

July
1939

The
WORLD
for PEACE and DEMOCRACY

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CONCERTED
ACTION
IN '76

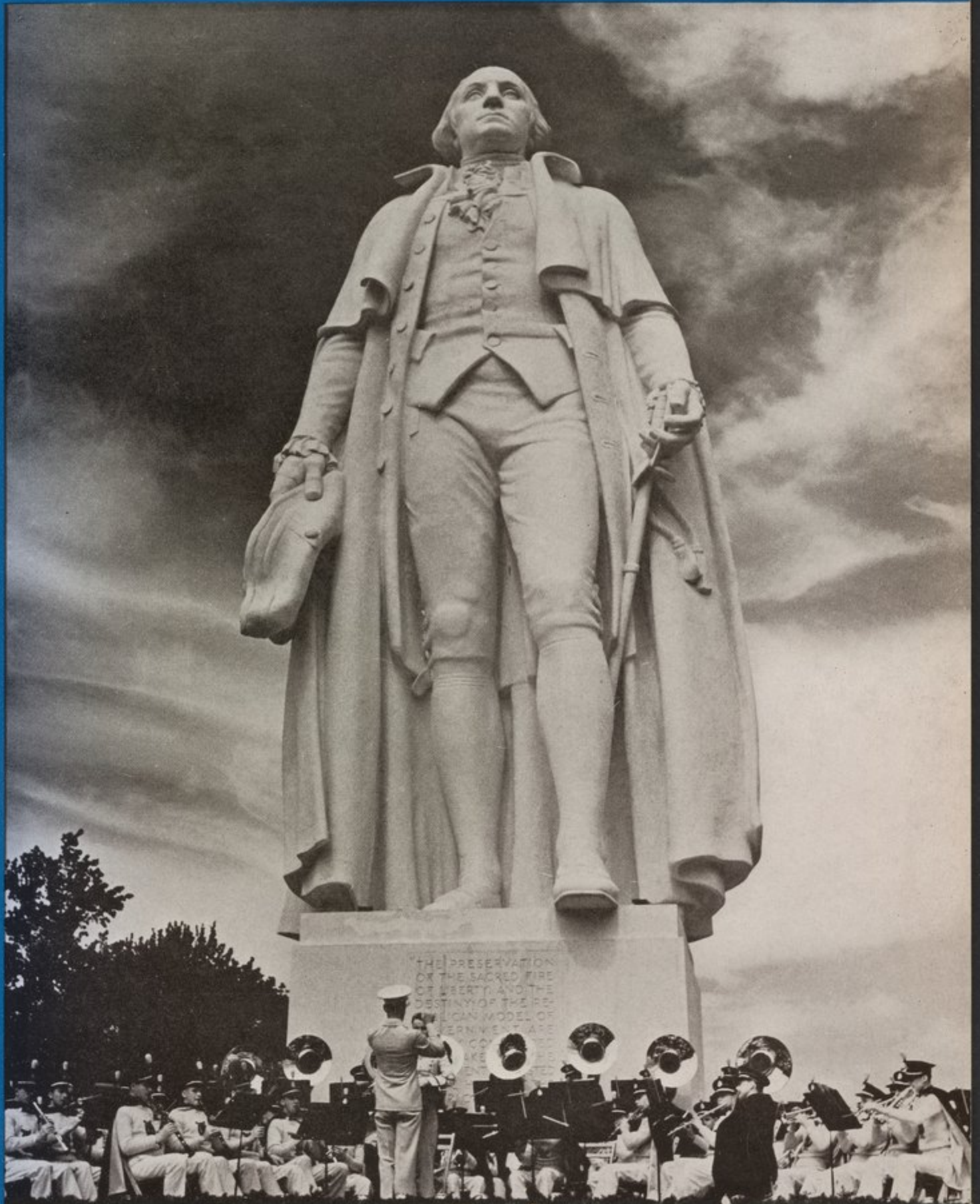
•
HEIL
COUGHLIN!

By Samuel
Kellman

•
CHILE
BUILDS
ANEW

By Alvaro
de Silva

•
MORE OR
LESS
LIBERTY



RADIO

Mooney case and the
M... of Time to shame.

If I do say so who maybe shouldn't, I think that the American League's tactic of taking time on WHBI, Newark, to answer Father Coughlin's tirades, was a fine bit of showmanship.

Robert Sherwood, author of *The Road to Nowhere* in Illinois, flatly refused to appear on the Broadway hit...

—GEORGE SCOTT, THE FIGHT, April 1939

IN THE twentieth century, man has called strange new forces to his struggle to make the earth a home. Not the least of these is the voice that goes through the air . . . that now commonplace machine, the radio.

Ultimately, the people of the world can be confident that they will use the radio exclusively for purposes of good. Someday the voice through the air will bring only messages of friendship, of peace and good will among brothers. For it stands to reason that what mankind has invented, mankind will learn to use.

But meanwhile there exists one of those paradoxes that prove so costly to human life on this globe. Unscrupulous and fanatical demagogues, incendiaries of racial and religious wars, crafty enemies of the people, take to the microphone frequently to spew their poison throughout the land. Such is the situation that, to a great extent, he who has the money calls the tune. And the demagogues of reaction and Fascism are not lacking for funds.

Funds . . . funds for the radio . . . funds that determine whether the common citizen who turns a dial is to hear the voice of fellowship or the voice of hatred, the doctrine of Democracy or the doctrine of Fascism.

The American League for Peace and Democracy is determined that the true issues of the day shall be brought before the people of our country. The programs we broadcast over local stations must be increased many times; the program of peace and Democracy must go on the national networks. The truth must be heard at least as often and as widely as the lies of its enemies.

If you would join in the campaign to *give the truth a break* on the radio—send your contribution at once to the American League for Peace and Democracy.

AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY



268 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



The Round World



QUESTION from the floor: Will you balance the national budget when you become President of the United States? Answer: I can tell how to do it, but I don't think I ever will be in a position to do it.—Senator Taft of Ohio.

A JAPANESE in Seattle, Washington, recently tacked this notice on his vegetable stand: *Vegetable nice and fresh and do not care anything about U.S. secrets like navy and fortifications.*

"WE do not want anything that did not formerly belong to us and no State will ever be robbed by us of its property."—Hitler, April 29, 1939.

COOK'S TOURS maps of Europe show no boundary lines this season.

HEADLINE in the *Chicago American*:

HITLER NOT CONSISTENT
CHAMBERLAIN COMPLAINS

"THERE is a somewhat tricky situation in Europe."—Noel Coward.

"THE simple truth is that there is no such animal as an underdog in America, for that presupposes membership in a class handicapped in its political and civil rights."—Isaac Don Levine in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*.

"WHO said capital and labor want peace? The struggle between the two is what made America. The moment you get collusion, you wreck the machine. The strife has raised the standard of living."—Frederick C. Crawford, president of Thompson Products, Inc., in a speech reported in *The Daily Metal Trade*.

"NEW diplomatic tension between France and Japan appeared likely today to result from French occupation of strategic islands in the South China Sea. . . . It was thought here that Japan might protest, contending that the islands belong to China."—A.P. dispatch from Paris printed in the *Boston Transcript*.

"HITLER has no designs upon the independence of Roumania or the Ukraine but he will not rest until he has unimpeded access to the oil of one and the granaries of the other."—George Sylvester Viereck in *Liberty*.

"OF course every play does not carry the message. They are too clever for that. But you must bear in mind that the theater for centuries has been used to sway public opinion. Voltaire once wrote a play that started the French Revolution."—Charles St. Bernard Dinsmore Walton, telling the Woodrum Committee about the Federal Theatre, as reported in the *New York Times*.

"HE declared President Roosevelt responsible for France's receiving the 'best airplanes of the United States fBT HoTH omb omb omb oma cranium Crackers.'"—*Ann Arbor News*.



Bishop Sigismund Waitz, Catholic Primate of Germany, whose palace at Salzburg was seized by Nazis

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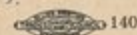
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Round the World



MORRIS KAMMAN, a writer and editor who was originally from Minnesota, has written frequently for us on historical questions. His last previous contribution was *The Road to Lincoln* in our February, 1938, issue.

HENRY ZON is Washington correspondent for the Federated Press and was formerly London correspondent for that agency. His articles on labor and the Washington scene have appeared in this magazine on several occasions.

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN took time off from a mural to illustrate *More or Less Liberty*.

SAMUEL KELLMAN hails from Father Coughlin's home grounds, Detroit.

ALVARO DE SILVA is a native of Chile, where he practised law. For a time he pursued journalism and philosophy in India before coming to the United States, where he taught Spanish at Yale, Indiana University and Sweet Briar College, and is at present a translator and private tutor of Spanish in New York. De Silva has published fiction in both Spanish and English, and his hobby is the art of the dance. We had been after an article on Chile for several months, when we ran across him—in an American League branch.

WALT PARTYMILLER comes from Seattle, Washington, and is at present living in New York. His work is widely known among readers of the labor press.

JACK REED lives in St. Louis, Missouri. His *Burgos Gaol*, the longest story we have ever published, is concluded in this issue. Last month we erred in giving the name of the book he credits for background material. It is *Burgos Justice*, by Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

CHET LA MORE'S work has appeared in our pages often. La More is a member of the United American Artists.

CHARLES RECHT is versatile, having published both poetry and material on legal matters. He is an attorney, the author of *Rue With a Difference* and *American Deportation and Exclusion Laws*, and has contributed to *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The Nation* and *The New Republic*.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League, and reports that their summer school of photography is opening early in July. Those interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.



Courtesy of the Ridgway Library of Philadelphia



Early American cartoonists dealt with the issues of domestic affairs and foreign relations before the country. Reproduced here are two graphic jibes by artists of the Tory persuasion. Above is "A Peep into the Antifederal (Democratic) Club." The print uses both the Red-baiting and the race-prejudice appeals against the movement for Jeffersonian Democracy. It dates from 1797, and the artist is unknown. . . . At left is an isolationist attack on Jefferson, penned about 1800 by an anonymous cartoonist. The American eagle snatches the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence from the "Altar to Gallic Despotism," where Jefferson was about to sacrifice them. Our early leaders, in forming alliances with France and other countries, continually combatted such Tory propaganda, which masked itself as "concern for American liberties."

Concerted Action in '76

The cause of independence relied at every step upon international cooperation . . . An article that throws fresh light on early United States foreign policy

By Morris Kamman

THOMAS JEFFERSON had just passed his eightieth year when he received, at his home in Monticello, a disturbing message from President Monroe.

Secret information had reached Monroe that the Holy Alliance—the reactionary axis of the nineteenth century—was following up its triumphs over Democracy in Central Europe, Italy and Spain, with a plan to invade Latin America.

Expressing fear that the axis would eventually attack the United States too, Monroe said in his message to Jefferson: "I transmit to you two dispatches . . . proposing a cooperation between Great Britain and the United States . . . against the members of that alliance. . . ." He added, "My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government."

Although he knew that the American people overwhelmingly shared his hatred and fear of the anti-democratic alliance of Prussia, Austria, Tsarist Russia and the Bourbon rulers of France and Spain, Monroe was confronted by a minority opposition, in and out of Congress, which clamored for isolation. Made up largely of pacifists and of pro-slavery elements, this opposition darkly prophesied that action by the United States against the reactionary powers would infuriate them and precipitate war. Isolationists also contended that the country was too weak and ought to isolate itself even from Latin America, rather than run the risk of antagonizing Bourbon Spain and its supporting powers.

Before overriding this opposition, Monroe

wished to hear from Jefferson and from James Madison, the last of the founding fathers. What did they advise? Should he accept England's bid or reject it?

In coming to a decision, Jefferson and Madison must surely have recalled their younger days, some forty years earlier—when the Republic, while still in its tumultuous birththroes, had to choose between separation and cooperation.

Birth-Throes of the Republic

First there had been the problem of getting the thirteen colonies to act in unison. In those days of crawling communication, Virginia was as remote from Massachusetts as New York is today from the European mainland. As late as 1774, an influential Virginia neighbor pressed George Washington to scotch a resolution condemning the conduct of the Tory government, because its oppressive acts against the New England colony "do not extend here."

Washington, who was chairman of the Virginia committee preparing such a resolution, retorted: ". . . Shall we supinely sit and see one province after another fall a sacrifice to despotism?"

Washington's sentiment was shared by his fellow-Virginian, Patrick Henry, who replied to those opposed to collective action by the colonies: "I am not a Virginian, but an American."

When the patriotic leaders finally trounced the provincial isolationists and got the thirteen colonies to act together against their common

enemy, the question of separation or cooperation again arose—this time on an international scale.

Patrick Henry, banking on "a treaty offensive and defensive" with France, Spain and Holland—then "the natural enemies of Great Britain"—foresaw that Britain, too, would seek alliances. He wrote John Adams to urge Congress "to anticipate the enemy (Britain) at the French courts" by informing France at once "of the great things we mean to offer. . . ."

The British Tory government worked hard to isolate the Americans. Its ambassador in Paris talked of giving Canada back to France in return for aid in crushing the colonies, while its agents sowed sentiment in America against "foreign entanglements."

In an address to the colonists, Sir J. Dalrymple mocked those hoping for an alliance: "Will the despotism of France establish a new empire of Liberty?"

The *Middlesex Journal* called the French "sly, ravenous foxes," the Spaniards "cruel wolves" and the Dutch "mere wild boars," who could not be trusted as allies.

In the Continental Congress, John Joachim Zubly, of Georgia, shouted that "the man who should propose" an alliance with France "would be torn to pieces." Joseph Galloway, a wealthy merchant who also passed for a philosopher, warned Congress of the "danger, and all the horrors of French slavery." He pleaded: "Beware of the miseries of a foreign yoke." Later, both went over to the enemy.

Still others pleaded that an alliance with



A pro-French, anti-British cartoon against the conservative Cobbet, who is pictured as a porcupine who hates the work of Paine and Madison

Courtesy of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

France would infuriate King George and kill all chances of settling the dispute with him peaceably.

Swayed by such agitation, Congress defeated a motion by John Adams to open relations with France, and shunted aside as well a move for independence.

Meanwhile, King George was sending over a large force to crush the Americans.

News of this shocked America into action. A committee of the Continental Congress charged that "the delusive idea of conciliation has been industriously suggested on both sides of the water" so "that, under cover of this dividing and aid-withholding prospect, the vast British force sent to America might have the fairest chance of succeeding."

The American people swept aside those opposing independence and foreign alliances. A new Congress adopted Jefferson's Declaration of Independence and sent commissioners, headed by Benjamin Franklin, to Europe to seek connections with France—then the key nation on the continent.

Franklin found his mission difficult. King

Louis and the feudal aristocracy, though smarting under previous defeats at the hands of Britain, shrank from encouraging rebels against vested privilege. The King refused to receive Franklin. The French people, however, thronged around his carriage, expressing in this way their support of the American cause and their discontent with feudal oppression. Voltaire defied his sentence of exile and came to Paris to visit the representative of American Democracy. Dissatisfied with feudal restrictions, and hungering for the American trade, the rising merchant class also favored the American cause. From his spies, King Louis learned painfully that Franklin was immensely popular with the French people.

The Tory Plots

The enemies of an alliance with the United States harped on the defeats of Washington's troops. They also called attention to the Tory intrigues in America for conciliation, and insisted that the U. S. was an unreliable ally.

The Tory plots in America were well engineered. Washington complained of "the

diabolical and insidious acts and schemes carried on by the Tories . . . to raise distrust, dissensions, and divisions among us . . ." To a member of the Continental Congress he wrote: "The enemy . . . are endeavoring to ensnare the people by specious allurements of peace . . . which . . . will be extremely flattering to minds that do not penetrate far into political consequences. . . ." To offset this, he urged Congress "to strengthen the army"—adding, "A European . . . alliance would effectually answer our purposes."

Congress wrote Franklin of the imperious need for clinching an alliance with France.

Franklin played a bold card. He warned Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister, that if Britain won it would be strengthened by the already trained colonial troops. British power would then be irresistible. If the United States won, however, France would be secure—and in addition would enjoy the American trade.

Shortly after this Vergennes stated confidentially that if Britain were triumphant,

(Continued on page 21)

More or Less Liberty

By Henry Zon

The assault on labor and aliens threatens America's freedom, but the people answer with progressive measures . . . A survey of Washington developments on civil liberties

ILLUSTRATED BY STUYVESANT VAN VEEN

IT IS DEMONSTRABLY true, I think, that the liberties of the American people today are under greater assault than ever before in our peace-time history. Under the whip of the Bourbons in the House of Representatives, legislation of a character never before given more than casual attention is being seriously considered and passed. In the Senate that attitude of indifference once displayed towards infantile measures of the House is disappearing, and Senate committees are approving measures that formerly died in the pigeonhole. Where hitherto it was considered political suicide to speak in praise of Hitler or Mussolini, there is now the spectacle of a member of the House—Representative Thorkelson, Montana Republican—quoting Berlin newspapers to justify the massacre of Jews; and the spectacle of a member of the Senate—Senator Reynolds, North Carolina Democrat—rising from his chair to laud the régimes in Italy and Germany.

Attack on the Wagner Act

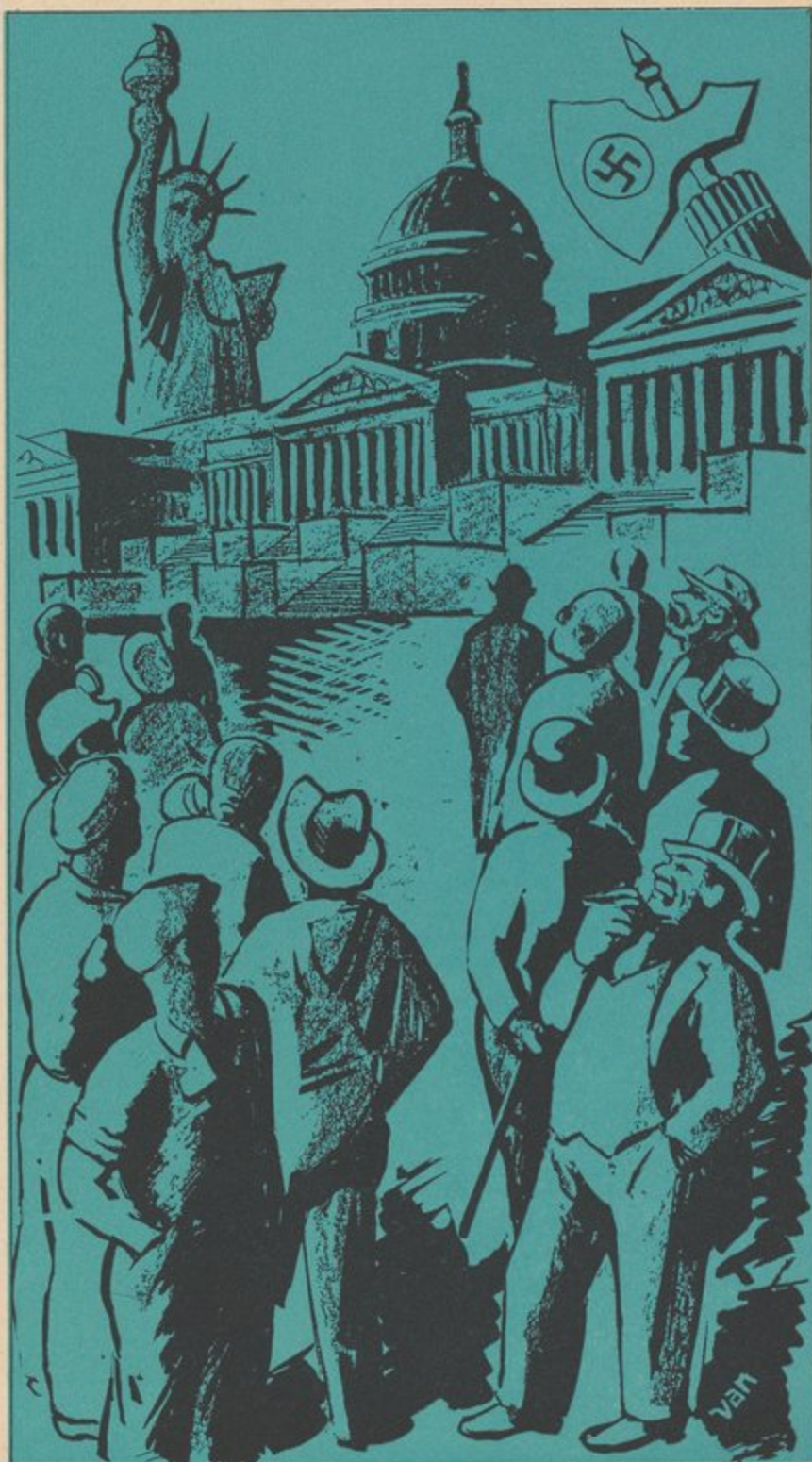
There is the current attack on the National Labor Relations Act, a statute that made explicit what always was implicit in the law, which permits workers to organize into unions of their own choosing. The Act was passed in 1935 at a time when Fascism abroad was in the ascendant. J. Warren Madden, chairman of the N.L.R.B., told the story succinctly in his testimony before the House Labor Committee considering pending amendments to the Act.

"The question before this committee today with reference to most of the proposed amendments," he said, "seems to me to be the same question which faced the government in 1935, except that the question is now much easier to answer. The path of freedom, then indicated by past experience and study, was nevertheless made doubtful at that time by the trend of the world and by some domestic conditions. Now the path of freedom has been blazed and traveled and the question is no longer shall we break a new pathway to freedom, but shall we abandon one that is now open and in use. Shall we do in 1939 what we so pointedly refused to do in 1935—imitate those foreign governments which began their evolution to their present condition by depriving their working people of their former liberties?"

The members of the committee listened attentively to what Madden had to say about the Act and to his masterful defense of the Act and the Board, just as the Senate committee before it had listened. It seems, at this writing, that American workers will be secure in their rights under the Labor Act until the next session of Congress—provided the present session does not last overlong, and provided that a demand for revision at this session does not come from unexpected quarters.

If this proves true it will be because of the liberal spirit that

(Continued on page 25)



Heil Coughlin!

The Detroit demagogue, whose "Social Justice" is "a secular, not a Catholic organ," is endorsed by the Nazi Bund . . . A revealing exposé of the man who leads Fascism's Fifth Column in the United States

By Samuel Kellman

"FATHER COUGHLIN is a Communist!" That is the conclusion that a representative audience I addressed recently came to. Without disclosing the name of the author, I read them some of the sixteen principles of "social justice" promulgated by the Voice from Royal Oak. I asked those who recognized the origin of these "principles" to abstain from participating in my little experiment. With few exceptions the audience agreed with the above analysis. And here are ten of the sixteen famous sentences on which this judgment was based:

- Just living annual wage.
- Nationalization of important public resources.
- Control of private property for public good.
- Cost of living maintained on an even keel.
- Cost of production plus a fair profit for the farmer.
- Labor's right to organize.
- Abolition of tax exempt bonds.
- Broadened base of taxation on basis of ownership and capacity to pay.
- Recall of non-productive bonds.
- Sanctity of human rights preferred to sanctity of property, with government's chief concern for the poor.

Another listener who spoke up disagreed. "I would call that a radical, left-wing program, but not necessarily Communist." The general consensus of opinion, however, was that such a program could not be instituted without changing our government into a "red" government. There was, therefore, considerable dismay and surprise when I revealed the author of this program. The audience was properly confused. When I read them Coughlin's blueprint on how he would go about installing his system, how *he* would change our government to institute his "social justice," the listeners regained their orientation and were able again to understand him as the Fascist-Nazi he is.

For some months in 1938 the masthead of Father Coughlin's magazine, *Social Justice*, carried the headline "16



Father Charles E. Coughlin goes to the public with his message of radical phrases and reactionary aims

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL JUSTICE," while immediately below it appeared only fifteen of these gems. The one left out was "Control of private property for public good." This, to many readers, is the "reddest" and the most "socialistic" and "New Dealish" of the lot. Coughlin, as Editorial Counsel of the magazine, was evidently hesitant about including this "principle" but did not want his public to think that he was cutting down on the size of his program—so he continued saying "sixteen" but published fifteen. This discrepancy would not be significant except that the sixteenth point has appeared regularly and without fail since Coughlin's Ecclesiastical Superior removed his Imprimatur (literally "permission to publish," a religious review to censor the writing for incorrect interpretation of Catholic dogma on faith and morals). Now that the masthead of the magazine no longer bears the "permission of his Ecclesiastical Superior" Father Coughlin feels safer in including this controversial point. The Imprimatur disappeared after the December 19, 1938, issue and "the archdiocese now considers it a secular, not a Catholic organ" (*Time* magazine).

But this is a key "principle." How could it be left out at any time? The answer is quite simple. Just as my audience was befuddled by these "principles," so have the followers of Fascist and Nazi "principles" been fooled into thinking that their leaders would fulfill all the promises of the "left" parties and philosophies while giving them other values not promised by any other political systems or formulations. The Fascists make their "line" attractive by false radical, Christian, humanitarian or liberal interpolations. *But let us not mistake their real intent: to destroy Democracy and all the Christian, humanitarian and liberal institutions that Democracy can create and bring to flower.*

The German-American Bund endorses Father Coughlin! At right is the photostatic evidence—from the "Deutscher Weckruf," official Bund newspaper. "It is not difficult for us to agree with Father Coughlin," states the editorial

This method of propaganda was first used by Hitler in the early 1920's. *Mein Kampf* lists his three major working principles: 1. "The whole art (of propaganda) consists in attacking a point so skilfully that a universal belief in its reality is induced and a righteous faith constructed." 2. The enemy is never right. "The moment one's own propaganda grants even a glimmer of justice to the other side, seeds are sown for doubting one's own cause." 3. "Never having dreamed of the vast possibilities of lies, they (the receiving public) generally fail to detect a truly gigantic distortion." Father Coughlin's little distortion of "sixteen" to fifteen is nothing to propagating the one *gigantic lie* of constantly identifying Bolshevism with Democracy, Bolshevism with the New Deal, Communists with Jews, International Jewish Bankers as the financiers of International Communism—until you have a "righteous faith constructed" that makes a "Communist Jew-Plutocracy" out of all forms of current Democracy.

The Friend of Fascism

This identification trick also works in reverse. In maintaining his major premise about Democracy (borrowed from Goebbel's Nazi publicity files) Father Coughlin denies that he is anything but an American, "opposed to both Communism and Nazism." You will never get him to say, however, that he is opposed to Fascism. Read his speeches (if you must), listen to his overdramatic harangues, carefully peruse his magazine: you will find he opposes Nazism but never Fascism. This is the "skilful attack" Hitler speaks of. Father Coughlin puts his large, well-paid staff of technicians and minor underlings to good use thinking up schemes to put Fascism in a favorable light, while denying he has any Nazi sympathies. He is constantly calling Hitler and Mussolini "the Peacemakers" (*Social Justice*, October 3, 1938) and the "hope of Christian government in Europe" (*Social Justice*, May 23, 1938), and praising them at every turn—including their aggressions and mass murder. But he still denies his Nazi sympathies because "some points in Hitler's program are not yet ironed out"! However—there is no stop or let in his praise of Mussolini, Fascism, and the Corporate State. That is why he cannot say that he is "opposed to all isms except Americanism, including Fascism." But he carries out Hitler's program of smearing the democracies and helping the aggressor nations, since Fascism is the basic politico-economic form of government in Germany, and since Nazism and Fascism (Italian) have consummated a binding military and "cultural" pact.

One of the schemes to put Fascism across to the American people was a Christian Front Contest that ran in *Social Justice* in the sum-

(Continued on page 23)

DEUTSCHER WECKRUF

THE FREE AMERICAN

Deutsches Kampforgan des Mittelwestens

Vol. 6, No. 9.

Thursday, March 2, 1939

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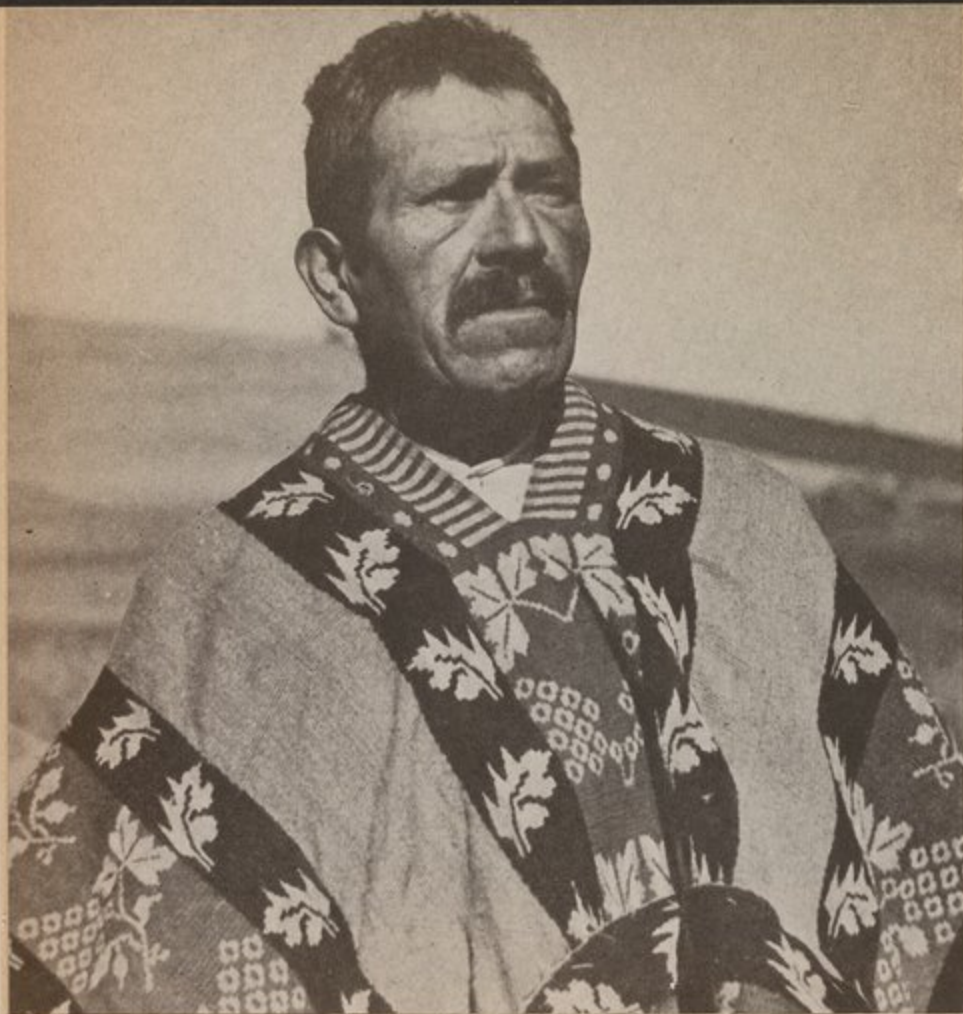
FATHER COUGHLIN ENDORSED

Father Coughlin in his latest radio speech pointed out the necessity of forestalling the Communists as well as the "Nazis" in their attempt to gain control of the Government of the United States—namely, by removing the cause which creates Communism, which in turn creates Nazism as a defensive mechanism against bolshevist materialism.

It is not difficult for us to agree with Father Coughlin, though we did not find him quite clear on the question whether the danger to our institutions from Nazism is fully on par with the danger threatening it from the Moscow-led Communist party under Earl Browder, or whether Nazism is straw man or a figure of speech.

The Bund is ready to put itself squarely behind any intelligently-directed, non-partisan, non-hysterical movement opposed to Nazism—as speakers for the Bund clearly stated qualified will point out where Nazism found outside of the imagination complex. For, with Communism, if the

The Jewish Examiner of February 24 prints a story under a heading extending across three columns, "Coughlin Link to American Nazis Revealed at Garden Bund Meeting". The statement is made on the basis of Father Coughlin's paper, *Social Justice*, being offered for sale during the rally. Just in what way that connects the Royal Oak priest with the "Nazis" is a nut for Jewish acumen to crack, too much for the average citizen. Father Coughlin's paper was not the only one on sale at the rally. What Father Coughlin's partisans may do in spreading his gospel of enlightenment does not link him up with any organization that is sympathetic to his policy. "The Radio Priest is Cheered Lustily", says the Examiner in its spread. "That is true. It is also true that one of the speakers commended the picketing of Radio Station WMCA, which has barred the priest from speaking over its hook-up, as it has other speakers of national reputation. In doing so the speaker only put in a needed word for freedom of speech and a protest against the monopoly of the channels of public information and comment by private interests. Father Coughlin, the Examiner is assured, has no connection with the Bund other than the tie that unites all patriotic, fair-minded Americans in bonds of sympathy. As a matter of fact, it was not Mr. Kuhn at all who is credited with the statement, but amid the welter of lies about the mass meeting, it is but a minor infraction of the TRUTH." DW + FA 3-2-39



This colorfully-dressed Indian represents the oldest Chileans

After the earthquake comes reconstruction, and after long years of reaction a people's government . . . A heartening picture of our good southernmost neighbor

Chile Builds Anew

By Alvaro de Silva

IF YOU go into the Chilean Pavilion at the New York World's Fair you will see, in miniature, the background of life in a country too little known to people of the United States. Chile is one of the twenty-one republics of America south of the Rio Grande, affected by the Good Neighbor Policy. It is, as the artist Camilo Mori has pictured it in his mural for the World's Fair, a vast landscape of mountain, prairie, and lake. There is no mystery in the seeming contradiction that Chile is a mountainous country; Chile is a desert country; Chile is a rich mining country; Chile is a fertile farming country; Chile is a maritime country. Chile is all of these things, and once you have understood that, you have the key to its social and political life.

The Pacific Ocean beats upon the shores of Chile for 2,620 miles of coastline. That is almost the distance between New York and San Francisco, and all the western shore of that tremendous, narrow ribbon of land looks to the open ocean. In the north the land is dry: an area of deserts and of treasure-laden mountains, and this is the mining country. Its copper mines and nitrate plants have determined Chile's national economy for nearly half a century.

Chile's California

Central Chile is the real center of Chilean life, where 80 per cent of the country's 4,600,000 people live in the rich valleys. They are the people whose work comprises 95 per cent of all of Chile's agriculture, and 90 per cent of all her manufacturing enterprises. Santiago, capital of the country, and home of a

million Chileans, is in this area. So is Valparaiso, second great seaport of the entire Pacific coast (San Francisco is the first). Between these two cities lie the verdant valleys, colorful with wheat and heavy with fruit. The climate of this area is similar to that of California, and the agricultural wealth of the region is almost fabulous. But the poor peasants who live there and the farmers in straw hats and high-heeled shoes seldom share in the wealth which the rich earth yields to the work of their hands.

Southern Chile is a zone of lakes and islands; a cold land of sheep-raising and of fishing; a land of winter sports for tourists from the Argentine and other countries. Here is the world's southernmost city—modern Magallanes—with a population of thirty thousand.

People of the Country

The people of Chile as a whole are 90 per cent Spanish in race and 10 per cent native Indian stock. Complexion and features bear witness to the fact that this is a Latin people. There are, all told, forty thousand pure Indians in Chile, and they live in the southern provinces. They are remnants of the Araucanians, a race of brave fighters, and they are easily distinguished from the Spanish Chileans by their physical type: medium height, broad-shouldered, high cheek-bones and black straight hair. There are a hundred thousand German Chileans who also live in the south. Most of them are descendants of the Germans who fled the political persecution of their country in the 1850's. Until recently, when

Nazi propaganda convinced many of them of the immutability of German blood, they had no other allegiance but to Chile.

Chile has an aristocracy made up of some five hundred families who claim Basque or Nordic ancestry. Some of the family names are Basque. Others are Irish, English and German.

Most of the working population of Chile is engaged in agriculture, but in taking a brief look at the country's social, economic, and political conditions, we will start from the north again and pause briefly at the mines. As a result of the war with Peru and Bolivia in 1879, Chile acquired the enormous wealth of the saltpeter mines. Through them, the country enjoyed a brilliant economic supremacy until the end of the World War, when synthetic nitrates practically displaced her in the world markets. Many and varied attempts to regain a monopoly of the product used for the manufacture of gunpowder and as fertilizer have been unavailing. So, comparatively few ships load nitrates in the northern ports of Chile today. Taxes on the exploitation of these natural resources provided a large income for Chile during the nitrate boom. The mines were—and still are—owned by British and American capital.

The life of Chile as an agricultural country is the best index to her present situation. There has been little change in Chile's land problem since the establishment of the republic, over a hundred years ago. Tenant-farming exists today as it existed in the times of the conquerors, who inherited the system from the Incas of Peru. The peasant still

uses a horse plough to work land belonging to a feudal lord. A recent census of land ownership shows that five hundred families own 68 per cent of the agricultural land. The status of a peasant's life may be judged from his earnings, which amount to between ten and fifteen American cents a day. The wages of a miner go as high as twenty-five and even thirty cents a day, but the miner's standard of living is considerably higher.

Life of the Peasants

It might be asked how it is possible for the agrarian workers to live on such wages as ten or fifteen cents a day. The answer is that the peasant and his family live, as they have always done, below minimum living requirements. They are ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed. Their diet consists almost entirely of beans. They seldom wear shoes. Their hut has a dirt floor and a straw roof and is without sanitary facilities. It is obvious, in view of his living conditions, that the peasant has enjoyed no political rights. Tied to the soil, in times of elections as well as at other times, he obeyed his landlord in casting his vote.

As a people, the Chileans are distinguished by a keen sense of humor and a deep love of freedom. The humor is a direct heritage from the Spaniards. The love of freedom springs from both Spaniards and Indians. In colonial years, under the strong-handed rule of the Spanish governors, this spirit found expression in song and dance. With the republic, the spirit of freedom has found more direct

expression, pointing toward economic liberation. A case in point was the democratic movement of 1920, unfortunately betrayed by the division and lack of organization in the progressive forces. But the "roto" (the broken one, the destitute one, as the disinherited Chilean is fittingly called) has kept his native sense of liberty alive. It is amazing that the landowning aristocracy never has succeeded in killing the human dignity inherent in him.

The nitrate collapse brought a long depression, which reached its bottom in 1932 with a large figure for unemployment. At this time, a great deal of political and organizational education was carried out by the trade unions and by a rising progressive middle class, giving the undernourished and discontented people a clear vision of their destiny. As a culmination of this movement, The Popular Front arose in 1936. It constitutes a grouping of Democracy against reaction and against Fascism. By 1938, the cry: "Down with Fascism!" "Down with the landowning aristocracy!" brought peasants, miners, teachers, intellectuals and artists together. Even some of the landowners themselves, the small industrialists and shopkeepers were represented in this democratic alliance.

To Enforce the Laws

Previously, under pressure of the masses, social legislation of the most advanced type had been passed in spite of the conservative opposition. Laws covering labor conditions, the formation of coöperatives, social security,

collective bargaining, came into being; but some of them never were enforced. Owners of big farms and industrial establishments refused to comply with them. There is no question about the value of the laws. Enforced in full, they will improve the living conditions of the Chilean worker immeasurably. None the less, in a country basically agricultural, the problem is the land itself.

The issue came to a head in the presidential election of 1938. The great national Confederation of Workers (progressive and only labor union in the country) united with the moderate Radical Party, the Socialists and the Communists to voice the demands of the people. As a result, for the first time in the history of Chile as a republic, its citizens had a chance to express their own political ideas in choosing a president. Pedro Aguirre Cerda, a Radical Party member, is the President of Chile and—although he is a leading lawyer, teacher, and statesman—he does not hold his office by virtue of his personality. Every person who backs him is voicing approval of the first program of ideas for democratic government ever to gain power in Chile. A century of personal rulers—divided evenly between conservatives and liberals—has come to a swift end. Pesos and the combination of conservative and liberal parties could not cope with the will of the people. The Popular Front régime represents a check to South American dictatorial tendencies, and a strong setback to Fascist penetration in the Western

(Continued on page 24)

Much of Chile's natural wealth is in the saltpeter, copper and nitrate deposits of her northern area



The Guns Fire In China

By Dorothy McConnell

JULY 7TH is the second anniversary of the Marco Polo Bridge incident. Few Americans know what the Marco Polo Bridge incident was. It came soon after the landing of the Japanese troops on China's soil. The Japanese patrolled one end of the Marco Polo Bridge, the Chinese the other. On July 7th a Japanese soldier disappeared. The rumor spread that he had been killed by the Chinese. The Japanese opened fire. The Chinese returned it. Although the missing Japanese turned up later on, from that day to this the guns have never ceased firing in some part of China.

I do not suppose there has ever been a war that has been more unpopular with the citizens of the United States. Added to the indignation at the brazen invasion of China by the Japanese, there has long been a latent distrust of the Japanese military clique in the minds of the American people. The Chinese did not have to win the good-will of this country. They had it. The Japanese, on the other hand, were faced with the tremendous task of wooing us. But first they had to begin at home.

War propaganda is a curious phenomenon. I have watched people come under its influence who were the staunchest anti-war advocates. Since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war I have been reading the letters of a countryman who is living in Japan. At first he was horrified. "When I meet with my friends," he wrote, "we do not speak of the war. It is as if there was a burden on our hearts—a sorrow—that is too great to put into words." There was no doubt that the war was unpopular with the group in which he moved. But his letters have changed from week to week, until his latest letters are filled with bitter recrimination of this country because of our obvious censure of Japan. He is already beginning to think of Japan as a bringer-of-light to the benighted people of China.

The articles on Japan appearing in this country are growing more and more interesting. A few weeks ago *The Christian Century* carried one by Stuart Lillico, who was a writer for the *Japanese Advertiser* for seven years. Lillico describes the part that the churches are

playing in the war. There are—he says—three great religions in Japan: Shintoism (with the core of the religion the worship of the emperor), Buddhism and Christianity. Some time ago the leaders of these three religions were called together to map out a plan for spiritual armament. When the plans were made for the Japanese people themselves, the Shinto leaders took the floor. But when the plans were made for the occupied territory in China the Buddhists and the Christians took the lead, because it was generally realized that those were the only religions in Japan that would be accepted by the Chinese.

Whether Mr. Lillico was consciously suggesting that Christianity could benefit by the occupation of China I have no way of knowing. But certainly that is the impression he left in his readers' minds.

And now in the New York *Times* book review section I come on a little article, written by Shiro Sakanishi, called *The Literary Scene in Japan*. It seems that the book publishers of Japan, who had feared that the war might ruin their business, are surprised at the



Robert Capa took this photo of a Chinese boy for the motion picture "The 400 Million"

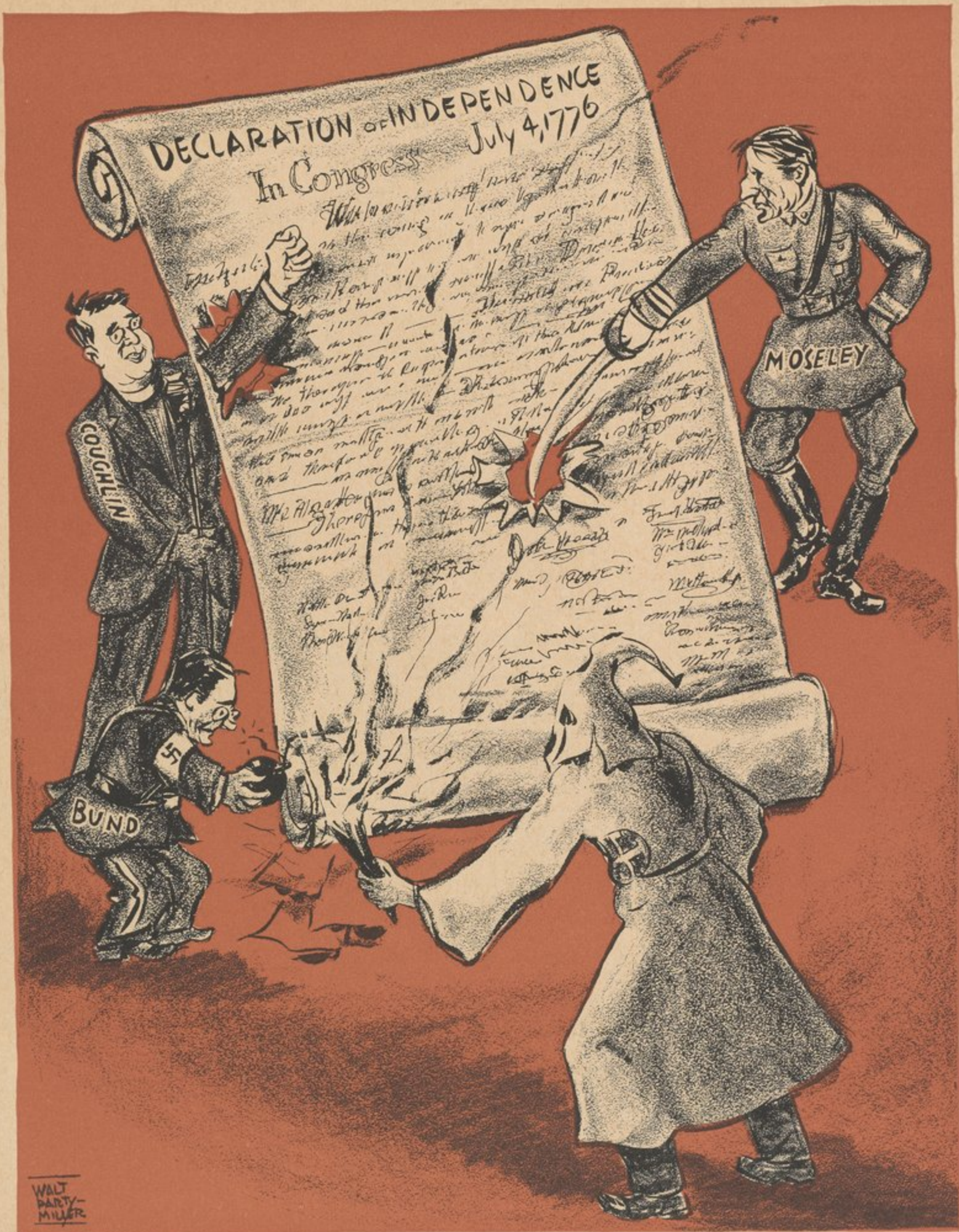
new and healthy trends. The Japanese are buying books as never before. Translations of foreign novels, such as *Gone With the Wind*, are read everywhere. There is a great interest in technical books because of Japan's struggle for greater industrial self-sufficiency. Stories of war heroes are going like hot cakes. "The sudden rise of war-time literature," says Mr. Sakanishi, "has accomplished two things for the Japanese literary world. First, in novels and other types of writing, Leftist ideology has received a decisive check, and also the unhealthy tendency to depict vice and the corrupt part of society has disappeared."

This also may not be a conscious piece of propaganda, but the idea left with the reader is that of a people engaged in reading the most uplifting type of book, and taking a wholesome view of life even though the war may be raging.

But the fact remains that the war is raging and that Japan is waging it—with, of course, the support of supplies from the United States. The seeming indifference of the people of the United States to this constant supply going to Japan has been due in large part to the fact that the people were not rallied so that they could make their will felt. It is only during the last few weeks that we have been having expressions by large bodies of people against the shipment of arms to Japan. A short time ago the Presbyterian Church took a decisive stand for the Embargo on Japan. Sections of the Methodist Church are doing the same thing. A resolution has been passed by the United Boards of the Christian Colleges in China that all the Christian colleges be asked to examine their investments, to see if there are those which have their money in oil. If they have, it is suggested that they reinvest their money and send a letter to the oil company, saying they are reinvesting in other businesses because of the part the oil companies are playing in the aggression of Japan.

These things show which way the wind is blowing, but we must remember that the groups registering their opinion are groups who have some connection with China and some way of making their will felt. In spite of the sympathy with China of the people outside such boards in the United States, the Chinese war has not become personalized to them yet. In this the Japanese are doing a far better job. The man in the street here needs to know what is going on behind the lines in China. How are they solving their industrial reorganization problem? What are the people in China thinking? A Chinese *Wheat and Soldiers* that would tell the simple story of the war as the Japanese book tells it would be of inestimable worth. An articulate mass feeling expressed in the United States would force an embargo on Japan. But the people of the United States must know more about the situation in China.

The Chinese believe that truth speaks for itself. That may be true. Nevertheless, in these days sometimes it is necessary to use a loud-speaker.



Saving America from Herself

• Walt Partymiller

THE MOTOR-BUS stood behind them, panting like an asthmal monster, its exhaust a whitely translucent cloud of steam. At a barked order from the officer in charge, it began slowly and lumberingly to move away. Bound together in groups of two they began to stumble forward. It was pitch black, with no moon, but to eyes that were used to the gaol of Santa Agueda the terrain presented no difficulties. Antonio knew where they were: the Monte de la Brújula—Brújula Hill—an insignificant mound, the highest spot on the road to Vittoria; hill only by contrast with its flat surroundings and the level road. He knew also why they were there. Not long before with the purge at its height and "unidentified" bodies commonplace, a high authority had issued the order: "No more grisly sights! Mete out justice, but discreetly and without sully the Glorious National Movement by these hideous exhibitions." Bodies from the fields, the streams, the ditches by the sides of roads, were gone, and in their places each city, village and even hamlet had acquired some specific pit, plot of land or field on its outskirts: there was the Glen in Rodillo, the Llana in Estepar—and Brújula Hill in Burgos.

The prisoner bound to Antonio was a weight on his arm. Weak and trembling from tears and terror, he had to be half-dragged, half-supported. He had been a printer's apprentice on the *Burgos Gráfico*—a long defunct mildly liberal illustrated periodical, which had once dared to criticize editorially the hierarchy and the reactionary press in Burgos, for the hush-hush policy they had pursued in connection with a scandal involving the sexual misdemeanors of the parish priest in the neighboring village of Estepar. For this the subscribers and advertisers had been warned off and the paper had soon gone bankrupt; and now with the ascent to power of the church and reactionary civil officials as arms of the military, the staff and personnel of the *Gráfico*, even down to the weeping almost illiterate boy on Antonio's arm, were paying personally for its misdeeds.

Hardly able to stand himself, Antonio put his arm around the other and they stumbled on. The world before him was unreal, and loose ends of stimuli, sight, sound and smell, now and from before, floated loosely in his brain, unassociated with any previous experience. His mind seemed asleep, and even the cold slap of the drizzling mist could not wake it. Of all that had happened to him in the previous weeks there were left now only a few fragmentary unrelated impressions. He must have been delirious a good deal, for there were large gaps, totally blank. He remembered beating on the door and crying. He remembered writhing on the floor in pain, and vomiting regularly the meals which for so many previous months his stomach had accepted with stoic patience. It would have been far more endurable but for those racking pains in his vitals. Once, going up to receive Holy

Communion, he had fallen before the priest, and seizing his black cossack had prayed for deliverance from his agony. The beating he had received from the soldiers who dragged him away had left him with wounds which for days after oozed blood, and even now were not completely healed. More than once he had taken up again the sharpened fork which indecision had foolishly caused him to drop before, but now he was far too weak to use it. He had cringed in corners, covering his head with a blanket to escape his hallucinations which were now almost corporeal; he talked to rats, to cockroaches, to himself, to escape his solitude. It was all hazy now in his memory. He could not remember with any great distinctness even the two new prisoners who had been thrust towards the end in with him, although the presence of fellow human beings was great solace to him. He remembered that they were very frightened. They had not been revolutionaries, liberals or even working-men—these for the most part were either dead, fled or well hidden. One had been a small tradesman, denounced as a man of the Left by a competitor with some sort of influence; the other was a freemason, a victim of the latest purge, inaugurated by the Jesuits. Antonio's only clear impression of them was that of a scant hour before, the expressions on their faces as he had been taken away, their mouths open and quivering, grotesque with their shaven heads. For some reason his own hair had never been cut, and it hung down to the shoulders in the back and kept falling before his eyes in the front; it was knotted, and full of dirt and

vermin. He shook it out of his eyes as he walked.

"They kill you before they shoot you." He was a dead man, pushing his leaden feet before him. He did not think that this little aftermath of gun-play would hurt much.

THE SHORT line wound slowly up the path, heavily guarded on both sides. It was constantly being held up. One of the condemned fainted and fell, dragging down his partner, and they both had to be jerked



Burgos

Antonio Moros, whose name had been the last of four cell-mates in the first concluding installment of a deeply mo-

By Jack

ILLUSTRATED BY C



os Gaol

had been found on a union list, was
the Franco dungeon . . . The con-
temply moving story of Fascist Spain

ack Reed

BY CHET LA MORE

back to their feet and slapped to consciousness. Of the prisoners, few had been incarcerated so long as Antonio; none had suffered so much. They were not therefore so resigned to death as he. Many of them wept bitterly, hopelessly; some were violently sick, retching repeatedly; and more than one, under the intense strain and with the loose bowels characteristic of prison, had full trousers. They kept staggering out of the line, back into which they had to be thrust. They moved as slowly as possible.

The officer in charge swore. He was from a Carlist division, and even now wore the red beret. He was quite young, having only just emerged from the Military Academy during the first violent stirrings of revolt, but he had been in action ever since, and was already a veteran. He swore again, and finding nothing else on which to vent his disgust, began to curse the doomed line for its slow progress. The whole business got on his nerves. He was only just back from the front; why in hell had he been assigned to this anyway! What was the matter with all those foreigners who swaggered through the streets, women on their arms and cognac on their breaths? Did gratitude at their coming to help fight the Marxists have to go so far as to absolve them from doing anything once they got here? He spat. He was very bitter. Just back from the front, beaten and ready to collapse from weariness and strain, even nursing a small wound which he had deliberately kept from the sight of his superiors, he had been forced to put up at an old makeshift barracks with his tired men because the good accommodations had been given to foreigners, most of whom had never even been near the fighting zones. Even officers and high officials were being displaced by this new foreign invasion. What swine! On the front they received the easiest sectors to defend, the most and best of the artillery and munitions; yet they retreated before every little counter-sally, and would only attack after a weaponless and defenseless enemy had been pulverized by air bombardments and heavy artillery. And when finally they did advance,

they received all of the glory and most of the plunder! The Moors too were foreigners and stupefied beasts besides, but at least they fought like men! He swore again at the prisoners. And if the foreigners at the front were bad, these swaggering dogs behind the lines, with their privileges and their contempt for the poorly paid native soldiers, were simply unbearable. Nor was he so naive as to forgive them their conduct because of their sacrifice in coming to Spain. They did not make that "sacrifice" for nothing. To the north, near the French border, Spaniards were sweating under the direction of German engineers, building a gigantic airdrome; was that for use in the active Spanish sectors, Madrid to the southeast, Extremadura and Cordoba to the south? Were the guns in Ceuta, facing Gibraltar, for the use of Spaniards? Already they acted as if Spain was theirs: their generals outlined the military strategy, were the invisible hands behind the civil authorities; their soldiers were paid better, and above reproach or punishment. Theirs was the best of everything. Spaniard killed Spaniard and the foreigner won the war.

And yet—the knowledge was gall—he knew from experience that they could not do without them; that were they all to leave, the war would be over within a year; if they took their munitions and supplies with them it would only take a month. They would be swept back to the sea by sheer man-power. To this his dreams of an imperial invincible Spain, of his place in the reign of another Don Carlos! Oh, he was sick; sick of fighting, sick of bloodshed; sick of slaughtering senselessly towards no end. Sick, sick!

He quit thinking. His feet hurt, his weary eyes were raw wounds in his head. He looked at his men; their feet hurt too, they were as weary; they looked with distaste at the young, excited militia who accompanied them. There was no sound save the slide of footsteps on the wet earth, the hiss of panted breath. They were going up Brújula Hill. In this raw earth, just under their feet, hundreds of newly dead men were buried. A cold damp mist rose up from that earth and enveloped them as they walked. The line swayed. The boy bound to Antonio began to sob hysterically. "Madre Dios! Madre Dios!" Antonio gripped him tighter.

Suddenly they left the path and cut through the underbrush for a few steps. Before them appeared a small clearing, along one end of it a shallow ditch, the earth piled up behind. They had arrived. And just as though this was their first intimation of what their fate was to be, the line of the condemned stopped. A low shivering moan went up from it. One man—whom Antonio recognized as formerly a noted Burgos lawyer—fell to his knees and began to cry hysterically that he wanted to ease his conscience, that he would "tell all" and would do penance for his misdeeds; he spat in the face of the soldier who came to jerk him to his feet. The Carlist officer strode up and down, raging. Glimmerings of light

(Continued on page 26)

WE WERE the muck, the shards, the moist and febrile sand,
 The roots and the limbs, the mortar, lime and stone,
 The pauper elements on which cathedrals stand,
 The lantern in the gale, the raft on embattled waters.
 In calico ticking, homespun burlap and battered oak,
 We carried freedom from where tyranny reigned.
 We rolled the frontier from the Rock to Golden Gate.

Along beavered Hudson now ribboned pyramids loom,
 On shores of Michigan sprawls a giant town,
 In the Dakotas, Texas and across the Puget Sound
 Our picks, spades and axes have hewn our trace and mark.
 We pursued happiness in these pitfalled untilled lands,
 Fought against frost and death to let in grain and light
 That men shall after us have unstinted, equal chances
 Within the precincts of the cathedral to be built,
 And lest some hog stand astride the open threshold
 We reared the hulk of Liberty at the Gate.
 So—now we—the ghosted millions who left
 This house and heritage to you who walk in paths we've laid
 Have, by the altar of our gore and sweat, the right,
 Fellow-Americans, to demand your reckoning!
 If there be from Dallas, Richmond or Nashville one
 Claiming greater virtue by what his grand-dad did,
 The lie in his throat! We knew them well:
 Those escaping Old Bailey, the ticket-o'-leave men,
 Harlots of Whitechapel, and the hardened devils
 With the brand of the galley on their calloused fists—
 These were our pards, they laid brick on brick with the Bohunk,
 Polak, Squarehead, Spik—there were no bays on brows bare of
 ointment or peruke,
 No ribands on horns that were green—one and all,
 We fled a world to make one of our own.
 Yon braggart who boasts of dames and sires
 Is the mimic copy of the patterns we've shunned,
 But if there be in your marble council halls
 A single spirit who bespeaks the lot of us, founders,
 Space for his voice and Justice for his plea.

*Amplify the breeze to sail your pennant a-flare
 Megaphone your electric voice for each cranny of the air,
 Dart with unseen needless images into space,
 Your chromiumed motors aim at the fleeing cloud,
 Trace in scale and test-tube, explore earth's secret lair,
 Rear the bounty with obelisk and spire higher than treetops' shoots,
 Yet pause—beneath the cornerstone imbedded in a shroud
 Of cement, mortar, shale and mire,
 The virgin ancestral roots rest—and suspire.*

II

RESOLVE

We set our light upon the hill
 And crowned it with a dome of gold
 To symbolize:
 All of classic England that the bewigged heads
 In accents lyrical with bated dignity had preached;
 The crafty tolerance in quartz and in marble prescribed
 By ancient Rome; the urbane humanities of the Gallic lore,
 The burgherly solidity of the Dutch, will here—
 In our Capitol—find their synthesis.

Our deputies, sons and offspring of aliens and aliens,
 Our magnitude fusing into the popular tongue,
 Shall our exalted commonalty on history engrave:
 Respect for our plebeian ancestry,
 That man-made law may by man be broken,
 That as the ever-remoulding seas is the living people,
 And the lesson gleaned from records of history
 That the form which would fetter the leavening people
 Will not endure.

Dwight Morgan

IN MEMORIAM

February 10, 1900 — January 12, 1939

By Charles Recht

*Dwight Morgan was Secretary of the American Committee for
 Protection of Foreign Born*

We set our light upon the hill,
 Great is our power, greater our pity and kindness,
 Greater still our dedication: that our shores and wealth
 Won by the common—shall be this Commonwealth.

PERFORMANCE

The Committee on Immigration
 Moves to Executive Cogitation!
 Mr. Chairman: What's the ruction?
 This out of order interruption,
 Your name, birth, age and station—
 Just by special dispensation
 Just five minutes we'll consent.
 Whom—please—do you represent?
 None are starving, all are fed;
 You're lying or you're a Red.
 Too many far have been admitted,
 Future entries 're prohibited;
 If we burn rye and wheat
 And those have just bare crusts to eat,
 They're a shiftless alien lot
 And we'll protect what we've got—
 The quota is closed—hearing's over.
 That guy's a nigger-lover;
 In Texas he would not go loose,
 Not while there's tar and pitch and noose.
 Of all the fakes—this the best:
 Claims to hail from the Middle West.
 "DWIGHT MORGAN"!
 Where did he get that name from!
 He should go back to the land he came from.

III

The fields are wasted, the shacks laid bare,
 Alone the spider weaves design,
 While through the gossamer of his line
 Choking dust sifts soft and fine,
 Dust comes drifting, everywhere.

It packs the furrow, stuffs the well,
 Piles a shroud on perished cattle
 Whose leper bones mark man's lost battle,
 While all askew the sun-blinds rattle
 The muffled music of twilight hell.

In torrid towns through heat and grit
Children gaze with vacant eyes
Into clear imbecile skies—
On cracker-kegs under clouds of flies
Spare-word farmers just slump and spit.

The wind darts on with heated breath
Singeing blade and burning seed,
Rooting up the subsoil weed,
Stings the lesson—the wage of greed
And abuse of nature, is the desert death.

Little schooltots declaim and say:
"Where wealth accumulates and men decay"

IV

Recall you, Morgan, the day when first you came?
Below my towered office on the thirty-second floor
Manhattan swam like a stage-set mirage—but there was pause,
No percussion of blows of air-hammers on the rivet
And like wayward road-grass, To-Let signs crept on stores of the
Avenue.

Palsy gripped the bowels of the city.
Cigarette? Yes—and so—with a timid chuckle, you:
My dad was a miner and I've slugged at coal
With Polaks, Canuks and the Micks.
The old woman lives in Kansas. There the fields,
The shop-help, all the folks are bled white.
The alien will soon become the target,
This plague will visit the foreign-born like seven sins,
These the lean years. I know the stuffy pinch;
I want to fight—fight for the curs who have no place in chaos,
No press-agents, lobbyists, public-relations men;
It's no fault of theirs the land's gone to hell,
The lonely acres ache for human touch,
The vacant railroad rumbles toward the horizon,
The boarded houses shelter mice and echoes
And men beseech at the bolted portals.

We confirmed how we loved this land
Yet wished its men were kinder and more just;
Of improvidence of one who doles the crust
While his stocks rot, his plow is clothed with rust;
And the pity of 't, that so few understand—

Most mock the leader who would merely stay
Anguished hunger and the needless fear,
Pointing, that on this same ground they could rear
A better shelter to succor far and near
Happier folk in a not too distant day—

I gauged your fervor—made note: *anaemic and frail*—
It won't be bad if we fight hard and fail;
Others will—if the cause is right—
Step o'er your carcass and take up the fight—
And then you shuffled out of my office door.

V

NOT IN THE TEXTBOOK

"Teacher, the Virginia Resolutions means that
Jefferson and Madison were opposed to the Alien and
Sedition Laws after our country was established."

But History—she don't teach everything—
The fair-haired Vikings had bow-legs and lice,
The Pilgrims stank of sweat and decayed teeth,
Our settlers fought Indians with whiskey and then fought for whiskey,
The signers of the Declaration did not manicure and were a bunch of
Reds.

And the newborn of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution
Look like the babes of coal-mining Slovaks.

The universal earth in its width and breadth
Bears no slave-mark of belonging
To a horned bevy or clan of men;
Like the sun, the wind and the thundering surf,
Shows no card of admission, title or acquired right.

But History, she don't teach everything—
They were buffeted here, deported, driven,
Is it natural, that they should want to deport others
Who follow in the footsteps of their fathers?
No, children, it ain't logical, it ain't natural,
It's ungrateful—but they don't vote.

* * *

Little mother, heed this prayer—
The race is only to the strong,
To survive man must be slayer,
Blood must right an age-old wrong.
Little mother—heed our calling:
Bear the child—the rate is falling.

*The right to root a patch of ground,
The sky wherefrom no death will fall,
Paths which gunshots will not hound,
A fairer share for one and all—
Common truths which men don't heed:
Gold's a bauble, save for those in need.*

Little mother, these years of wrath
Will take of menfolks a heavy toll,
Should your babe die in battle-path
His name will shine on honor's roll
And for you too a destiny:
A Gold Star Mother you shall be.

*Less regard for concepts dead,
For shibboleths of greed and strife.
An open hand with work and bread,
A share of the abundant life
And peace within unguarded walls—
For these the babe at threshold calls.*

*Else, let him stay within my womb
Rather than mangled in his tomb.*

VI

So they called you a Red, they guessed you were a Turk,
A Jew at best, more likely a coon, halfbreed, octoroon—
The mockery of it! I tried to recall,
For I had seen you—somewhere—I was sure—
The lanky gait, the lean bony figure, homey manner,
The thing about you that had the smell of moss,
Wheat, sawmill, sunparched roads, coal dust,
The flavor of unmapped bays—and the shrug
That you were walking lightly the road to death.
A sudden it came—it was the youthful Abe
Of rail and cabin, the lummoxx from Illinois—
Yes, that nigger-lover, the dram-shop advocate,
Set to make a place within chaos for the unwanted.
Were your forebears Scotch and English, maybe Welsh—
Posh! They came from the Americas. The son
In Colorado born, schooled in commiseration and Kansas—
Died in harness in Washington fighting for po' trash,
For Dagoes and Heinies, for niggers and sheenies—
Dwight Morgan—this your epitaph.

Books About Life In Many Lands

The Land We Lost

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN, by Maurice Hindus; 367 pages; Doubleday, Doran & Company; \$3.00.

HERE IS a companion volume to G. E. R. Gedye's *Betrayal in Central Europe*, complementing that book so that taken together the two make a good everyman's guide to Appeasement in action. Gedye deals primarily with Austria, then with the critical months in Prague; Maurice Hindus gives us an extended tour of Czechoslovakia before he too hastens to the capital to chronicle the death-agony.

Hindus' warmly sympathetic picture of the people of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, Ruthenia, comes like the remembered incidents told at a funeral: the more we read, the more do we realize the extent of our loss. The more, likewise, are we appalled at the enormity of the Munich Agreement, that crime so criminal that ordinary people can hardly grasp it. For here was the model nation of the western world: the Czechs industrious, thrifty, efficient, conscientious to a fault; the innocent, warm-hearted, colorful Slavic peasantry; the enlightened government, fostering education, carrying out land reform, building up agriculture, industry; providing for satisfactory and peaceful labor relations; caring for the national minorities with unexampled consideration; and all in "the middle way," gradually, without domestic strife. This was Sweden, but a Sweden in the cannon's mouth, with infinitely harder tasks. This was the flag of Civilization, held bravely aloft in the very center of Barbarism. And the "civilized men" tore it down.

Forsaken and betrayed. In Paris there was champagne, Hindus reports, for "peace was preserved." "Peace with honor," that we have very shortly seen was no peace but war. Honor remained in Prague. And yet all, even honor, must be stripped from this nation. As the book closes, the statues of Masaryk are being torn down, Masaryk Square in Prague is renamed Hitler Platz. "We wanted to sing with the angels, now we must howl with the wolves."

We Shall Live Again is a book first of all about the people, and chiefly about the farming people of Czechoslovakia. For military analysis of the situation we must turn elsewhere. Yet insofar as public morale is a military factor, the book reinforces our impression that, given an opportunity, the

Czechoslovaks would have fought to the death; and this very determination, with their splendid fortifications and other favorable factors, would have greatly increased the chances of Hitler's retreat without a war. Czechoslovakia, like Spain, fell not before military strength but by Chamberlain's intrigues; and the people of Prague said, "English is a foul language."

"They will live again!" Hindus writes. We can share his grief and his confidence; firm in that confidence, we can draw the lessons that the Czechs have so dearly bought for us. "No More Appeasement!" is the lesson written here in the ink of Maurice Hindus, in the lifeblood of Czechoslovakia.

—CHARLES PRESTON

Fascism In Action

THE CORPORATE STATE IN ACTION: ITALY UNDER FASCISM, by Carl T. Schmidt; 173 pages; Oxford University Press; \$2.25.

CARL T. SCHMIDT, a trained economist who is fully aware of political issues, has written for the average man and woman what is probably the most convincing indictment of Italian Fascism available in English in such compact form. In *The Plough and the Sword* he showed us, in great detail, just what has happened to Italian agriculture since the "triumph" of Mussolini; in

the present work he carries the same story into the broader field of Italian life. The cumulative effect of his well organized narrative, soundly documented from numerous official sources, is such that no attentive reader can have any further illusions as to the profoundly destructive and inhuman character of Fascism.

In seven brisk chapters Mr. Schmidt tells us of the conditions in Italy preceding the rise of Fascism, the history and background of the early Blackshirts, the unexampled demagoguery and terrorism by which peasants and middle-class people were panicked into reaction; and the relentless attack upon every human and civil right that in any way interfered with the power of property and profit. The story is told with a strong emphasis upon the underlying financial and industrial imperatives of which Mussolini was merely the popular spokesman: that section revealing the incredible weakness and vacillation of the liberal forces carries a lesson which we in the remaining democratic countries would do well to take to heart.

What happened to workers in the field and the factory is clearly brought out, and there is a sharp reminder that living conditions have become steadily worse since the "conquests" of Ethiopia and Spain. Simultaneously, the profits of the great corporations have spiraled upward: sustained there, almost literally, by the flights of Mussolini's bombers. On the cultural side there is stagnation, unrest, despair—but here, perhaps, the author has failed to make allowances for the many small yet vigorous currents of revolutionary thought and action which are undoubtedly undermining the régime.

—HAROLD WARD

After War

THE HEROES, by Millen Brand; 336 pages; Simon and Schuster; \$2.00.

MILLEN BRAND, author of *The Outward Room*, has written another novel in which his gift to create mood and atmosphere is displayed with subtle artistry. No mere statement of plot or recitation of how the characters behave could evaluate the quality of this book. Mr. Brand is interested in those factors that condition men and modify what they are to become.

The setting is a New England soldier's home. The story opens when George Burley, deprived of work through the depression, is forced to join the other "heroes" there. Mem-



Maurice Hindus' *We Shall Live Again* is a warmly sympathetic picture of the Czechs

ories of war for these men are ironically the antithesis of what their title suggests, and the reward for valor is a status further removed from the possibility of jobs and normal living than that of men outside.

Although George Burley enters the home with fear and resistance he finds warm sympathetic companionship within its walls. Only the hope of ultimately finding work outside, however, sustains him during his stay. It is remarkable how the author builds up an atmosphere in which these men become accumulatively impelled to escape. For there is no cruelty there, and physical care and recreation are adequately provided. None the less, the recurrent emphasis of frustration when men are deprived of work creates a convincingly stifling pattern.

George Burley falls in love with a factory girl from the adjoining town, and his desire to escape from inactivity becomes an agonizing experience. It is not in the working out of his love story nor the romantic aura given to most of the "heroes," however, that Mr. Brand is most convincing. It is in the subtle handling of influences that have affected his characters. And so we find Hrubs, shell-shocked and mutilated, reverting to all the horror of past experiences whenever there is a thunderstorm; Burley who faints from a small scratch on his hand because a similar accident caused the loss of an arm. In "Charlie," there is the human temptation to turn to wishful thinking for escape. He plays the horses, always positive of winning despite a steady record of bad luck. He becomes completely amusing and lovable when the gambling instinct suggests that he answer an advertisement in which a rich lonesome widow seeks the man of her dreams.

Mr. Brand uses simple style and dialogue natural to these simple people. His tenderness toward them is communicated with sincerity that must find response in the reader.

—FLORA STROUSSE

Democracy's Yes-Man

DEMOCRACY WORKS, by Arthur Garfield Hays; 334 pages; Random House; \$3.00.

A STRIKING characteristic of Mr. Hays is indicated in his affirmative title. After so much literature of the inquiry, interrogative, "whither" type, it is refreshing to see a simple declarative sentence on the cover of a book. It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Hays in all details in order to accept his general thesis, which approximates Professor Laski's statement that while anyone can point out in ten minutes abundant reasons why democratic government is a failure, no one can suggest a better form of control. Mr. Hays rejects elaborate schemes for a new social order, and is all for "muddling through" with the social order that we have, taking encouragement from the signs of progress toward the general good life which we see about us, and which are reinforced by statistics.



FRED FARR

REFUGEES

It is in regard to civil liberties, especially freedom of speech, that Mr. Hays commands attention as an authority. He recognizes that such freedom is essential in Democracy, both as a peaceful method of social change and as a chief part of the spiritual satisfaction, the happiness of free men. He is opposed to denying the right of free speech to those who would use it to attack Democracy itself. "I would respect their rights, not because they believe in freedom of speech, press, and assemblage, but because I do."

It is on this point that one feels inclined to test Mr. Hays' theory of Democracy. Hitherto the questions of civil liberty have taken the form of protecting the rights of feeble minorities in the face of the majority. The Bill of Rights was directed to this end. But as Max Lerner has pointed out, these ten amendments to the Constitution—plus the Fourteenth—have become the protection of a powerful minority in control of our economic life, against social change in the interest of the vast majority. Mr. Hays recognizes the need of such change. He argues for the value of the profit motive as stimulating individual initiative and activity, but he accepts the overwhelming need of production to the limit of our capacity. But this means a planned economy, and the control by governments of major economic decisions. Mr. Hays quotes with approval Gardiner C. Means: "The net effect of business control over industrial policy is therefore to aggravate any fluctuation in economic activity and prevent any necessary readjustments." The question before Democracy at present is whether the economic overlords will accept peacefully the transfer of their power to government. The strain on the democratic practice of free speech will come

when the masses seek to use the democratic process to accomplish a revolutionary social change—and unless they do this the organs of Democracy will die of disuse.

—ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Germany Exiled

ESCAPE TO LIFE, by Erika and Klaus Mann; 384 pages; Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

THE INDEX to *Escape to Life* is likewise a definitive index of all that was German culture—for it goes without saying that Hitlerite Germany is devoid of great music, painting, sculpture, theatre and literature. Scattered all over the world are the figures who once, collectively, constituted the flower of German culture—and the democracies are the richer because of it. The refugees from Nazism, I believe it is generally admitted, have enormously accelerated creative activity in the United States—as a case in point. Nor have they, through the competitive process, worked a hardship on the artists native to this country.

"Every creative man produces something which nobody else can produce. If he were not original, he would not be worthy of the name of a creative artist," write Erika and Klaus Mann. As a matter of fact, New York has in the last few years become more and more the world center of creative endeavor—thanks largely to the irrational fury of the Fascist dictators.

Escape to Life is a well-nigh complete record of the artists who have been forced to leave the Reich, and of their settlement and work in new lands. Erika and Klaus Mann, as few others, have been in a position to know the lives of these men and women—and the social and literary factors that made it impossible for them to come to terms with Nazidom.

One rereads the four pages devoted to Ernst Toller, and it is almost with horror that he detects the elegiac tone. It is as if the younger Manns had intuitively felt the death incipient in that tragic life. And yet it is not strange—for there is a certain amount of death in all of us; and particularly is there death in the German refugees, who have seen Germany die before their very eyes.

But the paradox is this: that, although they carry more of death with them than most of us, they carry more of life with them as well! Their minds and hearts have been sharpened in a great struggle with the darkness that is Fascism.

Now they wish to preserve, with those of us who are vitally involved in restating our American destiny, all that is best in Democracy—to help us fight in extending those democratic principles which gave our nation birth.

Let us welcome these gifted veterans of a war which knows no national boundaries!

And let us welcome this book which is such a moving record of their fears and hopes!

—NORMAN MACLEOD

Hollywood Histories

By Peter Ellis

AN INHERENT quality of the dramatization of history, whether it be the novel, the play or the motion picture, is the implication it has in the contemporary social and political scene. On that basis we can begin to understand why Hollywood has given us the kind of historical film that has made the most efficient and prolific mouthpiece for British imperialism. Imperialism and chauvinism are brothers under the celluloid. That is why film historians like D. W. Griffiths and Cecil B. DeMille have given us hundreds of inferior historical documents: from *Birth of a Nation* and *America* (1924) to *The Plainsman* and *Union Pacific* (1939). To the film historian, life in America is full of dull democratic traditions. That's why it has provided inspiration for such bad film histories as *Abraham Lincoln* (D. W. Griffiths), *Sutters Gold*, *The Silver Dollar*, etc. European history, on the other hand, is exotic—full of crowned heads and "splendid women." That's why Hollywood has given us *Clive of India*, *Cavalcade*, *Lloyds of London*, *Rasputin and the Empress*, *Queen Christina*, etc. Also, America has had no foreign legion. That's why we have had *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Four Feathers*, *Beau Geste* (which Paramount is now remaking) and one of the most obnoxious of the series, the current *The Sun Never Sets* (Universal).

It would be unfair to the audience and to many progressive film-makers not to point out certain trends away from the standard historical movie. As long ago as 1926 the Yale University Press made a series of short films called *The Chronicles of America*. That series was a distinct pioneering effort to produce serious historical motion pictures. But the shorts were handicapped because they were badly made: the acting was even below the current Hollywood standards.

In keeping with the current political situation we can notice an increase in the number of films that concern themselves with American history. A couple of years ago Rouben Mamoulian tried to tell the story of the discovery of oil. Here also was a case of misapplied good intentions. Instead of *High, Wide and Handsome* (Paramount) being the forerunner of a new type of historical film, it was a second-rate musical picture with a circus version of the Robber Barons. Then some three years ago Warner Brothers inaugurated a series of historical and patriotic shorts that for intention and execution set a new high for

this type of film. Not only are they produced with a certain amount of care, but some of the best directors, actors and writers have been assigned to them. The most outstanding one to date is *The Sons of Liberty*. This picture is a dramatization of the little-known rôle that the famous Jewish patriot, Haym Salomon, played in the War of the Revolution. In the light of current events it is significant that the newest short in the series, to be released on August 12th, deals with the Bill of Rights.

The amazing and well-deserved success of Robert Sherwood's play *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and the Federal Theatre production *Prologue to Glory* (about the early career of Lincoln) has stimulated Darryl Zanuck to produce *Young Mr. Lincoln* (20th Century-Fox). The film was directed by John Ford, and Henry Fonda plays young Lincoln. In many ways it is a very commendable picture, although it is only a shadow of *Prologue to Glory*. John Ford has attempted to give the film dignity and poise. Fonda plays Lincoln with a great deal of restraint and obvious sincerity. But he is not equal to the task. He remains merely the Henry Fonda of *Jessie James*, *Let Us Live* and *You Only Live Once*. The script tries to present a human picture of

Lincoln as the young lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, but succeeds only in telling a story about a young lawyer defending a couple of innocent boys from a lynch mob.

Current Pictures

BLIND ALLEY (Columbia): An interesting gangster melodrama with a new angle for American pictures. It is the story of a psychiatrist and a gangster matching wits.

The Mikado (Universal): Kenny Baker and some of the D'Oyly Carte Company in a conventional rendering of the operetta in technicolor. If you are a Gilbert and Sullivan fan you'll go for this.

Oppenheim Family (Amkino): This new Soviet film, directed by G. Roshal who will be remembered here for *Petersburg Nights*, is based on the famous novel by Lion Feuchtwanger called *The Oppermanns*. In many respects this resembles the earlier *Professor Mamlock*. Although this new film lacks the intensity *Mamlock* possessed, its scope is wider.

Daughters Courageous (Warner Brothers): With the success of *Four Daughters* Warner Brothers established a new series of "daughter" films. Now Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane plus Gale Page are billed as "the Four Daughters." This new picture, as you can easily guess, is almost a sequel to the earlier film. It is a completely mixed-up movie about the no-good father (Claude Rains) who deserted his wife and daughters for twenty years, and suddenly turns up just when the mother is planning to marry for comfort. The youngest daughter falls in love with a no-good young man (John Gar-



Henry Fonda in the title rôle of "Young Mr. Lincoln." The picture dramatizes Lincoln's early lawyer years in Springfield, Illinois

field) who is a sort of mystical junior edition of the no-good father. Garfield is hard-boiled and cynical as usual; only it is no longer fresh as it was in *Four Daughters*.

War, Peace and Propaganda (March of Time, June 1939): From all appearances this current issue might be the result of a "brilliant" collaboration of the British Foreign Office and the reactionary isolationist bloc in our own Congress. It glorifies the British efforts at "peace" in the true Chamberlain manner. It misuses the function of the documentary film to tell half-truths and spread the doctrine of isolationism. It even misuses the fine work of the Institute of Propaganda Analysis by isolated quotations from their study on British Propaganda. In every respect this is one of the worst releases of the March of Time since its inception.

World's Fair Films

THERE are some five hundred miscellaneous movies being shown at the New York World's Fair. Inasmuch as it takes approximately sixty hours to see all of them, it is impossible to review them all. Among the outstanding pictures at the Fair are: *The City*, produced by American Documentary Films, a documentary movie on housing and city planning; *Pete Roleum and His Cousins*, an animated puppet film in technicolor with the puppets executed by the Bunin Brothers, directed by Joseph Losey, and with a musical score by Hanns Eisler; a documentary film on the history of transportation produced by Frontier Films at the Chrysler exhibit. At the British pavilion you will see several interesting examples of the British documentary school and at the French pavilion there will be on exhibition a series of films made for the Fair by such great French directors as Jean Renoir and René Clair. At the Soviet pavilion, in the outdoor theater, you will find a series of new Soviet documentary films, and in the beautiful little Cinema a series of revivals of the great classics of the Soviet screen as well as occasional previews of new pictures. And in the Federal Building you will find *Land of Liberty*, a film compiled by the motion picture industry containing scenes from movies new and old.

The Theatre

GEORGE SKLAR'S *Life and Death of An American* has finally reached the stage via the Federal Theatre (Maxine Elliot Theatre). It is the story of an ordinary American brought up in a Connecticut industrial town, who finally is killed in the Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago. The play covers a great deal of ground and is told by means of a series of short scenes and tableaux in the manner of the Living Newspaper. Attention has been called to its similarity to *The American Way*. This is a superficial comparison, for Mr. Sklar's play is superior both in the intention and the writing.

Concerted Action in '76

(Continued from page 6)

"we should have small means with which to resist" the English.

Franklin's pressure and his skilful spreading of pro-American articles in French journals were topped by news of the capture of the British army commanded by Burgoyne.

The people in Paris celebrated this American victory joyously, and criticized the delay in forming an alliance with the United States.

To the Tory government of Britain, Burgoyne's fall was a heavy blow. The opposition in Parliament which had opposed war with America was considerably strengthened.

The Tories sent over to Paris their ace secret-service man, a renegade American, to bribe Franklin and through him, John Adams, John Hancock and George Washington, with promises of life-long pensions, offices and titles if they abandoned efforts for a French alliance, and persuaded the American people to give up the struggle for freedom.

Franklin refused to sell out his country.

Vergennes learned through his spies that an English agent was dickered with the American commissioners. He rushed his secretary to Franklin with the question: "What is necessary to be done to give such satisfaction to the American Commissioners as to engage them not to listen to any propositions from England for a new connection with that country?"

"A treaty and an alliance," was the answer.

Within a month, on February 6, 1778, King Louis yielded to pressure and submitted to the American demand.

When news reached America that France had become its ally, *Rivington's Gazette*—the outstanding Tory publication in New York—predicted that "the French alliance would bring the Americans . . . speedy and inevitable ruin."

Tory agents who fought American independence raised the cry that the alliance ought to be rejected because the American people had not been given a chance to vote on it!

The *Pennsylvania Ledger* howled: "Congress . . . have disposed of us, have mortgaged us like vassals and slaves . . . by entering into a treaty with that ambitious and treacherous power." This publication also attempted to stir religious prejudice, calling the French "a bigoted people," and charging that ratification of the treaty would "overturn the Protestant religion, and extinguish every spark, both of civil and religious freedom, in the world!"

A patriotic journal, the *New Jersey Gazette*, charged that the Tories were spending huge sums to convince Americans "that a peace is about to be concluded among the European belligerent powers, and that the United States are to be left to shift for themselves." This publication appealed: "Beware, Americans, that they who cannot fight you out of your liberties, be not suffered to lie you out of them."

Tory propaganda and money notwith-

standing, Congress ratified the alliance unanimously. The people celebrated it with feasts and special church services. Washington assembled his troops at Valley Forge. Amidst cannonading and running musket-fire, the soldiers shouted: "Huzzah, Long Live the Friendly European Powers!"

Since that alliance which spelled victory for American freedom, efforts have been made to turn Washington into an isolationist. This has been achieved by the "editing" of his Farewell Address not only by certain politicians but also by eminent historians. Washington opposed "participation in the quarrels of" foreign nations "without adequate inducement or justification," and, moreover, stated in the same Address: "We may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies." (Our emphasis.)

Such an emergency faced the country when President Monroe turned to Jefferson and Madison for guidance in dealing with the Holy Alliance.

Axis of Their Day

A combination of reactionary powers was running amuck on the European continent. Swift ships and space-devouring bombing planes were not yet in existence. But even then, the two aged founding fathers, together with Monroe and the American people, knew from direct experience that the United States could not isolate itself behind a wall of ocean waves. American freedom, they knew, had been cradled in collective security. The ranting of Tories who, during the Revolutionary era, urged isolation in order to spike American Democracy, was reëchoed in the isolation clamor in 1823 of pacifists and pro-slavery forces.

Answering President Monroe's letter, James Madison favored acceptance of the English proposal for combined action and expressed confidence that in event of war England and the United States, fighting together, would have no trouble defeating the reactionary powers.

Jefferson not only agreed with Monroe's opinion that our country should seek security by acting in concert with England, but assured the President that a united stand against the Holy Alliance "will prevent instead of provoking war."

Buttressed by their advice, Monroe proclaimed his famous Doctrine.

An English ship was waiting to take Monroe's reply across the Atlantic.

When it became apparent that the United States was prepared to act together with Britain, not only did the Holy Alliance abandon its expedition but one of the strongest members, the Russian Tsar, withdrew the claims he had previously made on the Pacific Coast.

South American colonies, fighting for independence from Bourbon Spain, received the news of Monroe's Message with joy. One

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Anti-Fascist Radio

By George Scott

THE TABOO against network dramatic programs dealing with the ravages of Fascism at last has been partially lifted, due to the tremendous audience response to such outstanding broadcasts as Archibald MacLeish's "Air Raid" and Norman Corwin's "They Fly Through the Air," and radio writers are taking full advantage of their new opportunities.

Until recently anti-Fascist dramas have been as much in disfavor as broadcasts dealing with the struggle against that other dread disease, syphilis, but in both instances the pressure of public opinion is rapidly changing the picture. The efforts of the script writers are still hampered by many restrictions, such as N.B.C.'s dicta that "Fascism" itself is a horrid word which must not be mentioned in any drama, and that characters representing fictional dictators must not use German accents. Nevertheless the authors are finding ingenious ways of driving their points home, although many of these points are still a bit scrambled.

It is interesting to note how the whole thing started. Irving Reis, socially-conscious former director of *The Columbia Workshop*, tried his hand at a few hard-hitting dramas such as "The Fall of the City" and "The House Jack Didn't Build," and then went off to Hollywood. William N. Robson, his successor, tried to do likewise but got his hands slapped and was demoted for his pains.

Then along came Norman Corwin, director of an innocuous little program called *Words Without Music*, and scared C.B.S. out of a year's growth with a dramatization of Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes*. The audience response was so enthusiastic that he followed this up with an original verse drama entitled "They Fly Through the Air," which dealt with two Italian aviators who bomb a defenseless town.

At first Columbia refused to broadcast the thing, but finally consented to do so, about the time that President Roosevelt came out with his non-aggression demands to Hitler and Mussolini. Audience response was so terrific that "They Fly Through the Air" had to be repeated by request. Shortly afterward it was chosen as "the finest example illustrating the possibilities of the artistic, cultural, and socially important use of radio" by the Tenth Annual Institute for Education by Radio. And then the bars went down.

Arch Oboler presented "Crazytown," which was in a sense a sequel to Corwin's

piece and dealt with the experiences of the bombers when they crashed in a town where individual moral values had become as topsyturvy as international moral values are today. Hollywood's N.B.C. station crashed through with a mystical piece called "The Cannon Shall Not Fire" which had many good points. And Albert Williams presented what may prove to be the best of the lot, a verse play entitled "The Towers of Hatred," which dealt with the miseries of refugees from racial, religious and political persecution.

The climax of the whole thing came when Corwin, Oboler, Robson and the heads of N.B.C.'s and Columbia's script departments—L. H. Titterton and Max Wylie—participated in a forum arranged by the Congress of American Writers in New York last month. This was the first radio forum ever held by the Congress. The five hundred writers present made innumerable useful suggestions for the further strengthening of dramatic broadcasts, and many problems were ironed out. As a result we venture to predict that a series of even more worth while and hard-hitting social dramas will be heard over the air in the near future.

Around the Dial

IT MIGHT be well to speculate at this point on the reason why reactionary news commentators such as Lowell Thomas and Gabriel Heatter are heard on the early eve-



ning hours when the radio audience is greatest, while liberals like H. V. Kaltenborn, Johannes Steel, Caesar Searchinger and Raymond Gram Swing are relegated to much later periods when most listeners are in bed or tuning in dance orchestras.

The explanation probably is that the tremendously expensive spots around eight o'clock are in demand by great manufacturing concerns which naturally hire commentators who express their own reactionary views. And it's an old network custom to push radical and even liberal speakers into the wee sma' hours where their remarks will have as little effect as possible.

A step in the right direction has been taken by the House of Representatives in introducing a bill to amend the Federal Alcohol Administration Act to prohibit the advertising of any alcoholic beverage on the air. It's bad enough to have to listen to ballyhoos for cosmetics, laxatives and other articles of doubtful use and composition, without being told to "dash out to the nearest liquor store and buy a bottle of Dumdum Gin." The networks have kept their skirts clear of liquor advertising but individual stations have not.

Television already seems on the way to court the disfavor of its small but rapidly growing public. To keep down expenses during this experimental period it is making use of great numbers of "industrial" motion pictures for fill-in programs.

American movie audiences have absolutely refused to have anything to do with this type of disguised propaganda film. In fact they spontaneously staged a walk-out strike several years ago when many theaters tried to show such pictures. It seems a bit unlikely that they will look with any greater favor upon radio's distorted publicity blurbs for the big monopolies, after the novelty of operating their receiving sets has worn off.

On the other hand, N.B.C. officials are gambling on three things: the people who now own sets are in the upper income brackets and usually friendly to Big-Business; the public has become accustomed to advertising on the radio; and if the practice of showing industrial films is accepted now, it will mean millions in revenue later on.

The British Broadcasting Corporation, by the way, is holding up further expansion of its television service on the theory that such programs will have to stop as soon as war starts. The ultra-short-wave bands will all be needed for military purposes.

The networks have discovered the farm audience and are desperately trying to please it. The difficulty is that they insist on talking down to the "folks in the sticks," and arouse a goodly amount of resentment. Even the *Farm and Home Hour*, daddy of them all, is not free of this defect. Its music is mediocre and on a recent broadcast at least fifteen minutes were spent in a "cute" discussion on how to cook bacon. If it weren't for the market

reports which it broadcasts from Washington and Chicago, we suspect that this series would be a total loss to the audience it tries to reach.

WINS, Hearst's New York station, quietly agreed to carry Father Coughlin's talks into New York City several weeks ago and then just as quietly changed its mind. And WMCA, which is still being picketed for refusing to carry Coughlin's tirades, has obtained a group of recordings made for the German government at the Nazi Bund rally in Madison Square Garden.

Music on Records

COPLAND: *El Salon México*; played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Victor M546, \$4.50.

Mr. Copland, one of America's most esteemed composers, has written here music which is, to say the least, "modern" in the best meaning of the word. Making use of Mexican folk-songs and displaying a sure grasp of his orchestral resources, the composer has turned out a score which is singularly alive and infectious. Although it is based on a Mexican theme, this is real American music, and the musical idioms employed are most certainly indigenous to America. The playing of the Boston Orchestra is vividly portrayed in a recording which is truly sensational in its realism.

LOEFFLER: *Music for Four String Instruments*; played by the Coolidge Quartet. Victor M543, \$6.50.

Loeffler, who died almost four years ago, was highly regarded by the leading critics of America. Laurence Gilman has called him "the most distinguished creative mind in American music." *Music for Four String Instruments* is dedicated to an American aviator who fell in the World War, and is a work filled with mysticism and contemplation. But there is a quiet strength and assurance in this music which is most deeply moving. The Coolidge Quartet gives a lustrous performance of this work, which is excellently recorded.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 1 in C Major*; played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting. **BRAHMS:** *Tragic Overture*. Victor M507, \$10.

At long last, we have the eagerly-awaited Toscanini recording of this charming symphony by Beethoven. The boldly dissonant opening chord—denounced by the critics of his day as wildly iconoclastic—was a prophecy of the career of the man who, after he had found his "symphonic legs," was to liberate music from the fashionable set patterns of the rococo world of 1800. Toscanini plays this music quite unlike anyone else, giving a totally comprehensive performance. The recording is lifelike.

The Brahms overture occupying three sides is given a dynamic reading.

—ROBERT JEFFREY

Concerted Action in '76

(Continued from page 21)

of their publications, *La Gaceta*, expressed the general response: "The United States has now begun to play among the civilized nations in the world that powerful and most majestic role which befits the oldest and most powerful nation of our hemisphere." The American emissary in Buenos Aires wrote Monroe, "Your admirable message . . . has inspired us here. . . . This masterly State Paper will have a most extensive influence. The weight of our moral character as a nation in the scale of Europe, is equal to armies in the field."

Monroe's Message, in the words of Brougham, a member of the British Parliament, who was opposed to Tory collaboration with the Holy Alliance, "dispersed greater joy, exultation, and gratitude over all the free men of Europe."

America's move towards collective security

not only saved the American continent from war, but also strengthened the democratic forces in Europe. Within a brief seven years, a revolt against the French Bourbon ruler marked the end of the Holy Alliance.

In the emergency of today, we also are confronted by a combination of reactionary powers which aim to quench freedom throughout the world. Their planes fly over Latin America. Our Pacific and Atlantic towns are within easy reach of their swift bombing air ships.

In such an emergency, we can turn to the past for guidance. The voices of the founders of our Republic, and the past experiences of the American people, tell us unerringly that our democratic institutions and our peace can be secured only if we combine with other peaceful and democratic nations against the sowers of Fascism and the breeders of carnage.

Heil Coughlin!

(Continued from page 9)

mer and early autumn of 1938. The prizes totalled \$7,000. The size of the pot was to lull the contestants' logical faculties—for, otherwise, anyone with minimum mental endowment could see through the trick of using the word "Communism" in the questions asked to show up the virtues of Fascism, when in a multiple choice question only eight answers are provided and all of them praise Fascism.

Question No. 4

OF FASCISM AND COMMUNISM WHY IS FASCISM THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS?

1. Fascism guarantees free elections.
2. Fascism permits freedom of political action.
3. Fascism recognizes private ownership of property.
4. Fascism is against war.
5. Fascism is by nature more secure financially.
6. Fascism permits free exercise of religion.
7. Fascism is more representative of the people.
8. Fascism teaches the state exists for the individual.

This is one of fifty questions. Some are innocuous, others have the clear intent this one displays.

There is always present, of course, the religious overtone. Father Coughlin is a priest, and the overlarding of his propaganda with religious terms cannot be enjoined even by his Ecclesiastical Superior, who now rightly considers his activities in this field as "secular" (literally "of the world") and cannot deny him his democratic (!) rights of free speech. Nevertheless Father Coughlin takes undue advantage of his position as priest when he attempts to identify Fascism, the enemy of Democracy, with Christianity. A "Christian Front Contest" conducted by a priest in any magazine would indicate to Catholic communicants and other sincere Christians and religious believers that Fascism was being sanctioned as a political philosophy by religious institutions and ministers. What else could a contestant think when he comes across question

No. 10 with these possible answers:

3. Communism is opposed to Fascism which is completely Christian.
4. Christ was a Fascist.

Here the "skilful attack" to create "a righteous faith" as enjoined by Hitler is carried out by a brilliant pupil. But added to Hitler's formula of "skill" is the use of religious overtones to win the reader to Fascism and to eventual religious hatred of the objects of Nazi and Fascist aggressions and propaganda.

You may say that this is indirect, inferential proof of Coughlin's Fascism. Coughlin alleges that he is against Nazism and, despite his failure to denounce Fascism and the evidence of his contests, etc., perhaps he is not actually a Fascist in philosophy or intent. You may wish further, direct proof. There is plenty of it. Father Coughlin delivered a radio address on March 13, 1938—reprinted in *Social Justice* of April 4, 1938—on "The Corporate State." He said: "Government has become so misrepresentative under the fiction of democracy that the dramatic hour has arrived to reorganize it so that it will be possible to enjoy the benedictions of a real democracy." How does he plan to install his "Sixteen (or Fifteen?) Principles" in what he calls a "real Democracy?" It is not hard to see through his supposed Christian solicitude for the great masses, "the poor," who would make up such a state: *because he would abolish representative government as we know it in the process, and establish a corporate state patterned after Italy and Germany.* He would borrow "economic corporatism" from one, "social corporatism" from the other and he would thus remake America into a "real Democracy"!

In the October 24, 1938, issue of *Social Justice* Dr. S. J. Barnes describes in glowing terms the wonders of Italy under its "new" constitution. Dr. Barnes praises Italian Fascism because "it has no pretence of being a

Democracy in the opprobrious sense which Aristotle gave this term, namely, government by majority opinion." There is no question of the Italian House of Representatives being "democratic." "It is authoritative," members in over half of the Assembly being "appointed from above." An editorial, "Beyond Dictatorship," appears in the same issue of the magazine, praising Dr. Barnes' exposition as well as Italian Fascism in these terms: "An ordered state of society with the dictator turning the government into a Christian corporative state. . . . Dictatorship, as the Italian experiment proves, can be utilized as a transition to a better social order. . . ."

But in America "we still have the *fiction* (emphasis in original) of democracy; we must take the opportunity to bring about the *reality*." Note that these are the identical words used by Father Coughlin in March of the same year, only slightly rephrased. "Real democracy" is Fascism; or, if you wish, a "Christian" corporative state. But not American Democracy, which is a *fiction*: not Americanism—God save us from that! Father Coughlin wants *Fascism for America*. He would install that "Christian" Fascism, based on Italian Corporatism, that butchered the Albanians on Good Friday, Anno Domini 1939.

That Father Coughlin is a Fascist is recognized by those who of all groups in America

should know—the German-American Bund. Let us peruse carefully the newspaper clipping reproduced herewith. It shows the masthead of the editorial page of the *Deutscher Weckruf and Free American* (*sic!*) of March 2, 1939. This paper styles itself "*Deutsches Kampforgan des Mittelwestens*": literally, "The German Newspaper of Battle of the Middle West." This is the official organ of the Nazi Bund, the most open of the many such publications that are spreading Fascist propaganda in America. It is a newspaper with which to *battle against Democracy*.

Now read the leading editorial of this issue: "FATHER COUGHLIN ENDORSED!" Why? Because he came out against Fascism? No! Because he spoke against "Communism" (O magic word of many meanings)? Yes! *Because he is opposed to Nazism?* And amazingly the official *Kampforgan* of the German-American Bund answers: *Yes!* You wouldn't believe it, but the editorial reads: "The Bund is ready to put itself squarely behind any intelligently-directed non-partisan, non-hysterical movement opposed to Nazism."!! The trick here is apparent. In the same issue a news item in the paper proudly tells of Coughlin being cheered "lustily." Why was he so cheered at the New York gathering of the Bund? Because he opposes Nazism? On the contrary, just because he is in favor of Fascism in all

its forms, including Nazism. This is quite apparent to those who examine the evidence. The press of the Bund constantly repeats that Coughlin is pro-Nazi, without using the actual technical word to describe his sympathy. Thus he can say: "In Germany, under a continuing emergency, the Chancellor works toward some social corporative objective." (*Social Justice*, October 24, 1938.) But he does not use the words "Nazism" or "Hitler" in stating his sympathy. So Father Coughlin endorses Nazi-Fascism, and in turn Father Coughlin is *endorsed by the Bund*, by the *official fighting newspaper of Nazism in America*, and all under the "skilful attack" propaganda methods decreed by Hitler.

A few months later Father Coughlin becomes bolder. In the February 13, 1939, issue of *Social Justice* he says: "I am beginning to understand why I have been dubbed a 'Nazi' or a 'Fascist'. . . . For practically all the sixteen (or fifteen, pray tell?) principles of *Social Justice* are being put into practice in Italy and Germany."

Are these same "principles" to be "put into practice" in America? Will we live to see the day when "Father" will become "*Fuehrer*" Coughlin; the time when we might have to raise our hands in a greeting: "*Heil Coughlin*"?

That question *we* must answer.

Chile Builds Anew

(Continued from page 11)

Hemisphere. The present government has undertaken the enforcement of the existing social legislation, and this undertaking is not a revolution. It is an act of faith in, by, and for the people.

Señor Aguirre is a strong supporter of the movement to do away with large properties, shown to be economically ineffective.

"We desire," he has said, "to increase the number of small farmers and thus provide a social basis for political Democracy."

The government owns considerable farm land, so it has begun already—only six months after its inauguration—to distribute adequate lots, seeds and implements of labor to the destitute peasants, under existing laws. The new administration is stimulating the small farmer, through government credits, first to produce more of the crops needed at home and then to produce more of those which may find a market abroad.

Enforcement of the anti-trust laws has effectively checked domestic and foreign wheat and flour monopolies, thus reducing the price of bread by one-fourth.

Wages are coming up from their shameful low level.

Señor Aguirre, the teacher, is placing the emphasis of his administration on education. The word "education" means to him not only the teaching of the three R's, but the training and fitting of the people for a better life. To this end, a civic crusade already has begun to eliminate illiteracy.

Women's suffrage will come into being

with the new government. There is no better indication of the spirit of the old order than the fact that political rights always have been denied to women. Now, they will acquire the vote. In the city elections, women have shown their political awareness by electing a woman as the mayor of Santiago, the capital. A number of women have been appointed by the new government as consular representatives.

In international matters, the Popular Front government has expressed its agreement with President Roosevelt's social ideals, and his policy of the Good Neighbor toward the nations of the American continent and coöperation with the democratic powers.

Foreign investors have nothing to fear from South America's most left-wing government. The national economy of the country will be safeguarded, but existing obligations will be respected.

"Chile," says President Aguirre Cerda, "is not prepared to nationalize its copper and nitrate industries. We do not intend to put the state into industry. And we do not intend to use foreign capital as a football."

The present government expects American and British capital to obey the laws of the country and to share the benefits of the mineral wealth extracted by Chilean hands from Chilean soil. Electricity, telephone and water-supply companies which are in foreign hands must also comply with the labor laws.

Chile is the most industrialized country in South America, in proportion to territory and population. Wine, shoes, chemical products,

canned goods, textiles and leather goods and furniture are produced for domestic consumption as well as for export. The modern and beautiful capital city, Santiago, is the center of the largest publishing industry in South America.

Retail trade is shared by Chileans, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Turks, Jews and others. In imports, the United States comes first, but her place is threatened by Germany.

The task of the Popular Front government is not an easy one. It hopes for the coöperation of American Democracy, and it needs it. The heritage of the present government from the régime which it displaced was a nation of under-nourished people and demoralized administration. Moreover, shortly after this government's inauguration, the country suffered a terrible catastrophe in the earthquake which last January killed over thirty thousand people, and rendered nearly a million homeless and destitute. The landowning aristocracy, who control the banks and the wholesale commerce and who have a majority in Congress, carried their obstructive policies even into the presence of national calamity. They objected to appropriations for aid of the victims.

The best that there is in the country, however—workers, peasants, teachers, soldiers, sailors, intellectuals—are behind the Popular Front government in a common effort to build a new Chile. The high plateaus, the deserts, the mountains, the lakes, the valleys of Chile are united on their narrow strip of land by a great common factor.

More or Less Liberty

(Continued from page 7)

pervades the majority of the Senate committee members. They listened patiently while opponents of the Act poured forth their grievances, real or fancied; and they will listen patiently, no doubt, to the 127 additional witnesses who have requested permission to appear. Unlike the House committee allegedly investigating the W.P.A., the Senate Labor Committee apparently does not intend to hear opponents alone and then retire to chew its mental cud.

Thus on the central battlefield attack and counter-attack go on. The forces of organized labor, nurtured by the Labor Act, are able to match blow for blow and sometimes return two for one. But the battle for civil liberty is not over, and skirmishes around the edges show how dangerous a break-through would be.

On the House side, for instance, the Dies Committee made its first appearance in its new costume. Equipped with an attorney-investigator and a new member, reputed to be a liberal, it began by examining some of the anti-Semitic and pro-Fascist groups. It is sufficient to note that as soon as the committee opened public hearings, there appeared in liberal magazines articles about the groups being investigated that contained far more information than the House committee appeared to possess.

In addition, serious doubts were cast upon the sincerity of the committee in putting the anti-Semitic, pro-Fascist groups on the lukewarm griddle by the announcement of Chairman Dies that an additional \$50,000 would be needed, and that further hearings would be postponed until the summer—when Congress will not be in session.

LaFollette's Bill

The committee showed itself, in its first performance of this year, to be still an inadequately organized, slipshod group without a very clear idea of what it is after or how it is going to get it. The contrast between the record of the Dies Committee and that of the LaFollette Committee is still the contrast between night and day.

The work of the LaFollette Committee, for instance, has already borne good fruit in the form of the Oppressive Labor Practices Bill, at this writing pending before the Senate and House labor committees. Introduced by Senators Thomas (Democrat, Utah) and LaFollette (Progressive, Wisconsin), the measure makes it a criminal offense to provide or use labor spies, industrial munitions and strikebreakers, and prohibits the maintenance of private police systems such as that of Tom Girdler's Republic Steel Corporation. The bill also provides that government contractors and subcontractors must agree not to use these instruments of anti-unionism under penalty of cancellation of the contract.

Hearings have been held in the Senate on the measure and not a single opponent ap-

peared or signified an intention to appear. Attorney-General Frank Murphy, Labor Department Solicitor Gerard D. Reilly, William Green, John L. Lewis, N.L.R.B. Chairman J. Warren Madden, and even some professional finks and strikebreakers came to lend their warm support to the bill, and Senate committee approval is virtually certain.

The Danger Remains

It will be in the bottle-neck of the House Rules Committee that the measure will have to fight for its life—for it will be there that the users of labor spies, tear gas and machine guns, strikebreakers and private armies, will attempt to quietly strangle the bill.

For on the House Rules Committee sit several die-hard reactionaries, the authors of some of the anti-alien legislation that has cropped up. Representative Howard Smith, a Virginia gentleman who blithely violates the spirit of his alien Virginia forebears such as Thomas Jefferson, has a bill in the House combining the worst features of the dozens of pending alien bills. It provides for concentration camps for aliens found guilty of "moral turpitude"; it provides for deportation or concentration camps for non-citizens who advocate any change in the government, as for instance the reorganization bill; it asks for registration of non-citizens, fingerprinting, and

all the other items that a tortured Tory mind is capable of imagining.

Already passed by the House is the bill introduced by Representative Sam Hobbs (Democrat, Alabama). It introduces the concentration camp for non-citizens who have no country to be deported to after having committed two crimes involving "moral turpitude"—which would include liquor law violations even though Prohibition was subsequently repealed—or who are "anarchists or of a similar class." The bill is pending in the Senate Immigration Committee while the House Judiciary Committee turns out additional measures as fast as it deems prudent.

Also passed by the House is the bill introduced by Representative Dempsey (Democrat, New Mexico), a member of the Dies Committee. It would deport aliens advocating any change in the form of government—the word "fundamental" was stricken out as being too liberal—and would thereby limit any organization with non-citizens in it from advocating such a change.

Typical of the tactics of the group of Bourbons pushing this sort of legislation was the maneuver used by Representative McCormack (Democrat, Massachusetts), in securing adoption of his pet measures, which makes advocacy of overthrow of the government by force and violence a felony. This bill had been kicking around the halls of Congress since the days when McCormack headed a witch-hunt similar to the Dies Committee. No one would touch it with a ten-foot pole.

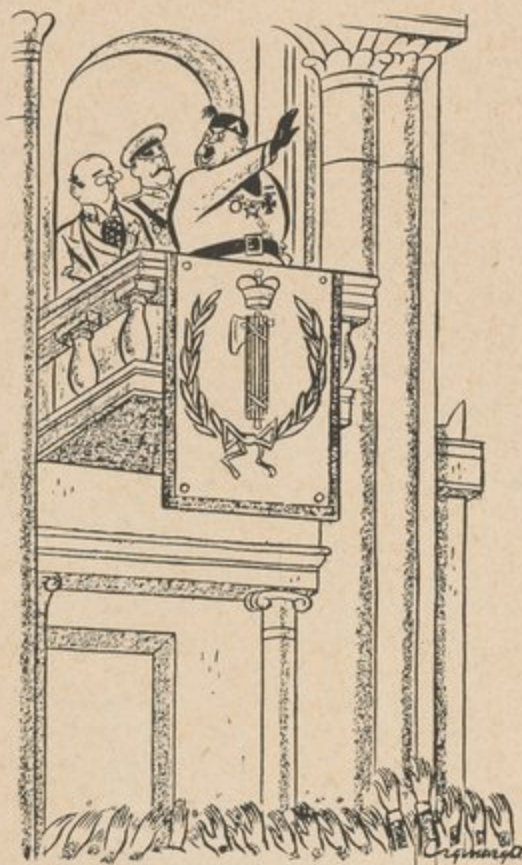
A Surprise Attack

But along came a bill raising the prison term for espionage—foreign, not labor—from two to ten years, and up popped McCormack with his measure as an amendment. Taken by surprise, opponents were able to muster only seventeen votes, and the House passed the bill along to the Senate.

Back of this burst of Know Nothingism is not a fierce and undying hatred for the alien. The districts represented by the sponsors of the legislation probably have fewer aliens in them than a single Congressional district in New York City. The people they're really after are "them labor agitators," which is dialect for any good union man. The admonition of President Roosevelt to the Daughters of the American Revolution last year to "remember that you and I, especially, are descendants of immigrants and revolutionists" has been shoved out of memory, as has all thought of tolerance. Every wile and artifice is used to push through any measure with the faintest chance of stopping the drive of men and women to organize.

Already in various localities there have been recurrences of the vigilantism that stifles the air of Imperial Valley in California—the air that Major-General George Van Horn Moseley told the Dies Committee is "good, clean,

Strength Through Joy • Egmargin



"Tell them not to bother this time. . . . I just want to hail a taxi"

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

Evidence reaching the national office of the American League for Peace and Democracy indicates a sharp increase in the activity of several Fascist organizations in widely separated localities. In order to coordinate the work of exposing and combatting the more than eight hundred such groups in the country, the Research Department appeals to the readers of "The WORLD" for their cooperation.

It will greatly facilitate this work if anyone having knowledge of such anti-democratic activities will:

1. Report promptly to the national office any meeting, demonstration, parade or provocative incident.

2. Forward to the national office a copy of any leaflet, periodical or other literature issued by such groups, if possible reporting the method of its distribution.

It is intended to set up a clearing-house for this information on Nazi, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, "super-patriotic," and vigilante groups.

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WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

100 per cent American air." On the West Coast the Associated Farmers are beginning to poke their heads up again, due to the strangling in the Senate Audit and Control Committee of a resolution giving the LaFollette Committee additional funds with which to complete its investigation.

The LaFollette Committee had, during its lifetime, only \$150,000 in all, and has already returned to the Treasury over \$232,000 in unpaid taxes and fines. Yet its petition lies in the Senate committee headed by James F. Byrnes (Democrat, South Carolina). Perhaps the reason is made clearer by the recollection that when Tom Girdler wanted someone to attack the New Deal before the annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, he pointed his finger at Senator Millard Tydings (Democrat, Maryland), who is also a member of this committee.

Most of the spade-work of the LaFollette Committee's investigation on the West Coast has already been done. All that is needed is money with which to polish off the edges and conduct the hearings.

Should the LaFollette Committee be unable to clean up its job, there are reports that the new civil liberties unit of the Department of Justice will carry on. Evidence already gathered would be turned over, and the Department of Justice would seek an indictment against those who conspired to deprive persons of rights granted them under the law of the United States, an ancient Civil War statute but the only one under which the Department's new unit can operate.

Burgos Gaol

(Continued from page 15)

were already starting to appear in the east, and they had to bury these dogs yet. And they would not move!

THEY finally had to be taken under the arms and jerked bodily towards the ditch. One woman screamed and kicked. The rest were dead weight; they were dragged, inert, and thrown side by side into a rough line, their backs to the open grave. The officer paced nervously, biting his lip and glancing at the sky. He was glad that this time at least there was no petticoated parasite of a priest to delay things further with his gibberish! A little man trotted close on his heels, a mild-looking be-spectacled civilian, who through his friendship with a high officer regularly got to attend executions and the findings of bodies. "A pretty good catch, eh?" he quacked. He clicked his teeth and gave a short nervous laugh. "Any of them big fish?" He laughed again at his joke.

The line of the prisoners was ragged and broken. One or two of them were kneeling in prayer. The boy fell to his knees and buried his streaming face in Antonio's side. But Antonio himself was calm. He had been waiting for this for a long time; how many eons, they would never know. What was it to die? All Burgos, perhaps all Spain by now, was dead.

Headed by Henry Schweinhaut who assisted in the presentation of the government's case against the Harlan County coal operators, this addition to the Department of Justice is as yet hardly on its feet. With the new appropriations of the next fiscal year, which begins in July, it will be possible to hire additional lawyers and examine more deeply the statutes under which the new unit can operate. It appears likely that new legislation, to bolster the Civil War statute under which the Harlan coal operators were prosecuted, will be needed.

Most hopeful, oddly enough, has been the Supreme Court in the latter half of its session. It followed up a liberal decision in the Strecker case—holding a former member of the Communist Party to be not deportable—with a decisive though somewhat wobbly blow at Mayor Frank Hague, the tin-hat Hitler of Jersey City. By its decision, in which Justices Douglas and Frankfurter did not participate because of their late arrival, the Court affirmed the right of labor unions to go to Jersey City, to hold meetings and to distribute literature. It may be that the Court will yet prove itself to be what a few of its supporters claimed it to be.

But if it does it will be because of the public clamor that was raised against it when people became aware that today they had less liberty than yesterday, and that tomorrow they might have none. So it will be with Congress. When people begin to raise their voices and demand an answer to the question, "Why are you taking away from us our liberties?" there will be fewer assaults upon those liberties.

This at least was quick, and cool, and sure.

The soldiers were in formation now. They raised their rifles. A sudden frenzy seized the doomed, as though in their last mental agony they were compelled to violent action to absorb the energy of their terror. They began to scream and wail, crying curses on their tormentors. A man's gurgling hoarse cry bludgeoned its way through the uproar: "Murderers!" Their hands on the ground found rocks and loose clods of clay from the ditch, which they flung with wild and frenzied abandon at the soldiers. A woman shrieked piercingly at the officer, her upraised arm a claw. "A curse on the mother that bore you! May her rotten womb be torn from her and trampled in the gutters!"

The hard lines in the Carlist's face did not change. He raised his arm.

A thought flitted across Antonio's mind: Isabella's pregnancy should be very noticeable now—she would be a mother soon; then the thought was gone. He did not care. It was all past; it made no difference now. There was no longer a beginning to life, only an end. . . .

When he raised his eyes again the blue barrels of the upraised rifles glistened coldly from the first rays of the lightning sky. He was almost grateful.

THE TOKYO—NEW YORK AXIS



AT THE left, we see a son of the Rising Sun off his home grounds—racing along a Chinese street to mop up after the bombardment. All the democratic people of the earth—and in particular, just about everybody in the United States—condemn and deplore his action. It takes a fine-tooth comb to locate an American citizen who applauds the invasion of China and the extermination by bullet and bomb of the peace-loving Chinese.

And yet—cast your gaze to the right. Here we have a locomotive being loaded for shipment to the Nipponese army at what we might call Japan's supply-station. Along with nine others and a cargo of scrap iron, it is being sent to the Emperor's hordes from—*America!* And when the scrap iron, hauled by the locomotive, falls on the innocent Chinese, they will read: "Made in the U. S. A." Perhaps we should add the label: "Compliments of your co-invaders."

Strange partnership! It is almost incredible, but it is true, that more than half of the Japanese war materials come from this country; that without our active aid, the invasion could not continue. Misguided large American corporations, under the pressure of competition in the absence of an embargo law, are waging economic war against the Chinese, the people of Japan, the cause of world peace, and their own long-range interests. One end of this unofficial but very efficient axis is in the War Ministry at Tokyo, and the other is in Wall Street.

The chances are that you are among the growing body of those who would dissolve this partnership, and at once. We urge you to lend your voice and support to the movement for a governmental embargo on shipments to Japan until her aggression ceases. And for news of this movement, and of the democratic struggle against war on every front—read *THE WORLD*. Subscribe today, at only \$1.50 a year, to the people's own magazine for peace and Democracy.

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