

May
1939

The
Fight
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

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WHO IS ENCIRCLED? • By Lucien Zacharoff

AND NOW—

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1939 **The**
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FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

TO THOSE who have read and supported *The FIGHT for Peace and Democracy* over the years, we wish to announce several changes in the magazine beginning with the June 1939 issue. These improvements in format are designed to provide a livelier, better medium for expressing the American people's struggle against the Fascist war-makers. They come as a result of wide reader interest in the problems of the magazine, as well as the active study of the publishers and the staff.

These New Features!

- **NAME**—*The WORLD for Peace and Democracy* is a positive title, expressing with clarity the constructive aims of the magazine. The fight for peace goes on—but it has become clear that this fight is conducted on a world scale.
- **EDITORS**—Dr. Harry F. Ward, Helen Bryan, Margaret Forsyth, Thomas L. Harris, Dorothy McConnell and Dr. Max Yergan will form the Editorial Board of *The WORLD*.
- **SIZE**—*The WORLD* will measure somewhat smaller than the present size. This will facilitate news-stand display, the mailing and handling of the magazine, while still keeping it within the range of large, pictorial publications.
- **COVER**—A heavy, glossy cover will be added. This will greatly improve the appearance of the magazine and will facilitate display, mailing and handling. This change has been several years in the planning, until financial arrangements could be worked out.
- **DEPARTMENTS**—Thomas L. Harris, executive secretary of the American League, will write a monthly page of comment on the world peace movement. Other new departments include Drama and Records. A number of further new features are being worked out.
- **PRICE**—Please note that the price of *The WORLD* will be 15 cents a copy, \$1.50 a year. After careful consideration, it was felt that the change in price would make possible editorial improvements and a wide increase in circulation.

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The WORLD will bring you the same up-to-date articles by writers of national renown that you have found in *The FIGHT*. The "new edition" will carry further the excellent qualities of the magazine.

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← **Today!**

May 1939, THE FIGHT

With the Readers



CAST your eye to the opposite page, and you'll see that our collective magazine is undergoing a change. We hope, a change for the better. If the editors can read your wishes straight, it's what you, the readers want. That is, the majority of you. And here, the customer—and the majority—is always right.

WE thought you should know just how these changes were determined. This involves some consideration of the theory of magazine-making. It is a difficult and learned art, requiring long training, a high degree of skill, a soft pencil, a ruler, and the ability to read. First, the magazine is designed, which is a lengthy tale in itself. Then, over a period of time, the complaints and compliments of the readers are carefully noted, and filed for future reference. At last comes the day. The readers' reactions over the years are carefully tabulated, and the results checked by the Gallup Poll. The report is drawn up, on one side of the paper. This is so that it may be cut up into scratch pads.

THIS is done. The editors gather in the office. They thrash it all out, taking notes on the pads. After a thorough discussion, they compare their notes. It is found that one intends to enter art school but will inevitably be rejected; another (a middle-of-the-roader) picks the Yankees and Cincinnati; while a third has defeated himself in a seven-game series of tit-tat-toe.

FINALLY, one of them has a hunch which he defends with unusual fervor. He does not say "What if?" but "If only!" He prevails.

NO, that's not quite the way it's done. And yet the question of taste, of the reader's likes and dislikes, is the nearest thing to a mystery we know of. There are just about as many opinions as there are readers. For readers are in the first place people, with a million varying sides—"What a thing is man!" They have different origins, different homelands, different educations, different memories and associations, and different sets of eyes. What is a pleasing page of type to one gives another a headache. And each reader not only is himself, but is becoming someone else—is changing while you watch him. Who will venture to steer his way infallibly through this maze? Not us!

THERE are certain practical considerations. There are developments of the printing industry. There are requirements of distribution. And though we haven't kept a file of your suggestions, we have listened to them, studied them, tried to understand what you meant by them. And when we had gone over all these factors, we finally said, "This is our best opinion—so help us."

THE result, our new magazine (and not, of course, altogether new by any means) you'll see soon. We know you'll read it, for it is for peace and Democracy. That is the main thing; you will forgive us much so long as we hold to that line. . . . For, to paraphrase the text, though you speak with the tongues of *Life* and of *Fortune*, and have not truth, you are become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

BUT besides, we hope you like it.

THE FIGHT, May 1939



King Zog of Albania summed up the European scene succinctly: "Two mad dogs, and two damn fools"

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The Contributors



LUCIEN ZACHAROFF, a frequent commentator on international developments for leading American and European publications, was last seen in our pages with *Those Nazi Planes* in the March issue.

ELLA WINTER lives in Carmel, California, and has had ample opportunity to see the problems of "industrial agriculture" at first hand. She has contributed to *The Pacific Weekly* and other publications, and recently edited, with Granville Hicks, *The Letters of Lincoln Steffens*.

GEORGE LEBARON is an erstwhile New Yorker now in Hollywood.

LEANE ZUGSMITH is the author of *Home Is Where You Hang Your Childhood*, *A Time to Remember* and *The Summer Soldier*. Communications and funds for the refugees whose plight she describes may be sent to Louis Bromfield, chairman, Spanish Intellectual Aid, Room 1114, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

JOHN GROTH'S work has appeared in most of America's leading magazines.

JACK REED expressed surprise when we told him that *Burgos Gaol* "would probably continue longer than the magazine." If he will look at the opposite page, he will see that we have been, in a measure, vindicated.

MORRIS WATSON is an international vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild, and is on the national board of the American League for Peace and Democracy. He writes that the budget of the Hearst strikers "is approximately \$3,000 weekly. Labor everywhere is struggling to get this amount to Chicago every week. Money and communications should go to the Hearst Strike Committee, 188 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois."

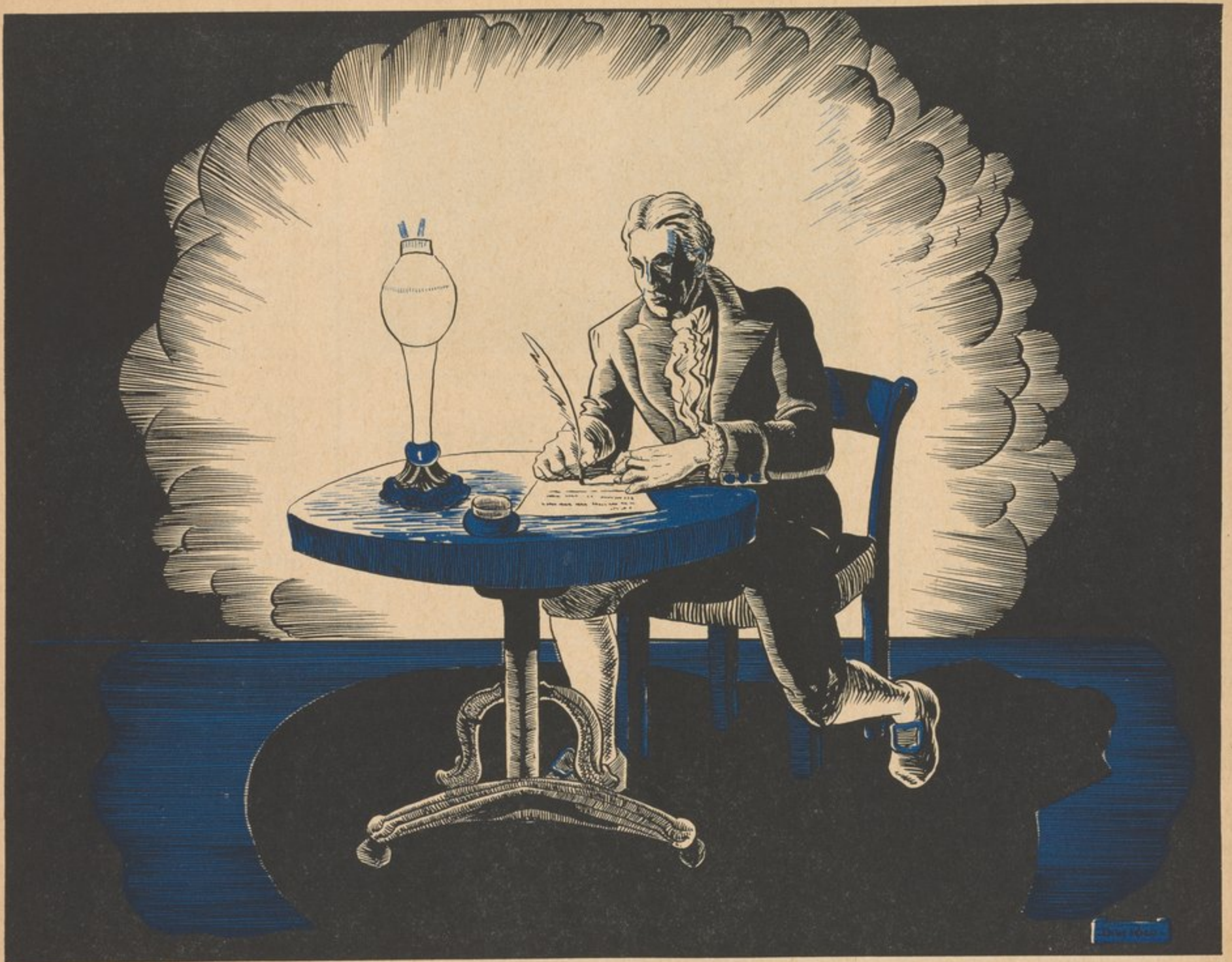
Mr. Watson, incidentally, forwards an interesting leaflet issued by the injunction-ridden strikers. The leaflet reports that "MANY STOP BUYING ANY HEARST PAPER! They cancel subscriptions (Hearst papers admit) and they write or phone protests to Publisher M. C. Meigs at Hearst Square, Chicago. They DO IT NOW! . . . MANY STOP BUYING FROM FIRMS THAT ADVERTISE IN HEARST PAPERS! Hearst lawsuits show people tell firms they cannot patronize those who furnish Hearst money to fight labor! They DO IT NOW!" That, we submit, is reporting.

DAVID KARR has contributed to several of our recent issues, and has spoken for the American League in various localities. His specialty is Nazi activities in the United States. "We Are Growing" was based on an interview with a German refugee.

ADOLF DEHN, a Minnesotan in New York, received a Guggenheim award this year.

BENJAMIN APPEL'S *The Powerhouse* has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Sections of the book appeared previously in *THE FIGHT*, titled *Hooker and Tear Gas*.

WALT PARTYMILLER hails from Seattle, Washington.



President Monroe's Message

FELLOW Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives." James Monroe is preparing his annual message to Congress, to be delivered December 2, 1823, during a period of national "good feeling." The President discusses the important problems of a young nation facing a period of growth and expansion: highways, rivers and canals, postal service, manufacturing, tariffs, national defense, piracy, etc. But the message is dimmed by 115 years; the words of Monroe are seldom quoted. Yet how often do we hear the expression, "Monroe Doctrine"?

The aptness of this policy achieved a prestige that politicians and statesmen have since exploited to the full. A thousand different ideas on foreign policy are expressed, all in the name of the Monroe Doctrine. We can perhaps best understand the Monroe Doctrine if we have a picture of the international situation in 1823 and the spirit of the times. Bolivar was leading the South American peoples in revolt against the Spanish monarchy and to the establishment of free republics. In Europe, the Greeks were struggling to maintain their independence against the Turkish invasion; a struggle which brought such men as Byron to their support. Monroe himself indicated the spirit of the times: "A strong hope has been long entertained, founded on the heroic struggle of the Greeks, that

they would succeed in their contest, and resume their equal station among the nations of the earth."

The attempt of the Holy Alliance to strengthen its position in the Western Hemisphere at the expense of the young South American republics brought sharp words from Monroe: "... the American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

1939. The Fascist Alliance gobbles up one small country after another, increasing the danger to the United States. Nazi spies in America, Fascist infiltration in the Western Hemisphere threaten our "peace and safety." What are we to do to fight this menace and to maintain peace? Unite in the active struggle for peace and Democracy. Write to the AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY, 268 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Fight

FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

May, 1939

TRAMPLING on Albania, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Ethiopia, the dictators of the Rome-Berlin Axis shout their heads off to the effect that Germany and Italy are being "encircled" by the democracies. As they make ready in full view of the world to continue advancing in Central and Eastern Europe, in the Balkans and the Mediterranean Basin, it becomes increasingly hard to find simpletons even among their sympathizers to believe the fairy tale of the "encirclement."

However, many people of the non-Fascist countries still fail to realize that aggression in Spain, East Africa, *Mittleuropa*, is not an end in itself but a systematic encirclement of France and Europe for their subsequent conquest. *Mein Kampf*, among other writings and orations of Hitler, makes it all too plain that France is The Enemy to be crushed at all costs.

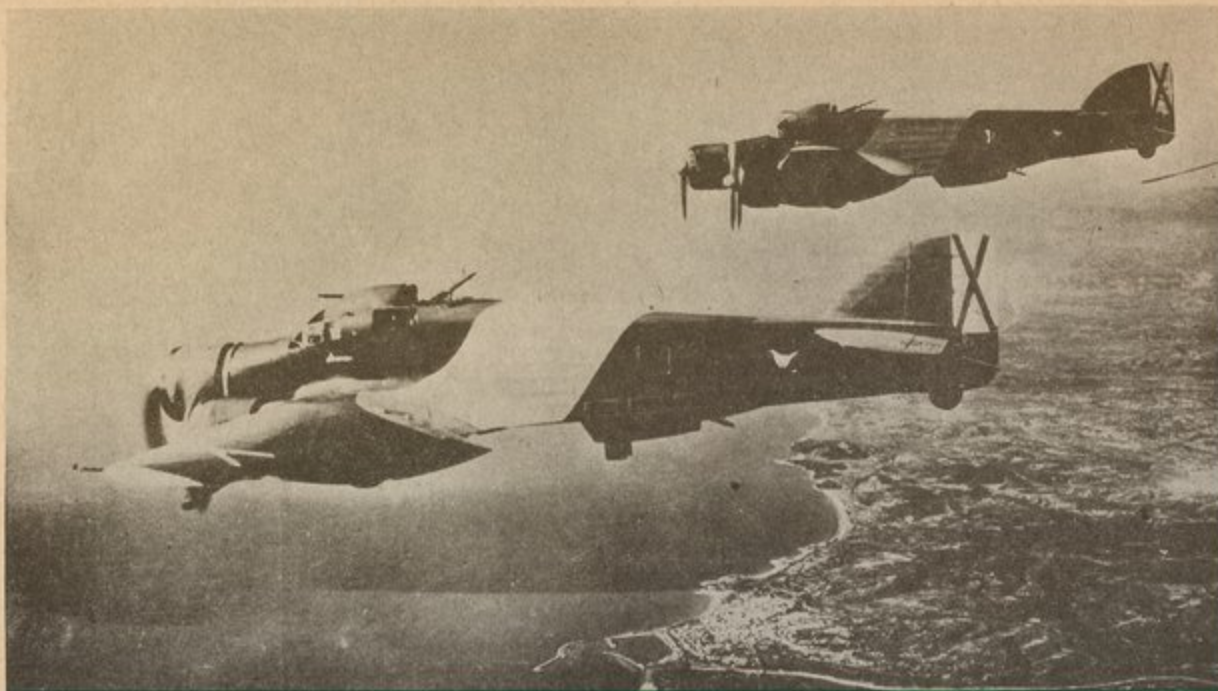
To be sure, the long-cherished plan to grab the Soviet Ukraine concerns itself with the juiciest plum of them all, but Hitler is fully aware that Moscow is the one spot on earth that will not under any circumstances make an effort to Appease, that it will call his bluff every time he attempts to blackmail and intimidate. London and Paris could be blackmailed and intimidated because the governments found Appeasement suiting the interests of the pro-Fascist Tory cliques they represent. The Chamberlain and Daladier governments knew that they were betraying not only Czechoslovakia at Munich but the political, economic and military interests of England and France. Nevertheless, they and the reactionary groups who put them into office feared that they would lose more by taking a firm stand in defense of Democracy, whose triumph might have spelled their own doom. And so they sacrificed Czechoslovakia, the last outpost of French influence in Europe. Its desertion by France reduced Paris to a status weaker than that of Prague on the eve of the crisis.

The encirclement of France in which Munich was a crucial step, took its greatest stride forward with the conquest of Spain. Valuable as that country may be per se, what with its natural resources which the Fascist war machinery can find ready use for, it has even more importance to Germany and Italy as a strategic base.

Italy's intervention, material and ideological, into Spain's domestic politics antedates by many years the beginning of the civil war.

In 1926, during the third year of General Primo de Rivera's military dictatorship in Spain, he concluded an agreement with Mussolini. Newspaper readers abroad learned of it only through an inconspicuous official communiqué. The actual contents of the pact remained unknown.

Above, Italian bombers flying over the coast of Spain; at right, observation of the Armistice anniversary at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris

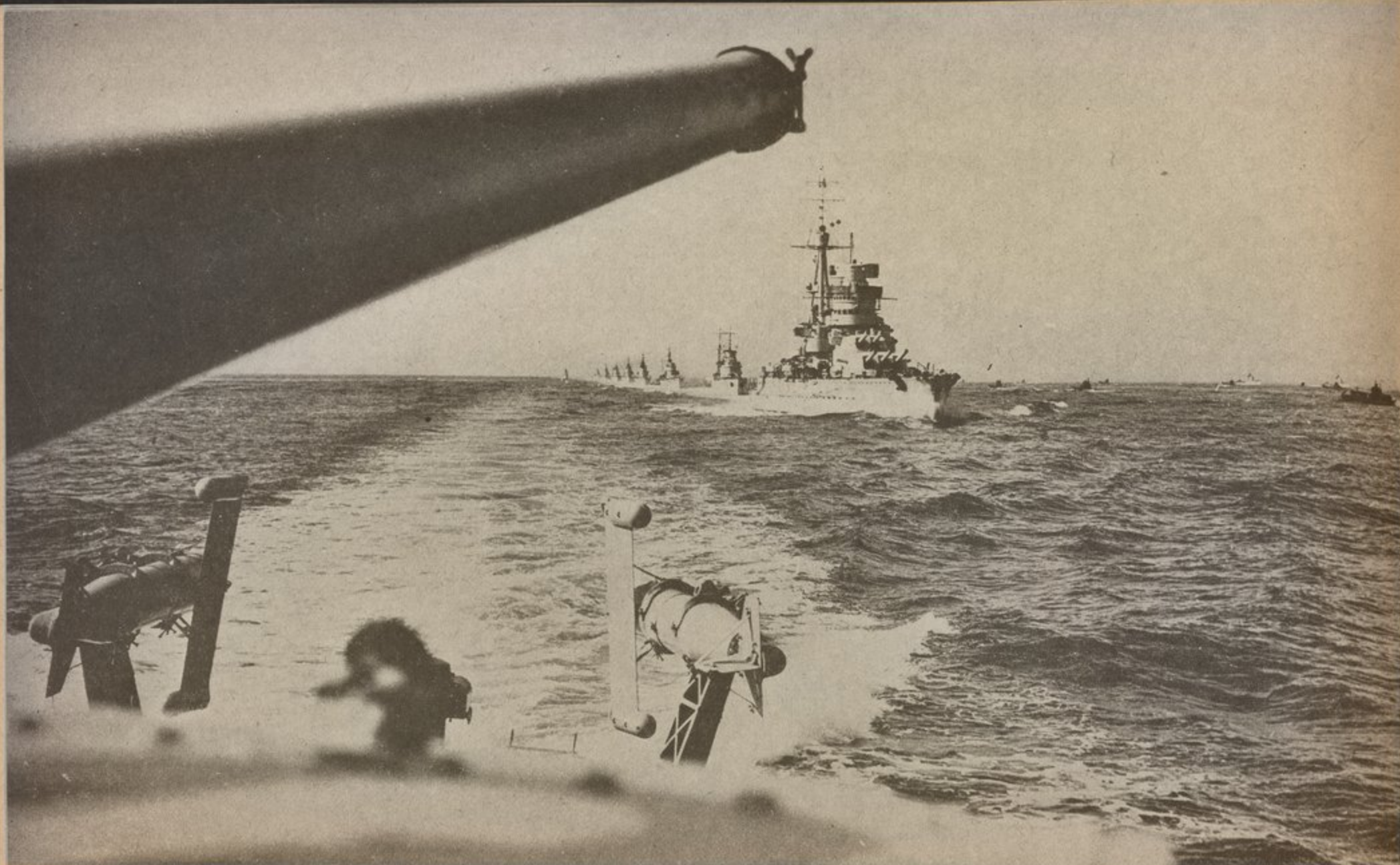


Who Is Encircled?

The thief cries "Thief!" and Hitler roars: "We are encircled!" . . . An examination of France's easy road down—and hard road up

By Lucien Zacharoff





The Italian war fleet during recent maneuvers in the Mediterranean. With Spain Fascist, these ships menace France and Britain

Rumors appeared, finding confirmation later, that the agreement had two basic points:

1. Italy received the right, in the event of war, to establish and maintain a military base on the Balearic Islands.

2. Spain assumed the obligation, in the event of war, to forbid the passing of French troops across her territory.

The particular "event of war" that the signatories had in mind was not defined in the agreement. But one need not be a profound student of European geography and politics to grasp that while the Italian base in the Balearics might have several useful functions, the obligation assumed by Spain—to wit, forbidding French troops from North Africa to cross her territory—would be endowed with a meaning only in a case when with the aid of Italy's Balearic base, the naval route of the French troops was closed by force—that is, in case Italy found herself in the camp of France's enemies.

The Republic's Action

When the rule of the Bourbons had been smashed in 1931 by the freedom-seeking Spanish people, one of the earliest acts of the young republic was the abrogation, without any wavering and reservations, of that pact, which was deemed unworthy of true Spaniards.

This move was interpreted in Rome as exceedingly onerous and restrictive to Italy.

The Black Shirts determined to do something about it. They did plenty, and one of the most noteworthy things for our purpose is a secret protocol signed in Rome in 1934.

The protocol was signed as the result of a conference between four Spanish monarchists on the one side and Premier Mussolini and Marshal Italo Balbo on the other, held at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of March 31, 1934. The document states that:

After receiving complete information from each person present regarding the current political situation, the needs, political condition and morale of the armed and naval forces, and also of the two monarchist parties in Spain, President of the Council Mussolini declared:

1. That he will directly assist in all necessary ways the two parties inimical to the existing Spanish régime in their exertions to overthrow the republic and to replace it with a regency intended to pave the way for a complete restoration of the monarchy (this declaration was solemnly repeated by Mussolini three times);

2. That as a practical proof of the definiteness of his intentions, he is ready to put forth 200,000 rifles, 20,000 hand grenades, 200 machine-guns, and to extend to General Franco a subsidy of 1,500,000 pesetas;

3. That this subsidy has but a preliminary character and is to be followed at a proper time by even more intensified help in the measure in which it is required by the work or circumstances.

These were the principles on which the agreement was founded. They were followed by details about transporting the arms to Spain and the distribution of funds and munitions among the various organizations.

Suffice it to remark that for years Mussolini was clearly disposed to pay for a chance to establish a war base in the Balearics. His payments consisted of money, armament and, first of all, of political immorality.

When two years later the Franco rebellion broke

out, General Sanjurjo was slated to head it together with Franco. However, he was killed in an airplane accident.

Among the papers found on him was the draft of an agreement among Spain, Italy and Germany. Its aim was not new—it sought to restore and broaden the pact of 1926, which had been annulled by the Spanish Republic.

The Italian operative base was to be organized in the port of Mahon on the Island of Minorca. Germany was to enjoy equal rights with Italy at this base. The text of this draft does not indicate, as was asserted later, that there was also planned a second Italo-German base in Spanish Morocco. However, many signs pointed to the presence of such a project.

While Italy tried, if not to shroud in silence, at least to minimize the agreement and its long-range significance, Germany discussed its aspects rather openly. Of course, the German writers also attempted to hide the true intent of the pact, so that the German newspaper-readers might not fathom the businesslike progress of war preparations.

At least two books devoted to the agreement have been published in Germany. One, titled *What Is Happening in the Mediterranean* (*Das Geschehen im Mittelmeer*) and written, significantly enough, by the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, declares among other things:

Naval routes to Algiers pass in direct proximity to the Balearic Islands. If the Balearics are seized by the enemy (the enemy of France) this will place the routes under a threat. It is not only France alone that can be so threatened from the direction of the Balearic Islands. The naval

route from England to India also passes near them in the eastward direction, while between Gibraltar and Malta there are no supporting British points for the defense of this route.

In the issue of October 21, 1937, an editorial in the French military organ *France Militaire* thoroughly examined the question of possible consequences of the setting up of an Italo-German base in the Balearics. The article concluded:

It is impossible by aerial and naval measures for France and England to straighten out, to counter-balance the inclusion of the Balearic Islands in the naval strategic system of Italy which is at the same time threatening Tunisia and Egypt from the direction of Lybia.

A few days after that editorial, on October 26, 1937, the question was again discussed in the pages of *France Militaire*, this time by General Cugnac:

On the pretext of aiding the Spanish Rebels and of struggle against Bolshevik intervention, the Italians have fortified themselves in the Balearic Islands, the Germans are implanting themselves in the Canary Islands, on the coast of Spanish Morocco, in Ceuta and Melilla. This has been going on since 1936.

It is absolutely indispensable for France to preserve in complete safety her routes of communication with North Africa. England's route to India passes by Gibraltar. These naval routes essential to France and England, are in direct jeopardy as a result of positions occupied by Germany and Italy a year ago. Such an extended transitional state is becoming abnormal and alarming.

In case of war the French will be actually cut off from Algiers and Morocco by the naval and aerial bases at Majorca, Ceuta and Melilla on the Mediterranean. The Canary Islands bases lie near France's Casablanca-Bordeaux route and exactly on the Dakar-Bordeaux route. This is an exceptionally serious dilemma for our mobilization.

The French Government has good reason to worry when it sees that the Italians remain on Majorca, when it knows that fortifications are being built on Majorca. At the same time the French Government confirms that entire Italian divisions, without any ostensible motive, are being shipped to Tripoli which borders on French Tunisia. At the same time Germany intensifies her propaganda against Czechoslovakia. Is not all this a result of the meeting between Hitler and Mussolini?

It certainly was, General!

We must recall also, in this connection, a demand set forth and materialized by the Italian General Staff, the substance of which was that from the very beginning of the Spanish War there be undertaken the seizure of a sector of territory with a radius of ninety miles having Gibraltar as the center.

Springboard to Paris

We must recall the heavy German batteries mounted in the western Pyrenees in the Irun sector (these batteries were installed at a height of 6,000 feet not far from the French border and a few hundred miles away from the fronts of the Spanish Civil War).

We must bear in mind the demand of the German General Staff, which sought and materialized the seizure of the coast line and of the hinterland of Biscay (as a source of raw materials and as a base for operations against France and England).

We must recall the presence in Spain of entire Italian and German divisions.

In substance, Spain witnessed an attack on the life-and-death interests of France, England, the West. France is now threatened with suffocation from the north, east, south, southwest.

The first battles of the Fascist-plotted world war took place on Spanish soil. From the very beginning of the "civil war" the more astute students of European affairs maintained that Franco's victory would spell an initial defeat for France and England.

Liddell Hart, an outstanding British commentator on military matters, whose loyalty to his own country and sympathy for France are undisputed,

warned his countrymen that strategically the danger was so clear that he found it difficult to grasp the heat with which certain chauvinistic circles in England were wishing for the Rebel triumph. Captain Hart at that time pointed out that the class interests and sense of vast holdings were blinding the English reactionaries to the vital strategic considerations involved.

The significance of those remarks is equally applicable to the ruling clique in France.

What Spain Meant

Few disinterested people today make the mistake that it was a "mere" civil war in Spain. It is becoming increasingly clear, now that all Spain has fallen into the Fascist hands and Mussolini, threatening France on the once safe Spanish frontier, is demanding French possessions in Africa, that it was more than a defense of the legal Loyalist Government.

Bigger issues were at stake. The Spanish struggle constituted a step toward a universal war. The "peaceful conquests" of Austria and Czechoslovakia were further steps, England and France having guaranteed the independence of both these countries.

Hitler and Mussolini wanted and needed Spain, as they wanted Central Europe, the Balkans and the Mediterranean Basin, because they want France and Europe!

At the dawn of American history when thirteen

small colonies in the Western Hemisphere were confronted with the imperialist encroachments of a rapacious European power, they found a way to resist that power, a way that was summed up by a keen leader of one of the colonies in these words: "We must hang together if we are not to hang separately."

How much more effective would be the application of the principle of collective security against the modern aggressors not by a handful of weak states but by all smaller nations now threatened as well as by the great nations of England, France, the United States and the Soviet Union, where popular sentiment is unanimously for peace! The road of appeasement which to date has been followed by the Chamberlain and Daladier governments has encouraged the Fascists, who thrive on easy prey obtained by blackmail and bullying but who invariably sound a retreat in the face of sincere concerted action by the peace-loving peoples of the world. Let the French government heed the clear words of its General Gamelin: "There is an easy road, but that road leads downward." The great French people, with their unforgettable past, with their splendid army, a people that has repeatedly demonstrated its valor on the battlefield, has been humiliated long enough by the Chamberlain-Daladier policy of unnecessary capitulation to Fascism. But through the miasmatic fog spread by the Fascist Axis and its sympathizers among British and French officialdom, the people are beginning to discern the hard road, of which General Gamelin also spoke, the road up.

German troops bring a gun into the Siegfried Line on France's eastern border



Associated "Farmers"

By Ella Winter

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL BARNET

TODAY in the farm areas, particularly in California, Oregon and Washington, economic Fascism is marching, and it is marching under the banner of the so-called Associated "Farmers."

The farm problem in any small agricultural community in California illustrates the simple, basic economic problem of the world today—the problem of adequately feeding, sheltering and clothing the workers who produce the crops. And it also illustrates in naked form the choice before America. The Associated "Farmers" have chosen their weapons: pickax handles, taking the law into their own hands, beatings of workers, anti-picketing ordinances, intimidation and financial pressure on the real small farmer (oh, so different a creature from the "Associated" Farmer!); force, violence and violation of the Constitution. The people still have their choice: belief in the law of the land, peaceful organization under the law of the land, collective bargaining under the law of the land, courage and a stubborn refusal to be buffaloeed out of their rights by loud-mouthed vigilante threats or the quieter pressure of the financial agent in the background.

Agriculture in California has evolved, and it has evolved into large-scale industry. California "farms" today are enormous ranches, consisting of thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres, and the agricultural worker has little resemblance to the old independent tenant farmer. Employers do not know their farm employees; hiring is frequently done through a contractor, who contracts for so much "stoop labor" to pick lettuce or asparagus or peas, cut beets, cotton, grapes, or harvest the rich crops of prunes, apples, pears, apricots, peaches. Companies, not individual farmers, buy the crop, whose price is determined in Eastern and Middle Western markets; corporations, not individuals, pack, crate, can, gin, ship, and buy and sell. Except that the picking is done in the open air, and that the laborers live in tents instead of in city slums, you'd be hard put to it to find much difference between the

California farm laborer and the factory worker today. Oh, yes, except that the provisions of the Wages and Hours Act don't apply to agriculture.

There's no one to blame but history and evolution for this change in California; for the fact that the small independent farmer is being wiped out. But the small farmers suffer from these changes because no allowance has been made for them in our social arrangements. The big corporations give their orders from their Eastern offices, their "Russ Buildings"; humanity is not their concern.

Why Won't They Starve?

Then come "economists" like Garet Garrett of the *Saturday Evening Post* and ask why don't the laborers starve gracefully? That is, allow agriculture to continue growing into a large-scale industry, with monopoly corporation owners in control, who lower wages as and when they will to suit their profit rates, and spend money like water to break unions. The "devil" to these "economists" becomes unionization, "agitators"—workers who demand the right to eat as the corporation owners, in their rôle of social lights, have demanded (and taken) the right to drink.

It never seems to dawn on these good American writers for papers whose function it is to make the privileged feel secure, that in demanding the right to eat, and the right to send their children to school, and the right to get a nurse or doctor when they are sick—oh, yes, and a shower to wash in—the agricultural workers of America are demanding for American Democracy the right to continue its existence; the lowest-paid migrants are fighting for Mr. Garrett's American Democracy, while the corporations are fighting for Mr. Hitler's Fascism.

It's as simple as that, and the American people are coming to realize it; but we must realize it more quickly, and act more quickly, if we are to save our country from the swastika the Associated Farmers would paint on every blossoming pear tree and every orange and citrus grove in the country.



Associated Fascists would be a better name for these gentry who till the soil from large office buildings and decree serfdom for the agricultural workers... An exposé of a West Coast movement that is dangerous to American Democracy

I went to interview an Associated "Farmer": I wanted to see what he talked like and how he really felt. I called on the head of the Associated "Farmers" of one of California's agricultural counties. It was during the Bakersfield cotton strike of last fall; cotton wages had been lowered from \$1 to 75 cents a hundred pounds (making about \$9 a week that an average picker could earn for a period of perhaps three months), and the pickers had walked out of the fields. It was a spontaneous strike, but they came to the union (the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America) and asked for help and leadership, and of course the union did not turn them down. Mr. Associated Farmer, however, would not believe this. "The Reds came in here weeks ago," he told me. "They went up an' down the cotton rows, agitatin' and tellin' the pickers to come out. They'd arranged the week an' day an' hour of the strike, weeks before, and they knew the very row it would start." Mr. X wanted to know who we were and where we lived and where we came from and why we were there. He was already in his mind's eye adding our names to the enormous "blacklist" the Associated Farmers maintain, which you qualify for by daring to believe and say that a living wage is part of America's Democracy. When he was finished we asked him who he was. "I? Oh, I'm jes' ole X-Y tryin' to get along."

He said he wasn't anti-union. No, sir. "Why, some of my best friends is in the A.F. of L." He said he had no objections to his workers forming groups, "they can go to church, or form baseball clubs, or better their condition in any way—if it betters ours too." Mr. X explained carefully why wages for cotton-picking could not be higher. There had been a meeting of the Associated "Farmers" a few months before and in the Fresno hotel room wages had been set at 75 cents. (No union men and no cotton-pickers attended that meeting.) But even at that wage, said our informant, growers were not making cotton pay this year.

"Then why didn't you set the wage lower still?" I asked.

"We can't take it *all* out on the backs of the workers," replied ole Mr. Associated Farmer.

It isn't just oratory that tells you the "Associated Farmers" are Big Business and the utilities. Look at this:

Transamerica Corporation (up before the S.E.C. at present for questionable practices) controlled banks in 1937 holding \$1,620,000,000 in assets and over \$1,424,000,000 in deposits representing 483 branch banks in California, 32 in Oregon, 9 in Nevada.

California Lands, large growers of grapes, prunes, peaches and grains, owns more than half a million acres; is worth almost \$14,000,000 and had an income of over \$2,500,000 in 1936.

Kern County Land Company owned 1,250,000 acres in California and New Mexico in 1933 and all the capital stock in 14 canal and irrigation companies. (Irrigation costs \$9 an acre, whether water is used or not; farmers have to pay this, and therefore, have to reduce wages, they feel, if they don't make enough to meet both bills.)

Miller and Lux, one of the biggest old corporations in the West, now owns 178,000 acres in three western states; its earnings in 1937 were \$2,087,565.

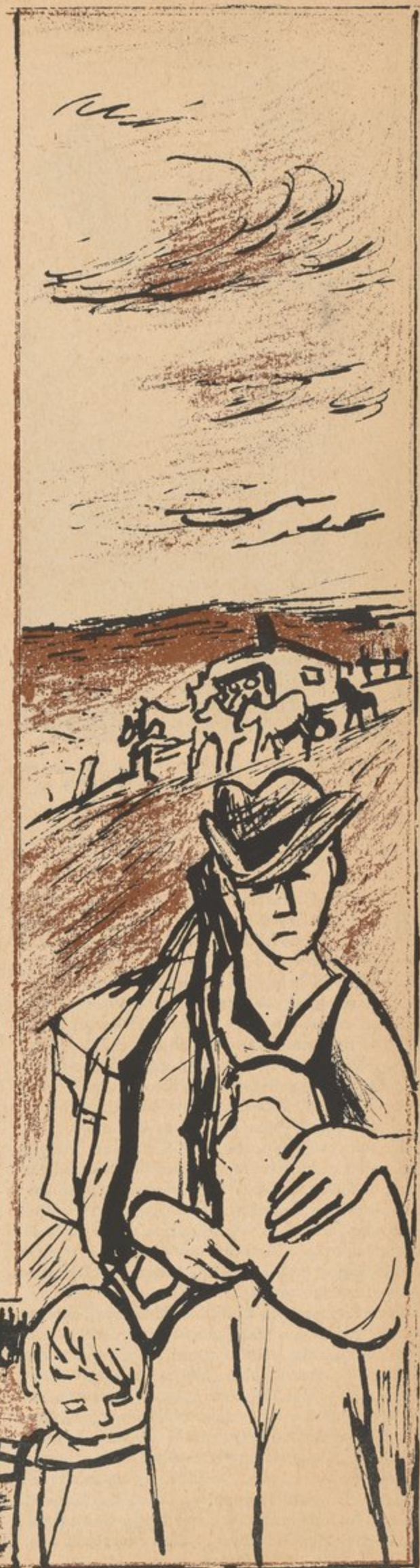
Farmer CalPak

California Packing Corporation, or CalPak, operates canning and packing plants in 10 states, Hawaii and 45 cities; it has 20,000 acres in orchards, employs 35,000 workers seasonally, and made a profit of close to five million dollars in 1937.

These are some "farmers" of California.

The California Railroad Commission reports that the four big railroad companies, Santa Fe, Western Pacific, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, were all financing Associated Farmers, as were the Pacific Gas and Electric (who kept Tom Mooney in jail 22 years) and Southern California Gas Com-

(Continued on page 24)



Wil Barnet



Francis Lederer, who plays the part of a Nazi spy in "Confessions," is a native of Czechoslovakia

In "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" and "Juarez," the Warners attack the great problems of our time . . . A development linked to the progressive activities of the new Hollywood

Two Giant Strides

By George LeBaron

to catch its close kinship with the struggle between Democracy and dictatorship in the world today—particularly that phase of the struggle exemplified by heroic Spain.

True "Confessions"

Spy melodramas are not new to Hollywood. But *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is more than that. It is more, even, than an exposé of Nazi espionage and intrigue within the United States. It does what no one a year ago would have dreamed Hollywood would attempt: it names the Nazi chiefs of Germany as its chief villains, and it shows that their

villainy is directly linked with the fundamental struggle between Democracy and Fascism. Goebbels is pictured giving orders to his henchmen, explaining that the way to win a following for Fascism in the democratic nations is to raise such slogans as "Americanism." This is political clarity of a sort that will make Father Coughlin and Senator Reynolds squirm. By the same token, it will clarify the political thinking of millions of Americans so that they will take a second look the next time some demagogue tries to take them in by a specious appeal to natural patriotism and national pride.

John Wexley, who with Milton Krims wrote the

THAT CRASHING sound you may have heard during the past few weeks was probably a couple of Hollywood gods of taboo tumbling off their pedestals. Two of these hitherto all-powerful Thou-Shalt-Nots, which were pried loose from their moorings by Walter Wanger's *Blockade* last summer, have now been definitely overturned by Warner Brothers. The Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Hollywood taboo, one is called Thou-Shalt-Not-Discuss-Politics-in-Motion-Pictures and the other is called Thou-Shalt-Not-Say-Mean-Things-About-a-Nation-Where-Hollywood-Films-Are-Sold.

Forward-looking people, both within and without the motion picture industry, have long deplored the reign of these two taboos. It has been argued over and over again that films, like any other medium of expression, should be free to discuss the great problems of our time. And certainly politics and foreign relations rank high among the history-making questions of the present day.

For the first time in history Hollywood motion pictures point an accusing finger at a world power with whom (at this writing) Uncle Sam has "friendly" relations. The Warner Brothers' *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* mirrors the government of the Third Reich as a monster intriguing against the peace and Democracy of the world. And the Warners' *Juarez*, already completed and currently scheduled for release, presents in magnificently dramatic form the little-understood conflict between young Mexican Democracy and the foreign puppet dictator Maximilian. Few of those who see *Juarez*, and they will number scores of millions, will fail



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screenplay (based to a considerable extent on former G-man Leon G. Turrou's book about the recent Nazi spy trials in New York), knows a thing or two about the machinations of reactionaries—he dramatized the Scottsboro Case in his play *They Shall Not Die*—and is very proud of the political insight of the film. Wexley feels that in producing it without pulling any punches Warner Brothers have not only struck a powerful blow in defense of world Democracy, but have greatly advanced the film industry in America.

Artistically, the film seems fully as promising as it is politically. Associated Film Audiences, which is the organizational expression of progressive audience opinion, recently published an article through its Hollywood branch which remarked that "the picture follows a documentary method, using news-reel material interwoven with the story, and accompanied by the voice of a commentator. Thus, as well as being a great contribution to the socially-minded cinema, it represents a vital technical contribution to the aesthetics of the motion picture: the use of a new method of interweaving documentary and dramatic material."

From producer Robert Lord and director Anatole Litvak down through the cast, which includes Edward G. Robinson, the French import Lya Lys, Paul Lukas, Francis Lederer, Dorothy Tree, and the son of anti-Nazi Ernestine Schumann-Heink, there has been great enthusiasm during the production of this film. Robinson had previously gone on record as favoring an embargo on trade with Nazi Germany; Francis Lederer, born in Czechoslovakia, has taken to the public platform repeatedly in protest against the Nazi rape of his homeland; Dorothy Tree, as a member of the Motion Picture Artists Committee, has been active in aiding the victims of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis in Spain and China. Warner Brothers have allocated a huge sum for advertising and promotion. The nation-wide opening May 6th will probably be the picture event of the year.

Juarez will be another great Paul Muni starring vehicle, but the prodigal use of other great name

Left: Juarez, the Indian leader of Mexican Democracy, discusses the people's problems. Seated beside Paul Muni as Juarez is Joseph Calleia as the vice-president

Below: Brian Aherne as Maximilian, the puppet emperor who was installed over the people of Mexico; and Bette Davis as his wife, the ambitious Empress Carlotta



stars indicates the special importance the Warners attach to this film. Muni plays the Mexican Indian, Benito Juarez, who was the Lincoln and Washington of his people. Brian Aherne acts the puppet emperor, Maximilian, placed upon the Mexican throne through the intrigues of the French crown. Bette Davis plays his wife, the ambitious Empress Carlotta, and John Garfield is the dashing General Diaz, of Juarez's military staff. William Dieterle, who made *Blockade*, directs the picture.

Of Mexican Democracy

The script of this film, written by John Huston (son of actor Walter Huston), Aeneas Mackenzie, and Wolfgang Reinhardt (son of the great Max) is a brilliant and profound study of statecraft. Maximilian is sympathetically shown as the idealistic young noble who is disgusted at the villainy of European politics, and who takes on the emperorship of Mexico under the misapprehension that a people's plebiscite (secretly engineered by the terrorism of the French military) has asked him to assume the throne. But while well-intentioned, he is a profoundly autocratic ruler, animated by the classic theory of divine right; and the refusal of Juarez to accept the prime ministership under his benevolent despotism moves him to attempt ruthless suppression. And Juarez, in turn, finally victorious, while he understands how the humane Maximilian was tricked into his position by the treachery of the French court, nevertheless insists on the death penalty for Maximilian as an example to those who challenge the right of the Mexican people to rule themselves.

There are several magnificent scenes in this film. In one, a pure-blooded Spaniard who is Juarez's vice-president, tries to persuade Juarez to step out of the presidency, although still retaining real leadership, because the fact that he is an Indian makes it difficult to obtain the support of the "civilized" friendly powers of the world such as the United States. Juarez's answer is a classic of profound political judgment. Yes, he says, in effect, I am just a poor Indian, looked down upon by the civilized world. But the struggle of my Indian people for equality, and the struggle of Mexico for Democracy and independence are in essence the same struggle. So perhaps it would be just as well that I remain president, as a symbol of the unity of the two.

Later this vice-president turns on Juarez, and wages civil war against him at the very moment when Juarez is hard pressed to cope with Maximilian's French legions. Being nearer to the American border, the traitor seizes the munitions and artillery which Abraham Lincoln has sent to Juarez. One of the most intensely dramatic scenes ever filmed shows Juarez going alone and unarmed into the camp of the traitor to confront him. As Juarez approaches, the traitor becomes terrified, and orders his arrest. No one will arrest the solitary Juarez, and he comes on, the populace and the hitherto rebellious troops gradually gathering behind him. The traitor, desperate, orders his guard to fire on the crowd as Juarez approaches his headquarters. The troops refuse to fire. The personal resoluteness and audacity of the people's leader have triumphed, and the rebellion is broken. Juarez turns to the main enemy, Maximilian and the French generals, and finally defeats them. An interesting sub-theme in the film is that Juarez, the great democrat, had won an earlier victory over the native Mexican reactionary, Santa Ana.

These two films symbolize the new Hollywood at its highest stage of development thus far. But the change had been brewing for some time past.



Edward G. Robinson portrays a G-man in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy." Robinson favors an embargo on Germany

There have been occasional earlier pictures, such as *Blockade*, which dealt forthrightly with problems of our day. But the main expression of Hollywood's progressivism, up to these two Warner ventures, has been not in films themselves, but in the civic life of Hollywood folk. Since Hitler, Mussolini, and the Mikado went berserk, and since their sympathizers here appeared in their true colors, there has been a steady growth of vigorous and clear-sighted political activity in the film capital.

Hollywood for Progress

The most striking symptom of this growth is in the activity of the Motion Picture Democratic Committee. This organization, numbering among its leaders Melvyn Douglas, Miriam Hopkins, Gloria Stuart, and screenwriter Philip Dunne (son of Finley Peter Dunne of "Mister Dooley" fame), is an independent body dedicated to the preservation and extension of American-civil liberties, to bringing the New Deal to California, and to campaigning for liberal candidates in local, state, and national elections. It played an important part in recalling the reactionary Democrat, Shaw, as mayor of Los Angeles, and replacing him with the liberal Republican, Bowron, who was backed by the good government forces. It was instrumental in the election of the New Deal Democrat Olson to the governorship of California, and of the New Deal Democrat Downey to the United States Senate. The activities of this group serve as an index of the new Holly-

(Continued on page 26)



John Goch

Our Shame In Southern France

We must help the refugees of Spain, the men, women and children in the French camps . . . An American speaks for the Spanish writers who cannot

By Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

THE AMERICANS who have come back from Spain tell us that at the moment of being exposed to bombs and shells you don't react the way you had expected. You may be afraid but not the way you thought you'd be afraid. You may be numbed and that isn't what you had expected. Anger or resolution may make you forgetful of danger. But under fire, unheeded and unknown reservoirs open up in human beings to fortify them and to transfigure them. They say that about the Spaniards and the International Brigade men at the front and about the civilians in the besieged cities. But they don't say that about the homeless betrayed heroes—the Spanish men, women and children, some wounded, some crippled, some perishing of malnutrition or of the cold—in the concentration camps in France.

There is little to exalt the 460,000 refugees herded into primitive encampments on French soil. They lack: shelter, medical care, decent and sufficient food, the simplest sanitary facilities. They have: barbed wire surrounding them, the "protective" custodianship of the *Garde Mobile*, Spahis and Senegalese guards equipped with bayonets, rubber truncheons and sabers, the privilege of listening to Franco's traveling loud-speakers through which they are exhorted to return to Franco Spain.

Franco's Law of Slaughter

Yes, they are being urged to go back where they came from—so that almost all of them, if not all, can be killed or imprisoned under Franco's "Law of Political Responsibilities." Thousands of Spaniards have already been slaughtered through this law which condemns virtually anybody in any way associated with the Loyalists. "The text even allows for the inclusion of abstentionists," Georges Bidault writes in the French Catholic daily, *L'Aube*, "and, as the vote was secret, there can be treated as public enemies all those who since 1934 or at the latest since 1936, have not taken any active part in favor of the rebels." The English weekly, *The War In Spain*, continues to quote M. Bidault, as having written: "MM. Daladier and Bonnet would be imprisoned immediately for having been elected by the Popular Front, even Flandin himself could not contradict anyone if he were told that he flirted

with the Left on a later date than October 1st, 1934."

Can the refugees go back to that? A small number have been deceived by the French authorities as to where they were being sent, or driven through despair at the death and degradation in the concentration camps—and a handful of them escaped back to France. Can they remain as they are? "We are treated like infected dogs," a Spanish soldier writes from one of the camps. His letter was printed in the *Manchester Guardian*.

A Soldier Writes

"The food ration here consists of: 8 A.M., a tin of hot dirty water meaning to be coffee; 3 P.M., half a pound of bad bread and a tin of six small and very bad sardines to be shared among three people. And that's all. Next day, sardines again. We sleep in a shelter of 40 yards by 24 yards with straw, more than 300 people. There is no room to lie flat on the floor but only sideways. Outside, in the open, sleep over 1,000 more. The 'lavatory' is awful. . . .

"The way they dragged us into these holes from the border! I walked without being allowed to stop for over 26 hours. People that fell on the roads and resisted to go on were knocked by the sabers of the guards on horses. It has been something unwritable. I escaped from Argeles-sur-Mer because it was much worse. The place prepared for us down there was the beach, with room enough for 70,000. When I got there, there were more than 150,000 and no shelter, just the cold and damp sand, and no food was yet given. In here, I have been two and a half days. Five boys have died. Perhaps they were sick already or got ill in marching, but no medical attention was ready. There is a Spanish doctor, one of the army, working today, but he has no help, no medical material, no medicine, nothing. We'll die like flies soon. It would have been better to have been killed by bombs."

It is "something unwritable." It is also unthinkable and unspeakable. But we will write about it and think about it until the people of the remaining free countries of the world have acted to end it. The *people* of France—the Popular

Front—have been tirelessly working to relieve conditions in the camps. That is not enough, not while the Fifth Column in France has been tirelessly working to crucify the refugees.

The Fascists are in possession of Spain but that war to repel Nazi German and Italian Fascist invasion is not over. And it never was confined to Spain.

It Is Our War

It is still my war and your war, although the bombs are not falling on us, the dead are not choking our street, we have not been robbed of our cities: not yet. It's still our war, although tonight we shall not sleep in graves dug in the unyielding sand, we shall not chew at donkey meat or gag at polluted water, we shall not helplessly watch our uncared-for, wounded friends rot away of gangrene: not yet. It is still our war.

Maybe it is clumsy of me to repeat that phrase; but I am not writing with an easy conscience or a facile pen. I'm writing at second-hand, as a proxy for my fellow-writers in concentration camps in France. They can't just now. Antonio Machado, one of Spain's greatest poets, never will. He died a refugee. I want the others to live, not in coastal camps where the driving sand gives them eye ailments that blind them, not in any of the camps where dysentery and scabies strike them down.

About one hundred out of one thousand interned intellectuals have been released through the work of intellectuals in other countries. Nine out of ten are still there: teachers, architects, engineers, doctors, journalists—scientists, artists and writers—some of them internationally renowned, some of them known only in Spain as the men and women who carry on the day-to-day tasks of maintaining and furthering civilization.

They know, as we know, that there is no life for the intellectual under Fascism. The bonfires of Germany and Italy are now burning all over their land. For example, Catalan, the language always used by the Catalonian peasants, has now been forbidden in Catalonia. It follows: Professor Pompeu Fabra, the distinguished intellectual who unified the Catalan literary language, is among the refugees. Thirty-four out of the forty-three members of the great "Institute of Catalan Letters" fled before Franco, among them C. A. Jordana, translator of Shakespeare into Catalan and Paul Romera, Catholic member of Parliament and translator of Dickens into Catalan. The writers, Rafael Distro, Arturo Serrano Plaja, Sanchez Barbudo; the sculptor Enric Casanoves; the painter, Francesco Gali; the archeologist, Professor Bosch Gimpera; celebrated women writers, such as the poet Clementina Arderiu, the novelist Merce Rodoreda, winner of the 1937 Government Prize, the novelist Anna Muria; and eleven first-rank professors from the University of Barcelona are among the refugees.

Perhaps those exhausted teachers or those tormented writers or those famished scientists, huddled inside the barbed-wire fences, can tell themselves that they are proud of the knowledge that most of Spain's intellectuals rose at once to the defense of Spanish Democracy. They should be proud. But let's not expect them to warm themselves with pride or feed themselves with pride; let's not expect honorable memories to heal sick bodies. Instead, let us who live in a country that still cherishes the treasures of the mind, look to our own pride. We have the privilege of being able to work for the release of the Spanish refugees. We may have the honor of assisting them to live once more like human beings.

HITLER'S April Fool joke on the world—his last-minute cancellation of permission for foreign countries to broadcast his speech of that date—can best be explained by the fact that he didn't want the jittery German people to listen to his unedited saber-rattling as rebroadcast back to them from short wave stations in the United States.

Although this sounds far-fetched, the fact remains that Hitler's belligerent speeches are intended mainly to frighten the Men of Munich and that only blue-pencilled transcriptions are broadcast by German stations because Adolf prefers not to disturb his followers, who are getting fed up on cannon garnished with butter.

As for the old and often-exploded argument that Germans can't listen to foreign broadcasts because they are forbidden to do so by the Nazis, note the fact that fan mail to the American networks from Germany has increased tenfold during the past year, and consider the following letter which recently was received by the National Broadcasting Company:

"From: Somewhere in Germany

"To: The Speaker of the German Hour,
"New York.

"Before beginning, I must say that I doubt that you will receive this letter, for a severe censorship rules in free and coordinated Germany.

"Here one can do only what is pleasing to the Gentlemen above. But the fact remains that most Germans listen to foreign reports and not to those here, for we have lost faith in our government in spite of the motto of the Berlin Radio Station, 'Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit,' (Practice always Faith and Honesty). Our government has adopted this motto too, but the people know what to think of it. We are also acquainted with the term 'Freedom'; but we detest the use made of these terms from the bottom of our hearts.

"Goebbels said of the Jewish pogroms that the German people acted spontaneously. These words have created bitter feeling among the German people. The truth is, the people had to look on with gnashing teeth as Storm Troopers and Black Shirts smashed and plundered everything.

"There is a deep rift between the people and the government; and here it is proven once again that a minority rules. The people must bleed and the big shots bathe in champagne. How long can this last?

"How stupid they make us, and how they lie to us about everything, above all in these infamous speeches, this self-deification. If we weren't forced to, no one would listen to this swindle. The biggest fraud is always when we have to vote. When half the votes would be NO the results are always YES; and then they say that 99 per cent are behind the *Fuehrer*. At the most, it is 10 percent; and these are the recipients of government salaries. They receive, of course, very high salaries, otherwise they wouldn't cooperate any more. . . .

"I could write much more; but you would only shake your head at some of it and say that it can't be possible. I am thinking just now of the so-called Inheritance Law for peasant land (*Das Erbhofgesetz*). They say that the peasant has regained his freedom: what a swindle! In reality he has been expropriated. Today everything is Common Property (*Volksgut*). The term is no longer Farm Owner, or Factory Owner, but Manager of Operations, a man who can be replaced at any time by someone else.

"We have come back to the Middle Ages. We are just as ignorant as in those days even though

RADIO

National's fan mail from somewhere in Germany . . . The F.C.C. defines bad programs

we do have newspapers. But Goebbels says that the people will realize the truth—he'll keep the lies for himself.

"The most devilish is the education of our youth. If a teacher gives religious training he is considered an enemy of the State. The wedding ceremony is performed by a Storm Trooper, and in place of a Bible Text, a quotation from *Mein Kampf* is read. At other times they still speak of God, and say 'With God's Help.'

"The impudence with which they lie is unbelievable; but Goebbels tops them all. We thought a short time ago that he was done for—all kinds of rumors were floating about; but you know, of course, that this type of man is the most useful.

"Dear Announcer, Mr. Marsching, let me know if you receive this letter—I hardly believe you will. My Address, of course, is false. If you wish to get in touch with me, do so through the Mail Bag on the air. Please say, 'Letter of A.B. received,' then I shall write you in greater detail. I have told a number of people about your broadcasts. They all like to hear you. Just don't mince any words.

"And don't be frightened by the saber-rattling in Berlin, for the people sympathize with America, England and France, *not* with Mussolini. Nor do the people want Communism.

"Mit Gruss

"A.B.

"I have just been able to send this letter. Call me please on the 29th, 31st of March and on April 1st—'A.B.—Letter Received.' Please an-



nounce that on each of the mentioned days for we may miss you one day. You can't imagine how interested I am to know if you will receive this letter. If so, I shall write often."

They Fly Through the Air

NORMAN CORWIN'S *They Fly Through the Air With the Greatest of Ease*, a splendid anti-Fascist verse drama about an air-raid, is creating quite a sensation in radio circles.

Corwin is one of the five men to whom the networks must look for most of their serious drama. The others are Archibald MacLeish, Irving Reis, William N. Robson and Arch Oboler.

Oboler, by the way, was the embarrassed recipient of a telegram of congratulation from Father Coughlin after the opening of his new series of plays over N.B.C. He has now gone into seclusion until his pride grows out again.

By the time this is printed those New York department store ads for unassembled television sets will have some semblance of honesty, for N.B.C. at least expects to be presenting such programs by the first of May. The sets themselves probably are all right to play around with, although the picture is certain to be much too small for comfort. But the ad-writers' intimation that the air was simply bursting with television programs should attract the unfavorable notice of the Better Business Bureau.

Wrong With Radio

THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION has indicated that in the future it intends to frown upon and possibly take disciplinary action against stations making use of the following types of program:

1. Any form of fortune-telling.
2. Astrology, graphology, numerology and other pseudo-sciences.
3. Solicitation of funds.
4. Libelous or defamatory statements.
5. Failure to give all parties to a controversy an equal opportunity to express their views.
6. Sketches, jokes or song lyrics bordering on the obscene.
7. Programs giving offense to racial or religious groups.
8. Biased political, religious or racial commentaries.
9. Blood-curdling shows for children.
10. Glorification of liquor-drinking.
11. Use of too many phonograph recordings.
12. Misleading, false or fraudulent advertising.
13. Advertising announcements interspersed between numbers of a concert.
14. Too much advertising matter.

Query to the F.C.C.: How much is too much advertising matter, please?

H. G. Wells and the Australian government went round and round during the author's recent visit to the antipodes. Seems that Wells broadcast some caustic remarks about Hitler and Mussolini when he arrived, so Prime Minister Lyons took it upon himself to scold his visitor in a published statement. Wells retorted by charging censorship, whereupon R. B. Orchard, executive of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, called him a "quarrelsome old gentleman." Where's that southern hospitality?

—GEORGE SCOTT

CRISIS is Herbert Kline's documentary record of the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. Sergei Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, his initial sound film, is a historical tapestry dealing with a specific event in Thirteenth Century Russia. The two films are as far apart in form, execution and methods as any two motion pictures could possibly be. Yet they have much in common; they are both anti-Fascist films; both political films. Strangely enough the Soviet historical film is more deliberately political than the contemporary documentary record. In a statement about the production of *Alexander Nevsky*, Director Eisenstein says: "I do not believe that any period in history witnessed such an orgy of violence to all human ideals as has resulted in recent years from the growing insolence of Fascist aggression. The suppression of the independence of the so-called small countries, blood-drenched Spain, dismembered Czechoslovakia, China gasping in desperate struggle, these realities appear like a gory nightmare. Nothing could be more terrible." And that final sentence is essentially the spice of Mr. Kline's film.

The lack of material, the difficulty of getting good "coverage" has been a major weakness in most political documentary films. Herbert Kline, who gathered the photographic record for *Heart of Spain* and who collaborated with Henri Cartier for *Return to Life* (both of them for Frontier Films), has a "nose for news." In *Crisis* he has done a wonderful job of reporting—a job a thousand times more difficult in film than in any other medium. The picture begins in Prague, immediately after the Austrian *Anschluss*. Refugees are pouring in: the old bearded Jews with sad eyes receiving help from a Czech relief station; the little Austrian boy trying on someone's donated blazer; the warm scene of the babies bathing, symbolizing the free mingling of all creeds and races in democratic Prague. We are shown the face of the Citizen of Prague. As we see women and young people listening to lectures on the methods of defense against a Fascist attack, as we see the horrifying spectacle of a little child being fitted with a grotesque gas-mask, we begin to appreciate G. E. R. Gedy's remark: "No one living through this summer in Prague could fail to be conscious of something almost sublime in the attitude of the humblest person one met



The Federal Theatre Project's production of "Pinocchio" packs them in at the Ritz Theatre in New York

THE FIGHT, May 1939

MOVIES

"Crisis" and "Alexander Nevsky"
— seven centuries apart, and
yet treating the same theme

every day . . . a fine pride in the fact that it was Czechoslovakia which, perhaps by its own death, was going to redeem liberty in Europe." And then the Sudeten sequence—the unforgettable scenes of Nazi terror—the blood-stained pillow and the beaten and murdered anti-Fascists. There is also a beautiful sequence at Solidarity, a children's camp, where the famous satiric artists, Voskovec and Werich, lead the children in anti-Fascist songs.

The film goes on to show us how the May mobilization stopped the Nazi bluff for a time. For the rest it is concerned with the second crisis, when the "bastion of Democracy" was finally betrayed. Here we are given a picture of the force of Nazi pressure: the big show of the many hysterical Nazi mass meetings, the Nazi method in the elections; the Nazi funeral with its obscene display of vulgarity. Vincent Sheean's commentary is obviously satiric and even vitriolic. Despite this, the Sudeten scenes are the weakest section of the film. The image and sound-track do not blend successfully. The photographer shot these demonstrations in a very mechanical way; his emphasis was on the abstract beauty of the image, regardless of the content or the intended interpretation of the shot in the final film. This is one of the more subtle aspects of documentary film-making, but it is a crucial one. There is no formula. But other shots in *Crisis* hint at a solution. Look at the way the final scenes of the refugees are handled to express the feeling of destitution and tragedy; look at the beautiful rendering of the final demonstration; or, look at the first shots of the Nazi spectators watching the parade. In addition, Mr. Kline's structure is much too long—too padded for the story he tells. I understand he has prepared a four-reel version.

Thirteenth Century Nazis

IF CRISIS is a document of tragedy, then *Alexander Nevsky* is the most aggressive and pointed film that we have had since the coming of sound in motion pictures. This long-awaited picture by one of the world's most brilliant film-makers tells the story of the Thirteenth Century defeat of the Teutonic Knights by Alexander Nevsky and the Russian people. Eisenstein calls these knights "the ancestors of the contemporary Fascists" who "undertook a systematic advance eastward in order to subjugate the Slavonic and other peoples, in precisely the same spirit as contemporary Fascist Germany is trying to do, with the same frenzied slogans and the same fanaticism."

The film is huge not only in the number of people in the cast, but in the way it tells its story. The major part of the picture is concerned with the famous battle on the frozen Lake Peipus, April 5,

1242, where the German invaders were defeated. The story is told in broad strokes with very little dialogue. The manner of the acting, the sets, the brilliant photography suggest a popular folk epic. But the most amazing aspect of the film is that it seems like a modern story as current as tomorrow's documentary film. We must also note the extraordinary contribution of the famous Soviet composer Prokofieff for his score. There are passages where the fusion of image and music almost lifts the spectator out of his seat.

Current Films

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (Goldwyn-United Artists): Mr. Goldwyn brings the strangest of all English novels to the screen via a scenario by Hecht and MacArthur. Unfortunately Emily Brontë's novel suffers much in the transfer. The film is quite conventional and quite dull. It doesn't even evoke a real feeling of the famous English moor. Even *The Hound of the Baskervilles*



Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in the Goldwyn version of Emily Brontë's novel, "Wuthering Heights"

(20th Century-Fox) created a more intense picture of "moor psychology" with less pretensions about art and literature.

Let Us Live (Columbia): Columbia was afraid to let us know that this film is based on Joseph Dineen's story of miscarriage of justice, *Murder in Massachusetts*. But despite that, Director John Brahm has given us an artful and warm picture of human beings. It is interesting to note how much Mr. Brahm has taken from Fritz Lang's *You Only Live Once*. This is more than a typical jail film.

Midnight (Paramount): Another in the series of perennial French films starring Claudette Colbert. This is another variation on the Cinderella fable, with Don Ameche as the smiling taxi-driver prince.

The Story of Alexander Graham Bell (20th Century-Fox): This may be Mr. Zanuck's idea of the rôle of the scientist under our society, or how popular science should be presented to the movie fans, or how inventors live and love—but to us it looks like a general whitewashing of some of our "great public utility corporations."

—PETER ELLIS



III

AND WHEN in the morning they looked at each other with haggard sleepless eyes, they found Dallardo demented. . . . They had no stomach for the morning chicory, but they knew they had to drink it or go hungry. But Dallardo would not come out to get his. He lay still under the bunk, pressed against the wall. He did not move. He shrank away from their touch and would not speak to them.

Nor had they the least appetite for the 'roz, though they either had to eat it or starve. But Dallardo would not come out for that either. He was deaf to the remonstrances of Antonio and Meña; he kept his silent converse with the wall. The air was charged with electric menace from which he shrank; sight, sound, memory hovered in it. And the child took refuge in the deepest, darkest corner he could find, shrinking away from it, shutting his senses to it.

It was moving on towards evening, and still Dallardo clung to his wall, his shirt by now wet and muddy.

"You've got to come out of there," said Antonio for perhaps the hundredth time; "you can't stay there all day."

Dallardo did not answer.

"Come on out," said Julio; "no one's going to touch you."

Dallardo kept a resolute back to them.

"He's got to come out of there," said Antonio; "we've got to make him."

They seized him, Antonio by the ankles and Julio by the shoulders, and dragged him out. He kicked and struggled, screamed in terror, and grabbed the edge of the bunk as they lifted him so that he could not be pulled further; finally they dumped

him on the bunk, where he lay, his face again to the wall, whimpering.

"Oh all right," said Antonio, in disgust; "keep quiet! Nobody's going to hurt you." His own nerves were jangled from the sleepless ordeal of the previous night. He could not cope with much more.

During the next day and the day after the cobbler somewhat recovered, took nourishment, got out of the bunk the few times necessary, and even attempted, weak and shamefaced, to apologize. But his eyes never left them, his face never lost its expression of terror. He had reached the stage where he could not trust anybody, and only blind unreasoning fear had hold of him. Mankind had played him false, and so he could not trust any man. His whole present nightmare was against all reason, and so he could not trust even his reason. Everything was conspiring against him. Especially was he affected by steps close outside the door, or the entrance into the cell at mealtimes of the hairy giant with the food. He would cringe away and press back against the wall, his body stiff, his eyes bulging, his lips trembling. When at one such time the hairy one, feeling playful, made a mock threatening step toward him, he emitted a shriek, and kept whimpering loudly for over an hour before they could quiet him.

Nights, when the condemned were dragged down the hall, were the worst. His low nervous whimpering would rise to a high-pitched steady wailing. It was acid on an open sore to Antonio, who would clap his hands over his ears, beat his feet or his fists on the floor, gritting his teeth, writhing under the lash of the sound. Once his self-control was not enough to contain him; he rose, screaming

"Shut up! Shut up!" and fell on the little man, from whom Julio had to pull him, weak and shaking. Even Julio, always the most calm, began himself to tell under the strain, glaring at the others through hostile bloodshot eyes, speaking sharply.

WHEN Dallardo did get out of the bunk—as he started later on to do regularly—it was only to kneel or prostrate himself before the scrawled cross on the back wall and give himself up to voluble prayers and lamentations, intoning endless paternosters and snatches of Te Deums, even repeating mutilated Latin phrases of unknown meaning and appropriateness, merely because he had heard clerics using them. He confessed volubly, with much beating of the breast, and Antonio and Julio were treated to harrowing accounts of the poor man's depredations: the few pesetas he occasionally held out of his meager earnings from his wife for the *vino* he drank during his long wine-shop debates; the half-dozen surreptitious visits he had made in his life, always under the influence of the vile grape that was his ruination, to the "wicked" quarter behind the cathedral, to "Peque's" brothel, "Lola's," and once in a blaze of glory, to "La Luisa"—he groveled now for the blasphemous thing he had said once in that house—high-class—of the devil. He would writhe in an agony of repentance over what he considered his one real departure from marital fidelity (the rest being professional and not in the same category) with a buxom mustached housemaid who had been highly and justly indignant over this assault on her virtue by one so small and impotent, and had only submitted because she could do no better at the moment and she thought him more proficient than



he was. He bared everything, seeking to accomplish at one blow the paradox of making atonement for the sins that had landed him in his present plight and demonstrating to a just God that there were really no such sins and it was all an unfair mistake. His prayers had the effect of a mental cathartic, and he always rose from them much relieved. They were very violent: violent in their prostrate start, violent during their duration with much waving of arms and beating of breast, violent in their tearful, relieved conclusion—so violent, in fact, that Antonio was forced to move the slop-bucket out of the way for fear that the little man would with his gesticulations upset it. But they had a beneficial, purging effect which Antonio and Julio, for all their surly amusement, respected. Dallardo was quieter after them, and even slept, muttering to himself.

As the days went by his improvement became increasingly noticeable. His psychological need passed slowly from that of making atonement for his beliefs to that of justifying them; and Antonio found himself forced to listen to long tirades on Socialism, pointless, obscure, consisting mainly of slogans and denunciation, uttered with the tone and emphasis of irrefutable logic. Dallardo exhaustively examined every angle of his subject, and went over each point several times in each day's discourse, avoiding only mention of the Church, even as an economic factor, out of fear of antagonizing his God at the other end of the cell. Antonio agreed with him implicitly, nodding solemnly whenever a pause in the flood of words around him intimated that the cue for approval had been given. He realized the necessity of giving the little man what solace he could.

"You see, señor, how simple, how very, very simple it all is."

A nod from Antonio.

"So simple. And logical. All that wants is listening to be convinced."

Another nod. Solemn.

"But some people—some people will not listen. Some people—will not be convinced." His lip trembled. A film of moisture appeared in his eyes.

"Oh, but they will, they will!" said Antonio quickly. "They will listen."

"Ah yes"—eagerly—"they will! They will!"

Given time he would have recovered if nothing happened; not fully perhaps—in that atmosphere—but enough to make living with him bearable.

But something happened.

ANTONIO awoke one night with a start. It was about midnight; the air around him was a solid swimming black, fetid and oppressive. He looked around him. What had wakened him? What instinct urging him? What slight unfamiliar sound, recorded in his unconsciousness as he slept. . . .

Julio, next to him, was sitting up also. They both listened. A rat squeaked, blundered against the slop-bucket, and looked at them for a second's fraction with glowing yellow eyes. Drip of water, the fidgety breathing of Dallardo, the pregnant whispering silence of the hall outside. . . .

And then there was a slight scrape on the outside wall, as of scrambling shoe leather, a scratching at the bars. Somebody was trying to get up to that window! Julio crouched, tense. Antonio knelt beside him.

A loud scratching on the bars, the suck of excited panting. Though they could not see, they knew that a face was at the bars, looking in. Then a sibilant whisper: "Papa!"

Julio jumped to his feet, trembling, and started toward the window; and coincident with his action there was a sudden shot, sharp as a slap. A scream—a boy's voice—filled the cell to reverberation, drove electric needles into Antonio's spine. Julio gave an inarticulate frenzied cry and jumped up scrambling to the window. Two more shots. One came into the cell, missing Julio's head by some miracle, and sprayed the cell with slivers of stone

from the opposite wall. The scream reached its peak, then died down. There was a second's sharp scratch of clutching, convulsive fingernails on the rusty bars, and then a thud on the bricks outside.

Julio remained, frozen to the bars. Antonio, knowing that the guards would be there in a moment, leaped up, and seizing him by the shoulders, tried to pull him down; but he held like iron, and Antonio himself lost his grip and fell, striking the floor heavily. He tried again, frantic, from the side, bracing his leg against the wall and pushing with all his strength. Julio's hold gave, they crashed up against the opposite wall and hit the floor, a flurry of arms and legs; Antonio pinned his arms and rolled with him violently against the wall under the window, throwing a blanket over their protruding feet as he did so.

None too soon. A flashlight cut a swath through the dark, fell on the door; moved to the floor, to the other wall, lingered a second on Dallardo's trembling lips, bulging eyes, moved on again, touched the end of the blanket, moved up, touched the edge of an exposed, trousered knee. . . . But the angle from the window made it impossible to go up more. It flicked once more around the cell, touched again on Dallardo, and went out.

After the steps and the loud shouting voices in the hall had crystallized on their door; after the loudest voice had, cursing, rattled and tried the keys until he had found the right one, when they finally opened the door and flashed their torches, Julio and Antonio were on the floor, covered with blankets, apparently peacefully asleep.

The owner of the loudest voice kicked them. "Get up out of that!"

He was hog-faced and bloated. His open uniform coat was thrust aside by his protruding abdomen, half a shirt-tail was out, his breeches were still open. He smelled of alcohol. He wiped his mouth on the chevrons of his sleeve as he glared at the men, now crouching against the wall.

"Trying to escape, weren't you, swine? Trying to escape, eh?"

They did not answer. He flashed his torch on the two of them and then on Dallardo. "Which of you did that boy come for? What did he want?"

They made no response.

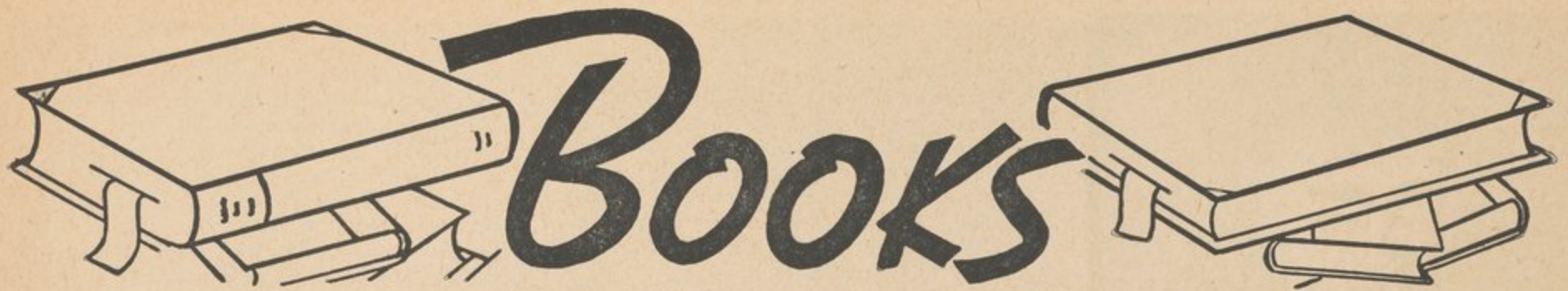
(Continued on page 26)

Burgos Gaol

At first, there were three others in the Fascist dungeon with Antonio Moros . . . But they came for Caldeveras, and Antonio's last hope of escaping execution went screaming down the hall . . . Part Three of a story of Franco Spain

By Jack Reed

ILLUSTRATED BY CHET LA MORE



Books

Vermont and Liberty

SEASONED TIMBER, by Dorothy Canfield; 485 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$2.50.

IN HER usual competent and facile manner Dorothy Canfield has written this story of a Vermont school-teacher, a middle-aged idealist, who after twenty years of celibate living, suddenly finds his guard against emotional entanglements completely overthrown by a rather ordinary young woman, twenty years his junior.

If this were all there was to this story, it would be only one of thousands of similar novels—somewhat more competently written than the majority, but calling for no special consideration. But just as we are beginning to skim over the pages, a little bored with the eternal conflict between Timothy Hulme's celibate intelligence and the violence of his emotional upset, suddenly the book becomes alive, significant and timely.

Timothy Hulme is principal of Clifford Academy, a poverty-stricken little school, to which a break in the plumbing has been a major calamity. When the Academy is offered an endowment of a million dollars, on the condition that no Jewish children shall be admitted, and that the tuition shall be raised to a thousand dollars—excluding the poorer young people of the vicinity in favor of the "gentlemen's sons"—a battle is precipitated which lifts the story out of mediocrity.

A new trustee must be elected to the Academy within two months—a trustee whose vote will decide whether this endowment, with its (to Professor Hulme) intolerable conditions, shall be accepted or rejected. It is around this election that the conflict rages. Never for a moment does Timothy, at the bottom of his heart, believe that he and his faithful cohorts will win. The material advantages to the Academy, and to the town of Clifford, are too overwhelming. But never for a moment does he waver in his fight against the teachers who anticipate increased salaries, the students who plan a gymnasium and heated swimming pool, the townspeople who expect prosperity, lower taxes, and plenty of money for all.

In the two-months campaign before

the election, every character in the book aligns himself with one side or the other. The sharp relief in which the villagers stand out is probably the best thing that Dorothy Canfield has ever done. And the conclusion, which it would be wrong to divulge, follows consistently from the action.

Seasoned Timber will doubtlessly have a wide reading. It's that kind of a book. And just as these readers need the message it carries, so the forces of freedom need these readers to join in the tremendous effort that must be made if liberty is not to end.

—HELEN H. PRESTON

The Nazi Book

MEIN KAMPF, by Adolf Hitler; 669 pages; Stackpole Sons; \$3.00.

MEIN KAMPF, by Adolf Hitler; 994 pages; Reynal & Hitchcock; \$3.00.

GERMANY is on the brink of bankruptcy, brought there by the Nazi misrule. But Hitler is a millionaire, with money in nearly a score of European banks, principally thanks to:

1. Shady real-estate transactions.
2. Coercing millions of Germans to buy *Mein Kampf*, while all literary competition went up in official bonfires.

Ever since the Reich came under Adolf Hitler's heel, the possession of a copy of *Mein Kampf* has been a mark of political reliability, with few German households daring to refuse the most unpersuasive traveling book salesman. Every schoolchild is forced to study the book, no dentist's waiting-room is complete without it.

Neither of the two American publishers bringing out within a day of each other two unexpurgated English-language translations shows a desire to add to Hitler's millions. Stackpole's intend to turn over all royalties to organizations aiding German refugees. Reynal & Hitchcock have set up a committee of public figures to administer the distribution of profits to a fund for the Nazis' victims, "after deducting all legitimate expenses"—with no mention made of whether such expenses embrace royalties to the *Fuehrer*.

Already the publishers are involved in a legal squabble with attendant publicity that may conceivably stimulate

sales of both editions, although so far as we are concerned, it is less than a tempest in a teapot. More important is the fact itself of the availability of the opus *in toto* to the American reader.

In offering this complete domestic and foreign program and credo of the Nazi movement to the American public, neither publisher is putting his stamp of approval on the bible of Hitlerism. On the contrary, two editorial prefaces leave no doubt of disapproval of the filth, obscurantism and bestiality from the pen of Hitler and his possible ghost writers. The publishers' self-justification is somewhat to the effect that the Nazi and Hitler mentality can be fully understood only by reading this unadorned programmatic statement in its entirety, that it is the most important book of our times, and so on, far into the night.

But the first complete *Mein Kampf* in English comes to America fifteen years after it was written and in the seventh year of the Nazi régime. People in and out of Germany have tasted at first hand the theories and practices of Fascism. Today the book is a belated confirmation of the numerous other ravings written and spoken by Hitler and his henchmen, not to mention excerpts from *Mein Kampf* publicized here earlier. So, we have a regurgitation of the cannibal racial doctrines, of the obscene hatred of France, England, Russia, the United States, and all the other well known spewings of the Fascist Beast.



Josephine Herbst has written a novel about property in *Rope of Gold*

To be sure, researchers into Twentieth Century savagery will be amply supplied with data here. Editorial writers may have occasion to dip into this cesspool. But people with such special interests have had no particular difficulty in the past in obtaining their material from the German version. An average American, however, does not have to swallow an entire egg to find out that it is rotten, and no fouler egg has ever been hatched by any bird.

All American publishers who had enough self-control to abstain from printing an edition of *Mein Kampf* and from attempting to clean up on it while posing as public servants, are hereby proposed as candidates for both the Nobel Literature and Peace Prizes.

—LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

Novel of Owners

ROPE OF GOLD, by Josephine Herbst; 429 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$2.50.

JOSEPHINE HERBST has written herself into the culture of America in novels of a passionate integrity. This is an achievement difficult for any artist in transitional periods like the present, when the world struggles parallel the struggle of art to be reborn out of estheticism into the realism of the picket line and the concentration camp, of Fascist wars and villages bombed for peace and religion.

This, the author's fifth novel, has the theme of ownership. Property is the hangman's rope around the throat of the owner class: from dispossessed farmers and shopkeepers at the bottom—whom laissez-faire historians formerly called by the pet name, "the backbone of the nation"—right on up through the population of faithful struggling little people to the frayed intellectuals at the top, and their masters the big shots of business. The latter we see wobbling through the great depression, and in the come-back, adopting the union-busting gun technique of Fascism to save their skins—which they see endangered by the Wagner Act.

Ruin, bankruptcy, middle-class defeat—the picture is terribly true. These people in the story cannot love, cannot hope, cannot fight, but like those on whom the curse of God has fallen they

wander disunited, and lost. Their dilemma is summed up in the reproach Victoria Chance flings at her husband from whom she has separated: "Your family spoiled everything. Not by loving you too much but by owning things you might someday have. You might have flung your life into something that mattered, but no, you had to hem and haw." The spotlight moves all over the map of the United States and down to Cuba, where Victoria Chance has an assignment to do a series of articles on the sugar mills and where she gets caught in the general strike. The scene is America coming out of the depression, entering upon the New Deal. The book ends with the workers sitting down in one of the plants in the great auto strike.

One feels the negative side of the picture is pretty heavily loaded. And while the social types personalized in the characters stand out in brilliant and living detail, one regrets the further tendency to intellectualize and give a subjective coloring to the larger episodes in which their lives are involved—a method which certainly blunts the drama implicit in the historical background. Still, though one may find fault with Josephine Herbst's art on these grounds, in this as in her earlier books the deep sincerity of her writing, the extraordinary vigor and warmth of detail, the fluidity of her prose have enriched our literature of fiction, permanently.

—LILLIAN GILKES

The Brown Danube

SURVEY AFTER MUNICH, by *Graham Hutton*; 253 pages; Little, Brown and Company; \$2.50.

THE BLOOD-STAINED tidal wave of Fascist aggression in Central and Eastern Europe is brilliantly described, and its underlying political and economic drives are lucidly analyzed, in this compact volume by a former editor of the very influential organ of British conservative opinion, the *London Economist*.

The book is in three parts. First Graham Hutton gives us a detailed and exceptionally well organized picture of "The New Danubia," that explosive congeries of nationalities and States whose economic and industrial resources are steadily falling into the Fascist orbit. The geographic, communication and strategic advantages of this complex region between the Rhine and the Black Sea are carefully outlined, and the balance-sheet of strictly material gains to Germany from the British policy of "appeasement" is shown to be both impressive—and precarious. If aggression had nothing to fear from the political factors, the Rome-Berlin axis might well dominate the world from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.



John Heartfield's photomontage shows Hitler watering the tree of war

Part II analyzes the mechanics of the Nazi economic and financial penetration of Danubia—and here we see the working out of the grim contradictions by which Germany, through violent capture of the wealth of Czechoslovakia, comes nearer to bankruptcy. More resources but fewer markets; more gold, but less foreign exchange; more and better factories, but fewer customers who can and will pay. And also—a point to which Mr. Hutton does not pay sufficient attention—more man-power, both for production and war, but less loyalty and steadily increasing hatred.

In Part III, on "Politics and Powers," we get a concise but very revealing account of the vast chaos now developing on the heels of Germany's advance eastward. Czech, Slovak, Hungarian, Rumanian, Polish, Jugoslavian, Croatian, Serbian, Greek—a veritable witches' caldron of national minorities, all deceived by the demagoguery of "self-determination," is being brewed against *Der Tag* which may well prove to be also the twilight of the Nazi gods. Mr. Hutton warns us not to be deluded by the noisy "peace-talk" of the Fascists:

That is completely to misconceive the nature of the totalitarian state's strategy, military apparatus, internal weaknesses, etc. The totalitarian state *must* take the offensive, for if it does not its social and economic weaknesses will rapidly lead its artificially disciplined unity to disintegrate, to vanish overnight. Its grip upon its own power and people can only be maintained under stresses. It is an unnatural hold. It relies on the hectic stress of an offensive war, a war that imperatively demands, from every citizen, pro-régime or anti-régime, all of which his or her patriotism is capable—without time to gauge whether the régime is worthy or is achieving anything. . . .

Can such a war end victoriously for the aggressors? The answer may not be long delayed.

—HAROLD WARD

The Tyranny of Maps

THE NEW WESTERN FRONT, by *Stuart Chase*; 196 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$1.50 and 75 cents.

STUART CHASE is a very bright fellow. He once wrote a book called *The Tyranny of Words*. Now he has written another book and it seems that he himself has fallen under the rule of this tyranny.

The words are: America is not like Europe, and thank the Lord for the Atlantic and the Pacific. The author fills most of the pages of his book showing that America is not like Europe. He is very scientific about the proof. He draws a map—a pretty little map with the United States cut up into twenty separate countries

When he gets all through with his maps, Stuart Chase gives us his program for maintaining peace. Then, despite all the bright scientific jargon that went before, the program is an old and threadbare one. It's simon-pure isolationism. Cut off all relations with the rest of the world the instant war is declared. Meanwhile, what does Mr. Chase propose we do in order to attempt to prevent the necessity of severing relations with the rest of the world? The answer is: nothing.

He does suggest, however, that we build up our navy and army in order to defend not only the United States but South America as well, recognizing in one of the few lucid passages in the book that the defence of peace in the United States requires the defence of our southern neighbors from the inroads of Fascism. He even recognizes that guns and battleships are not the only implements for defending South American Democracy, pointing out the importance of pacts, conferences, and defensive alliances. He emphasizes that understanding with the countries to the south of us is necessary "for mutual survival in a storm-swept world." This is an important admission to appear in a book that is otherwise the last word on isolationism. It is an especially important admission when we examine Mr. Chase's reason for advocating for South America a foreign policy which is diametrically opposed to that which he advocates for the rest of the world. The chief reason he gives for his attitude is: "We are bound together by our geographical isolation."

Then it becomes apparent that all of Mr. Chase's fine concern for maps has not taught him a simple lesson in geography: namely, that New York is two thousand miles nearer Berlin than it is to Buenos Aires, the chief South American seaport; that the geographical isolation occurs only in the fact that most maps show the North and South American continent on one page and the rest of the world on another page. For in point of actual fact Brazil is nearer Africa than it is the southernmost tip of Florida. Perhaps the most important proof that this geographical proximity has important political implications is the fact that already Franco is demanding the return of Porto Rico. Yes, Mr. Chase, America is larger than Europe, and there is an Atlantic and a Pacific; but the best defence of "The New Western Front" is the defence of world peace and Democracy.

—HAROLD PATCH

TRENDS in Wall Street took a sudden confused turn during the past month, reflecting the muddled state of mind of the money-mad moguls, and for the time being at least, the jitterbugs have taken over control of the area. There are several reasons for this sad condition. First, the Street echoed Chamberlain's naïve "amazement" when Hitler grabbed Czechoslovakia, because up to the eve of the robbery, the downtown bigwigs anticipated that another Munich would keep the Nazi nitwit in line, and in a pinch a sizable loan could keep his floundering régime afloat pending a general review of world trade appeasement possibilities—aimed of course at the smaller nations, and steering of course Nazi-land's ship to the east. Secondly, as forecast in this column two months ago when the proposed W.P.A. slash cracked the market for stocks wide open, the bright business sky of late 1938 has been considerably darkened; and thirdly, the "hate Roosevelt" campaign to kill off the progressive New Deal legislation has not really been going quite so smoothly as the Tory newspapers have been boasting since the G.O.P. banker crowd captured greater representation in Congress.

A Gloomy View of Europe

IN THE international arena, the Munich moron confounded them all, although any ten-year-old intelligent child would find it difficult to say why this should be so—since practically everybody except Chamberlain and his Fascist-inclined backers knew, feared, foretold and warned against just what did happen. And now, in view of the increased tension and enhanced possibilities of war since the unruly Hitler has kicked over the traces, Wall Street has been closely scrutinizing its own position.

The verdict is that the European vista is gloomy indeed, and may portend a period of Napoleonic conquest which, however, in view of the present probable line-up, can only end in extinguishment of the would-be conqueror. But if the worst happens over there, stock prices here and business generally would be severely shocked at first, and afterwards would fluctuate with the fortunes of war. Many astigmatics have assumed erroneously that the World War boom would almost certainly be reenacted, and so are puzzled when current war scares cause a sharp drop in stock prices and bad dreams for the Street. The reason is that present-day war is an entirely different affair from the World War days, and a business boom is by no means an assured proposition, regardless of experience. So the Street reasons that a cash position is the safest until the future is more clarified.

That this opinion prevails abroad

WALL STREET

The Street is gloomy over Europe and America, but sabotages the very solution to the problems

also, is reflected in the record gold flow to this country seeking a safe haven, and the tremendous amount of security liquidation that has occurred in the New York market every time Hitler moves a soldier. The fortuitous events that made possible a continued flow of American factory war materials to World War Europe are quite uncertain, and there is no guaranty whatever that the same pattern would be followed now.

It also must be assumed under the rules of present-day law devised by the Fascist nations, that anything goes and as soon as war starts, every government in the conflict would confiscate or commandeer all the foreign assets held by its nationals. And there un-

doubtedly would be lusty liquidation of such assets both by governments to grab all the cash possible, and by individuals seeking to escape confiscation of their securities. This liquidation would swamp the markets, as has happened many times in recent months when war seemed imminent.

At the same time there have been several attempts made since the last war to legislate against war profits, and in addition there have sprung up divers price-control schemes devised to hamper or prevent normal price movements, and thus dampen prospects for anything like World War-time fat stock or business prices.

There is another angle also. The World War started as a war between

nations, and the Street believes the next would also start between nations, but would speedily develop into a class war. Such a prospect obviously is not conducive to rising stock prices.

The Street's Self-Sabotage

THUS the stock gamblers consider their plight and tremble in their dilemma. Their gloom is deep and it isn't to be wondered that they grow cautious. At the same time, they deliberately sabotage the very solution to their problems. More security for the nation through a bigger and broader New Deal program, a job for every man at higher wages, and a halt in sale of war materials to aggressors, are simple enough fundamentals.

If we had these fundamentals through the coöperation of what the Street calls "venture" capital, the second of the major reasons for Wall Street's raw nerves would disappear. This second reason is the business prospects in this country, aside from the effect of the European troubles. There has been a decided turnabout since the market foretold the probable results two months ago. Whereas at that time the subsidized propaganda in the Big Business press could see nothing ahead but rosy pictures of fat profits from accelerated business, since then there has been increasing caution as the business indices cast their lengthening shadow over the uneasy future. In this respect the Wall Street tickers almost daily for the past few weeks have been seeking a scapegoat for declining business, while at the same time alibiing for the failure and cautiously indicating that the upturn has been merely deferred and will "surely" develop in this second quarter-year.

There is a spoiled-brat attitude of impatience growing in the financial district over what is termed "the lack of follow-through in business harmony after the great amount of talk that emanated from government spokesmen recently." The *Wall Street Journal* says that the responsibility to bring about retrenchment in government spending as a means of stimulating business is being tossed back and forth between President Roosevelt and Congress, and thus far neither is willing to take that responsibility. It can most readily be seen from the business indices why the President refuses to take the responsibility, and it isn't hard to understand why Congress is reluctant. Perhaps the *Wall Street Journal* should be told that maybe the persistent and indignant country-wide protest to Congress from small business and the general public, against sniping at the Roosevelt attempts to raise or at least maintain living standards, has something to do with this Congressional reluctance. Business harmony to Wall Street means one thing—rugged individualism; to the nation, another—rugged health.



The labor unity negotiations are giving Wall Street the jitters. From left to right: seated, Philip Murray, John L. Lewis, Harry Bates and Daniel Tobin; standing, Sidney Hillman, Matthew Woll and Thomas A. Rickert



At a meeting of the American Newspaper Guildsmen who are on strike against Hearst's Chicago papers

Hearst Learns Hard

The emperor has fallen to a mere hundred thousand, but Hearstism lives on in Chicago, where thugs attack the striking workers... The story of a valiant struggle for human rights against the savage violence of the Father of American Fascism

By Morris Watson

IT'S A long time since the eminent historian, Charles A. Beard, said that no person of intellectual honesty or moral integrity would touch William Randolph Hearst with a ten-foot pole. Since then the Hearst pro-Fascist and un-American editorial policy together with Hearst high living has brought its reckoning. His empire is in hock. The emperor, himself, is reduced to a mere hundred-thousand-dollar job.

But while the fallen monarch broods at fabulous San Simeon, also in hock, his spirit and his labor policy go marching on in Chicago. Thugs with rub-

ber hose and auto cranks smash skulls in the interest of his successors. Lies and distortions attempt to confuse the simple issue of a valiant labor struggle.

Since December 5th of last year, five hundred white collar workers of the Chicago *Herald & Examiner* and the Chicago *Evening American* have been on strike to preserve their union which is the American Newspaper Guild. They had a Guild contract. It was violated, not once, but many times. A job security clause was ignored. Contractual minimums were not paid. Overtime was chiseled. Employees were coerced, intimidated and fired in

wholesale lots as if they were machines become obsolete.

Insecure and jittery, the workers reached the end of their patience. By a two-to-one majority vote taken in orderly, democratic fashion, they decided their course. No strike in the history of the Guild has received such widespread and diverse support. It is in fact a barometer of what the American people think of Hearst and all that he stands for. Moral and financial aid pours in from A.F. of L. and C.I.O. unions from Maine to California. Church, civic and welfare groups have interested themselves actively. An

ever-growing number of individuals are acting effectively in the strike's favor by refusing to buy products advertised in the struck papers. (Among advertisers, Camels, Chesterfields, Old Golds; A. & P., Sears Roebuck, Walgreen's; Buick, Ford, Chevrolet, Plymouth; National Distillers, Schenley Products; Standard Oil, Sinclair.) Advertising lineage in the two papers has dropped 1,670,731 lines up to last March 15th, according to Media records. Circulation has fallen 212,000, the Guild estimates.

Since organization of the American
(Continued on page 28)

OURS IS a time of heroes. Every day, in one part of the world or another, heroes arise. Some gain the recognition they so richly deserve, others struggle, work and die unknown.

Our hero will have to remain anonymous. He is a refugee from Nazi terror, a fugitive from the German Gestapo, the fast-shooting Hitler secret police brigade whose terroristic methods have inspired fear in the hearts of Germans the world over.

We'll call our character Fritz Lieder. That's not his real name of course, but Fritz still has relatives living in Germany, and they necessarily must be protected, for the Gestapo is methodically swift. Shortly after this magazine leaves the printshop, it will be carefully scrutinized by Nazi agents in America. This story will be studied in an effort to determine the true identity of Fritz Lieder.

In 1933, Fritz was an average citizen of a small town in northern Germany. He had a job in a toy factory. At eight o'clock every morning he used to appear for work. At five-thirty he returned to his little suburban home. There Fritz used to sit after a good German dinner that included a stein or two of beer and play with his little youngsters. He would delight in reading letters from his son who was studying medicine at the University of Vienna.

Talk of Hitler

Sometimes he would amble over to the neighborhood coffee-house, there to sit and discuss politics with some of his cronies. But Fritz was a jovial plump man and was inclined to laugh at talk of Fascism and of Hitler, a mad Austrian house-painter.

Fritz was a veteran of the World War. For four years, from the time he was sixteen until he was twenty, Fritz had served in the Kaiser's army. After the Armistice he had returned home and married Martha, his childhood sweetheart.

Times were hard after the War. The Kaiser was chased out by the German people. A republic was set up. But Fritz didn't pay much attention to it all, as long as he had enough work to keep his family in clothes and food.

Suddenly all was changed. The talk of Hitler, which he had scoffed at so long, became louder.

"We Are Growing"

In darkest Germany, the people struggle against Hitler by devious means . . . The story of "Fritz Lieder," a German worker who recently left his country after long years in the "underground"

By David Karr

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF DEHN

An election took place in which the democratic forces were split; Hindenburg betrayed the Republic; Hitler became Chancellor.

There was talk of terror in the big cities. Brown-shirted men with swastikas on their arms were wrecking shops. Jews were being thrown into jail. And then something new made its appearance. The concentration camp. The comparatively clean jails were already overcrowded with political prisoners. Those who were under sentence for murder, robbery and other crimes were freed. Into their cells were cast persons who opposed the Nazi régime.

Into Fritz Lieder's town came the Nazi police. During the night, the mayor disappeared mysteriously. Many of the local trade unionists were unceremoniously arrested and taken away. Leaders of the various political parties were grabbed with the same speed as were Masons, members of fraternal organizations and other non-Fascists.

During the first few weeks some of the more courageous local people attempted to cope with the situation by holding protest meetings in the streets. The consequences were swift. More meat for the open jaws of the concentration camps.

Gradually the people learned that they must face

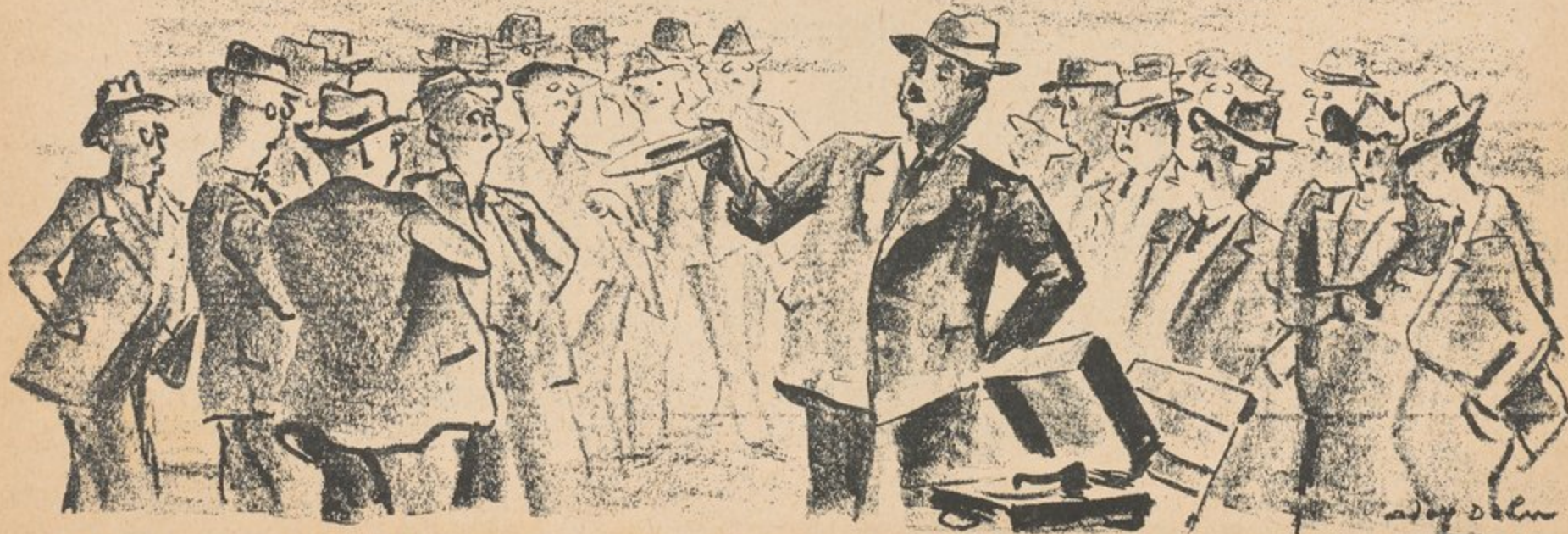
the facts realistically. They realized that Hitler could not be fought in the open. Newspapers which attempted to oppose Hitler, found the end swift. Nazi party people were assigned to censor the news. Then all the major news agencies were abolished and the only news that reached the people came from the government news agency and the canned radio.

Building the Underground

The "underground" was the only way left. The underground was clumsy in its beginnings. Fritz was afraid to work with it. Two of his more daring friends were caught in the first few months. As he told me about it, tears came to his eyes. They glistened and poured unashamed down his cheeks.

"That's what made up my mind for me," he said. "If Willy and Elmer were not afraid, then I was not either. Hadn't we all fought in the trenches together during the War?"

Fritz's first assignment was to distribute the new underground newspaper. Stealthily he arose at one o'clock in the morning and made his way to a nearby field. There, under a rock whose location he had been given previously, he found the papers.





Swiftly hiding them in his coat, he started for town.

Fear was in his heart as he walked. The streets were dark. Not a soul was in sight. Here was a doorstep. Furtively he crept close, glancing from side to side. He slipped the paper underneath and hurriedly moved on. Under every doorstep went a paper—thin, badly printed, but carrying a message. Then with a look to either side, Fritz retraced his footsteps and returned home to bed at four o'clock.

The dangers of a large organization soon became apparent. Spies could be found everywhere. In every factory there were spies. In every coffee-shop and beer-hall they lurked. The underground organization had to be split into tiny sections.

Groups were divided into "cells" of five. In each group was a cell-leader. He knew but one other person in the movement. One person from another cell. Thus all orders, etc., were communicated. If a spy wormed his way into the organization, he could only catch four persons, whereas before, everyone was in danger.

A Government Job

Fritz was fired from his factory early in 1934, but he got another job. This time, he was working for the Nazi government. His was the task of collecting taxes from the Jews in the city. It was a valuable spot. Here he was in a position to travel freely. He could talk to people, learn their feelings and work accordingly.

The problem which was the toughest to lick, was that of bringing literature for mass distribution into the country. It had to be smuggled in. For this work, great caution was required.

Sometimes Fritz would get a message.

"Go to the ——— hotel and ask for Mr. ———. He will invite you up to his room."

There Fritz would meet a traveler. The man would lift a dummy partition from his trunk and produce some finely printed leaflets. The paper was almost as thin as cigarette paper. Fritz would thrust these into his trousers and walk quietly away.

That night his cell would steal away and go about the job of distribution. In the morning, the entire town would be wild with talk of the leaflet. The police would drag in all suspects. Held for a few days, they would deny any knowledge of the affair. Usually they were released, but occasionally they would disappear. "Dachau," the word

would sweep through the small community. Another concentration camp victim had been taken.

Perhaps the most glorious job which was done by the cell movement was the victrola record scheme. Orders were sent to appear singly at a certain place.

Fritz arrived and received a small case, a package and instructions. He was to go to a nearby city after first informing his boss that he was ill. Promptly at 4 P.M. he was to set up the portable victrola which he was given on a busy street. At 4:03 he was to start playing the twelve-inch record. It was part I of the "Romeo and Juliet" overture. After thirty seconds he was to shut it off and start selling the records at a price equivalent to fifteen cents in American currency. The records sold like hotcakes. At 4:20 promptly, whether sold out or not, all the "salesmen" were ordered to cease business and return. The reader can well imagine the surprise of the purchasers, who that day bought eleven thousand records of the "Romeo and Juliet" overture only to have it start on a long anti-Hitler speech after the first few bars. One of the men even had the nerve to leave a record at the local police station.

Another trick was the use of a large silver coin. Walking through a crowded street, people would drop these plated coins. Persons nearby picking them up were startled at the inscription, "Down with Hitler."

The Voice of Freedom

Most important of course is the radio. The "Voice of Freedom" station continues to harass the Nazis. Two of the stations have been discovered, but others have sprung up in their place. Every evening, thousands of German radios turn to 29.8 meters. They used to listen through the usual radios, but if you are caught, the penalty is swift. Now, earphones are used, and the sound is inaudible to passersby in the streets.

One of the finest systems, now out of use, can be revealed. A man climbs to a roof with a short plank, a bucket of water with a hole in it, plugged with chewing-gum and some literature. The plank is placed halfway over the street—the bucket on the roof part, and the literature on the street end. Then the gum is removed. The water seeps out and in about fifteen minutes the plank topples over,

throwing the literature into the street. By this time, the perpetrator of the scheme is miles away.

The seaport towns are veritable beehives of anti-Nazi activity. Seamen aboard the German boats have greater access to anti-Fascist literature than any other group. Arriving in a foreign port, they go to designated stations, where they receive cartons of cigarettes. "Remtsa No. 3" are the favorite brand.

Once back in Germany they distribute them freely. The cigarettes burn with a heavy paper aroma, which the people have learned to recognize. The white smoke is a signal to kill the burning end and rip the cigarette open. There can be found a thin printed paper, explaining some political point, or issuing a stirring anti-Fascist appeal.

The Gestapo have been driven half wild in their attempts to halt this activity, but except in a few cases, they are powerless. The people have learned to be cautious from necessity.

In the Factories

Of course, the greatest concentration of activity must take place in the factories. This work is hard. Watchmen have been placed in all munitions factories to guard the premises overnight. Yet, it is not unusual upon entering a factory in the morning to find on the wall a large anti-Hitler poster, or a big leaflet or painted sign calling for united resistance to Nazism.

Outsiders would think that the hardest place to spread anti-Fascist material would be in a concentration camp. Ironically enough, by means which Fritz declined to reveal to me because of the danger of exposure and a halt in this all-valuable activity, the concentration camps are centers of real literature distribution and conscious study of anti-Fascist activity. This takes place in the crowded courtyards where the inmates are jammed for "recreation" periods. These people know only too well that their lives are almost hopeless unless they are quick to act: therefore they are daring in the chances which they will take.

The underground movement has two songs which perhaps better than anything else give the feelings of the anti-Fascist forces of Germany. One is "The Peat-Bog Soldiers," the song of the concentration camps:

*Far and wide as the eye can wander,
Peat and bog are everywhere
Not a bird sings out to cheer us,
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare:
We are the Peat-Bog Soldiers,
We're marching with our spades to the bog.*

The other song also freely sung is called, "The Illegal Whisper." It goes something like this:

*We are not seen, we are not known,
We have no badge to wear;
Our foes' revenge is powerless
To reach us anywhere.
We're no more to be grasped than air
Or water swiftly flowing;
Our foes have never caught us yet—
They only feel that we are growing.*

As Fritz was speaking the knuckles of his hands shone white in the sun as he crushed his fingernails into his workworn palms. His, I felt, was the spirit of the real Germany.

"When I left my home," he said, "many people almost total strangers to me, but who had learned that I was on my way to America, came to me and asked that I give America a message.

"Tell the people of America that the people of Germany are not Nazis, that 90 per cent of us are against Hitler. Ask them to give us a chance to prove it to them!"

AS TO WOMEN

*Mother's Day becomes a day to promote
peace . . . Women of Spain and China*

OF ALL the days celebrated in the United States, Mother's Day has perhaps the greatest appeal to the greatest number of people. All the monthly magazines that deal with the home in any way have regular Mother's Day stories. Clergymen preach Mother's Day sermons. Every man on the street wears a carnation in his buttonhole on that day. But it was not until four years ago that the peace movement began to use Mother's Day as a day to promote peace. In Cleveland, Ohio, Mother's Day has become an official day for peace, and even in those cities where such official actions have not been taken, peace meetings have been held as a matter of course. It seems a good use to make of the day.

During these four years the women have made very practical use of Mother's Day. They have not used it as just a reaffirmation of women's desire for peace, but as a day to educate for peace and to initiate practical measures to insure peace. In some cities Mother's Day last year was used to spread the boycott against aggressors. The women promoted the embargo against Japan as well as the personal boycott. And with their proposals for direct action, they have never lost sight of the fact that peace can be insured by peaceful means. They have never fallen into the belief that perhaps we need just one more war to make the world peaceful.

BECAUSE of their real belief in peaceful measures and because of their practical proposals, it is interesting to see what the women are stressing as their Mother's Day program for 1939. This year they are concentrating in most cities against the anti-racial propaganda that has come to this country from the Fascist countries abroad. They have recognized that the whole peace issue is bound up with the democratic rights of all groups, and they are hitting at this particular propaganda as a direct threat to our peace. In some communities they are building exhibits of anti-Semitic propaganda, with the source of that propaganda exposed beside the exhibit. In other places they are arranging radio broadcasts that are an-

swers to such broadcasts as those of Father Coughlin. Church groups, both Jewish and gentile, are uniting to fight the dissemination of any anti-racial propaganda. The very fact that the women all over the country have chosen this subject to concentrate on, leads to the conclusion that the wave of anti-racial propaganda has gone far wider than people in the East realize.

But with this emphasis there goes another. On Mother's Day there are also meetings to bring home to all of us the need of the mothers and children abroad. We do not know what is ahead of us in the future for demands on our money and for our moral support. Certainly we know that the last year has brought suffering to mothers and children abroad that is the greatest since the days of the World War. A woman from Spain has just been in to see us. She tells us that the courage of the Spanish women during these dark days is one of the great miracles of our time. But children need to be fed and mothers need to be cared for. Not only do they need our money for food and shelter—they need to know the sympathy and support there is for them among women in the United States.

WE have written often here of the development of women during the war in Spain. It is, of course, unfortunate that a war had to be the occasion for the recognition of the need for greater opportunities for women. But at least that one good thing did come from the war. And it is coming in China too. Women who have never known how to read before are learning to read and to write. They are learning to take their part with the men in the vast task of developing the interior of China. They are finding opportunities for their great executive gifts and they are finding the pleasure of being a recognized force for the support of their country. No matter what may come to Spain, no matter what hardships China may be called upon to suffer, this much has been gained—woman has tasted the bread of freedom. It will be hard to put her back into her old bondage again.

—DOROTHY MCCONNELL

Associated "Farmers"

(Continued from page 9)

pany. The interlocking business organizations have octopused beyond all imagining in recent years; they are intermingled with citizens' union-smashing committees and women's strike-breaking "patriotic" groups, such as Neutral Thousands and Women of the Pacific. The same names occur everywhere. Take as an example (though he's no "worse" than many others), a Mr. Charles McIntosh.

Mr. McIntosh is a director of California Packing Corporation, director of Miller and Lux, and president of the San Francisco and Fresno Land Company. He's a director of the San Joaquin Power and Light, just merged with the Pacific Gas and Electric, of which he is also a director. He is president and director of the Bank of California, which is the banking concern for his farming and packing operations—CalPak. He is a director of the Merchants' Exchange, of the Oceanic and Oriental Navigation Company, which is tied to the American Hawaiian and Matson Lines, and a director of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. McIntosh is a director of the San Joaquin Kings River Canal and Irrigation Company, a director of the San Francisco Clearing House Association and a director of the Russ Building, where Associated Farmers have their offices.

Roping the Innocents

When the Associated Farmers started in 1934, there were few real small farmers in the organization. The Associated Farmers realized they must have some sort of front. So they set about forming their front—their "innocents" committee. They threatened to refuse loans and mortgages to tenant farmers, who need the loans to buy seed and pay utility bills; they refused to market their crops. They sent paid speakers up and down the countryside telling outrageous yarns about Harry Bridges and the C.I.O. Red traffic markers in the roadway became the red flag of revolution, in the Salinas lettuce strike; caravans of longshoremen were always descending on peaceful villages to destroy them. Anyone suggesting that 20 to 25 cents an hour for picking cherries or 'cots or grapes was hardly a fair, decent, reasonable or American wage had brought the words straight from Moscow. And so, bit by bit, banks and grower-shippers of the Associated "Farmers" enrolled the unwilling farmers, puzzled and confused, in their organization.

But these real farmers are coming to see that the Associated Farmers' pro-rate act, and the Associated Farmers' constant lowering of wages and persecution of the quarter million migratory crop-pickers, is not in their interest at all. The real farmer is badly caught

until he realizes that his interest is with the working farm laborer. The small shopkeeper in the country towns is in the same boat. If the worker makes low wages, he cannot spend in the shops around. He cannot buy his children shoes so that they can go to school.

But the Associated Farmers are insatiable. Not only are they trying to cut wages in every crop, they are now memorializing Congress to close the ten Federal camps which house a few thousand migratory workers, where the migrants do have a shower, a wooden floor to their tent, some wash-tubs to wash their clothes, and a few toys and recreation rooms for the children. They are also asking that cash grants of relief to those migrants who have no work be stopped.

In this the Associated Farmers seem to be like those Dickens characters who couldn't bear to see Oliver Twist get enough to eat.

Wood, Water, a Shack

Five years ago there was a great cotton strike in the San Joaquin Valley. Twenty thousand cotton-pickers, Mexican, white and Negro, laid down their sacks and refused to go back at the 60-cents-a-hundred they were being paid then. I was present at the hearings before the government commission appointed to arbitrate the strike. Families of cotton-pickers testified that they and their small children picked from sunup, "till the sun she go to sleep," and did not make enough for tortillas. A Mexican was asked whether he had wood, water, or a wooden shack, which the "farmers" said they supplied. I remember his answer, ringing out over the hall of a thousand people. "Nunca, señor, nunca!" The very traffic cops stood agape at what that hearing revealed, of misery, dirt, disease, inhuman conditions, and vigilante breaking of the law—the minimum wage law for women, the housing laws, the constitutional laws about peaceful picketing.

Last autumn, five years later, there were the same conditions, the same violations of the law, the same misery; but the workers were now preponderantly white workers, "Okies" from the Middle West, the Dust Bowl, pushing on to try to find a living in the West—a living that had been promised them.

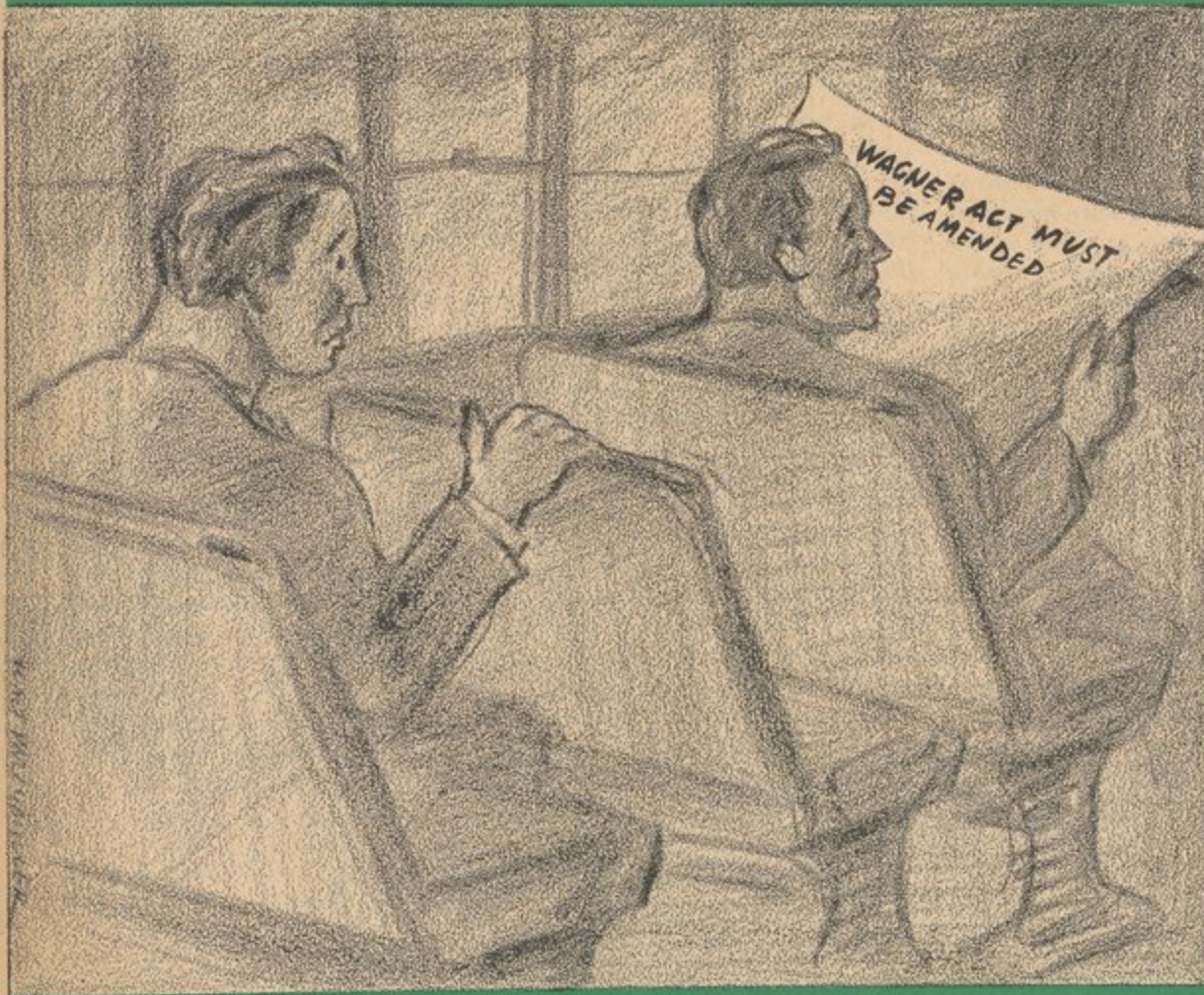
For, and this point the "Associated Farmers" try to hide, advertisements for migrant workers appear constantly in the papers in the Middle West—workers are asked, are lured to California, on the promise of work and wages. They come in numbers—in order that the "Farmers" may have an oversupply and so be able to depress wages. Then, if government crop restrictions or other causes drive migrants on relief, the "Farmers" complain because they are taxed; and they start a drive to keep migrants out of California on the ground, as the Hearst papers so pret-

(Continued on page 29)

The Man Who Joined the Wagner Act

By Benjamin Appel

ILLUSTRATED BY WALT PARTYMILLER



"He wasn't tall and he wasn't short. He wasn't fat and he wasn't thin. I got the feeling I had seen the man with the paper before"

THERE were only the two of us on the trolley. I had no newspaper and was trying to read his. The fact that he was sitting down the aisle didn't stop me. I'm a veteran reader of other people's newspapers. Anyway you didn't need the eyes of an eagle to make out the headline on this particular edition. Big, black and bold, it roared across the top of the front page:

WAGNER ACT MUST BE AMENDED.

I read and reread this item until I was sick of it. The hell with it, I thought; why doesn't he read something else; why doesn't he turn to the funnies or something?

The trolley clanged down the streets. The motorman hadn't switched on the electric lights and the trolley was full of dusky half-light. No other passengers came on and I got the feeling that I had seen the man with the newspaper before.

"Look at it," he said at last as if we had really known each other for a long time. "I've been looking and looking at it, and I don't like it."

I was sure that I had heard his voice somewhere. "I wonder if I know you?" I asked, staring at him. He wasn't tall and he wasn't short. He wasn't fat and he wasn't thin. In the funny light, I couldn't quite make out the color of his eyes or hair. He might have had dirty-blond hair or dark reddish hair or brown hair. And his face that had first seemed round, now appeared more or less square-jawed. He could have been Irish or Scotch, German or Swedish. Maybe he was Jewish or Italian? There was no telling. He had that kind of face.

"I don't know you," he said, slapping the back of his hand against the headline. "Amend the Wagner Act!" he exploded. "That means busting up the unions and giving every company stooge union a new lease on life. There isn't an open-shop boss or tear-gassing fink who doesn't want to amend the Wagner Act."

"What's your trade?" I asked. "I keep thinking I've seen you before."

"I'm a working man. That's my trade," he smiled.

"You're not a miner? I once gave a lift to a miner in Pennsylvania—that was when I had a car."

"What's the difference? This is my stop." He yanked at the signal cord. "Here, you can have the sheet." He tossed the newspaper over to me and walked down the aisle.

His walk reminded me a little of the way seamen walk when they hit land. But somehow it wasn't that kind of a walk either. He planted each foot solid and careful like a mill worker on the job.

"It makes a difference," I called as the trolley pulled to a stop. "Maybe if I know your trade, your union, I can remember where I've seen you before."

He turned around. "My union's the Wagner Act." He smiled again. "I joined the Wagner Act when it first started and I still belong."

He jumped down to the street. The trolley whizzed down the tracks and I suddenly knew the answer. "I thought I knew all about that fellow," I said to myself. And I did. He was not only the man who had joined the Wagner Act. He was also the men, the millions of men who had joined the Wagner Act. Maybe it was the funny light that put the notion into my head.

Anyway I picked up the newspaper he had tossed me. With my pencil I inserted one new word in the headline.

It now read:

WAGNER ACT MUST NOT BE AMENDED

IN STEP WITH LABOR

ONE of the points in the program of the American League for Peace and Democracy is to "defend the Wagner Act against all attempts to weaken it by amendment or to cripple its administration." . . . We have, therefore, submitted to Congress a statement of our vigorous opposition to all of the proposed amendments to the National Labor Relations Act. "After careful examination and consideration of the proposed amendments," our statement reads, "we feel that they are designed for the sole purpose and effect of destroying or weakening the benefits now enjoyed by labor under the present Act, and of breaking down the enforcement and administration of the Act.

"Without attempting to deal with each and every amendment proposed," the statement continues, "we should like to point out in a general way how several of the proposed amendments would operate to the disadvantage of labor's rights.

"There are several proposed amendments which would give the employer the right to petition for an election to determine the appropriate bargaining agent. Such an amendment would prove extremely dangerous to the success of a labor union in the process of organizing the employees of a shop or plant. It would enable the employer to call for an election at the beginning of a union's organizational drive but when it still had not gained a majority of the employees, or at a time when a company union is especially strong.

"Many of the proposed amendments would limit the powers and functions of the National Labor Relations Board by giving to the Board only the powers of investigation and having all cases heard by the Courts. This would in effect do away with the Board and place the administration and enforcement of the Act in the hands of the Courts. Other amendments would give the Courts the right to review the facts as well as the law and thus in fact re-try and re-examine the entire case. There is absolutely no need for such provisions since under the present Act, employers enjoy the full protection of the Courts if they feel that their legal rights have in any way been prejudiced by an order or decision of the Board.

"The proposed amendments calling for craft elections are entirely unnecessary since the Board may now in its discretion call for craft elections. The only purpose such an amendment could

have is to destroy the unity essential to collective action and bargaining by allowing the employer to bargain with each of his employees separately and to set one group of employees against another.

"There is a proposal to make it an unfair labor practice for a labor union to coerce any employee, directly or indirectly. Such an amendment would destroy the Act. The words 'coercion, direct or indirect' have a very elastic meaning and are susceptible of any interpretation. Leaflets urging employees to join a union, a picket line, as a matter of fact anything that a union might do in furtherance of organizing the employees or bettering their conditions, might be construed as coercion.

"The amendment which would deprive the Board of the right to invalidate contracts is a grave danger to labor organizations. It would allow an employer to sign a contract with a disguised company union or with an organization which does not actually represent the majority of the workers.

"Among other crippling amendments are those which would re-define agricultural workers so as to deny to millions of workers in canneries, packing houses, tobacco factories, and other industries the benefits of the Act. There are proposed amendments which would give the employers the complete freedom to restrain employees from joining unions and allowing them to coerce employees into joining company unions. Such amendments which forbid strikes unless favored by a majority of workers in a plant would deprive labor of its strongest weapon—the right to strike.

"The various amendments which call for a change in the procedure before the Board are designed only to delay proceedings and to cause a breakdown in the administration of the Act. Other amendments giving the Courts increased power would also serve the same purpose.

"The enumeration of the above proposed amendments does not in any way imply approval of any of the other proposed amendments. They too would be harmful to the rights of labor.

"We therefore wish to register our unqualified opposition to any and all of the proposed amendments and urge that they and any other such amendments be defeated."

—A. E. EDWARDS

Two Giant Strides

(Continued from page 11)

wood when placed in contrast with what happened four years earlier in the Sinclair-Merriam campaign. At that time studio employees, far from having an independent political voice, were actually terrorized into forking over a day's pay for the campaign of the reactionary Merriam.

Veteran among the Hollywood progressive groups is the renowned Hollywood Anti-Nazi League, headed by Donald Ogden Stewart, which for nearly four years has been fighting against the Nazis and their American sympathizers and agents, and for the preservation of American Democracy. Shortly after the Spanish War broke out, the Motion Picture Artists' Committee, headed by Dashiell (*Thin Man*) Hammett, was formed to aid the Loyalists, and through it film luminaries contributed many thousands of dollars, both in cash and in ambulances, to the cause of the Republic. When Japan invaded China, the committee undertook similar work for the Chinese people.

Newest among Hollywood progressive groups, and most glittering in the array of celebrities it has mustered, is the Hollywood Committee of Fifty-Six, which is campaigning nationally for twenty million signatures asking an embargo on Nazi Germany. It is also urging a change in federal neutrality legislation in line with the Thomas Amendment. Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Muni, Alice Faye, Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Priscilla Lane, Miriam Hopkins, Groucho Marx, Walter Wanger, and the Warner Brothers are only a handful of the filmland notables who comprise the brilliant roster of this committee. And behind these and other special organizations, of course, stand the Hollywood guilds and unions.

No matter how forthright a position in civic life the Hollywood people

take, however, the cinema itself will remain an even more eloquent spokesman. That is why the new trend in films, as exemplified by *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* and *Juarez*, is of critical importance. A number of other studios are waiting to see the reaction to these films. If they are a pronounced success (despite the efforts reactionaries will undoubtedly make to knife them), other producers will at once go into production on similarly significant pictures. The Tweedledee and Tweedledum of taboo, although toppled, are not entirely dead. It is up to every progressive and every progressive organization to see to it that, like Humpty-Dumpty, they can never be set up again. The best way at the moment is to give *Confessions* and *Juarez* the tremendous support they deserve.

Burgos Gaol

(Continued from page 17)

"Answer me, hijos de putas, or I'll drag your guts out!"

"We saw no boy," said Antonio sullenly. "We've been asleep."

"Don't lie to me, bolshevik dung!" He signalled to a guard who dragged in a body unceremoniously, by the arm, and dropped it in the middle of the floor.

The officer flashed his torch on the face. "Now I want the truth and quickly, you hear me *perros!* Who is he and what did he come for?"

Oh God, Julio's eyes, Julio's hair! Julio thirty years younger, eyes and mouth open, grotesque, making the clay around him muddy with his blood—

Antonio turned his burning eyes to the floor to avoid calling attention to the obvious, which flamed like a concrete thing in the air around him. But Dallardo could manage no such control; he looked at the child and then turned his wondering eyes to Julio. The officer followed his glance and swung his torch on the tall man.

(Continued on page 30)

He would kneel before the scrawled cross



BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Thomas L. Harris

RADIO is being used more and more by League branches with increasing success. Detroit's report has just come into the office as this is being written. They began a series against Father Coughlin on March 27th. The first speech brought in several hundred letters but no contribution toward the cost of the program. It seemed as if the croakings of the cautious were about to be justified. But on the following week, with great courage the Detroit branch extended the time from fifteen minutes to half an hour which Rockwell Kent used to such good effect that his talk, "Enemies of Democracy," "brought in so much financial response that we have had to ask the assistance of an auditor." We congratulate the Detroit committee, which was organized only nine months ago, on their success. Their program goes over CKLW, Monday nights at 7:45.

Chicago is also making use of the radio, as is Brooklyn. New Jersey and New York City have formed a joint committee to use this most effective means of spreading the League's message. Their program is over Station WHBI.

New Jersey-New York City have had the inspiration of giving half their time to a skit which dramatizes the issue that the speaker is presenting. We commend this use of drama to the attention of all those branches interested in fostering radio programs.

MONEY-RAISING is always a problem. Here is one way that netted the New Brunswick, New Jersey, branch well over \$100:

"First we secured the coöperation of a local theatre manager, in bringing that very fine anti-Nazi film *Professor Mamlock* to New Brunswick. We ran the picture for four days, and succeeded in selling over 500 tickets through our members. This large sale of tickets netted the branch well over \$100. Besides the excellent financial return, we feel that this showing has done much in our fight for Democracy.

"To further help our monetary difficulties we conducted a drawing which netted the branch \$25."

PONTIAC, Michigan, has a small but most effective branch of the League. They have recently worked out a scheme which does amazing things for maintaining memberships. The

League annually loses a great number of members who fail to renew—often for no reason that can be ascertained by the National Office. Pontiac has a negligible number of lapses. Without going into details, which will be gladly supplied by the National Office, the essential feature of Pontiac's scheme is the collection of very small monthly dues which are applied to subscriptions to *THE FIGHT* and the following year's membership. If the League nationally applied such a plan with similar success, our membership would be tripled in less than a year. Won't some of you city and branch secretaries write to the National Office for details of the Pontiac plan?

HERE is another plan which is valuable both financially and educationally. The Hartford, Connecticut, branch arranged a course of lectures for which a small fee was charged. The course included: "World Forces Against Democracy" by Jerome Davis, "European Politics After Munich" by Clark Eichelberger, "Safeguarding Democracy At Home" by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, and "Foreign Policy of the United States" by Frederick L. Schuman.

Such lecture courses are particularly valuable in a middle-class community. People who would be reluctant to join the League until they know more about it, are perfectly willing to attend cultural affairs. In this way the League

program is extended and its membership built up, and at the same time the finances of the branch are benefited.

THE Medical Bureau and North American Committee have launched a one-million-dollar drive for Spanish refugees and a campaign against reprisals in Spain. They write:

"The power and prestige of the United States can and shall be exerted to safeguard their (Spanish refugees) lives and security. Since Washington has now recognized the Franco régime, it is absolutely imperative that this diplomatic step be transformed into an effective means of protection for those who, for nearly three years, stood firm in the defense of their Democracy and our own. . . .

"It is our primary duty to show the American public that aid to Spain's people continues to be an essential part of the general anti-Fascist fight and that international action in their behalf is as important today as ever before. The rapidly developing European situation indicates clearly that Spain is still a pivotal point in the struggle between the democracies and the totalitarian powers.

"We can strike a telling blow for world peace by showing the Hitler-Franco-Mussolini combine that the American people have not deserted their democratic brethren in Spain despite the Fascist conquest. . . .

"Suffering people cannot wait. Amer-

icans must be made to understand the anti-Fascist implications* of our campaign for relief and against reprisals."

THE summer is supposed to be a slack time, but doubtless Hitler and his gang will give the American League plenty of work to do through the summer months. Regional conferences are being planned for late in the spring or early in the summer to give added impetus to the League's work through the summer months and enable the League to shift into high gear in the fall. Provisional plans call for a conference in the East, Middle West, South and Far West, and the executive secretary would be glad to receive suggestions from individual members of the League for the program of these conferences.

NEW branches have been formed in Birmingham, Michigan and Richmond, Virginia. We quote from the Richmond, Virginia, *News-Leader*:

"About 100 Richmond people met at lunch yesterday at the Y. W. C. A. to organize the Richmond Branch of the American League for Peace and Democracy, heard Dr. S. C. Mitchell condemn the 'Tory government of England' as 'one with Hitler' and urged peace workers to enlist the democratic working people of this country. . . .

"Leaders of Richmond young people, church workers, professional people and others attended the organization meeting and heard Miss Eleanor Fowler, executive secretary of the Washington branch, explain the aims of the American League for Peace and Democracy. League members, she said, want a foreign policy based on 'distinction between aggressors and their victims,' withholding American economic resources from aggressors, granting our resources to 'victims of aggressor nations under conditions . . . to remove risk of our being drawn into war' and 'concerted action' to 'withhold from invading aggressors the means to make war.'

"Dr. Mitchell of the University of Richmond introduced by the Rev. W. P. Watkins of Highland Park Methodist Church, temporary chairman, observed that 'it is a strange situation today, with all the peoples of the world loving peace and hating war, and all the statesmen crying for more arms.'"



As the nation was stirred by the Fascist aggression in Europe, Chicago held a March for Democracy parade on April 1st

YOUTH NOTES

The American Youth Congress plans a national conference . . . "Student Nationalists" and Student Union

HAVE you ever watched a group of boys collected near a corner; boys too old for school, too young to have gained much experience in the working world? They stand there day after day, hanging around until late in the night; restless, mischievous, ready to fight; playing practical jokes on each other and annoying the passersby. Do you shake your head and call them "no-good loafers, tramps, future criminals?"

Should you speak to them you would find them bold and cynical. They would laugh if you talked of jobs. "You see, it's this way Mister, we know all about it because we tried, it's no use." They talk of "chances" in Florida, New York, Frisco. Life is very dull; they want excitement.

Hundreds of thousands of such youth over the country are stranded, disillusioned and ready to follow a strong-headed leader who appears to know where he is going, who sympathizes with their plight and gives them a reason for living. Millions of such youth have been enrolled in the armies of successful and would-be Mussolinis and Hitlers. These destructive leaders play on the weaknesses and half-forgotten prejudices of the youth—promising to the half-starved young people a glorious future and immortality.

The American Youth Congress has made great strides in meeting some of these problems in a practical way. This year the American Youth Congress is holding its National Conference in New York. The goal of this meeting is to show "How Youth Organizations and the A.Y.C. Can Prepare Youth for Citizenship in Our Democracy." There will be panels on the following topics:

Interfaith and Interracial Understanding.

Participation in Politics and Government.

Opportunities for Education.

Recreation and Cultural Activities.

Opportunity and Security for Rural Youth.

Opportunity and Security for Urban Youth.

Peace Action.

Better Health and Clean Living.

The American Youth Congress should be supported in its effort to lead youth to a future which will be productive, in a world at peace.

QUIET and ineffective for some time, the German-American Bund Youth Movement in California is now showing great activity. Instead of the old slogan "Heil Hitler," Willie Sellin, its leader, has established the new cry "Free America." This group has been most active on the campus, where it is dedicated to the destruction of the American Student Union. To make it easier to carry on this campaign in the colleges, the American National Party (Nazi) has created an organization calling itself the American Student Nationalists.

They hope to achieve this destruction by dragging the old red herring across the well-worn path. By labeling the American Student Union "communist," they hope to frighten students away from the A.S.U.

The "American Student Nationalists" may feel temporarily secure behind their name, but their very activities will expose them: their contempt for Democracy both in principle and practice; labeling progressive groups as "communist"; creating religious and race prejudice.

The American Student Union has proved itself as an organization of youth, interested in securing opportunity for all youth to be given a chance to build a better and safer world to live in. The A.S.U. has won the respect and support of students over the country. The American Student Nationalists (Nazi) will not get away with taking in vain the slogan "Free America."

WE learn at press time that American Student Union leaders in New York City have wired President Roosevelt commending his message to Hitler and Mussolini.

"Your message makes you the outstanding advocate of peace in this hour," the telegram declares.

—REGINA RAKOCZY

Hearst Learns Hard

(Continued from page 21)

Newspaper Guild five years ago about 4 per cent of its eighteen thousand members have been involved in strikes. Of seven strikes in metropolitan centers, four of them have been against Hearst newspapers. (This counts the current struggle as against two papers.) The employees of the chain, whether organized or unorganized, have always been the victims of one of the most ruthless labor policies in America. During the Hoover debacle they took three successive paycuts of 10 per cent each while Hearst chiseled not one penny off his own annual salary of a half-million dollars. Though Hearst enjoyed a reputation of paying fantastic salaries, the real fact was that any good newspaperman in his service lived in constant fear of the axeman. If the worker was good and his pay was raised, he was certain to come to the attention of Hearst's traveling payroll-pruners. Legend maintains that these gentlemen made it a practice to swoop down upon a payroll, lay a paper over the names and chop off heads according to salary received. Protest of local executives, to whom the names might be flesh and blood or mean the difference between good and bad work, were to no avail. When Hearst wanted to buy another castle in Wales, or take a party of merrymaking friends to Europe, or bid on a warehouse full of medieval art, his hangmen cut a wide trail of suicides, foreclosed mortgages and broken hearts.

An Ancient Score

Except for fear, then, the Hearst papers were fertile ground for organization. But Hearst workers hardly had time to cock an ear toward the new protective movement among white collar workers before Hearst began to root out the leaders. From West Coast papers he fired first Louis Burgess, then Dean Jennings. Burgess was an editorial writer, Jennings a reporter, both of many years' service. The cases came before the old National Labor Board which was created by the famous Section 7a of the N.R.A. The Jennings case, heard first, resulted in an order for reinstatement. The Guild rejoiced that the right to organize had been upheld. But it rejoiced too soon. Hearst persuaded the N.R.A. administration to overrule its own board! The Burgess case died.

In 1936 the Guild Hearst workers in Milwaukee had the audacity to demand collective bargaining. Immediately the Hearst management launched a campaign of intimidation and coercion. Before the campaign had thinned its ranks too far, the Guild unit rallied and voted to strike. A few months later Hearst struck at the Guild again in Seattle, Washington. He fired Philip Everhardt Armstrong, dramatic

critic for fourteen years on the *Post-Intelligencer*, and Frank M. (Slim) Lynch, crack photographer on the same paper. They were caught organizing. Thereafter, the remaining members of the union were spied upon and questioned. Several weeks later the unit struck. The *Post-Intelligencer* remained closed down for fifteen weeks. Hearst learned then that there was such a thing as labor solidarity. Longshoremen and sailors, printers and others made it clear by their aid that white collar workers were their brothers and sisters. With his Seattle paper closed, Hearst settled the strike in Milwaukee. Then he concentrated upon one of the most scurrilous campaigns of lies ever suffered on the West Coast. By radio, pamphlet and door-to-door canvassing he attempted to convince the people of Seattle that he was the victim of the start of a revolution.

Guilty As Charged

The National Labor Relations Board, after stormy hearings through which Hearst's lawyers dragged one red herring after another, found the management guilty of interfering with, restraining and coercing the employees in the exercise of their rights.

The strike was settled on November 25, 1936. Later, when the Labor Board decision came down, Lynch was rehired, but not reinstated as ordered by the Board. Armstrong's heart gave out and he did not live to know the final outcome. A United States Circuit Court of Appeals only recently upheld the Board's decision. Unless the management decides to take the matter to the Supreme Court, which is unlikely, it must now pay Lynch and Armstrong's widow back salary.

For a time there was comparative peace along the far-flung Hearst front. Some thought that Hearst had learned a lesson. It didn't last long. From somewhere in the empire there came a genius with the technic of the company union. Henceforth, it was to be the principal Hearst strategy for fighting the Guild. Company union domination is the hardest charge to prove before the National Labor Relations Board. The Guild suffered temporary setbacks as so-called independent craft unions were cultured in departments of the *Boston Record*, the *Baltimore News Post* and the *Los Angeles Examiner*. The technic backfired for Hearst's new publisher in Seattle. It also flopped on the *New York Journal-American* where the entire complement of white collar workers chose the Guild in a Labor Board poll by a four-to-one vote over a paper puppet union.

In Chicago, as elsewhere, the company unions were formed along craft lines for the direct purpose of smashing the Guild. The Guild is a vertical union. In its ranks are people of all non-mechanical departments of newspapers, ranging through hundreds of classifications—among them charwomen,

stenographers, editors, smelter-pot attendants, reporters, pigeon-trainers, columnists, company physicians, nurses, office boys, auditors, librarians, advertising salesmen, telephone operators, circulators and scores of others. These workers, together in one union comprise a bargaining unit with genuine bargaining power. Broken into craft units, their bargaining power on any one newspaper becomes nil. It can be seen, then, why employers seek to build craft unions as a bar to the industrial Guild.

"Editorial Associates"

The Chicago management herded frightened, underpaid girls into the hastily-formed craft unions. It found a few opportunities in the editorial department to form a special union there, called euphemistically "The Chicago Editorial Association." A nice tip-off as to its parentage came when a committee of Chicago churchmen held hearings to determine the justice of the strike. The management and the Chicago Editorial Association were represented by the same person.

A National Labor Relations Board trial examiner has already submitted an intermediate report finding the management guilty of coercion and intimidation, and recommending an order of reinstatement for fired Guild leaders.

The *New World*, official organ of the Catholic archdiocese of Chicago of which Cardinal Mundelein is the spiritual leader, has come out for the strike. The paper offered "a special prayer and word of encouragement to the Hearst employees who are on strike." The Catholic support hasn't wavered. A long time before the strike Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, vicar general of the archdiocese, wrote a series of articles for the *Evening American*. Incensed by the criticism of the *New World*, the Hearst management dragged the articles off the shelf and ran them in the struck paper. Bishop Sheil, pointing out that he had no control over the time chosen to print the articles, wrote to the Guild as follows:

"The preposterous and totally false impression was produced that the appearance of the articles at this particular time was in effect a public rebuff on the part of the Catholic bishop to the courageous Catholic members of the Newspaper Guild who joined the strike under the firm conviction that fundamental moral principles of a Christian and democratic nature had been repudiated and flouted by the management; that there was a gross violation of the Federal law which guarantees the right of collective bargaining to all organized labor; that the attitude of the Chicago *Evening American* was in direct contradiction to the spirit and the letter of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI."

Protestant and Catholic can unite on fundamental Christian principles. The churchmen's fact-finding committee re-

ferred to earlier, consisted of twenty-three distinguished churchmen of all denominations. It investigated and held hearings for six weeks and in conclusion issued a sweeping report in favor of the strikers. The committee denounced the management's violence and criticized the police and courts for laxity. It drew from Mayor Kelly the assertion that in the matter of violence the Guild's hands were "amazingly clean."

The League of Women Shoppers, an organization of women who are determined to use their potent buying-power to secure fair labor standards, also has investigated the strike and decided to support it.

Some of the A.F. of L. leaders are busy mobilizing rank-and-file A.F. of L. support for the strike. They work through the A.F. of L. Committee to Aid the Guild Strikers. Jonathan Eddy, executive vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild, perhaps foreseeing that this committee can be a potent force toward the healing of labor's split, has termed it "one of the most important bodies in the labor movement today." The head of the committee is Dr. George E. Axtelle of the American Federation of Teachers. Some officers of the committee are members of the mechanical unions in the struck plants. One of the chief contributions of the committee has been its exposure of the fake "jurisdictional dispute" issue. These A.F. of L. leaders are aware that Hearst and his successors are arch-enemies of labor. In this fight it is not only easy, but natural, that they join with the C.I.O.

and other unions who have thrown their resources into the struggle.

Open, brutal violence has been a main feature of Hearst's strategy in the Chicago strike. The first day on the picket line the strikers were attacked by thugs with lead pipes, blackjacks and truck crank-handles. Some went to the hospital. The management obtained, from a reactionary, labor-hating judge, a sweeping injunction forbidding picketing and strike activities. The thugs continued to attack and maim strikers wherever they could find them. They threatened wives and families, damaged automobiles. In February three armed men shoved guns into the ribs of a Loop garage attendant and hijacked the Guild's sound truck. They drove it into the Chicago River. It was fished out by the United States Coast Guard, damaged to the extent of several hundred dollars.

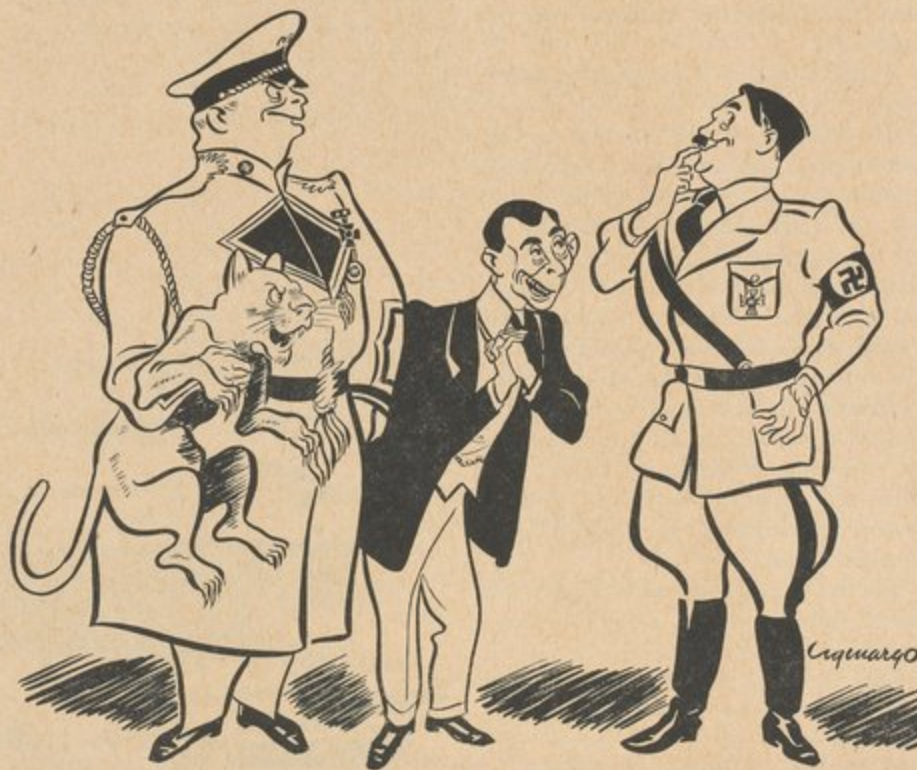
The New Gangsters

The thugs are called "goons" by the strikers, the name being taken, ironically, from a character in a Hearst syndicated cartoon strip. They are the successors to Moss Enright, Dean O'Banion, Big Tim Murphy and the Gentlemen Brothers, notorious murderers who were launched on their careers of crime by the Hearst management during the circulation wars of three decades ago.

Through full-page advertisements and over the radio the management has repeatedly told the public that thirty to forty persons are on strike. It doesn't even bother to tell a little truth in order to get over a big lie. It just lies.

STRENGTH THROUGH JOY

By Egmarco



"I've got them all fooled, boys—even this mustache is ersatz"

No radio station in Chicago will sell the Guild time on the air to refute the management's blasts. Nor will any of the other papers tell the Guild's side. The *Chicago Tribune* and the *Chicago Evening News* are too busy preserving the freedom of the press.

Approximately five hundred strikers are standing firm, determined to win, determined to preserve their union and determined to gain some measure of job security. Among strikebreakers remaining "loyal" to Hearst is Jack Robinson, a professional patriot who writes a "Soldier Friend" column. Less than a year ago Robinson appeared on the same platform with Fritz Kunz, *Chicago Fuehrer* for Hitler.

There are some of us who see in the Chicago struggle something more than mere desire to chisel profits. The strike has cost the Hearst empire many times what it would have had to pay to maintain harmonious labor relations. What then? Hearst has always wanted to smash labor. Why? Because, says the American Federation of Teachers, A.F. of L., "he is the chief proponent of Fascism in this country." Because, says United States Senator Lewis Schwellenbach, he "more than anybody else is advocating Fascism in this country." Because, says United States Senator Norris, his papers "are the sewer system of American journalism."

Associated "Farmers"

(Continued from page 24)

tily put it, that migrants "lower wages" and "breed crime and pestilence"!

There are so many things to say about the Associated Farmers. I have seen them in action so often. Walking down the ordinarily peaceful main street of my country town, Salinas, that September two and a half years ago, I suddenly saw the shopkeepers and hangers-on marching with pickax handles, the cops sending tear gas bombs into the Labor Temple; a small farmer was ruined on this occasion because he offered to sign a contract with the union. In 1934 I saw a Filipino ranch-house burned down and the little Filipino workers—who are so useful when they take 15 cents an hour for their stoop labor—run out of town at the edge of bayonets, traffic cops helping the vigilantes, the suitcases of the Filipinos flying open and their pathetic belongings strewn along the roadside. I saw three workers shot down and killed outside their own headquarters at Pixley in the bright San Joaquin Valley, and the murderers acquitted. And I was at the trial of the eighteen workers who were jailed for long terms because they led a few strikes and raised wages. There have been tarring and feathering, workers driven from county line to county line, babies dying of starvation, tear gas, beatings, long imprisonments, children born in conditions of filth that turn your stomach,

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and always the kids with scurvy, rickets, pellagra, sore eyes. . . . Mind you, not in dank, underground mining districts, but in the California sunshine, with oranges hanging heavy on acres and endless acres of sweet-scented trees, with warmth and glory of blossom and fruit. . . .

But the U.C.A.P.A.W.A.—the agricultural workers' C.I.O. union—is in the field, and it is organizing Negro and white, processors and shed workers, gin workers and cannery workers, pickers and packing workers; and the union is standing shoulder to shoulder with Democracy, against the violent Swastika—the Associated Farmers.

Burgos Gaol

(Continued from page 26)

"I never saw him before in my life," said Julio. His face was gray. On the back of his hand, oozing blood, was a long scratch. . . .

In the morning they found Dallardo completely mad.

THE LITTLE man lay, quite still, on the bunk. Occasionally his tongue would strike the roof of his mouth, giving forth a hollow clucking sound; his lips quivered constantly. He shivered now and again; his eyelids fluttered. The world outside his mind was a void. He did not answer when Antonio spoke to him.

Julio sat huddled in his familiar corner, his eyes open, unblinking, unseeing, as he had been all night. Antonio could not expect any help from him.

He turned his haggard dead-white face to Dallardo on the bunk and began, slowly, rhythmically, to shake him. It still seemed necessary somehow, a sort of external compulsion, to keep everyone sane and preserve some semblance of normalcy in the cell.

Julio watched him with glowing eyes.

He could feel the rhythm in his arms as he shook the other. For whole minutes he lost the sense of time, forgot to watch Dallardo's reaction in the comforting, billowing surge of motion. And for a long time there was no reaction. Then the little man seemed suddenly about to come out of his stupor: his brow knit; his hands twitched. A look of terror seized his face; he twisted suddenly, convulsively, throwing off Antonio's hands, and then fell back in the bunk, panting feverishly. Gradually he subsided again into his stupor.

He never came out of it again, and when Antonio finally realized it was because he didn't want to, he ceased trying to make him. The world in which the cobbler now found himself was far more pleasant. There was nothing left of Burgos Gaol, nor of any of the events leading up to it. At

first it was not much more than his former life, transposed, idealized. His labor did not stunt and exhaust him now; his wife did not nag him; his brother-in-law seldom appeared, and when he did, was properly chastised and cowed by the knowledge of how thoroughly he was despised. His life was secure and serene. Even the minor nuisances, weather, indigestion and diarrhea, weariness and the pain of his callouses and corns, did not trouble him. Evenings at the wine-shop were open and pleasant and invariably full of glory for him. His arguments were calm, powerful and convincing; he was greatly admired for them—even the saturnine sceptic from Catalonia (plague take him, what brought him to Burgos!) had to admit his logic. Sometimes, however, his companions in the wine-shop would be metamorphosed abruptly, incomprehensively, into army officers, medaled and stern, who listened in an ominous and dreadful silence in which his arguments, now hesitant and fearful, sounded empty and meaningless. There was something in their eyes as they listened to him that inspired nameless terror; something in the immobility of their faces. When this vision came to him he would mutter and turn in the bunk; gasp and sit up staring.

But it did not come very often, and after a while it ceased to trouble him altogether. Only the pleasant visions. . . .

Antonio tended the helpless cobbler, fed him, helped him to and from the slop-bucket, made him comfortable in the bunk. He found in this work escape from his forced idleness and its attendant apprehension and thought, escape from Julio's ceaseless eyes at his back, his constant silent presence in the corner. Sometimes Meña himself tended Dallardo, becoming suddenly galvanized into an inexplicable desire to help. He would watch for hours on end with his silent brooding eyes every flicker of the other's face, every twitch of his moving, vaguely

smiling lips; he would satisfy every need, go to extreme lengths to provide every little comfort and care he could think of for his patient, fighting with Antonio for the privilege, watching over the poor cobbler like a mother over her child.

But this was only sometimes. Usually he sat in his corner, deaf and dead to the world.

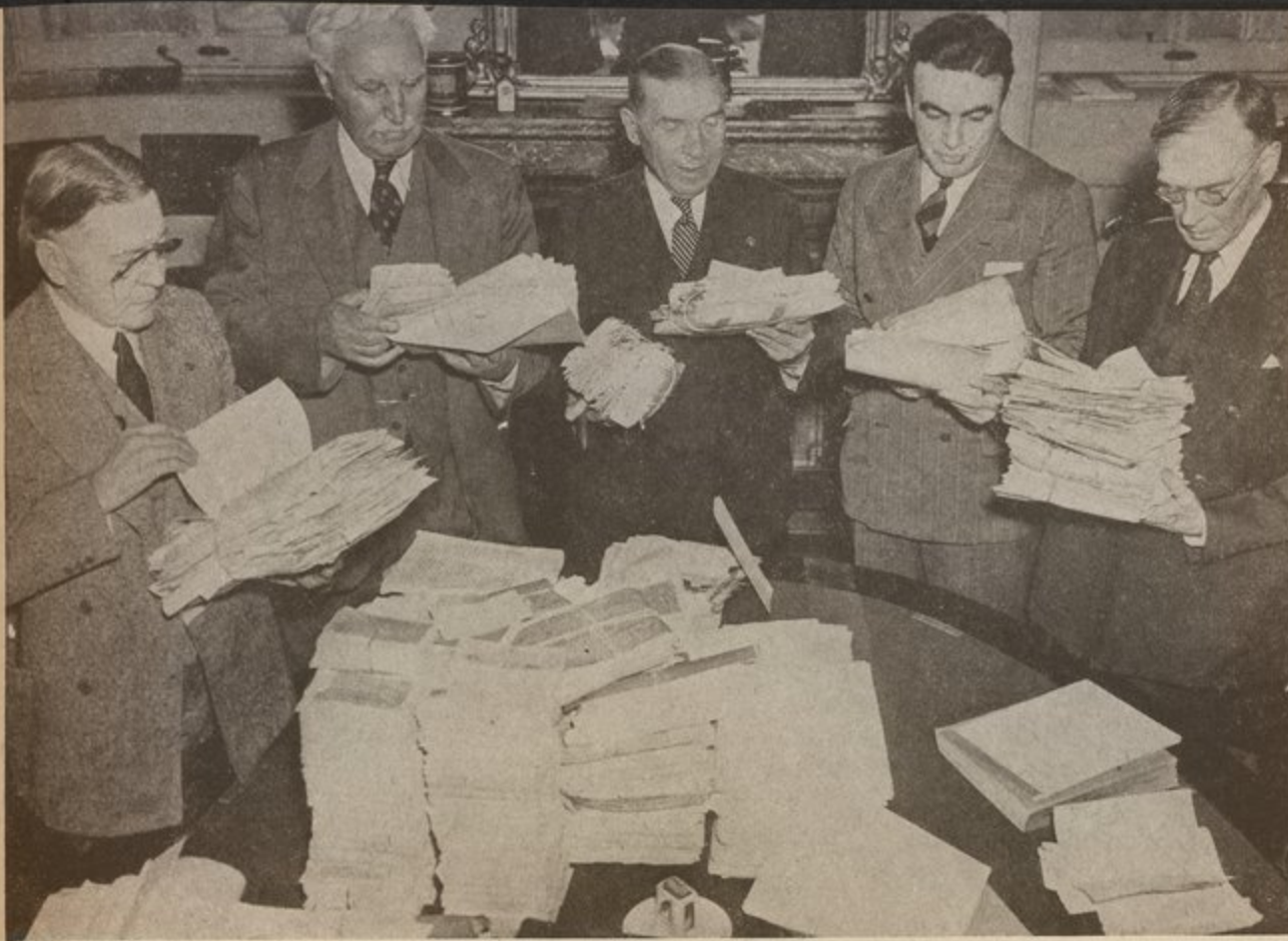
Dallardo gradually drifted away even further from reality. Even the life of his former visions began to cease to have meaning. He lived now in his realized Utopia, somehow vaguely identified with the word "Socialism." It was not a world of specific objects and specific beings, but a world of feeling, an extraordinary all-permeating sensation of well-being: well-fed and healthy and warm; a world with no blacks in it, but soft yellows and greens and blues, light, sunny, and dry; a world of smiling human faces and beautiful landscapes which that feeling of well-being, that love, went out to, and enveloped, and embraced. But most of all it was a world of his wife, of her face, of her body. He lay with her and touched and rubbed with gentle trembling fingertips her miraculous, resilient skin: he kissed her like fire, barely touching, all over, bare and white. He lay with her for countless times in bed, nights and days, enveloped completely in her flesh when every slight contact was an electric agony, buried in her breasts, lost in her body. . . .

Vision turned to ecstatic warmth, flooding his being, so that he was oblivious when they finally came to get him; nodding, smiling gently, needing only a little help to get to his feet, only a little leading to shuffle out the door and in a straight line down the hall, nodding and smiling, until finally his shuffle was blended in the echoes of footsteps of others, was gone, leaving only Antonio and Julio from opposite ends of the cell to look at each other.

(To be continued)

The little man lay, quite still, on the bunk





Representatives Kee, Eaton, Bloom, Shanley and Burgin of the House Foreign Affairs Committee examine thousands of petitions protesting the sale of munitions to aggressors

A Resolute Policy

THE PEOPLE want peace: the American people do not cover under a mantle of military glory war's naked horror. America does not seek to escape internal difficulties by the conquest of other nations. The United States has no fortified frontier, no near neighbors who are hostile; this state of peace Americans intend to preserve, against a threat which daily grows more ominous.

Ten years ago our peace was secured by a minimum armament and by pacts and treaties. Today Fascist aggression driving relentlessly at Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia and Albania has shattered confidence in treaties, conventions and agreements guaranteed by promises which Fascist powers have plainly shown they break when convenient. Fascist aggression working furtively in South America and even in the U.S.A. has revealed the danger to our peace. Safeguards that were adequate ten years ago, are now inadequate against Fascist aggression.

Events compel America to devise a new policy to secure our former goal. Americans have not become more warlike, but they see the necessity of taking resolute measures against Fascist aggression. The growing anger of the American people, which is reflected in the recent Gallup Poll showing an increasing majority in favor of boycott of German goods, is more than moral indignation at Fascist brutality, arrogance and falsehood. It is the realistic anger of a people who see our peace and security menaced.

An adequate foreign policy capable of defending American interests requires not merely defensive military strength, but a *diplomatic* strength able to employ the economic power and prestige of America in our behalf. Every action of Fascism abroad increases the subversive Fascist elements already at work in this country, and an outright

victory for Fascism would almost inevitably lead to the establishment in South America of Fascist régimes as spearheads against the U.S.A.

It would be criminal folly to wait for a military threat against the continental United States before trying measures in defense. Why incur immeasurable casualties in war, when resolute measures short of war, *if applied now*, can avert the danger? An embargo upon Fascist enemies to our peace, a factual distinction between victims and aggressors, not open to legal and diplomatic quibbling, a bold use of the U.S. diplomatic and economic prestige would insure our peace for a generation. What risks would such a resolute, realistic and honorable policy incur? The hypothetical friends of Fascism insist that such a course might anger the Fascist powers into declaring war. Conceivably to vent their spleen the Fascist aggressors might declare a war they would be impotent to wage against us; but today any such declaration of war would be an empty gesture. At present external Fascists can bring no serious military threat against our shores, and an immediate use of our economic power would forever prevent the execution of their threats.

Many Congressmen and Senators, though honestly committed to the cause of peace, are not yet clear as to the methods by which our peace can be preserved. We urge you to write to Washington, on behalf of an anti-aggressor, pro-Democracy foreign policy.—T.L.H.

The Source of Anti-Semitism

AMERICANS who believe in racial and religious equality, those fundamental tenets of our way of life, look with abhorrence on the rise of anti-Semitism within our nation in recent months.

The findings of modern science, widely spread by popular education, had given the lie for all time, one would think, to the stupid slanders against the Jews and other minority races.

Economic depression, as is well known, can be a fertile breeding-ground of racial intolerance. Be it written in the book of the angels to the credit of the American people, and of the vitality of American Democracy, that we exhibited very little of this sort of thing through many long years of crisis.

But that which cannot die within, can be attacked from without. This is the plain truth of the toadstool growth of race hatred with which we are confronted. Anti-Semitism in America is today a war implement manipulated by the Nazi rulers of Germany, through their agents the German-American Bund and their trusty Fifth Columnist Father Coughlin. There are more ways of killing a democracy than by choking it to death.

The simplest and best method of combatting lunatic racial theories is still education, the dissemination of the truth about races. We must realize, however—and quickly—that we are dealing not with mere ignorance, but with an organized attempt to foment disturbances, divide our people and destroy our national unity. The beneficiary of all this may be reached at Rome-Berlin-Tokyo. "Today Germany is ours—tomorrow the whole world." That would appear to include even the U.S.A.

The propagation of anti-Semitism in the United States today is an act of war or an act of treason. It should be dealt with as such.—C.P.

Eyes on Spain

THE RECOGNITION of Franco by the government of the United States a few weeks ago came as a considerable jolt. People close to official circles were quite as much surprised as those far away. Certainly there had been no time for the popular feeling of the country to make itself felt before recognition was announced. But since it is done, we must turn around and see whether anything can be found in the recognition that will work for the good of the people of Spain.

With the recognition there comes, of course, the appointment of United States consuls to all the cities of Spain. Now in the past there has been an assumption that a consul was a more or less glorified clerk who existed mainly for the purpose of getting stranded Americans back to their country or renewing passports when they had expired. But a new conception of the consular service has grown up in recent years. Perhaps Hitler is responsible for it. At any rate he recognized that German consuls were good agents for the propaganda for his own peculiar type of government.

We do not advocate that the consuls of the United States should become propaganda agents for the democratic form of government. But the United States must learn of what is going on in Spain, and certainly the consuls can be expected to keep their eyes open. We have always been strong believers in the efficacy of expressed approval or disapproval of the actions of other countries. The people of America are most concerned that no reprisals be carried out in the new government of Spain. But to express our displeasure, or our pleasure, we must know what is happening. With our consuls in Spain we should receive some knowledge so that we can determine whether recognition should continue or whether it should be withdrawn.—D.McC.

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