said to me, "we have not been exiled or jailed before that."

There is hope, too, in the people. Every election during the last two and a half years has gone overwhelmingly for liberals and laborites. Last fall an election was held in Maracaibo, center of the oil district, in which all the pro-labor candidates won by huge majorities. But the election was declared illegal by the government—on the grounds, a student in Maracaibo told me, that it was held on the wrong date. They must wait now until this fall for another chance.

Student Activity

And there is hope in the students. Their federation is still active, even though it is not allowed to take part in politics. This same Maracaibo student had just finished a ten-day sentence in prison, because his organization had distributed some leaflets which the government considered "Red." He was caught when he went to pay the printer's bill.

These are the hopes.

The discouragements usually begin with the word "oil"—which is Venezuelan for "Wall Street."



President Cardenas of Mexico (third from left), a Latin-American progressive

The oil men would say, if any of them should read this, that I don't understand the difficulties of dealing with Latin-Americans . . . that I haven't learned that they are like children . . . that Democracy can't be built in a day . . . that I never knew the Gomez régime and can't see how much better this one is . . . that I don't understand with what a missionary spirit the oil men try to civilize this wild country, and that after all, I met the wrong people.

But the people I met were the people of Venezuela. And I have told you the things they told to me. Having met them, I can tell you this, too . . . that the working people of the United States have more in common with the workers in Venezuela than they have with Mr. Rockefeller. And the thing they have in common is a dire need of Democracy.

Refugees

(Continued from page 11)

estimate that at most not more than twenty thousand will succeed in emigrating to this country. No economist worth his salt, in viewing the charts and figures, could honestly say that the admission of this comparatively small group will adversely affect the immediate welfare of labor or employment. On the contrary, one knowing the history of this country can safely predict that these men and women fleeing from the brutalities of Fascism will richly compensate our country for the privilege of asylum. Men of science, of letters, of music, will add to the sum total of our wealth and genius. The admission of these anti-Fascists will strengthen our democratic ranks and act as a living reminder that a similar tragedy must never happen to our people.

As individuals we owe it to truth to understand this situation and to be able to answer the comparatively few reactionaries who would, if they could, create another Know-Nothing Party. It was mainly against the Irish Catholics that the original Know-Nothing Party was directed in America. It is a far cry from the conditions—economic, political and racial—which led to the creation of that reactionary political movement. But the danger of race-hatred is still with us. And perhaps the danger today is greater—with the professional and amateur Fascist propagandists in our midst, who will attempt to use the admission of twenty thousand people into this country as a lever to lift themselves into prominence. Against these reactionary elements we must ever be on guard. The negation of all attempts at Fascist propaganda, the aggressiveness we show as a democracy, and, not the least, the unstinted welcome we give these immigrants, will be the test. These are the days when democracies must fight to live!

MANY Americans have never visited Czechoslovakia, and the writer is among them. To the best of our memory, we have been privileged to know only one citizen of that country. At first thought it seems a far cry indeed from our broad land of plains and mountains to the little Central European republic.

Yet the verse comes to mind of Emily Dickinson, who "never talked with God, nor visited in Heaven," but was "certain of the spot as if the chart were given." And so it is with America in this critical time. Our nation watches anxiously from day to day the developments around Czechoslovakia. Not alone because that nation has had our sympathy since her origin, as a democracy which arose from the ruins of an empire. Not alone because we generally favor the underdog, and especially such a plucky underdog as Czechoslovakia has shown herself to be. Not alone because we know the unhappy fate of Austria, who took the other course in the face of Hitler's threats.

It seems that in addition to these weighty reasons there is a clear understanding in our country of the Czechoslovakian people and the situation in which they find themselves—a democratic, resolute people facing with calm determination the powerful scourge of mankind.

One hopes that our government's representatives in the area are aware of the sentiment in this country. For from all indications there is a need of powerful, democratic help in the situation. The pro-Nazi British "adviser" Runciman—whom Chamberlain forced on the Czechs after they had formulated their exceptionally broad minorities program—is, we may be sure, up to no good. The Soviet Union has charged that Japan's attacks on the Far Eastern border were timed to divert aid from the Czechs. There are ominous rumblings of another Hitler coup in the near future, and all the world knows that it is to be directed against the Outpost of Democracy, Czechoslovakia.

Is the Axis going into action? This must not happen, for it would mean almost certainly a new and more terrible World War. The "ninety per cent" who want peace, and the democratic governments, must act quickly and firmly to ensure that the aggressors do not dare to take another step. Let us throw our moral and political weight on the side of peace and against Fascism. Let us better our trade relations, where possible, with Democracy's friends and champions. Let us demonstrate to the Czechoslovakian people that they do not stand alone!—C. P.

America's Peace Trend

ON THE recent anniversary of the outbreak of the World War, the American Institute of Public Opinion released one of its noted Gallup surveys in relation to war, Fascism and Democracy, which attracted a great deal of attention and was the cause of a little uneasy stirring in reactionary quarters.

The survey pointed to a very definite direction taken by America in recent months, stating: "... the current survey makes it abundantly clear that the nation's sympathies abroad are largely determined by the type or form of government existing in European countries. Thus, the chief reason given by voters for their sympathy with England and France in case of a new war is, 'We'd naturally stick with the democratic countries.' Another large group of voters put it this way: 'I'm against dictators and Fascists.'" The survey also points to a more realistic under-

Czechoslovakia



standing of the problem of a world war and America: "Fifty-four per cent felt we could remain neutral while forty-six per cent declared we would be drawn into the conflict. This division of opinion is in marked contrast to sentiment a year and a half ago. In January, 1937, an institute survey found sixty-two per cent saying we could stay out of the next European war, as compared to only fifty-four per cent today." Another interesting note was that in the case of war between the Fascist powers and the European democracies the survey found only three per cent of the voters in favor of Germany and Italy.

There is one item the Gallup survey did not and could not by the very nature of the poll determine. If the American people are beginning to realize that in a modern industrial economy a great European war is bound also to touch us—what can we do to avert another world war? Let us repeat the question: if the American people are realizing that in a modern industrial economy a world war is bound to include us as well, what can we do to avert another world war? *The aggressor (Fascist) countries must be halted, before it is too late.* When Japan attacks China, the democratic countries must stop all shipment of war implements and the extension of loans and credits to Japan, the aggressor, and extend all possible assistance to the victim, China. When Hitler and Mussolini invade Spain, all channels from democratic countries to the regularly established government of Spain must be kept open and no assistance must be extended to the invaders' puppet, Franco. When Hitler threatens to invade Czechoslovakia, we should immediately increase our imports from Czechoslovakia—at the expense of Japanese imports — and thereby strengthen that democracy. In other words, the democratic people throughout the world must unite for the preservation of peace, freedom and Democracy, for the struggle against the aggressor and Fascism. This is a union for life. This is a union to stop a world war. This is a union for the march of progress, and enlightenment and prosperity.—G. D.

The New Hearst

ALL SERIOUS-MINDED men and women to whom Democracy and peace are more than words to be lightly juggled about will deplore the Hearst tactics used by the New York *Evening Post* in its recent attack on the American League, and the *Post's* adoption of a foreign policy so dangerous to Democracy and so fruitful for Fascism. The *Post's* attack was fabricated on the incident at the August 6th Peace Parade when Harry Elmer Barnes was rejected as a speaker. A statement issued by the American League said "... the national office feels that the parade arrangements committee made a serious mistake. It is not and has never been a policy of the American League to reject a speaker, whatever his point of view, once that speaker has been invited to address a meeting." Apparently the *Post's* foreign policy, so pleasing to the Fascists, is only one of that paper's borrowings of Fascist methods. The Nazi policy of muzzled press has already followed, as witness: the League statement quoted here was published by New York papers but not by the *Post*, which alone devoted columns of space to malicious misstatements of the League's peace policy.

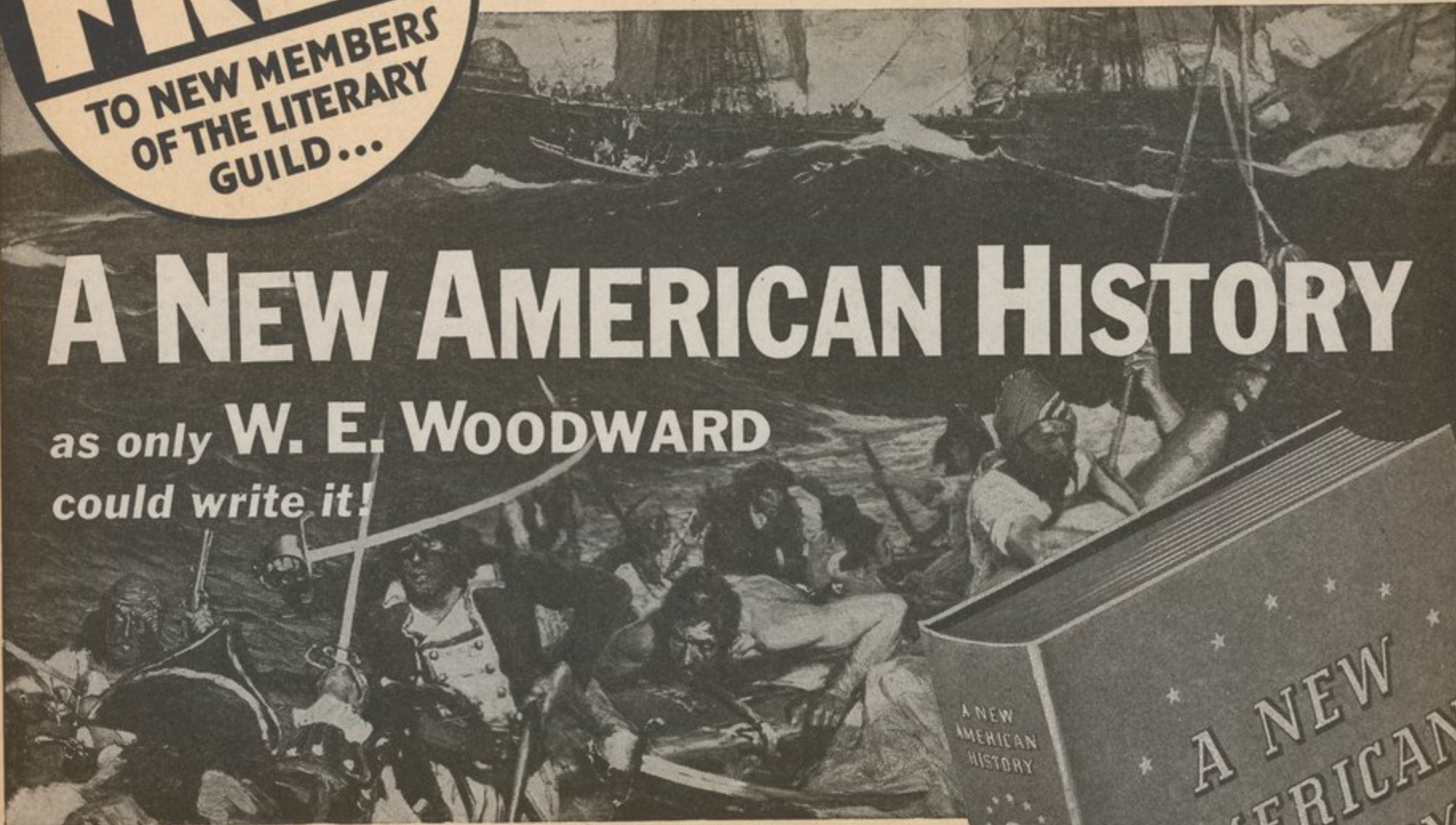
P. S. As THE FIGHT goes to press, the New York *Evening Journal* (Hearst) joins her sister paper in the campaign. The *Post* certainly outscoped W. R. H. this time.—L. L.

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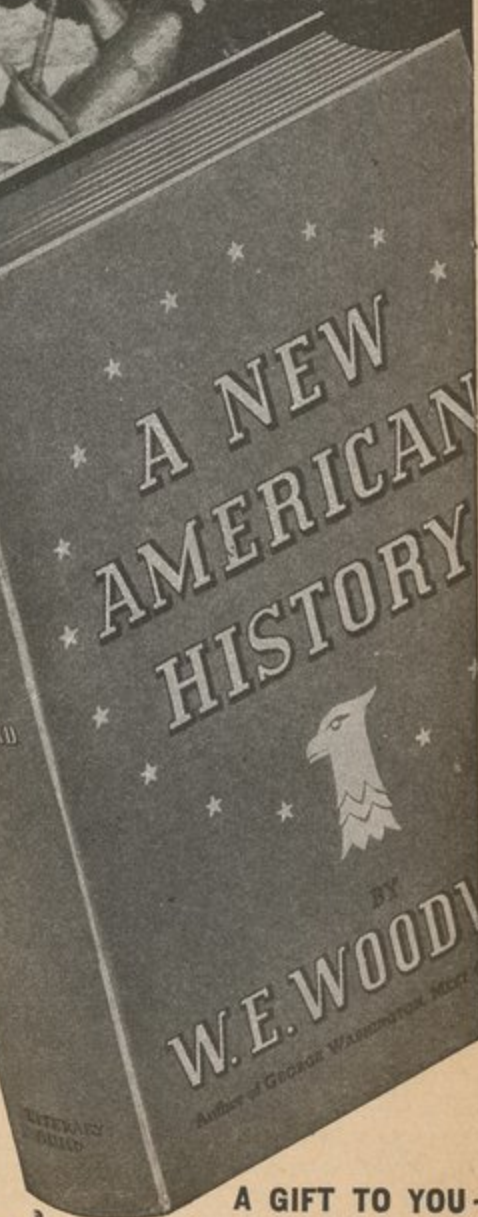
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