

Ghosting for Girdler by William B. Smith

NEW MASSES

AUGUST 17, 1937

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What Are China's Chances?

By Theodore Draper

PROBABLY everyone knows that Robert Minor, who was the Communist Party's candidate for governor of New York in the last election, was once an editor of this magazine and was widely known for his powerful political cartoons. What is not so well known is that he started as a professional cartoonist with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and went from there to the late New York *World*, where his uncompromising attitude toward the World War finally severed his connections with capitalist journalism. An inheritor of the Bob Minor tradition of powerful political cartooning is Contributor Jacob Burck, whose work has appeared frequently in our pages and in those of the *Daily Worker*. Artist Burck was recently called by the same St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to function as its staff cartoonist during the vacation of its own Pulitzer-prize-winning Fitzpatrick, who also does the political cartoons for *Collier's*. Besides this acknowledgment of Burck's outstanding cartooning, the *Post-Dispatch* of August 1 reprinted Burck's cartoon on the Far East crisis which was published in our issue of July 27. Parenthetically, the *Post-Dispatch* was the paper that scooped the country on the story of what was in the originally suppressed Paramount newsreel of the Chicago Memorial Day steel-strike massacre. Lively paper, the *Post-Dispatch*.

Last week we published some quotations from addresses made by Stephen Spender, for Great Britain, and by Malcolm Cowley, for the United States, to the International Writers' Congress in Madrid. Lack of space prevented us from printing this section from Stephen Spender's speech:

"And no one can visit Spain without seeing how deeply the Spanish people—now occupied in passionately educating themselves in the trenches, and who have given the congress an enthusiastic and moving welcome—care for art and literature. In the trenches there are schools, the shelled University City is still a school where soldiers, when they are not fighting, learn from books, the poets are the leaders in propaganda of the ideals that the republic defends, the newspapers, full of battles and 'non-intervention,' have room for poems, and as I have seen with my own eyes, the republic has stored and catalogued, in bomb-proof rooms, the pictures and art treasures from the palaces and churches of Madrid."

And it is not inappropriate to recall, in this connection, that the New *MASSES* has been in the forefront of those American publications which have been telling the truth about Spain and helping to organize support for Spanish democracy. In sending us his speech, Mr. Cowley wrote: "The last copy I saw of your sheet was in Valencia, and it was full of woe about finances. I do hope you found money to keep going." We did, and for reasons such as that mentioned by the Ben Leider Memorial Fund, which sent us \$100, as previously noted, because we were doing worth-while service for the struggle for Spanish democracy, the struggle in which Leider died. And on the home front, too, we have been carrying on the fight in a way that has brought us support. This letter is typical:

"I have been reading your appeals to readers to help sustain the only com-

BETWEEN OURSELVES

pletely satisfying magazine printed in the English language in the United States.

"Your records will show that I became a life subscriber just before or after the magazine became a weekly. I had a small regular income and it was certainly a pleasure to come to the aid of the organ which was responsible, primarily, for my becoming completely converted to the Communist program. I regret that my regular income came to an end in New York more than a year ago and that I have not been able to take another life's subscription for that 'spirit' life hereafter which will certainly continue to need intellectual nourishment, for certainly the *NEW MASSES* has always made me feel that I never want to be dead, either here or hereafter.

"Jesting aside, however, I just discovered something in a wallet which I had all but forgotten about. . . . I am taking this opportunity of making the amount a gift to the *NEW MASSES* as my response in its current appeal for funds. You can count on my making further contributions from time to time.

"Your most recent suggestion, appearing in the July 27 issue, for readers to make pledges of regular sums, is, I think, the best yet made. Everyone with a regular income ought to respond to

this appeal. The *NEW MASSES* cannot be 'just another magazine' to its readers. It must, of necessity, be a part of their very life's blood. How, then, can they help flooding its offices with contributions?"

Who's Who

THE article on China's chances in the present "undeclared" war raging in the Far East is the second in a two-article series by Theodore Draper, New *MASSES* foreign editor. . . . Martin Hall is the editor of the *Volksecho*, German anti-fascist paper issued in New York. . . . Albert Maltz has long been familiar to *NEW MASSES* readers. His story, *Man on a Road*, first appeared in our pages and has since been widely reprinted. His forthcoming novel, *The Way Things Are*, will be published by International this fall. . . . Mauritz A. Hallgren is an associate editor of the *Baltimore Sun*. He is the author of several distinguished volumes on public affairs, the most recent of which is *The Tragic Fallacy: A Study of America's War Policies*. . . . Arnold Shukotoff is a member of the English department at City College in New York. . . . Richard H. Rovere is a young graduate of Bard College, Columbia Uni-

versity. He was on the editorial staff of several undergraduate publications. . . . Jack Kennedy's article on the world student congress was sent to us from Paris the day after the congress closed. Kennedy was a delegate to the congress from a mid-western university. . . . The decoration on page 4 is from Helen West Heller's *Migratory Urge*, a xylographic volume of poems, the text and illustrations of which are cut in intaglio.

What's What

UNITED STATES congressmen have been writing to us this week. One of them was John T. Bernard, whose letter promised us an article for an early issue to discuss various aspects of the struggle between progressive and reactionary elements in congress during the term now drawing to a close. This will be a significant article; watch for it. Another congressional correspondent was Jerry O'Connell of Montana, to whom we had sent a copy of Albert Dahlquist's recent article on the militarization of C.C.C. education. Congressman O'Connell replied that he intended to back Congressman Bernard's measure, described in Dahlquist's article, to remove U. S. army influence from the C.C.C.

Another letter received which has had some currency was one released by the Scottsboro Defense Committee, written by Andy Wright, one of the five Scottsboro boys recently reconvicted and now in Kilby prison in Alabama. Keynoting the spirit of the Scottsboro boys and their defense, his letter concluded: "Let us all pull and struggle together and see that justice be done. It is not that I hate to go to prison, but I am innocent and the slander is being thrown on our race of people and my family. This is my reason for wanting to fight harder than ever."

While you are cooling yourself with sea breezes or dunking yourself in a mountain lake in defense against the heat of the dog days, here's something to remember: friends of yours, known and unknown to you, are sweltering under the merciless Spanish sun and under the merciless bombing and shell-fire of international fascism—in order that your world can be saved for freedom and progress. The advertisement on page 23 should give you an idea.

Flashbacks

FOR half an hour on the morning of August 15, 1892, a hundred Tennessee miners faced—and returned—steady gunfire from guards who stood watch over convicts rented out by the state as cheap labor for the mine owners. Next day, climaxing more than a year of mass resistance to the convict lease system, thousands gathered at Coal Creek, disarmed the militia there, destroyed the prison stockade, commandeered a freight train bound for the political centers, and from it watched the militia start a long dusty march home. Later in that year's election, all three candidates for governor found it expedient to oppose the convict lease system. . . . After long and bitter struggle, the women of the United States finally won the right to vote August 18, 1920, when the Tennessee legislature ratified the women's suffrage amendment.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Sorano

What Are China's Chances?

Her military strategy, action by Britain, America, and the Soviets, and Nippon's economic house of cards will be among the crucial factors

By Theodore Draper

AS the war between China and Japan develops into a large-scale, full-dress conflict, certain characteristic features are bound to emerge. These will take their character partly from the geographic position and technical development specific to the Far East. They will be partly shaped by the general conditions of modern warfare. And it is no mere paradox to say that the outcome will be decided at least as much within Japan as within China.

Obviously, certain elements must be weighted for both sides. The rear-guard war industry will be most troublesome for the Japanese, though they will have a tremendous initial advantage, owing to the scale and mechanization of their war machine. China lacks not only a war industry but will, especially at the start, be embarrassed by lack of guns, munitions, and airplanes. It is of the essence of this struggle that the advantage will probably lie with the invading Japanese for the first period, for the first six months, possibly for the first year. Extend the war beyond a year, and the strain upon the Japanese social and economic system will begin to tell. The whole character of the war may then take a sharp turn.

A preceding article has described the Japanese "pattern of conquest" as a threefold process: first, as international (especially with respect to Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union); second, as internal (the political and economic crises which drive

the Japanese extremists to war); and third, within China proper (the economic and political penetration before the actual full-scale invasion). Any calculation of both sides' chances in a major war must be based on the same three factors, though it is more convenient to reverse their order.

First, China must fight on a national scale in order to carry out the main strategy of mobility and maneuver over a vast, indefinite front; *second*, the duration of the war must have a measurable effect upon Japan's ability to supply the material needs of its army; and *third*, Japan's international position is extremely vulnerable, to such an extent that joint action by the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union (and, in part, by the United States alone) could effectively arrest Japan's war machine by crippling her war industry.

The Chinese Factor: It is the curse of a lingering feudalism that the political unification of China had to wait until long after the imperialist division began. For more than twenty centuries, feudal war lords ruled provinces with little or no responsibility to any central authority, from time to time upsetting the dynasty in power when the taxes became too oppressive, or when some local chieftain became ambitious. So long as China remained in isolation, this condition was simply the price of the feudal system. After the middle of the last century, however, imperialist rule com-

pllicated matters, for it became tightly superimposed on feudalism so that native capitalism and nationalism were stunted.

This feudal disunity made conquest easier for the alien invaders—first for Great Britain, and then for Japan. It was not unusual for one provincial ruler to be bribed to overthrow another, only to be superseded himself. The imperialists could conquer the country piecemeal. Here lies the significance of China's retarded capitalist development. Imperialism took advantage of feudalism as a disunifying force in order the better to divide and rule. One system supplemented the other, and China got the dregs of both.

Unification has thus become the precondition for resistance. It is the point where politics and military strategy meet.

China, whatever the military forces now available, is, on any authority, no match for Japan in terms of the implements of scientific destruction peculiar to modern war. It cannot match gun for gun and plane for plane, and it has no navy whatever. To top this, China has no considerable native heavy industry upon which every war industry rests. Without a war industry, replacement of armaments is impossible, except through purchase. Without replacements, extended warfare is impossible. Later we shall see how Japan shapes up in these respects.

Without attempting to take inventory of the military resources of either side, it remains

to be said that while China cannot match plane for plane *at the present time*, it does possess sufficient resources to wage a major war if those resources are strategically handled. The Japanese army leaders would like nothing better than a short war, one of those "local" wars where one province surrenders while the rest look on, unmindful of their own fate. To achieve this, they seek to engage the best-equipped Chinese armies in a head-on collision, or induce Nanking to permit a "local" settlement in Hopei. That is just what Mussolini sought and found, unfortunately, in Ethiopia. China's resources are infinitely greater than Ethiopia's, but it cannot afford to make the same mistake.

The leader of the Chinese Communists, Mao Tse-tung, has given finished expression to the counter-strategy of the Chinese.

The strategy [of China] should be that of a war of maneuver, over an extended, shifting, and indefinite front; a strategy depending for success on a high degree of mobility in difficult terrain, and featured by swift attack and withdrawal, swift concentration and dispersal. It will be a large-scale war of maneuver rather than a simple positional war characterized by extensive trenchwork, deep-massed lines, and heavy fortifications. Our strategy and tactics must be conditioned by the theater in which the war will take place, and this dictates a war of maneuver.

This does not mean the abandonment of vital strategic points, which can be defended in positional warfare as long as profitable. But the pivotal strategy must be a war of maneuver and important reliance must be placed on guerrilla and partisan tactics. Fortified warfare must be utilized, but it will be auxiliary and ultimately of secondary strategic importance.

Geographically, the theater of war is so vast that it is possible for us to pursue mobile warfare with the utmost efficiency and with a telling effect on a slow-moving war machine like Japan's, cautiously feeling its way in front of rear-guard actions. Deep-line concentration and the exhausting defense of a vital position or two on a narrow front would be to throw away all the tactical advantages of our geography and economic organization, and to repeat the mistake of the Ethiopians. Our strategy and tactics must aim to avoid great decisive battles in the early stages of the war, and gradually to break the morale, the fighting spirit, and the military efficiency of the living forces of the enemy.

Commander Mao, who is chairman of the Chinese central Soviet government, insists upon a number of other vital points. It is nonsense to think that the war will be over once Japan occupies certain strategic coastal points and enforces a blockade; China's Red Army, in its own struggle with Nanking, suffered equally "strategic" losses without weakening. For China, lack of a complex, coördinated, top-heavy industrial structure is, in this sense, an advantage. Once in the interior—and the interior for the most part means just inside the coastal plain—there are no great centers of trade or industry upon which a large hinterland depends as a matter of life and death. Under the relatively primitive agricultural conditions prevalent in most of China, each village is self-sufficient to a degree unknown to industrial countries. The loss of Shanghai to China is simply not comparable to the loss New York would be to the United States or London to Great Britain.

And China can lose much territory and still fight on. Mao estimates that the Japanese might be able to get possession of an area holding one or even two hundred million people, but there would still remain much to defend. Meanwhile, as the Japanese advance, their lines of communication lengthen; the rear-guard, which they must perpetually police and protect against guerilla raids, increases. Always in hostile territory, the invaders will find it difficult, if not impossible, to live off the countryside. As they penetrate farther and farther into the country, their ponderous war machine will slow up and stall because roads and railroads are so bad and so few.

Here we touch on the political key to the military problem of Chinese resistance. This strategy of the extended front and the war of mobility and maneuver can be executed only on a national scale. But a national war is impossible without political unification. Such a war is impossible so long as Nanking wars on the Communists as "bandits." It would be equally impossible if the Communists were to refuse to collaborate with Nanking because of harsh treatment in the past. This strategy, the strategy of victory, helps explain the fundamental cry of the Communists for unity.

This plan of action is based, so to speak, on considerations of space and time: space in which to take advantage of China's vastness and undeveloped economic organization, to turn these necessary conditions into elements of strength; time in which to take advantage of Japan's fatal inner weaknesses. For it will be remembered that Mao counseled tactics "to avoid great decisive battles in the early stage of the war." To understand this phase, we must turn to Japan.

Japan's Undertow: It is of the essence of Japan's historic development that it had not yet freed itself from the extra-territorial privileges of rival Western powers within its own borders when it began to make demands for extra-territorial privileges in China. For Japan, like China, is itself a captive of strong feudal hangovers in social and economic organization. Unlike China, however, Japan awoke in time to borrow enough imperialist equipment from the West, primarily from Great Britain, to forestall its own conquest by the imperialists.

In its transition to a modern imperialist power, much of the basic, feudal economic and social relations remained untouched. This was partly due to the fact that the feudal aristocracy largely succeeded in getting control of the new capitalist enterprises. Feudal class relations were transferred almost bodily to the

new, industrial set-up. It is partly due to the fact that Japan first financed its industry by the money received from the sale of raw silk. The production of raw silk, its prime export commodity, required no drastic change in Japan's pre-capitalist economic organization even though it did pay the first installments on its army and navy.

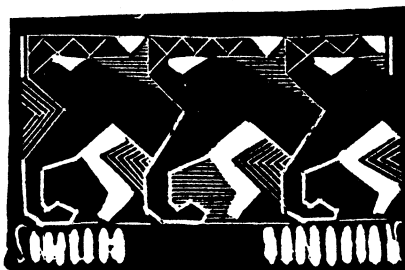
As a result, Japan's social organization is peculiarly unbalanced and inappropriate for capitalist industry. On top are fifteen trusts controlling seventy percent of all trade and industry. Two of these trusts, Mitsui and Mitsubishi, are giant monopolies with no parallel in the West. But there is practically a social vacuum between these great monopolists and the vast masses of people, who are chiefly peasants and handicraftsmen. Japan's heavy industry really consists primarily of armament and shipbuilding. The power of the monopolists is actually based on their extraordinary control of a vast network of primitive producers whose hand-made wares are sucked in for distribution.

This extremely large proportion of small producers may not prove detrimental to Japan in a short, "local" war, but it will strain and ultimately crack her economy in a major one. Small producers are difficult to organize into the semi-military discipline and coördination necessary to equip and replenish a modern army. Consider machinery, a key military-economic product. Ninety-six percent of the machinery made in Japan is put out by factories employing from five to one hundred workers. That is one reason why Ford and General Motors have a stranglehold on the automobile market in Japan. Japan does not supply even fifty percent of her machinery needs.

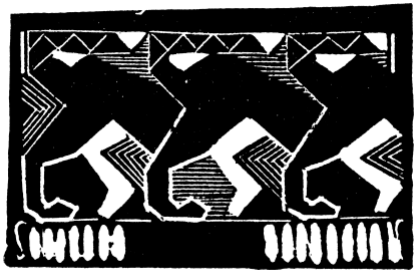
But far more serious is Japan's basic lack of the resources necessary for heavy industry. Freda Utley, in her careful survey of Japan's present status, *Japan's Feet of Clay*, offers data to show that Japan has little iron and steel, little coal, no nickel or other alloy for making steel, no cotton, no oil, no rubber, insufficient machinery, and of non-ferrous metals, only copper (twenty percent of which she still has to import for her own needs). Japan's economy is based not on these basic war necessities, but on raw silk, cheap cotton and woolen goods, and rayon. Even her home food supply is inadequate to feed her people (whose standard of living is notoriously low) in times of peace, and several hundred million yen of foodstuffs is imported annually.

Japan can wage a major war only by eating into her reserves in every one of these military-economic products.

How long can her present resources last under these conditions? Two Soviet students, E. Yohan and O. Tanin, in their scrupulous study, *When Japan Goes to War*, have arrived at the following conclusions: (1) Japan's total reserves in oil, iron ore, pig iron, and rice would be expended in the very first year of the war. (2) The permanent reserve of agricultural produce would be exhausted at the end of the second year. (3) A very acute



Woodcut by Helen West Heller



Woodcut by Helen West Heller

food shortage is inevitable during the second year. (4) Enormous inflation would set in during the very first year. (5) Japan will have to use sixty percent of her national income for the prosecution of the war during the second year. The central powers used only 54.7 percent of their national income during the *fourth* year of the World War, and they found that strain unbearable. Moreover, Japan's national income is considerably lower than that of the principal central powers. (6) Japan's unfavorable balance of trade, extremely great even during peace, will increase, while her competitors will take advantage of the situation to force her out of many of her present markets.

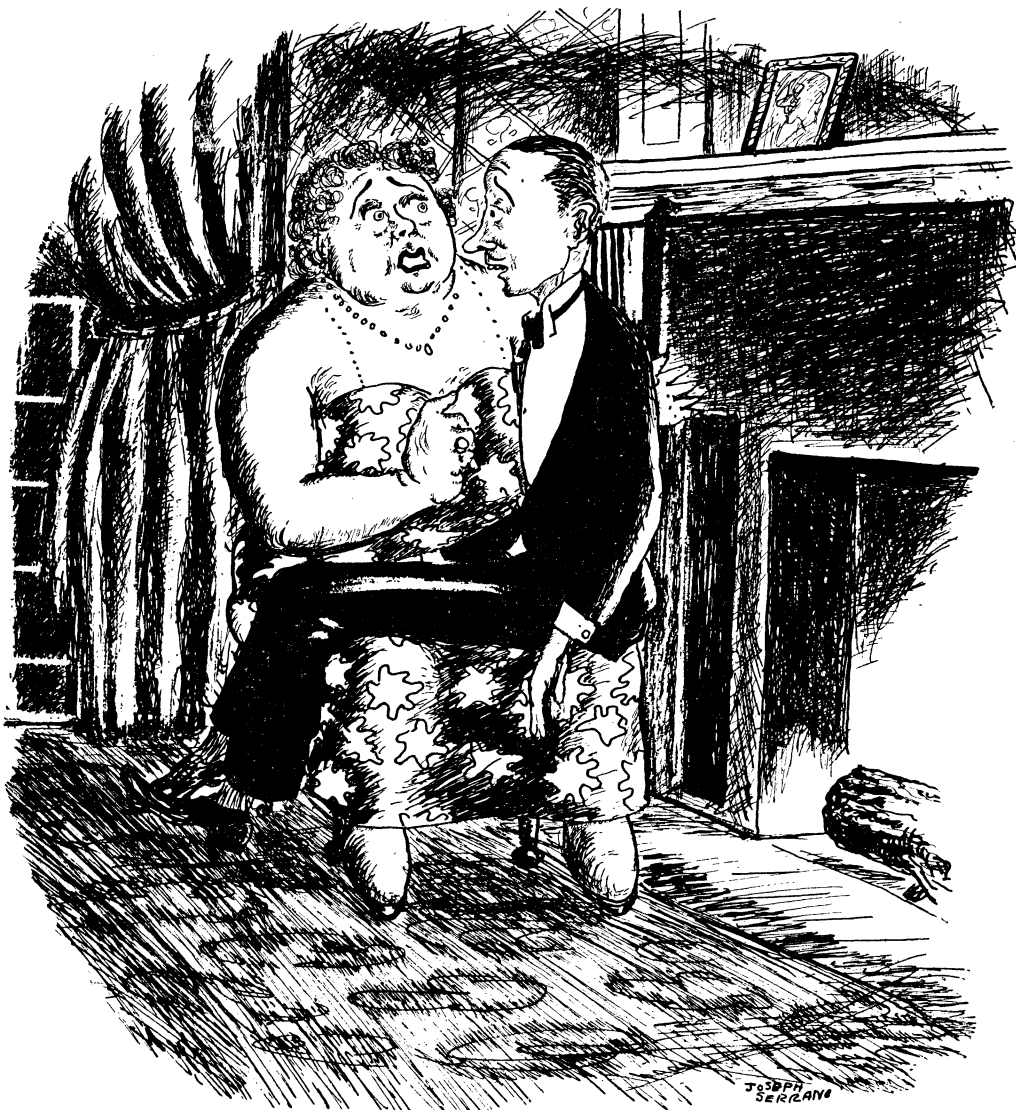
These indications ought to be sufficient to make the point. Japan seeks and needs a "local" war because she dreads the implications of a "national" war. Japan has never yet fought a major war and must avoid it. Her modern army and navy are based on an imperialist superstructure resting on a feudal economic base. As such, they are veritable Frankenstein monsters, controllable only so long as they can be properly equipped.

It is now necessary to put two and two together. Remember Mao Tse-tung's injunction: "Our strategy and tactics must aim to avoid great decisive battles in the early stages of the war. . . ." For such decisive battles would negate every one of China's natural advantages and strike the Japanese war machine at its least vulnerable point.

International Aspects: Enough has already been said to show Japan's extreme dependence upon its imperialist rivals in her struggle against these same rivals. Japan had expected that dependence to decrease after the conquest of Manchuria, but her dreams of cotton and iron and oil have not materialized. North China is another matter, however. There is no question that the annexation of North China, even of Hopei and Chahar, would materially increase Japan's self-sufficiency in cotton, iron, coal, and other commodities. One of the basic reasons for the present aggression is the fact that the Japanese found their capitalists reluctant to invest in North China until political control had been made more secure.

If Great Britain and the United States permit Japan to get away with North China and a few more provinces, their present favorable position will be reversed. At the present time, Japanese economy rests on a threefold exchange. Japan sells more than ninety percent of its raw silk to the United States. In return for that, Japan buys raw cotton from the United States, India, and Egypt. She imports wood pulp from the United States. With the raw cotton, Japan proceeds to flood the world with her cheap cotton goods; the wood pulp she uses to manufacture rayon.

This dependence on foreign materials accounts for Japan's extremely large adverse trade balance. This unfavorable balance has now reached record proportions. From January to June 1937, imports exceeded exports by 641,110,000 yen or more than at any time



Joseph Serrano

"Why can't you think up some way to save capitalism—like that young man who married Mrs. Duke's little girl."

in twenty years with the exception of 1924 when an earthquake necessitated large purchases abroad to rebuild Tokyo and Yokohama. On July 31, 1937, it was announced that the unfavorable trade balance had reached 720,000,000 yen, an unprecedented high. The principal items in the excess of imports over exports were iron, crude and heavy oils, wood pulp, ores, and machinery.

In the long run, this unfavorable balance can be maintained only by means of foreign loans. Great Britain, as Japan's chief accomplice, has hitherto supplied most of this money. Neither have American industrial and financial interests been blameless. Japan has made frantic efforts, within the last few months, to remedy its poor industrial position by placing extraordinary orders for copper, pig iron, scrap steel, and the like with American producers. The house of Morgan is especially involved in Japan's war industry.

Great Britain and the United States are strategically located at the bottle-neck of Japanese economy. A silk boycott in the United States would cripple Japan in a most vital spot. An embargo on raw cotton by the United States and the British Empire would be equally effective. And a stoppage in the sale of machinery, iron, steel, and oil would mean

virtual disaster for the Japanese war machine.

Neither Great Britain nor the United States has ever yet taken such action to stop Japan. It may be that this aggression will be the last time such action is possible. In the event of a major war with China, the responsibilities of the British and American people will be very great. Japan is so vulnerable that collective action will immediately become a concrete way of forcing peace on the aggressor rather than some abstract slogan.

The Coming War: It is altogether too easy to fight wars on paper for such a pastime to be profitable. This article had no such intention. It will have served its purpose if it is suggestive of the main elements involved in a war between China and Japan. The war itself is now inevitable. Whether or not China decides to engage in such a war immediately, or has already so decided, the movement for liberation is now strong enough and national enough to fulfill the prerequisites for the war. In the event that the Communist strategy should be adopted, a major war be forced on Japan's weak economy, and collective action be undertaken by the other powers, especially the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union, the outcome of this war is not a matter of speculation.

After the First Offensive

New conscripts under a unified military command are fighting with discipline and spirit which may prove decisive in winning the war

By James Hawthorne

ON the night of July 5 government forces marched south over foothills and through sandy ravines to penetrate deep into rebel territory west of Madrid. At six in the morning of the following day, Brunete was taken; at ten that night, Villanueva de la Cañada. Quijorna resisted three days; Villanueva del Pardillo surrendered a little later. In one week the people's army drove a wedge sixteen kilometers long and sixteen kilometers wide—one hundred square miles—into the fascist front. The government positions threaten the Madrid-front communications of the fascists at a hundred points and turn potential attack bases (Las Rozas, for example) into weak spots requiring constant defense.

Raw recruits, conscripts, were decisive in the occupation of this area. Incorporated into regularly organized units of the people's army, they proved capable at once of resisting the terrors of modern warfare and executing attack movements. This was the first serious test the government had given the conscripts, and the fact that they passed it with flying colors may prove to be the most important single result of the offensive and the succeeding counter-offensive. The government's numerically large reserves were shown to be qualitatively satisfactory. The uncalled "classes" of military reserves are the richest treasury of the People's Front.

The fascists employed conscripts, too. One entire company of infantry which was stationed south of Brunete came over to the government. Again, when Villanueva del Pardillo found itself ten miles behind the government lines, the fascist garrison of over six hundred men did not regard themselves as prisoners at all. Judging from the enthusiasm with which they greeted their "captors," and the picnic spirit they manifested all the way to Madrid, they regarded themselves as having been liberated rather than captured. Even at this first stage of the clearing of the Madrid front, one can see how a smashing victory would dissolve the rebel hold over their Spanish troops. All of which is but one more expression of the well-known fact that the fascists have been able to keep the field only by constantly increasing aid from Germany and Italy.

Just at the time the offensive was started, Hitler and Mussolini were making desperate efforts to prepare and "justify" an open invasion. They provided Franco with more than one hundred thousand men, over three hundred planes, and millions of dollars worth of war materials, yet they have neither gained a



George Zaetz

final victory, nor kept on an even footing with the government. Nothing short of open invasion with huge armies and unlimited materials, the full strength of the fascist military forces, could redeem the stake they have already sunk in Spain. Open invasion, in turn, would only mean world war.

Against such threats, it was natural that the Spanish people should make a new effort despite a year of terrific strain and unrelaxed vigilance. A movement toward an ever closer unity of the basic forces carrying on the struggle, toward a tighter discipline enabling the government to move its resources with the speed and assurance demanded by the moment, spread through the factories, shops, and farm-country. On the very day of the offensive, the Communist Party addressed an open letter to the Socialist Party proposing that immediate steps be taken to merge the two parties into one.

Within and without the country, popular sentiment could be seen mounting behind the People's Front government. The only discordant note came from a small group of *liderillos*, miniature Napoleons, on the fringe of the Socialist Party and from some Anarcho-Syndicalists. These groups continued, even during the great battles, to campaign against working-class unity, to hedge their support to the People's Front government, and to defend the enemies of the people. Concretely, the self-styled "left" Socialists of a few areas ordered their party bodies to break relations with the Communist Party. In Alicante, for instance, representatives of only twenty-two out of more than eighty sections of the Socialist Party attended a hastily called meeting and ordered their followers to withdraw from liaison committees of the two parties. In Valencia, the provincial functionaries of the Socialist

Party, in defiance of the national decision to create liaison committees, ordered them broken and called the Valencia city committee to "discipline" because it had ignored such anti-unity orders. All of these splitting maneuvers are accompanied by veiled attacks on the government and culminate in such attitudes as that of the Anarcho-Syndicalist press which constantly defends the Trotskyist P.O.U.M.

The government, true to the pledge it gave when it was formed, permits no sabotage of any kind, but deals heavily with its enemies. That does not mean that it has had to "repress" any anti-fascist organizations or groups. Only the fascists, the "uncontrollables," and the Trotskyites have fallen under the hammer. The majority of the Left Socialists and Anarcho-Syndicalists are the first to resent the extravagances of self-appointed spokesmen. The rapid growth of joint Socialist and Communist committees is the best proof that the Socialist rank and file have isolated the excisionists. As to the surly attitude of certain C.N.T. leaders who defend Trotskyism, the following incident tells a great deal.

A young Anarchist offered me a copy of *Revolución*, the organ of the Libertarian Youth. "Very well," I remarked, "let's see what the Trotskyites have to say."

"This is the organ of the Libertarian Youth. It has nothing to do with Trotskyism," he replied heatedly.

"Just as you say," I agreed. "But why are you so angry?"

"Because the Trotskyites are fascists, and we don't want to be mixed up with them!"

The handful of self-seeking "left" critics, who thought themselves the axis of Spain, have never quite forgiven the People's Front for imposing its policy over their heads. These rear-guard Napoleons criticize the government because in establishing central authority it is "liquidating the defenders of the revolution." When it protects peasants from bandit assault, they argue that it is fighting collectivization. When it forcibly takes arms stolen from it and hidden for the purpose of staging risings like that of May in Catalonia, it is "repressing" the proletariat. But at the front no one had time for such nonsense.

Here, for instance, is Alberto Sánchez, Cuban-born commander of one of Lister's battalions, resting after the taking of Brunete. Alberto is revolutionary enough, surely, for the most truculent of anti-centralists. Only twenty-three, he has had six years of persecution to test his steadfastness. He fought Machado, and under Grau continued to fight for vaguely libertarian ideals. With Antonio

Guiteras he became a terrorist. One might have expected that he would uphold the right of "revolutionaries" to keep their arms and defend their personal beliefs. But Alberto has learned a great deal from the war. He doesn't talk of individualism, but of discipline.

Give the men leadership [he says] and they will themselves adopt discipline without your asking. The men simply see you there and you say, "I am no better than you. We are fighting this war together—you in your post, and I in mine. Mine is to guide and direct you." Obeying the government is like that. Every man in his own post and the government directing all. Comrade, you learn a lot about revolution in Spain. To raid a bank or shoot down a reactionary, that's not revolution. The revolution is so much more—and first of all, it's to win the war!

On that basis, that kind of revolution, the whole of the Spanish people are fighting to win the war. And it is on that basis that they have the support of the bulk of humankind today. The concrete symbol of that support is fighting today. Six International Brigades, perhaps fifteen thousand men, are fighting side by side with half a million Spaniards in arms. Among them are two American battalions who have had a glorious share of the loyalist victories. Some of our confused super-revolutionaries ought to spend just a few days with the George Washington or the Abraham Lincoln Battalions, in battle or at rest. Men of all parties and men without party, men of all temperaments and without temperament—they understand their task.

You must, after all, really want to change and better the world to have come all this way. You must have a passionate and revolutionary love of democratic rights to march three successive nights, to pass three broiling days with barely any food and hardly any water, only to enter into combat that may well take your life. But visitors to the battalions—Socialists, Communists, liberals, intellectuals of all types, student organizers, and accidental journalists—have all come away with the same dominating impression: "One common purpose binds these men; they know exactly what they are fighting for."

When the Yankee anti-fascists arrived, on the morning of July 6, at the top of a ridge dominating the valley of Villanueva de la Cañada, they were tired. The heat of the sun quickly sapped their remaining energies. But they pressed on, fired by the joy of attack. They had waited so long to attack, to leave the defensive and strike at their one enemy: the fascists. Huge armies dotted the plain. All the heavy equipment of modern warfare made the picture fantastic and awesome. At the center of the valley, a typical Spanish village, the church tower reared high above the landscape. Around the village, fortifications. In the village, many machine guns, especially from the church itself, a solid edifice that had been the unhappy fortress of fascism even before the war began.

The plain stretched for miles. Direct attack meant exposure to deadly fire the whole level way. That method was soon discarded. All through the burning day, thirsty, ex-

hausted men maneuvered to get closer to the village. As they ran from cover to cover, or exchanged machine-gun fire to protect the others, planes and cannon pounded the red-tiled roofs till they shook all the dust-camouflage from them and crumbled them into one heap beside the colorless walls of the houses. At dark, a number of Spanish battalions and the Dimitroff, British, and American ones charged forward. About that time fire broke out near the church and must have penetrated the church itself, for the guns began to fail. But there was lead enough to face in that open country, two or three hundred yards from the town. Men had to fall, that their comrades might reach it safely and reclaim it from the fascists. Yankee feet trod the streets of battered Villanueva, and, next morning, the streets of Brunete.

The Americans moved east toward the Guadarrama River. The government drive had begun with a simple surprise penetration of the rebel lines. The people's army had passed Villanueva del Pardillo, slipped between Villanueva de la Cañada and Quijorna, and taken Brunete, seven miles behind the lines. Now it was necessary to broaden the front. While Campesino attacked Quijorna, to the west, and the Eighteenth Army Corps

laid siege to Pardillo, to the north, the Americans moved with their division of the people's army toward Boadilla.

The fascists fled before them. Had they not been so weary they could have reached Madrid that day. They crossed the river and continued on to the Mosquito Hills. But the terrific heat, the lack of water, their utter exhaustion would not permit them to fight their way uphill even against a panicky enemy. Human endurance had reached a limit. By morning the enemy had had time to reorganize, to place machine guns, to make the climb a perilous undertaking. They attacked bravely, winning new positions, but were forced to retire. They tried again, and altered their lines, corrected their positions, and dug in. When the first phase of the offensive had halted, the situation was summed up thus: "We have penetrated the enemy lines ten miles on a ten-mile front."

On those battlefields lie such men as Charlie Seibert of Pittsburgh, a devout Catholic, who obtained leave from the Jarama front in April in order to take communion in Madrid. Such men as Nick Habocian of Ontario, a Socialist, with a lifetime record of fighting for humanity and for his class. Such men as Hiram Dinsmore Finley, a farmer from Coshocton, O., who found the menace of fascism so great that he tore himself from his parents on the farm, while he traveled to Spain to offer his life as a barrier to the black tide.

No confusion of purposes, but a clear realization of today's great danger of world war and medieval reaction sent these men to a common death. That same single purpose, that same clear understanding, arms hundreds of American boys in the burning Mosquito Hills today to resist pain and terror, exhaustion and tension. All day long the whistle blows to announce rebel aviation. Take cover; no movement. All day long indirect machine-gun fire and snipers' bullets whistle menacingly over your head, or past your very ears, across the grass and even down the gully. At night you may, tired as you are, get the order to attack, to move your gun to that hill, or to dig trenches along the ridge.

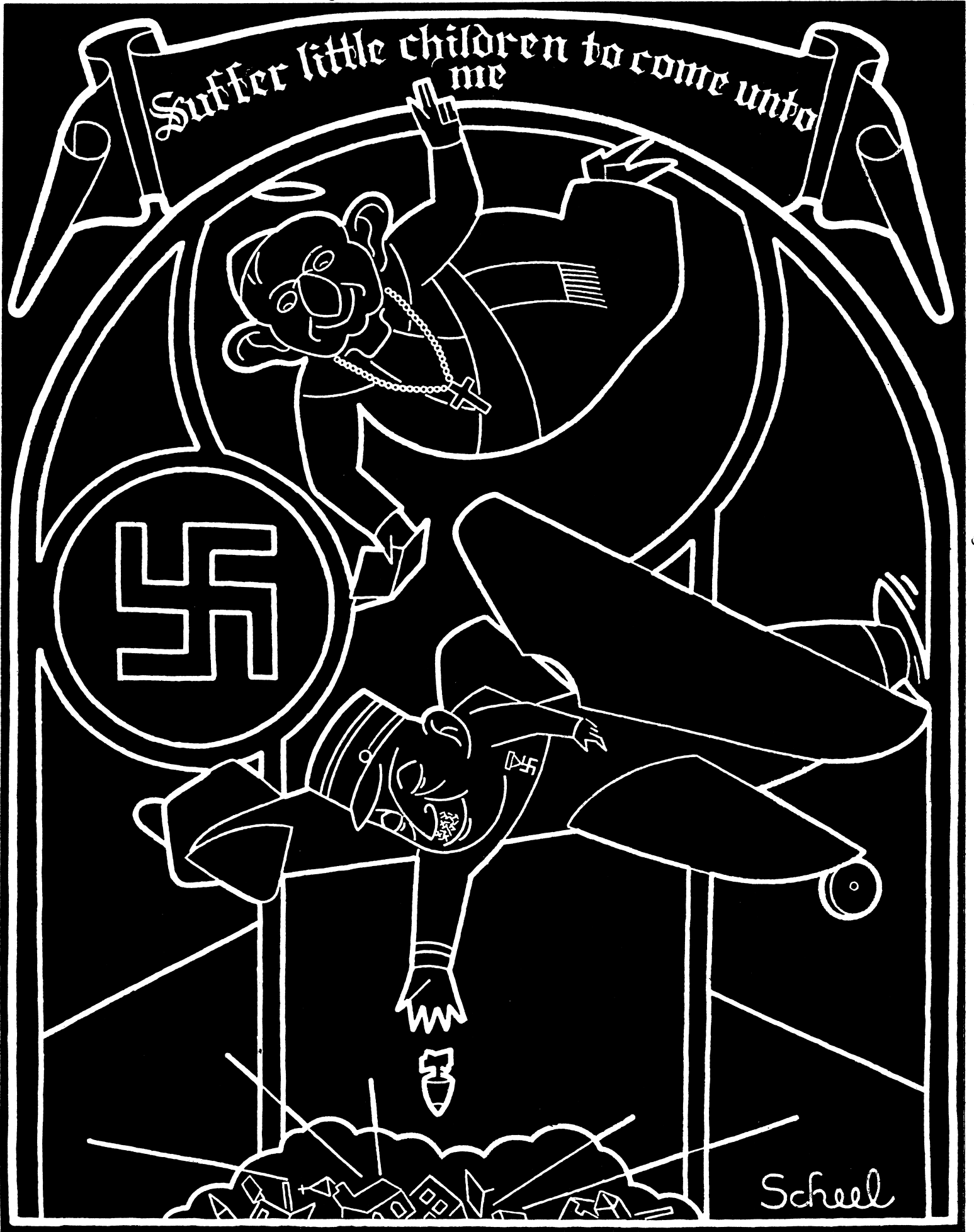
In the grim reality of war there is no room for the fantastic buzzing of revolutionary phrase-makers. Like their half-million Spanish comrades, our American boys on the Madrid front stand firm against one enemy: fascism; they are inspired by one purpose: to win the war. Sometimes the donkeys of the food convoy are shot on the way. Only half enough coffee arrives. Only dry bread all day long. Warm, muddy river-water to drink. But they carry on earnestly, teeth gritted, and have energy and enthusiasm to cheer when they hear a bit of good news: France may open her border; a single party of the Spanish proletariat may be formed; there is a prospect of unity of action between other Socialist and Communist Parties. They are with the legitimate People's Front government of Spain to the bitter end, and everything that can help hasten the victory is cheering to them; all else is aid and comfort to the enemy.



Marcella Broudo



Marcella Broudo



DESIGN FOR A STAINED GLASS WINDOW
Commemorating the Vatican's Recognition of General Franco

Theodore Scheel

NEW MASSES

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Path of Ingenuity

FROM a disgruntled old man who did not know how to fight Spain's true enemies when he was in power, former premier Largo Caballero seems to have changed into one who knows how to fight Spain's true friends now that he is out of power. The news from Spain is very disquieting in this respect. Caballero has taken to giving interviews to foreign papers which attack both the military and political policy of the present government, headed by his successor, Negrin. He may even tour the chief cities in loyalist territory to denounce everybody but his small clique. He has become a positive menace to the unification of the Spanish Socialist and Communist Parties.

A French newspaper quoted Caballero as having said in an interview: "I cannot approve of the erroneous military policy or the discriminatory social attitude" of the present government in Spain. Of course not. It would be too bad for Spain if the present government did not improve on Largo Caballero's military policy or his attitude towards the Trotskyites and Anarchist uncontrollables.

Yet this dispraise from the man who almost brought Spain to the brink of defeat is sheer self-glorification. In power, Caballero tried to be a one-man government. He insisted on being both premier and minister of war, though he had neither training nor aptitude for the latter job. Yet he refused to give it up or to permit experienced commanders to settle concrete war strategy, despite a number of terrible defeats. He viewed everything with himself as the focal point. Now that he is no longer top man, he is descending at a fast pace into the swamp of sheer oppositionism.

Caballero as war minister, resisted for many months the Communist demand for the fortification of Madrid. The Communists were "alarmists." But when the rebels were within sight of the capital, the Caballero government ignominiously fled, and the Communists practically took charge of the city in a desperate attempt to save it. As war min-

ister, Caballero categorically refused to purge the army of rebels and traitors, even in the high command. It is now no secret that Málaga fell owing to disloyal commanders whose names were known to everybody. Even after its fall, Caballero protected traitors like Generals Asensio and Cabrera. Instead, he centered his fire on heroes like General Miaja, the savior of Madrid, whom Caballero viewed as a rival.

Soon his hatred of the Communists became a veritable obsession. The Communists would not permit his actions to go unchallenged. Any enemy of communism, therefore, became his ally. This included the Anarchists, whom Caballero is now wooing, and even the Trotskyites. But the fall of Málaga was the breaking point. Beyond this, the people of Spain would stand no more.

We may hear more from this man who fought Miaja rather than Franco. It is our shame that Caballero should find an ally in Norman Thomas who has also resorted to the capitalist press for wider circulation of attacks against the Spanish government.

Straws in the Wind

LABOR, through its rank and file, is realizing the need for unity and a common front against the open-shop vigilante program that has been launched by business men and reactionaries the country over. Faced with a danger that threatens them all, workers are beginning to think of ending the costly fight between the A. F. of L. leaders and the C.I.O. As this ground swell gathers power it will give increasing support to formulas which permit and encourage unity of purpose and action in the labor movement—just as the C.I.O. itself is a product of rank-and-file determination to follow more progressive paths.

This healthy tendency has already born fruit. In Philadelphia representatives of the two organizations met recently to consider a four-point program seeking (1) united action against company unions; (2) coordination of effort in industries where both C.I.O. and A. F. of L. unions now exist; (3) means for settling jurisdictional disputes; and (4) united support of labor candidates in all elections.

At New Haven, Conn., the Central Labor Council has adopted a resolution which calls for unity and states:

Whereas in the year since the above-mentioned convention was held, the campaign of the C.I.O., instead of hindering, has given impetus to organizing many members into the American Federation. . . . Whereas the need for unity in the ranks of labor was never greater than at this time, when the open-shoppers, with the aid of their vigilante groups, are waging a war against labor, and

against such labor legislation as the Wagner Act. . . .

Be it further resolved, that we call upon the executive board to work in harmony with the C.I.O. in this state until such time as the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. may come together nationally for a united and powerful labor movement. . . .

Copies of the resolution were sent to members of the executive board and to other officers of the Connecticut Federation of Labor.

Whether or not these particular formulas, which still leave much room for debate, are widely followed, they are a step in the right direction. Rank-and-file pressure toward full trade union unity can compel the A. F. of L. leadership to remove the barriers it has set up.

Brass Tacks in China

THERE is now little room for doubt as to whether the crisis in China will eventually resolve itself into a major war. There is no room for doubt, however, that Japan has moved into Hopei and Chahar provinces with the intention of staying. The Japanese army has taken over monopoly control of the ancient capital of China, Peiping. It has appropriated the offices of the Chinese government radio administration, last of the Chinese-controlled means of communication between Peiping and the outer world. The Hopei-Chahar Political Council became a thing of the past with the resignation of General Chang Tse-chung, mayor of Tientsin. General Chang, it will be remembered, superseded General Sung as head of the Council when the Japanese tired of the latter.

Chinese resistance is still on the increase, however, especially in the Tientsin region. The Twenty-Ninth Route Army has been reported as dispersed and demoralized a number of times, but latest reports state that it has again reformed ranks for active duty. Within the last week or so, General Tsai Ting-kai, whom the Chinese masses remember for his role in the resistance to the Japanese at Shanghai, and General Feng Yushiang, vice-chairman of the Nanking's leading military committee, have committed themselves to a war of liberation without compromise.

The Japanese put over an interesting maneuver with the withdrawal of all their troops at Hankow, one of the most important southern centers. There has been some confusion in interpreting this decision. It does not signify any retreat by Japan with respect to North China. The likelihood is that the Japanese have found it dangerous to keep troops in China without large garrisons. They are unable to spare very many troops

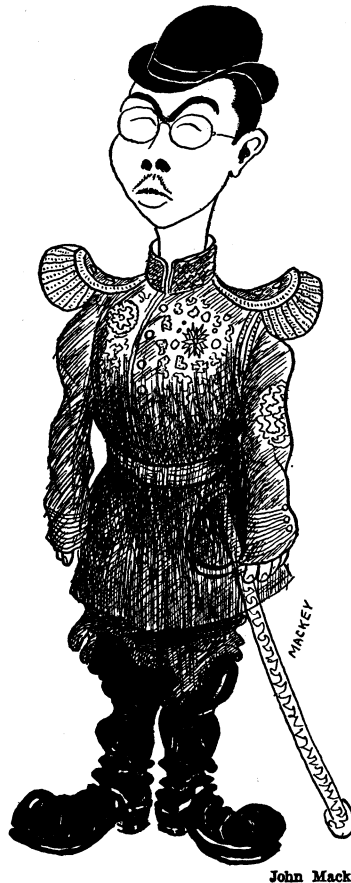
from the North China theater of operations and have thus decided that discretion is the better part of valor—in Hankow. Another possibility is that this act ties in with the reported Anglo-Japanese alliance. Japan promised to give Britain a free hand in South China, according to the British press.

Meanwhile, the United States, except for releasing thirty-seven favorable replies from as many nations to Secretary Hull's peace declaration of July 16, still stands pat. Germany, Italy, and Japan made no replies, and only the Soviets got down to earth with concrete suggestions. One thing may be said about the State Department's current policy: as far as action is concerned, Secretary Hull's department is not taking its own good advice.

Latin American Politics

FREEDOM of thought and expression have disappeared in most Latin American countries. In others—with the honorable exception of Mexico and Colombia—it leads a precarious existence. In Costa Rica, García Monge, distinguished editor of the *Repertorio Americano*, has been imprisoned and must stand trial for offending Italian fascism. In Peru, where feudal-imperialist despotism has set new standards of brutality, Manuel Arévalo, brilliant intellectual and one of the leaders of the national-revolutionary "Apra" party, was assassinated in cold blood by the police. In Ecuador, where "bloody" Páez attempts to imitate Hitler and Mussolini, dozens of writers, journalists, and teachers have been sent to the fever-ridden penal camps on the Galápagos Islands. And now word comes to us that the Argentine government has suppressed *Claridad*, for fifteen years one of the foremost monthly reviews of arts, letters, and sciences in South America.

To its countless friends in the Americas and Europe this undoubtedly was something of a shock, but the steady growth of reaction in the Argentine has foreshadowed just such an event. The situation today in Buenos Aires and the provinces is critical. President Justo and his oligarchy of cattlemen, closely linked with British capital, are preparing to perpetuate themselves in power, "legally" if possible, at the coming presidential elections. *Claridad*, in its May number, called for a people's front as the only means to save the day. Conditions are ripe for united popular action, but dissension and sabotage in the leadership of some of the liberal and radical parties, particularly the Socialist Party, have thus far blocked fulfillment of the people's front. The cause of freedom and progress in South America will receive a severe blow if



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Hirohito—in a pact with Britain?

the Argentine goes the way of Brazil, Ecuador, and Peru.

President Justo is not himself a candidate for reelection because the constitution forbids an incumbent from succeeding himself, but, in the manner of the South American "democracies," he hopes to wield power through a puppet. It is present finance minister, Roberto Ortiz, who has been nominated by the two parties which supported Justo, the National Democrats and the Anti-Personalist Radicals. Ortiz will be opposed by Marcelo Alvear, candidate of the Personalist Radicals, led for many years by Justo's political opponent, the late President Hipólito Irigoyen, who was deposed seven years ago.

When Thieves Fall Out

THE fascists in France, a dozen or more different groups, are fighting each other like gangsters. In attempting to obtain the leadership of the extreme Right, each group has been firing charges against the other, none of which the People's Front has reason to disbelieve. Previously, for example, Colonel de la Rocque and the French Social Party (the former Croix de Feu disguised) had made some political capital out of denouncing the "profiteers of the corrupt republican regime." The colonel posed as a pillar of political independence and integrity.

Now he has been exposed by ex-Premier André Tardieu, his rival for leadership of the reaction. Tardieu's paper, *Choc*, has revealed that as premier Tardieu paid de la Rocque a subsidy of twenty thousand francs a month. His successor, Premier Laval, pledged de la Rocque ten thousand francs a month. The colonel is thus exposed as one of those "profiteers of the corrupt republican regime" whom he has for years denounced.

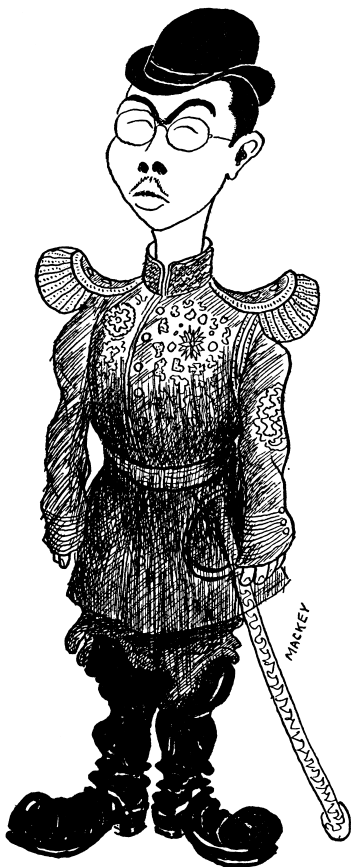
Far from denying the accusation, de la Rocque declared that "the insignificant sums, so out of proportion with the real importance of the Croix de Feu movement," are nothing compared with "the millions and the tens of millions received from abroad by other organizations." French fascism here admits being subsidized not only by the political representatives of the two hundred families but by foreign governments as well. No wonder the French people continue to support the People's Front with greater energy than ever.

On to Washington!

WITH twenty-three senators and seventy-seven representatives pledged to support it, the Schwollenbach-Allen resolution was unanimously approved by the Senate Committee on Labor and Education. Just when the resolution will reach the Senate floor and what will happen to it there and in the House is still anybody's guess. But there is no guesswork about the numbers who are being dropped off the W.P.A. rolls. From June 19 to July 17 there were 299,113 persons dismissed. In New York City more than 90 percent of those laid off in this "economy" drive have been found eligible for relief. In other words, they are without resources and without jobs. Their prospects are very bleak.

It's some one hundred and thirty days to Christmas, but long before that time half a million W.P.A. workers and their families will be facing hunger and cold, unless the Schwollenbach-Allen resolution passes Congress. The Workers' Alliance is pressing its plans for a National Job March to arrive in the capital August 23. Reports from many sources show city and state governments, trade unions, and other groups uniting behind the demand that W.P.A. jobs be continued for workers shut out from private industry.

With many lines of business beginning to show decreases as compared with 1936 figures and reactionaries frankly out to hamstring the labor movement, it is imperative to reverse the present Works Progress Administration policy. Leaving out the welfare of the individuals and their families, the addition of 727,000 W.P.A. workers to an al-



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ready glutted labor market might easily start us off on another "spiral of depression."

The Doctor's Dilemma

SINCE the late fall of last year Mt. Sinai Hospital in Philadelphia has been the scene of a dramatic struggle which has come to involve not only the medical staff and many of the institution's patients, but members of the surrounding community as well. Founded more than a third of a century ago as a small out-patient dispensary, Mt. Sinai grew to an institution housing over three hundred patients and providing medical relief to thousands of the sick and poor. During nearly all of this long period the hospital has drawn upon the medical skill of many fine physicians, while its business affairs have been guided by public-spirited members of a lay board of trustees.

As is customary in such situations, responsibility was divided. The lay board, restricting its attention to financial matters, left the direction of medical affairs to a chief of staff. Last fall an accumulation of grievances led a group of one hundred doctors to form the Junior Staff Association. When they appealed to Dr. A. I. Rubenstone, the medical director, he promptly referred them to Maurice Wurzel, president of the lay board. This in spite of the fact that the conditions the staff complained of were matters affecting hospital routine.

Mr. Wurzel's qualifications are interesting. He is employed by a real-estate manipulator and politician, Albert M. Greenfield. Far from declining to act in a field where he had neither proper authority nor knowledge, Mr. Wurzel curtly ordered the association to disband and threatened its members with immediate dismissal if they refused. After a vain attempt to interest other lay trustees—bankers and lawyers—the Junior Staff Association dissolved. It wasn't long, however, before members found that a system of espionage had been set up. Rumors of wholesale dismissals came next.

In self-defense the association reformed its ranks and once more urged Mr. Wurzel to give consideration to their plight. Mr. Wurzel responded by firing the president, vice-president, and secretary of the association. This "discussion" was followed by a meeting of the lay board attended by the hospital staff chiefs. The latter were handed lists of the men they must dismiss—about fifty in all. Although the lay board was in no way equipped to pass judgment upon members of the medical profession, the staff chiefs carried out the dismissal orders. The remaining sixty members of the junior staff then appealed to the community. This ap-

peal resulted in more discharges. Some ninety physicians now stand dismissed.

Needless to say, the clinical care of patients has suffered, and many who need attention are turned away. It is reported that three important clinics have no attending physician except the chief of staff. A bulletin put out by the Junior Staff Association says: "We ask the help of an aroused community to prevent Mr. Wurzel from practicing medicine in order that the high standard of Mt. Sinai may be preserved." Physicians who are fearful of political control under socialized medicine should investigate the situation at Mt. Sinai.

Hitler and Picasso

HITLER'S attack on modern art has been explained by some as the expression of a mediocre, frustrated artist. A better explanation of the Nazi campaign against so-called *Kulturbolshevismus* is the hatred which fascism necessarily has for truly creative minds. These naturally tend to oppose a regime which spells the death of all real culture. The most recent example has been furnished by Picasso, perhaps the greatest painter of modern times, who has joined the people's front and is now helping the Spanish government to exhibit the paintings of the Prado in Paris.

In the meantime, while Germans are crowding the museum of the condemned moderns, there comes another explanation of Hitler's stand on art. This one has little to do with aesthetics or psychology; it reveals rather the low state of German economy under fascist rule. That same chaos which has led the Nazis to compel farmers to deliver their daily bread to the government, has also led to a frantic search for every possible means of getting ready cash. First-

rate modern paintings fetch good prices in Paris and New York, and the recent project of the Guggenheim Foundation to acquire moderns for America has tended to boost these prices. The Nazis, hard up for money, plan to strip German galleries of modern paintings and sell them to the highest bidder. Hitler's typically violent and illiterate attack on the new art was, among other things, an official publicity stunt, prelude to such judicious bargaining as Nazi salesmen can put through in the art market.

C.I.O. Reds

"MR. KAMP is not in."
"Mr. Kamp may be back tomorrow."

"Mr. Kamp will be back in three weeks."

Mr. Kamp has left no forwarding address, and seems anxious to avoid meeting Jacob Belford, attorney for Robert W. Dunn, executive secretary of the Labor Research Association.

Joseph P. Kamp is the author of a pamphlet entitled, *Join the C.I.O. and Help Build a Soviet America*, published by the Constitutional Educational League. Prominent Connecticut citizens form the Advisory Board of the league, among them Col. Anthony Sunderland, commissioner of police, Hartford; Judge John L. Gilson, of the New Haven Probate Court; Charles D. Lockwood, law partner of Homer Cummings, United States Attorney-General. Eminently respectable company. Yet Col. Sunderland disclaims activity in the league, Judge Lockwood is "out of town," and attempts to reach other supporters have been unsuccessful. Why were they so shy?

Mr. Kamp is proud of his creative work. The pamphlet is a slick job typographically. It has circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies. Its author's veracity in presenting "evidence" of the "Moscow control" of the C.I.O. is seemingly demonstrated by an offer of \$1000 reward to "anyone who can prove that a single charge made in this booklet is untrue. A similar reward is offered if it can be shown that any of the published quotations are not strictly accurate."

The Labor Research Association claims the reward, pointing out that the pamphlet contains at least twenty misstatements. The L.R.A. has offered to submit its evidence before a board of educators chosen from the faculty of Yale University or any other university. But the Constitutional Educational League considers itself "quite competent to judge the adequacy of such evidence as you may present. . . ."

The league recently found it convenient to incorporate, executing the papers before Madelyn A. Cannon, a justice of the peace,



Picasso—on humanity's side

who turns out to be secretary of the league. We hesitate to conclude that an organization backed by such pillars of the community wishes to evade its responsibility, or to refer, as Mr. Belford does in a letter to the league, to the "widespread impression that your organization is a racket."

The Wage-Hour Bill

KNUCKLING under to reactionary pressure opposing the possibility of a seventy-cent hourly minimum wage and a thirty-five-hour work-week, the House Labor Committee has recommended the 40-40 provisions adopted by the Senate. Even with this wage limitation, there still remain millions of workers whose incomes can be greatly enhanced through the application of this standard. Especially since a House amendment brings most retail employees within the scope of the bill. Moreover, though average wages in manufacturing industries have risen to a figure well above the projected minimum of sixteen dollars weekly, this does not mean that workers in all industries have shared in the advance.

Zionism Muffs Its Opportunity

THE recent Zionist Congress in Zurich only emphasized the real crisis in the Zionist movement which has been coming to a head ever since the 1936 clashes between Arabs and Jews in Palestine. On the surface, the debate at the Congress centered around the British plan to partition Palestine into a Jewish state, an Arab state as adjunct to Transjordan, and a British corridor from Jerusalem to Jaffa. One side, led by the president of the Zionist organization, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, camouflaged its support of the British plan by accepting it as a basis for "bargaining." Another faction, led by Dr. Stephen S. Wise and others, rejected the plan as fraud and mockery.

Was this, however, the real basis of the dispute? It seems not. No doubt the British proposal stunned a large section of the Zionist leadership and practically all of the rank and file. The Congress decision to accept the Weizmann line will not do much to relieve that apprehension. For the partition proposal has confronted the Zionist movement with the necessity of reexamining first principles, the very goal and content of the movement in a concrete form. For a long time, Zionists maintained comforting illusions rooted in vague formulas. These have now been swept aside.

Average hourly earnings declined between December 1934 and December 1936 in no less than twenty-three branches of industry studied by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In men's furnishings, for example, this decline amounted to 17.7 percent! And a further tendency during this period was "for wages to fall in the *low-wage* industries." Detailed data in this study of wage trends from 1933 to 1936 reveal conditions that freely explain the deep hostility to any wages and hours bill which seeks to end such wholesale exploitation.

Because the House Committee adopted several amendments designed to protect wage and hour standards already established by collective bargaining, some commentators charge that the bill delegates legislative powers to trade unions. And this, together with a wholesome dread of an administrative board that might be pro-labor, is said to threaten the foundations of responsible government.

Apparently it takes a long time to convince certain people that governmental responsibility is not limited solely to the upper-income brackets.

The pro-partition faction at the Congress argued very simply that this was the best compromise available and, anyway, perhaps Great Britain would be more liberal about the boundary lines after some negotiation. Posing as "realists," these Zionists were ready to accept a plan which, according to *Davar*, Palestine's leading Zionist daily, "means a Jewish state without Jews and Zionism without Zion." The paper, in the first heat of disappointment, exaggerated somewhat. But the fact remains that the Jewish state, if and when it becomes a reality, will hardly amount to a homeland for most oppressed Jews in the outer world and will be confronted with tremendous inner contradictions.

In respect to the population problem, the Jewish state will be almost as large as Delaware, but it already has twice the population of Delaware. It must be remembered that Delaware is an industrial state while Palestine is not. In respect to future peace in Zion, the Jewish state will still contain more than two hundred thousand Arabs, a very sizable minority, having a much faster rate of natural increase than the Jews. It might almost be said that the new state will possess all the problems of the old, even though it will be in miniature.

The real crisis in the Zionist movement is much more clearly seen among the opponents of partition. In this country, the most bitter opponents are the so-called Labor Zionists. The latest issue of their English organ, the *Jewish Frontier*, features articles of an extremely hostile nature by both its editors.

Reading these articles we are struck by their utter inability to offer any alternative. They dislike this plan intensely. But what do they offer in its stead? Do they want to keep the original mandate, under which Great Britain rules supreme, the same Great Britain which the *Jewish Frontier* so frequently denounces as perfidious? Do they want a Jewish state over all Palestine, not merely one-fourth? What part shall the Arabs play in any Palestinian government?

The partition plan inevitably raises these fundamental questions. It is easy enough to reject. It is harder to reconstruct. The supporters of the plan have triumphed because they accepted the British proposal and thus saved themselves the trouble of thinking it through. The opponents of the plan know what they dislike, but they are impotent because they refuse to look the truth in the face.

As a result, a good many votes were lost to the opposition through the backsliding of delegates already committed against the plan. These people lack any fundamental outlook on the whole subject and they sway with contradictory winds of doctrine, depending upon which is stronger at a given time and place. The pro-partition faction had the Congress in the bag even before it began, because they were largely in charge of its machinery and they operated on the basis of a *fait accompli*. The tragedy now in store for world Jewry is this: the Arabs may well carry on the fight against British imperialism alone and the Zionist organizations will again appear in public as Britain's chief ally.

The old mandate cannot do. It is just as much a British snare as the new plan. It raised just as insuperable problems in relations to the Arabs as the new one. It has resulted in at least three major clashes. So the Labor Zionists go slow in espousing the *status quo ante*.

They are in this dilemma because they still refuse to see that the only solution to the Palestine problem is a frontal attack against the mandate in principle. Instead of British rule, democratic rule by the people of Palestine, meaning both Jews and Arabs. Instead of a Jewish state of laughable dimensions, a democratic state in which the Jews, as a minority, will possess all the rights and privileges of a national minority. The Jews and Arabs of Palestine lived in peace and order for two thousand years before the mandate. They can live thus again—without the mandate.

Ghosting for Girdler

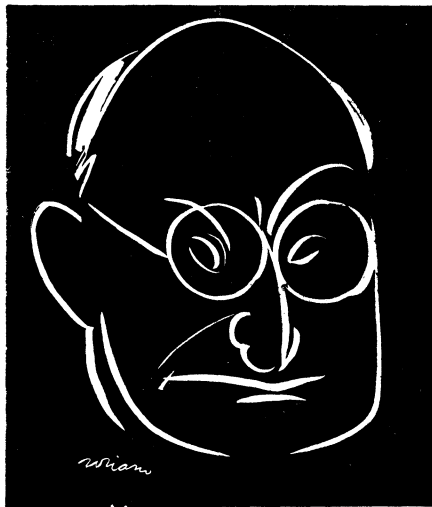
In its offensive against labor's legally guaranteed rights, big business unlimbers its heavy artillery against the labor board

By William B. Smith

A LITTLE over two years ago, on July 5, 1935, President Roosevelt signed the National Labor Relations Act, making it *almost* a law of the land. That qualifying word is necessary because spokesmen for big business had given strong warning that they would fight any and all such governmental interference with their corporate affairs. They declared that the essential purpose of the act, which undertook to make genuine collective bargaining possible, was unconstitutional. For twenty-one months their resistance created a legal no-man's land where labor, driving toward unionization, met with every type of opposition that business strategy could devise. On April 12, 1937, the Supreme Court upheld the act. If that decision shocked the Tories, they recovered quickly.

Before another three months had passed, these same corporate interests served notice that the law itself needed changing. Moving by indirection this time, our rugged individualists, whose financial ties mesh so closely, are attacking at several points. Just now their heaviest fire is aimed at one feature of the act which has proved especially irksome—the National Labor Relations Board. Essentially this administrative body has the task of seeing that collective bargaining is not interfered with. As Edwin S. Smith, member of the board, has stated: "With a few notable exceptions, the American industrial tradition has been to deny workers that share in control which workers enjoy when they can bargain over the terms under which they are willing to sell their labor. The National Labor Relations Board stands as the protector of the right of workers to move in their own behalf toward that control. The board can do no more than that."

Prior to April 12 and since that date, the N.L.R.B. has been called upon to act on nearly two thousand complaints—cases where employees found their legal right to self-organization and collective bargaining blocked by one or more of the five "unfair practices" which are enumerated in the Wagner Act. Neither labor nor the N.L.R.B. determines these practices—they were specified by the Congress of the United States. Very briefly, the law prohibits: (1) interference with workers who want to join labor organizations; (2) domination of or interference with workers' organizations (exemplified by company unions); (3) discrimination against any worker for union membership or activity; (4) discrimination against an employee because he has testified or filed charges under this act; (5) refusal to bargain collectively.



Soriano

Since the entire purpose of the act centers on collective bargaining, it is not surprising to find that seven hundred of the first 1842 cases brought before the board hinged upon this last item. And it is self-evident, too, that the ultimate purpose behind any of these prohibited activities is to block collective bargaining. Hence it becomes the duty of the National Labor Relations Board to investigate and pass judgment *when* workers allege that an employer has been guilty of unfair practices.

This should be clearly understood. The board does not act on its own initiative nor does it have any voice in determining wages, hours, or other conditions of work. It cannot tell employees what they should demand, nor can it advise employers what demands they must accept. Indeed, the board cannot even insist that the two reach an agreement. Only when workers undertake to organize for collective bargaining, meet with unfair practices, and petition the board, is it empowered to act.

Nevertheless, the N.L.R.B. now finds itself the center of a fight that promises to equal the Supreme Court controversy in range and viciousness. Incidentally, there is a moral here for all liberals who were afraid of Roosevelt's proposal to unpack the court. One of their chief arguments turned on the fact that, since the Wagner Act was found constitutional, the court could be relied on to uphold other progressive legislation. Having tossed that bit of bait, the Tories are now getting ready to snatch it back again. But since the opposition does not dare to assail the principle of collective bargaining as set forth in the Wagner Act, it is compelled to train its fire on the agency designated by Congress to promote such industrial relations. With the successful

example of the court fight to follow, reactionaries have already decided what their technique will be. But before examining this new-old false front, it is well to see how the N.L.R.B. works. Especially as most of the heavy guns are aimed at the board's activities rather than at its designated purpose.

Headed by three men in Washington, the board operates through twenty-one regional offices located in principal industrial cities throughout the country. When a complaint is received, the regional director sends a staff member to investigate. Very often this first intercession settles the point at issue. If it does not, however, a hearing is held before a trial examiner—the recent Ford "trial" in Detroit is a sensational example. When the evidence has been presented by both parties to the dispute, the examiner presents his findings. This intermediate report is sent to the union, the employer, and the board. If the hearing has shown unfair practices by the employer, the examiner makes recommendations for compliance with the law. Should this be refused, the board in Washington may hold a new hearing, modify the intermediate report or accept it. Following this decision, cease-and-desist orders are issued by the board. Beyond this, employers may send the case to a circuit court of appeals by refusing compliance.

Certainly nothing in the mechanism outlined above is open to question. Indeed, it would be hard to suggest a more rational, orderly way of procedure. And the board's excellent record of cases settled without court intervention or the necessity of a trial is a clear proof that the method is highly practicable. Moreover, the number of petitions dismissed for insufficient evidence (about twenty percent) points to a strictly judicial attitude by the board and the members of its staff.

How does this agency fit into the current American scene, and how nearly do its avowed objectives express the desires of men and women everywhere? To answer these questions it is necessary to go back half a dozen years, to the decline and fall of Herbert Hoover. In the campaign before Roosevelt's first victory, new political alignments appeared. The 1932 election and the speeches which preceded it, ranged progressive elements seeking social change against conservative forces in the nation. Two congressional campaigns and Franklin D. Roosevelt's second overwhelming victory made the earlier line of cleavage more apparent.

This fleeting review would not be complete without a quick glimpse at the labor scene itself. Just as the last six years have brought

new political forces sharply into focus, so, too, the growth of social consciousness breathed a new spirit into the ranks of labor. Given the backward, craft-bound traditions of the American Federation of Labor, whose leaders have fought mainly to maintain their vested interests in the skilled trades, some movement like the C.I.O. was inevitable. While the amazing strides this organization has made within the past year reflect the energy and resourcefulness of John L. Lewis and his aides, this growth had its roots in an awakening labor force. Moreover, the last election demonstrated that wide sections of the public, apart from wage earners themselves, viewed this new development with approval.

Indeed, the public response to steps taken in behalf of labor has continued to be so strongly favorable that die-hard reactionaries have been literally compelled to adopt round-about methods of attack. And not only do they avoid criticism of collective bargaining itself, they find it necessary to unearth spokesmen with liberal tendencies to fire the opening guns. Senator Nye recently charged that the National Labor Relations Board "seems to have gone out of its way to demonstrate to the public that it is a partisan body rather than a judicial institution."

Calling the board a "kangaroo court," the senator expressed grave fears that a day may come "when another governmental body of the same type will use its tremendous power to oppress labor." The fact that Senator Nye's office released the statement two hours after copies of it were handed out by Sam Jones, takes much of the edge off. Besides having dubious connections with Tom Girdler's press notices, Jones was mentioned by the LaFollette Committee as being tied up with the Railway Audit and Inspection Co., notorious for labor espionage.

LIBERALS of various shades of opinion have followed Mr. Nye's lead—all voicing sympathy with labor, but fearful over the consequences of maladministration by the N.L.R.B. Senator Walsh, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee when the law was enacted, said, "It is possible that some of the members of the National Labor Relations Board have not performed their functions conscientiously and honorably. It is possible that they have been dominated or controlled by one side or the other." And he reflected the big money ballyhoo in a remark designed to put the blame for violations of the law on labor. Commenting on the tremendous movement into organized labor unions, Mr. Walsh offered it as his opinion that Congress had had no such purpose in passing the Wagner Act. He topped off these observations by asserting that nearly all recent strikes were due to "rivalries between different labor groups."

General Hugh Johnson, who got \$40,000 in salary and \$5654 traveling and incidental expenses from the Radio Corporation of America for "professional services in connection with labor troubles at Camden, N. J.," was quick to join the anvil chorus. The one-



"I smell a rat."

Jack Luca

month strike that the general sat in on cost R.C.A. more than \$800,000, including one payment of \$153,000 to an "agency" for guards, etc. David Sarnoff, R.C.A. head, found Johnson's services "highly satisfactory."

Perhaps it was fear of competition that led Johnson to attack the N.L.R.B. In a column headed, "No More O.G.P.U.'s" he said, "An employer has as much chance before that board as an aristocrat had before the French tribunes of the terror." The general went on to bemoan the trend of the times. "Under political pressures and an administration crusading for labor, the board's conduct is convincing most people that it is neither wise nor fair." And he laid a beautiful wreath on the grave of the old N.R.A. labor board.

When Representative John E. Rankin's words are laid end to end with Hugh Johnson's, the tory formula becomes more apparent. Speaking on behalf of Mississippi employers, Rankin alleged that the N.L.R.B. was "conspiring with communistic influences to destroy southern industries." Off to a flying start, he added, "I cannot withhold my protest until the streets of southern towns are stained with the blood of innocent people as a result of the activities of these irresponsible representatives of the so-called Labor Relations Board."

This last statement sheds light on one of the immediate purposes behind the tory campaign, namely to cripple the board and virtually nullify the Wagner Act by cutting off

further funds. When the Supreme Court upheld this law, President Roosevelt declared that the board would require at least three times the money that was then appropriated. The director of the budget approved a request for an additional sum of \$1,800,000. Since that time a bill appropriating this sum has been stalled in a House sub-committee. With nearly two thousand cases pending, the board has need of the full appropriation. And unless employers experience a sudden change of heart, this need will continue as new campaigns for unionization push into hitherto neglected fields.

Because the C.I.O. has expanded so rapidly and successfully in steel, autos, rubber, and other "untouchable" industries, labor-hating employers have made John L. Lewis's organization the subject of most of their tirades. The C.I.O. is irresponsible, and the N.L.R.B. is partial to this communist, industry-wrecking crew, so say the Weirs, Sloans, and Girdlers. From their present outpourings one might suppose that these big shots looked favorably on the principle of collective bargaining. In fact, their liberal stooges make precisely that claim. One glance at the record is enough to dispose of all such hypocritical rantings.

Back in 1933, before the C.I.O. or the Wagner Act existed, Congress passed the National Industrial Recovery Act. This was a first effort to distribute more of the nation's goods to the workers who produce them.



"I smell a rat."

Jack Luca

Those were the blue-eagle days when General Johnson dodged "dead cats" and threatened to "crack down" on recalcitrant employers. There was a labor board, too, with Senator Wagner at its head. And how did our high-minded industrialists react to this set-up, even when their plants were limping along at a small fraction of capacity?

The record is illuminating. In July of 1933, a month after the N.R.A. began, Henry Ford declared, "Thirty years ago they were talking just as they are today. Somebody was going to fix everything by getting control of everybody's business. . . . If you don't have to test your theories by the payroll, you can go a long way." Almost three months later, on October 4, E. T. Weir said that his National Steel Co. would not recognize the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers. That same day a steel striker was murdered in Ambridge, Pa. On October 6, President Roosevelt called upon Nathan L. Miller, of the American Iron and Steel Institute, Charles Schwab, Bethlehem's chairman, and Myron Taylor, of the U. S. Steel Corp., to cooperate with the administration. Governor Pinchot said the situation in steel's "captive" coal mines was outrageous, and that the operators were "holding out on technicalities." Down Harlan way, west Kentucky coal operators were advertising, "Once and for all we will not recognize or contract with U.M.W.A. or John L. Lewis." They had company unions in their fields.

Four days later Hugh Johnson, in addressing an A. F. of L. convention, spoke in favor of "vertical" unions, but took a crack at labor nevertheless. Said he, "The plain, stark truth is that you cannot tolerate the strike." And the National Labor Board asked 13,000 National steel strikers to go back to work for Weir pending intervention by the board. By the middle of December, Mr. Weir's lofty convictions led him to refuse to accept the labor board's election rules; in fact, he terminated all relationship with agents of the board. N. Y. *Times* headlines read:

N.R.A. WARNS WEIR
NOT TO BREAK LAW;
STEEL MAN DEFIANT
WEIR SEES A COURT TEST

Johnson Telegraphs That Company-Ruled Vote Will Be a "Deliberate Violation"

At that same time William Green was exclaiming, "Labor is fully behind the N.R.A. It does not wish to see it degenerate into another liquor prohibition law. Wholesale evasion of the labor section must be stopped promptly. Either labor is free to organize unions without coercion and restraint from employers or it is not."

Weir, Schwab, and Ford did not stand alone. Back in June, after Congress had passed the N.I.R.A., Robert R. Lund, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, made their attitude very plain. Opposing the

labor sections of the bill, he said, "We would prefer that the present situation between employer and employee continue. Our conception of the proper result from this bill would be that it would have no effect upon the present relations." Can anyone remembering the labor market at that time fail to see the sure forecast of a thousand industrial disputes?

No, these gentlemen have never varied in their bitter hostility to organized labor. Union pressure, the unmistakable tenor of public opinion, and the final fact of federal laws upholding collective bargaining have driven the big money men somewhat under cover. Girdler, Grace, Ford, and the rest are compelled to use new tactics, but their objectives stay put. They have never accepted the New Deal in any real way because its implications threatened their stranglehold on labor. And it would have been surprising indeed if such men had failed to gang up on the N.L.R.B. once the Supreme Court saved its own skin by declaring the Wagner Act constitutional.

With the C.I.O. daring to invade such feudal kingdoms as the Ford Motor Co. and Republic Steel, there was only one way by which the National Labor Relations Board could have avoided the present storm. That was to allow these rugged individualists to override the law as they were accustomed to doing. And it must not be supposed that members of the N.L.R.B. were neglected during the period from July 1935. Anti-union pressure came from many sources, including congressmen who wrote angry letters of protest against the board's labor policy. Over and over again corporations have tried to "reach" members of the staff. It is significant, too, that only one of these attempts was successful. In that particular case the sell-out preceded a change of jobs—from the N.L.R.B. to the industrial relations staff of the company involved in the dispute.

Needless to say, this fine record of loyalty and integrity has not endeared the N.L.R.B. personnel to men whose labor policy depends upon one or more of the unfair practices that are forbidden under the Wagner Act. It may have been company unions, or the use of armed gangsters, or systematic discharge of union-minded workers that served to prevent organization in the past. Thus, in a recent hearing of charges against Republic Steel, the complaint stated:

Company officers and agents . . . have followed S.W.O.C. organizers and have brutally attacked and beaten them. The company, both prior to and since the strike (steel), has considerably increased the number of its police force for the purpose of interfering with the rights of its employees peacefully to picket the plants.

The company maintains at its plants in Youngstown, Niles, Warren, Canton, and Cleveland, in the state of Ohio, extensive arsenals, stocked with machine guns, rifles, revolvers, tear-gas, and other bombs. . . .

At the board's preliminary hearing in Washington this indictment was sustained by the testimony of *public officials* having no connection with the S.W.O.C. Just as much of the recent evidence against Ford came from

persons entirely outside the labor movement. Thus, in addition to halting unfair practices, the National Labor Relations Board has done much to expose the economic royalists who use such methods. Naturally this double "injury" has made die-hard industrialists see red. And so long as the N.L.R.B. administers the Wagner Act to obtain a measure of justice for workers who seek the right of collective bargaining, its members will be subject to attack.

It is noteworthy, however, that none of the charges brought against the board makes any reference to specific instances. Senator Nye and others alleged that the board was definitely pro-C.I.O. Yet when Senator Wagner challenged his statement, Mr. Nye conceded that he had never heard of a single employer who contended that the board's elections were not "absolutely fair and impartial." Apparently Senator Nye had been relying on the statements of a certain Reverend Reginald F. Naugle, loud-voiced devotee of Nazism, company unions, and a national hook-up for vigilantism. The senator's new-found zeal for "unbiased" opinion led him to a three-hour conference with Reverend Naugle.

Since none of the charges against the N.L.R.B. has any basis in fact, the board has made no official reply beyond pointing to the excellent record of cases settled, strikes averted, and elections held under its auspices. President Roosevelt, however, has stated emphatically that he did not consider the board to be in the least one-sided. And he gave it as his opinion that there had been many violations of agreements by employers in the last ten years. With the evidence that has already come to light in countless hearings, there is no need to belabor this last point. Ford, Girdler, Weir—a new rogue's gallery is filling up fast as workers claim protection under the laws of the land.

But the very fact that proper administration of the Wagner Act can bring these industrial pirates to account shows how essential it is to keep the National Labor Relations Board at work and guard against any tampering with the present statute. Senator Vandenberg, among others, is desperately anxious to protect employees from self-coercion and enforce the sacred right to work. His solicitude takes the form of amendments defining "unfair labor practices" in terms that almost coincide with those recommended by the National Association of Manufacturers. This would round out the tory program nicely and more than justify the expensive publicity campaign that big business is already underwriting.



John Helliker



John Helker

John Helker

A Letter from the Country

*A prairie farmer records some facts
not fit to print in the local press*

By Albert Maltz

WELL, that answers all your questions I guess. Now I'll tell you why I didn't send you any letter before this, like I said I would.

I got hurt pretty bad about a month after you left here and will now tell you the whole story from the beginning. If my handwriting skitters around, don't you mind it because my fingers are stiff and I ain't been able to hold a pencil till now. And anyway I am still laying on my back with Sarah bringing me vittals like I was her prize heifer she was nourishing for the state fair. Ha! ha!

After you left us everything was going fine. The effect of our winning the trial, after we were arrested for stopping Mogens Petrie's eviction, was that we had a big increase in the union. The farmers all learnt we could stop foreclosures if we all get together, and get us seed and feed loans also and a moratorium on foreclosures, etc. And old Mogens Petrie was the happiest man in South Dakota because we stopped the sheriff from throwing him off his farm where he homesteaded forty-six years ago. He was the first homesteader out here and Mogens works for the union now hard as a beaver.

To give you just an example—we took over Sulky, which is the county seat you know, for a whole Saturday afternoon celebration. We had a wagon opposite Milket's department store for our speechmaking and our boys selling the *Farmer's Weekly* through the crowd. By God, we had every farmer in the whole blessed county who had enough gas to run his buggy into town. Julius Bosco made a wonderful speech I can tell you and there wasn't nobody in the crowd chinning the women or doing anything but listen to Julius. There was about two thousand listening—half our people—and we got seventy-six new members into the union including two Indians who we were glad to get because we ain't reached them much and there's many of them here—about because as you know this is reservation territory. It was a big victory. I guess you would have been glad to see something like that. Our union sure grewed in the month you was gone.

Well a week later we got a surprise package nobody expected. I guess it took us off our perch all right. We were all of us riding too high and confident that the trust company would be too scared of us to venture any more evictions. The only one had his eyes open being Henry Plut. He said you're all so puffed up like turkey cocks you think there ain't nothing to do now but drink soda pop to glory. The fight's just beginning he told

us and they're agonna hit back at you, and we didn't a one of us believe him. Well things is sure different now.

Saturday night a week after the celebration we had a meeting in a school house out near Belleville. Coming back between Sissebel and Sulky we stopped on the road. There was about five autos all stopped in the middle of the road. And a big crowd. It looked like an accident so we stopped to see couldn't we help some. We were on our way to a farm dance. Everybody was feeling fine because there was a big turnout at Belleville. We had with us Julius Bosco, Curt Wallace, old Mogens Petrie, Clarence Shipley, and Mogens boy Jasper who just got engaged to Emma Skarnagel you'll be glad to know. You'll laugh when I tell you I had on a brand new Panama I paid eighty-nine cents for. Because I sure made a mistake wearing that. It was a sin of vanity.

Well we never got a chance to get out of the car at all. Soon as we stopped there was about thirty men on all sides of us pointing guns. Not sayin a God liveth thing. Just silent and pointing.

WELL I sure don't know what to think. A few of them I know well. Not friends but well. Like some farmers from Huk county like John Babec. Some of them I didn't know. They were from neighboring towns I found out later. And some are loafers from Sissebel, Sulky, East Britters, etc., fellows who you see loafing on the corner or always with one foot raised in the gin joints and shooting pool. But there was some big shots like Major Paulson, head of county relief, and Peter Tiffler, secretary of the Legion in Sissebel, John Sondegaarde, the grain elevator man, etc. It sure was a mixed crowd and when I see it I don't know what to make out of it.

Then I see Emil Sutter, sheriff of Black Rock county. I figure then maybe there was a bank hold-up and they were a posse.

Well there we were—them saying nothing and we not knowing what to say.

Suddenly someone in the crowd yells "Come on out from that car you red b. . . ."

I want to tell you there was two seconds there when no one breathed we were so surprised. Finally Julius says "What's the matter, Johnny, you drunk?" (Julius was correct there. Everybody is drunk to glory. They must have been guzzling all day to prime their stomachs for their dirty job. Johnny is a clerk at East Britters Trust Co. so you can see why he is in that bunch.)

Well we still don't know what's up. But

right off they tell us all we need to know. Sondegaarde walks over and swings a big hickory club he carries and smashes the windshield. The glass goes over everybody but fortunate it just got Jasper Petrie. He had a piece round as a quarter stuck in his cheek.

And at the same time everybody hollers "Come on out—how do you like that?" One guy yells "Give them a shot of tear gas." (They even brought tear gas. Got it from the sheriff.)

Well Julius jumped right out of the car. Nobody can't scare him. And he's been so respected since the war he couldn't believe anybody was after him. Me I knew better. I was plenty scared.

I guess you never met Julius because I recollect he was on a speaking tour when you were here. Well Julius is a big, husky, fellow. He's about forty-five years now. When he come back from the war Black Rock county was so proud of him they wanted to name the Legion hall after him. He got two medals and a personal letter from the president, etc. But Julius said no. He said name it the Liberty Post of the Legion. Just wait till I tell you about later.

And Julius walks with a limp in his right leg. His four toes being shot away in the war. Did you ever hear Emmet his daddy talk about it? It sure is good. Emmet says "The government gave Yoolyus (that's how he calls him) a medal in swap for his toes but Yoolyus—the damn fool—he don't think it was such a good bargain." Ha! ha! Emmet's against war like hell. Julius wasn't when he went but he is now.

Well Julius jumps out of the car and grabs Sondegaarde by the shirt. "What's the matter with you, Pete," he says, "you gone crazy?"

Sondegaarde spits out his tobacco and says "Julius, we're some of the good citizens of Black Rock county and we decided we don't want any more Bolsheviki ideas around here. We're a law and order committee and we're out to see there ain't no more interference with the law." How do you like that? "Some of you farmers," he says, "think all you got to do is laze around and not pay taxes or meet your honest debts and then you just interfere when the sheriff comes to do his duty. Well we don't like this red socialist and anarchist union of yours and we're gone to bust it up."

"Oh you are," says Julius. "It seems to me like you must have been collecting some mortgages on the side, Pete. That's why you're so burned up about our union."

Then Sondegaarde shoves Julius back then and hollers at him mad as six hornets. "I

ain't gonna argue with you, you red b....," he hollers. "We're here to make law abiding citizens out of every goddam one of you."

"How you gone to do that Pete," Julius asks him.

"This is how," Sondegaarde says and he hits Julius twice. Later we found it cracked six ribs right then and at the same time he slams Julius with his right fist on the neck and Julius goes down like a head of beef. I sure thought I was gone to bust to pieces inside of me when I see that. I just wanted to kill that big b.....

Julius is a big man but Sondegaarde is bigger. He is about two hundred and sixty pounds. Like a tree trunk. Once I seen him bet Nils Nielson he could stun a heifer with one blow. Did it too! Hit her on the front of the head. She just caved in and flopped over like she'd been hit with a sledge hammer.

Well, when we seen that we all made a break to get out of the car but someone shot off a gun and everybody pointed their double barrels at us. That stopped us.

Then that son of a b..... Sondegaarde steps to Julius where he's laying on the ground and kicks him between the legs and Julius screams. I sure felt like Sondegaarde had kicked me and we sure forgot about their guns then. If they had been holding machine guns at us it would not have made no difference. We piled out fighting, even young Jasper with the piece of glass still sticking in his cheek and blood running out all over like a stuck hog.

But they was three and four to one with clubs. They shot their guns off, some of them, but I guess it was only to scare us and they were nervous. I guess they ain't ready for killings yet.

That was when I got my nose broken so you wouldn't recognize me. It's like a young squash Sarah says. Ha! Ha! And my back got hurt from being kicked so that's why I have been lying in my bed for two weeks taking it easy like a banker. You know me.

Well pretty soon they had us all laid out and hogtied. They had potato sacks which they covered our heads with. Also they burned our auto which was Curt Wallace's that he loaned to the union. Turned it over and rolled it into a ditch. Then they took us into their cars to East Britters to the Legion hall there.

THEY didn't do much to me on the way. But a lot of name calling. I told one of them they was all yellow b..... and he fetched me back a kick in the jaw for it. After that I kept my mouth shut like I should have done in the first place. They were drinking a lot though. I guess you sure got to drink to go through with a dirty job like that.

So I lost that nice new Panama hat and it sure served me right for trying to be a turkey cock, but who coulda knowed we were going to get kidnaped? As a matter of strict truth I was celebrating because Sarah and me been married ten years now. (Sunny has just come over to me and I asked her did she remember

you so she says sure you gave her the onkey. She means the monkey you won at the Sissebel fair for throwing baseballs. I guess she don't talk good enough for a speech maker yet. What do you think?)

Well let me tell you the shock of a thing like that is even worse than being beat up. Old Emmet says Julius acts like he was in a daze still. He just can't believe anyone would do that to him and I didn't really feel so hurt till after it was all over. Most of all I just felt boiling with wanting to kill them. But lying in the bottom of the car on the way over to East Britters the blood kept running from my nose into my mouth and my head felt like someone had taken a hand axe and swung it into my skull, where it was sticking just to give me a good time every time the car bounced. Sure wasn't no joy ride that trip.

I want to tell you I never knowed I could hate so much. I kept remembering what Julius's face looked like when Sondegaarde kicked him. He didn't have pain in his face although it must have hurt him simply terrible. It is a terrible thing to hear a man scream I can tell you. But it was a look on his face kind of one like surprise. Well no wonder. Him and Sondegaarde has known each other since they been kids.

We was on that damned ride of theirs for over an hour. I guess they were just riding around enjoying the cool of the night but me I sure would have choosed other ways to spend my free time. My busted nose ached me like sixteen devils and was swollen so big I almost couldn't see over it, but more important you couldn't help from being scared of what was going to happen. I guess feeling scared and helpless is about the worst feeling a man can have. It sure seemed like they had to be done now and let us go. It didn't seem like you could stand any more beatings and you thought you would better take a load of buckshot and be done with it than have them start hammering at you with their clubs and gun stocks again.

But they rode us into East Britters and took us down to the basement of the Legion Hall. When we got in there I sure thought I was having just a nightmare. Because I heard music and singing and laughing, and all around us you could feel people dancing.

Well let me tell you something now. They

stretched us out on the floor and took our potato sacks off. And there was a fancy party going on and there was *women* there.

I want to tell you when I saw that I felt my head was going to bust inside and send me crazy. There was women and they were dancing and laughing and yelling and all drunk to glory and they didn't stop one second when we came in. Everyone had masks on and it was easy to judge they were expecting us. There was Julius, getting beat up in the Liberty Hall they wanted to name after him.

There was a woman looked to be young came up and bent over me. She asked me did I want a cigarette like she was sorry for me. I said yes. Then she shoved the lighted end of her cigarette against my mouth. Can you imagine that? I tell you it was the only time for about twenty years I felt like crying. Then she went off laughing like it was a Charlie Chaplin picture.

I BEEN laying here on my bed for the last two weeks trying to figure out where all that hate comes from could make women act like that, let alone men. Of course some of them were rich men and they and our union are enemies. And some were just grub worms that anybody can buy for a pint of whiskey. But there was others who are good people just gone wild I guess. I guess they been as much driven down by the last ten years as we have, and when somebody tells them it's the union at fault for things they believe it because they have to blame somebody.

But once I heard a couple of them yelling off in a corner with one man hollering they ought to let us go. So I guess some of them were sorry, and two days later Julius got a letter from two farmers who said they were in the bunch went to beat us up and they was ashamed now. They have resigned from the Legion they said. And Emmet said their eyes is opened now and in a couple of months he bet we'd have them in the union.

Well they only kept us there about an hour but that was sure a long time. I started to feel my hurt there beginning bad and I couldn't breathe easy. Also I kept being worried lest I be hurt real bad inside and can't tend the farm no more with Sarah and the four kids still young. But it turned out I ain't been so the doctor says. It sure was good news to hear. And all the time them saying they were gone to throw us in the lime pits out by Sissebel and knowing you couldn't do nothing to help yourself but lie there like a trussed animal. And hearing old Mogens groaning and thinking I can stand anything they do to me unless they kick me between the legs like Julius. I can't stand that I think. But then saying no to myself. By God I will stand anything they give me and more. I just will never give in to them. But it sure was a long hour I can tell you.

They seemed to hate Julius the most, calling him names and kicking him and bringing people over to introduce them to him like it was a game. I guess because he was a real



war hero and wouldn't have anything to do with their Legion after all the big boys started to run it. But they had a lot of people there weren't members of the Legion. A lot of kids also trying to be tough because they had guns. Strutting around calling us dirty reds and pouring liquor on our heads and every once in a while kicking somebody with their hobnails or jumping full weight on your hand and then running back and saying "Oh, excuse me mister" like it was an accident. And that is how both my hands were hurt.

Well finally they took us out to a side alley and Sondegaarde hollers at us "Well you going to leave the union now you Bolshevik b. . . . ?" And Julius who couldn't stand up he was so hurt, he says "You go to hell." And Mogens says "Sondegaarde I wouldn't use even one of you rats for garbage for my hogs. You'd make them all die of poisoning," he says. (He is going to be in the hospital for a long time. They ripped all the muscles attaching his shoulder blade the doctor says and he is bad off.)

Well they made us walk a gauntlet then with fellers standing on both sides of us hitting us. I guess I didn't feel any more by then, but I kept looking at Julius who could only crawl between the lines and them clubbing him all the time.

And then they took us in the cars out of town and dumped us there. Well we would have been there all night maybe, being still tied up, but it was Saturday night. Pretty soon some car came along and Jasper crawled out on the road and lay there. It was one of our boys too—Saul Anderson and he just started to cry when he saw how we looked.

Well this is how things have happened since you have gone and I guess it learned us all a great deal. For one thing we have found out who are the stickers and who are the quitters in our union and it would surprise you. There's some been scared by this and they have stopped coming to meetings or give excuses, and others come saying we ought to lie low and not fight for relief for a while or try to stop the trust company from evicting anybody. But there's others you would never suspect have come through fine. Real men like Pete Bubnis who would never work much for the union before this but does now. Others too.

And since then meetings have been held regular but everybody brings guns. And there's been four men on guard day and night where we live (the ones who was beat up). They been dropping their farm work to do it even though it is harvest season—although truth to say there is not much to harvest the drought kept on so bad even after you left.

Yes, the very next day we decided to arm ourselves for self-protection. It was fair day in Culleyville and the governor was there. We sent him a telegram demanding the state take action because we knowed we could expect nothing from the sheriff when he was right there with them. And the governor answered us it was out of his jurisdiction. How

do you like that? I guess we sure are dirt farmers all right. Dirt to him.

So we sent men to every store for sixty miles to buy shells because some of the towns like East Britters wouldn't sell to us. By God you know what Saul Svenson did? He went right into East Britters Monday morning and he says I want a whole case of forty-four shells. They all know him there for a union member and there was some of that bunch hanging around including Hanky the store owner who is one of the worst. Hanky says what are you needing forty-fours for? Saul say to shoot jack-rabbits. Hanky says nobody uses forty-fours for jack-rabbits. They're too big. Saul says "That's all right, Hanky, the jack-rabbits is growing big out my way." How do you like that? And Hanky was so surprised he went and got them—but later they wouldn't sell to nobody.

So there we are. This is the longest letter I ever wrote but I will tell you the truth. I wrote it because I am hoping you can maybe write this up to a story to let people know concerning some of the things that is happen-

ing in this good old U.S.A. Not one of the newspapers in any town here would print a blessed line about any of this although everybody knows it and is talking about it.

Well, it just shows that we farmers have got to make our union like the thistle out here that never stops growing no matter how hard you try to get rid of it. Not good to look at but hard to down. Ha! Ha!

Sarah says you come out here and visit again next year, maybe there won't be drought and we'll have some fresh things to feed you this time. She says you must have thought we were trying to make you diet. And Sunny says the same thing only it sounds like she's got store teeth in her mouth which is interfering with her talking.

Well you tell me how things are going with you and how they are in the big city. I sure appreciate the magazines you sent and I am going to figure out a leaflet now because there is a lot of work to do with six of us on our backs.

Your friend,

LESTER COOLEY.



The Treadmill

Lithograph by C. Mahl (W.P.A.)



The Treadmill

Lithograph by C. Mahl (W.P.A.)

Killer Called Diplomat

Hitler's latest emissary to California has a long record of political assassination and high treason

By Martin Hall

MANFRED VON KILLINGER is a Nazi political freebooter. Hitler's so-called national revolution has thrust many fantastic adventurers to the fore. Quite a few, like Roehm, Heines, and others, after an apparently fabulous rise, abruptly fell victims of the very movement which had raised them to the top. Others reappeared after long intervals of submergence; still others continually bob up and down within the framework of the Nazi pattern, such as has probably never existed before. In it are intermeshed crime, politics, terror, murder, and espionage. By this time the greater specialists in the field have created a practically new species of political freebooter.

Manfred von Killinger provides a flagrant example of this species. For some weeks past this man has been occupying the post of German consul-general in San Francisco. He came in on the backwash of sweeping diplomatic shifts which started when Ambassador Dr. Hans Luther was replaced by Dr. Hans Dieckhoff, relative and trustee of Ribbentrop, the now all-powerful figure in the Foreign Office, and have run the length of the entire German consular service in America. Dieckhoff is enough of a Nazi fanatic and sufficiently unscrupulous not to let any diplomatic restrictions hamper him in pursuing the purposes of the Third Reich in this country. His bringing Manfred von Killinger across the Atlantic to become Nazi consul-general in San Francisco attests this clearly.

In the annals of the Weimar republic, the name of Manfred von Killinger crops up in the dark years following the war, when the fascist *Freikorps*, the last remnants of the demobilized imperial army, continued for years to carry on their private war, chiefly because they knew no other trade and were incapable of finding the "road back" to private life. One of the most dangerous of these organized groups was the so-called "Consul." This organization caused the murder of many revolutionary workers during the struggles of 1920-23. It was kept together, first, by its drive for rearming Germany (hand in hand with the official Reichswehr), and second, in its fanatical war on the "reds." With this organization Killinger fought against the Poles in Upper Silesia, against the Soviet Republic in Munich, and against the Ruhr workers who resisted the fascist Kapp putsch. Killinger was the treasurer of the organization, and early attached himself to the Nazi party.

It was he who worked out the details for the murder of the Catholic minister Erzberger, regarded by the fascists as the person



John Helliker

Hitler—Master of Murderers

principally responsible for the Versailles Treaty. It was he who was given direct charge of Schulz and Tillesen, the Erzberger assassins. Mail for these men was addressed in Killinger's care, and even after the murder he continued to have dealings with them. While he awaited trial as an accomplice, an official source, evidently within the Reichswehr, placed at his disposal the sum of three hundred thousand marks for organizing and maintaining a black Reichswehr regiment. The jury released him.

In 1924 the Consul organization was placed on trial before a federal court. Among those in the dock was Killinger. The trial lasted five days; the public was practically excluded from the courtroom. It is generally known that Killinger was responsible for innumerable murders committed by the Consul, but he received only an eight-months sentence, of which he never served a day. It was only in 1925 that it became known by chance that he had been roaming at large since the day he was sentenced. When the question was raised in the Reichstag, Minister of Justice Franke replied, "It is true none of the convicted men were jailed; the probabilities are that the plea for mercy which has been filed will cause the sentences of the convicted men to be wholly remitted."

Finally the Consul was dissolved. Most of their troops entered the Hitler storm troops. Killinger worked in conjunction with the first S.A. leader Klintsch, and shortly thereafter was delegated by Hitler to the parliament of Saxony. This, despite the fact that earlier, as leader of a rival fascist organization, the Ehrhardt Brigade, he had fought the

Hitler party. Indeed, prior to Hitler's seizure of power, Killinger participated in the first anti-Hitler mutiny headed by Captain Stennes in Berlin. He then stated publicly that he hoped to see the "S.A. sweep the Munich opera diva off the stage." The diva in question was Hitler. Yet, only a few days later, Killinger proved enough of a practical politician to join Hitler, when he saw that the stronger forces and the better filled coffers lay with the Nazis.

From then on Killinger's star was in the ascendant. He was made prime minister of Saxony. This high post was his in outright reward for his direct part in the Reichstag fire, as the diary left by the Berlin S.A. leader Ernst, who was murdered in the blood purge on June 30, 1934, proves. In that purge, Killinger came within an inch of losing his life because of the part he took in the Reichstag fire. He was arrested along with Heines, Ernst, and Roehm and slated, like them, for "execution." His life was spared through intercession by persons high in the Reichswehr. Once more luck was with him. He did, however, forfeit his post in Saxony, and for a time his name came up no more.

Now Killinger suddenly turns up as consul-general in San Francisco. Yet, in the interim, the adventurous career of this man had never stopped for a single day. Hitler has always assigned him important jobs whenever big doings in foreign affairs were in the offing, whenever it might have been necessary in connection with them to proceed over the bodies of dead men.

IN 1929, four years before he was appointed Chancellor by von Hindenburg, Hitler commissioned Killinger to negotiate with Captain Ernst Gryschkat, of Hamburg, in the Hotel Adlon in Berlin. Gryschkat was the liaison man for a Macedonian terrorist organization whose program called for the assassination of the leading members of the Belgrade government, above all King Alexander. These terrorists, in common with the Croats and Montenegrins, held a grudge against the Karageorgevich dynasty. Gryschkat had managed to interest a group of British financiers in the organization's plans. Geoffrey Frazer, then British correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, learned of their plans. To him we are indebted for some of the details.

At the Berlin meeting at which Killinger acted as Hitler's delegate, it was agreed that two reliable German war-plane fliers would be provided by the Nazis to swoop over western Yugoslavia and drop leaflets inciting the popu-

lation to revolt. At the same time an expeditionary force of S.A. men, transported by ship from Antwerp to the Adriatic coast, was to land, and by an attack on Spalato give the signal for revolt.

It may be asked what interest Hitler could have had in Yugoslavia's internal politics. The answer is simple: a financial interest. The Croat-Macedonian conspirators undertook to pay the Hitler party three hundred thousand marks in return for his assistance. Hitler needed the money and was willing in return to barter away several thousand of his S.A. men as mercenaries. At the last moment, however, the plan fell through on assassination of the Croatian peasant leader Raditch. But the liaison which Killinger established with the Croatian terrorist organization, the so-called Oustachi, was scrupulously maintained.

Again, we find Killinger directly linked with the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and of French Foreign Minister Louis Barthou, at Marseilles, in 1934. At this period the Croats were working with the "Orim," the Inner Macedonian revolutionary organization, which maintained a training school for terrorists in the small Hungarian town of Janka Puzsta near the Yugoslavian border. Here a portrait of King Alexander was used as a target. The Marseilles murders, which were intended to open the way for a rapprochement between Hitler Germany and Yugoslavia and, through the death of Barthou, to weaken France in her foreign

★

Narcissus

What histories must weigh
the leaf, the drop of water?
what promises unfold
the bursting rose?

—here, where the valor of your eye
bends day and night to its will.

Here in this sun the world is morning
still;

blossoms its secrets deep with age:
the future spreads
blossom, leaf, water that shall perish
never.

And here is your image: brighter water
and more febrile leaf;
all history reclaimed
in brightness for your limbs;
the rose's promise
of immortality:
inviolable flame to feed your deathless
eye.

It is well that it should give
only the white limb and uplifted head,
counting no dread
of dead leaves withering among the dead.

HELEN NEVILLE.



"If Walter Lippmann ain't in it, gimme
a copy of Liberty."

Aime

relations, were planned in Berlin. The situation was such that the death sentence which the Croats had passed on King Alexander was published in Berlin under the very eyes of the Gestapo on April 16, 1934, in the *Nezavisna Hrvatska Drzava*, organ of the terrorist leader Pavelitch. The assassins came direct from Hungary to Munich, where they were given false passports and the machine gun which they later used and which bore the trade mark of the Mauser arms works in Oberndorf-am-Neckar, No. 7391. Killinger took an active part in the preparations. Despite these facts, Goering, who represented the German Reich at the king's funeral in Belgrade, cynically declared: "Germany will never tolerate any Yugoslavian emigrants, whosoever they may be, congregating on her territory and seeking to undermine the security and authority of the Yugoslavian government. . . ."

Herr Killinger must have read Goering's statement in the press with as much relish as did Pavelitch, the aforementioned leader of the Croat terrorist organization, who maintained legal residence in Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Emdenerstrasse No. 3, up to the very day of the Marseilles assassination.

DURING this time Manfred von Killinger must have been feverishly at work. Two months earlier, on July 25, 1934, hardly a month after Killinger had barely escaped the firing squad, the Nazi battalions in Vienna stormed the Chancellor's palace on the Ballhausplatz and assassinated Dollfuss. The Austrian Nazi revolt was quelled. Two thousand Austrian S.A. men fled into the neighboring territory of Yugoslavia. Again Killinger was hard at it. Already he was informed of the plan for murdering Alexander of Yugoslavia; the defeat of the Nazis in Austria only goaded him further to accomplish in Yugoslavia what had been planned and had failed

in Austria. With the Croat leaders in Berlin he arranged for trusted Oustachi men to be assigned to the S.A. troops interned in Jugoslavia. At his prompting, General von Epp telephoned Colonel Haseleyer to tell him that a secret S.A. delegation had to be immediately sent into Jugoslavia. The aim of this delegation was to get the S.A. into shape again, to increase its numbers, and to keep it in reserve as an expeditionary force ready to go into action the moment the Croat revolt, for which the Marseilles assassination would be the signal, broke out. What had failed in 1929 seemed now to be working itself out with the greatest simplicity. The peace of Europe did not matter so long as the objectives of the Third Reich were attained.

The human side of the man Killinger can be gauged by a brief quotation from his book, *Gay and Serious Moments in the Life of a Putschist*, which Killinger published during the time of the Weimar republic. He tells the story of a young Communist girl taken prisoner by his *Freicorps* men: "I gave the signal and the brigadiers laid the she-goat across a wagon-shaft and stroke by stroke, with a horsewhip, painted her back red till not a streak of white showed. No Ehrhardt man will give her another glance. . . ."

This is the man whom Hitler has now appointed consul-general in San Francisco. His appointment came just a few weeks before the outbreak of the latest Sino-Japanese war. Today, Killinger is entrusted on the west coast of the United States with the diplomatic powers appertaining to the consul-generalship of Japan's ally, Nazi Germany. The significance of this need hardly be pointed out. America's interests in China are immense. Collaboration between Japanese and German fascism in the present war is evident. America is not the least of the countries against which it is aimed. Secret agents of Japan and white-guard conspirators begin to make their appearance again in the United States. If the passenger lists on the large Pacific liners gave true names, they would tell a revealing story.

As consul-general, Killinger is a man of power on the west coast. He can issue passports, both genuine and false. He sends forth his emissaries and receives visits from others. By trade he is an assassin and guilty of high treason, a man who has organized murder and carried on putsches. By his own confession, he is a monstrous sadist. But he is immune. He is a diplomat.



*"If Walter Lippmann ain't in it, gimme
a copy of Liberty."*

Unity in Defense of Learning

*The second international congress lays
the groundwork for a world student union*

By Jack Kennedy

PARIS, JULY 18.

IT is vacation time now and most students do not think of their studies. But the one hundred and seventy delegates to the Unity Congress of Socialist and Communist students do. From twenty-six countries, including Germany, Austria, Italy, and Poland, they came. Some came on faked passports, some smuggled over borders by hiding in trucks, some hiked, all arrived in Paris to discuss from July 15 to 18 the issue embodied in the name of the meeting.

It was only last year, though, that Communist and Socialist students would not sit in the same room together. At Oxford in July 1936 there was continuous wrangling at the sessions of the International Federation of Socialist Students as to whether the Communists should be permitted to present their viewpoint. But last year's congress, despite its shortcomings, laid the basis for this year's joint meeting of the two student internationals. For the first time left-wing Socialist, Social-Democrat, and Communist students sat together in formal session to discuss the necessity for uniting against the common enemy.

There were some sharp disputes. The Danish comrades opposed unity from a right-wing point of view. The French Socialists (who came only as observers because the student leaders are Trotskyites and the French Young Socialists would not permit them to come as disrupters) said unofficially that there could not be organic unity between the student internationals until there was organic unity between the working-class parties.

To such arguments the Spanish delegation, which naturally commanded the greatest attention and respect, replied that this was not the case in Spain. The youth there had united before the political parties.

There were also delegates who did not see the nature of the Trotskyist menace in its real form. Again the Spanish delegate, José Alcalá Zamora, son of the former president, explained. He listed the atrocities committed by the P.O.U.M. and the other Trotskyites, in the name of socialism. He did not get excited, but as he recited each incident, each assassination, each aid to Franco, the points were driven home. In Spain Trotskyites are traitors, he said—and the delegates respected his opinion.

The American delegation, headed by Joseph Lash and twenty other representatives of the American Student Union, wanted the decisions to go much further than unity between the International Federation of Socialist Students and the International Commission

of Communist Students. Lash, who, this year as last, was a commanding figure at the congress, proposed a world student union to unite liberals, Marxists, and progressive anti-fascist students. This desire was viewed sympathetically by the delegates, but it was found to be unfeasible at the present time.

Those Socialist delegations who came opposed to any collaboration with Communists (Holland, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Denmark, and France) were impressed with the results which unity has achieved and the negative results which come from division. The Spanish Unified Socialists will soon be able to count one million members in their ranks. A few years ago they had barely one-eighth of that number (this includes students and non-student youth.) In France, however, both political groups have been narrow and sectarian. They number only a little over a thousand Communist and about fourteen hundred socialist students. The fascists have seized the opportunity to organize, and won about sixty percent of those students who belong to any political group.

Here again the hair-splitting tactics of the Trotskyites have played an important part in reducing the number of anti-fascist students.

While these were telling arguments, the Social-Democrat students were not entirely convinced, and several times they threatened to secede and form a new student international of their own. Such a disaster was avoided in the political commission where an agreement was worked out (which the entire congress except the American delegation which did not vote, accepted unanimously). It was agreed that it is necessary to form an organization with immediate attainable aims, which will bring the united Socialist students, who in many universities are recognized individually as natural leaders, into more intimate contact with the student body.

Meeting in the midst of international dis-

turbances, the delegates declared that the only force which could guarantee peace, progress, and socialism was a *united* international working-class. The congress hailed the people's front in France and Spain, and the organic unity of students and youth in Spain and Belgium.

The orientation of socialist students to mass work was recognized to be the most important task. Students have to fight for the extension of education, by granting of scholarships to needy students, by the reduction of fees for the others, and by continually unmasking the ideology of the reactionaries who wish to limit university education.

The congress agreed that the fight of the colonial peoples for freedom is a vital part of an alert socialist program. All declared that the prospects of peace could be strengthened by collective security, as advocated by the Soviet Union, and that the dangers to peace were increased by concessions to Italy and Germany, as in Ethiopia and Spain. A motion to continue material support to the Spanish heroes was adopted by acclamation.

The delegates unanimously agreed that organic unity between the two student internationals was not possible at the present time. It was, however, decided that an international commission of five Socialists, five Communists, and three independents, to be known as the International Student Alliance for Socialism, be established. This is surely a decided advance. The period from now until next year will doubtless be an intermediary period for practical work before organic unity is finally achieved.

The American delegation still finds it impossible to affiliate, since the American Student Union is not a socialist organization. However, the excellent achievements of the A.S.U. served as a model for the other groups, especially in directing their energies towards practical student problems.

"It is easy to find ways of splitting us," Joseph Lash declared at the opening of the sessions. And in his remarks at the conclusion he reminded the delegates how last year on the same date, July 18, they had heard the first news of the Spanish civil war. "That more than anything else has kept us united. Now Japan has moved one hundred thousand troops into China. . . . We must keep what we have won here, but we must go forward, united Marxists, to union with the mass of students who want to learn, who want to be free, secure, and proud citizens."

The congress voted to meet next year in Madrid.



Woodcut by Kell



Woodcut by Keil

READERS' FORUM

From the Spanish battle front—The cotton racket—The Redstone case

● I suppose by now you have read of our great offensive. The Lincoln and Washington Battalions were in the midst of it. Right now we are in the second lines resting up after some of the hardest fighting in this war. For about ten days we fought, and did our share in capturing Villanueva de la Cañada and giving chase to the fascists.

The most beautiful sight I have ever seen in my life was on July 8, when I saw the fascists run. The Lincoln Battalion was great. We were supposed to stay behind the tanks, but when we saw the fascists fleeing, we ran after them and got way ahead of the tanks. We were hungry, thirsty, extremely hot, but on and on we went, chasing the fascists. We began to throw away our belongings, first our extra clothing, then our canned food, until all we had were our guns and ammunition. We stopped only when we were exhausted. We were almost cornered by the fascists because we got way ahead of our flanks. From now on we'll have to slow up.

We lost some good comrades. My company commander was wounded that day, too. But what courage our men showed during these days. All the comrades had their lips cracked by thirst and the hot sun. We were all hungry. Yet time and time again we went over the top and charged the fascists.

I'm tired now. So much to write—but not now. Just one thing. I love all these comrades. They have courage such as you've never seen. First-aid men in no-man's land treating the wounded. One first-aid man killed. Comrades risking their lives to bring in the wounded. What soldiers! What comrades! Salud!

BUDDY.

Hijacking the Cotton Crop

● In 1933 southern farmers plowed up a part of their growing cotton crop. In 1934 and 1935 the crop was limited by contract with individual farmers. Early in 1936 the Supreme Court invalidated the A.A.A. However, the Department of Agriculture, operating under the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act, continued its program of cotton production control in 1936 and is using the same method in 1937.

The purpose of the present program is threefold, viz., to build up the land, to induce farmers to plant more foodstuffs, and to reduce cotton acreage. Theoretically, the benefit payments are not for relief purposes, but are to interest farmers in the program.

All actual producers, both tenants and landlords, are supposed to share in the benefits of the program. It is possible for the landlord to let all of the benefit payments go to his tenants. Some of them have done this. On the other hand, there are devious ways by which the landlord can divert every dollar of the payments into his own pockets. This practice is more widely favored among the owners, particularly among the large owners.

It is, of course, possible in some cases to let the tenant sign his own contract with the government, let the check come to him, and either by lubricity or force relieve him of the endorsed check. In other cases the landlord may take only half the check. Such methods are crude, and, one fears, dangerous. The planters are as superstitious about federal courts as the tenants are about the local sheriff. It is necessary to be subtle in dealing with the government.

Subtle they are. The case of Mr. William X. Jones is an example of how thousands of planters, large and small, rob their tenants, outwit the government, and enrich themselves. It is not the only method. There are variations of it, and there are entirely different methods. But it is a common

method, and legal, and effective. It gets the dough for Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones has a plantation of 5120 acres. Much of it is in pasture and woodland. But when he plowed up some of his cotton in 1933, he signed a contract with the government and was given a base acreage of cotton for 1200 acres. This base was his estimated average acreage for the preceding five years.

Mr. Jones has sixty-five tenant families on his land, numbering about three hundred and fifty people, all of them Negroes.

In the spring of each year since 1933 Mr. Jones has signed a new cotton control contract with the government through his local county farm agent's office. In 1936 and 1937, as has been indicated, it was signed under the guise of a soil conservation program. The purpose of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, of the A.A.A., and of the county office is that the tenants shall share in working out this program and in its benefits. Mr. Jones, however, is fearful to let his tenants sign individual contracts as some of his neighbors do. Instead, in 1936 and 1937 he secured a blanket contract for his whole farm and signed it himself. Under blanket contracts the tenants are supposed to be allotted a part of the total base by the landlord. It is then their duty to reduce their individual bases up to thirty-five percent, which is as much as the government will rent.

Mr. Jones's base acreage of 1200 acres permits him to rent 420 acres, or thirty-five percent, to the government, and leaves 780 acres to be planted in cotton.

In 1936 the county committee gave him an adjusted yield estimate of 170 pounds of lint cotton per acre. The government agreed to pay him rent of five cents per pound on the 420 acres at an estimated production of 170 pounds per acre, or \$3570, provided he held the 420 acres out of cotton, and provided he planted them in soil conserving crops, such as cow peas, soy beans, lespedeza, certain cloves and grasses, etc.

Mr. Jones should have sublet his 1200-acre base to his tenants. Sam Smith, for example, should have had a thirty-acre base, nineteen and a half to be planted in cotton and ten and a half to be rented to the government.

But, as stated, Mr. Jones was subtle. He told his tenants to plant their usual amount of cotton, to make no reduction in acreage. Thus he secured the planting of 780 acres of cotton. The 420 unplanted acres were retained in his own name and not in the tenants'. To balance the 420 acres no longer planted in cotton against the surplus labor their abandonment caused, Mr. Jones reduced his tenant force. As tenants died and others moved away, he

did not replace them. Others he turned out, and a few he hired for wages, thus removing them from the contract-signing class.

At the close of the 1936 crop year Mr. Jones turned in a report of his performance and an application for payment. He also turned in a statement signed by all his tenants saying they had planted their full cotton base, and, therefore, were not entitled to rent under the 1936 agricultural conservation program. He accompanied this statement with an affidavit signed by himself, making the same statement and claiming the total acreage reduction as his own.

He had to wait a long while for his check. The people in Washington wrote a number of letters about the strange way he ran his cotton farming. But late in the spring of 1937 he received his 1936 rental check for \$3570, all of which was his and his alone. Mr. Jones plans to use the same system in 1937. The regulations are tighter but he will probably be able to beat them.

Besides the \$3570 cotton rent, he also received a soil-building allowance of one dollar per acre upon the 420 acres held out of cotton and planted in soil conserving crops.

Both payments gave him a grand total of \$3990. He also had a very good price for cotton as a consequence of the government's cotton reduction program.

The fine part about the \$3990 handout was that he did not have to divide it with the tenants. Mr. Jones swallowed it all. RENWICK C. KENNEDY.

A "Reinstatement"

● Your readers will no doubt be interested in the events that followed those described in your editorial "First Blood" in the issue of August 3.

After several informal hearings before the Labor Board, the Book & Magazine Guild was informed by the government official who conducted the hearings that the Standard Magazines, publishers of *College Humor* and many pulp magazines, was prepared to reinstate David Redstone in his job at his former salary. To this the Guild of course acquiesced. It had energetically fought its first case of firing for union activity, it had won, it had established in the minds of its members the validity and importance of the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

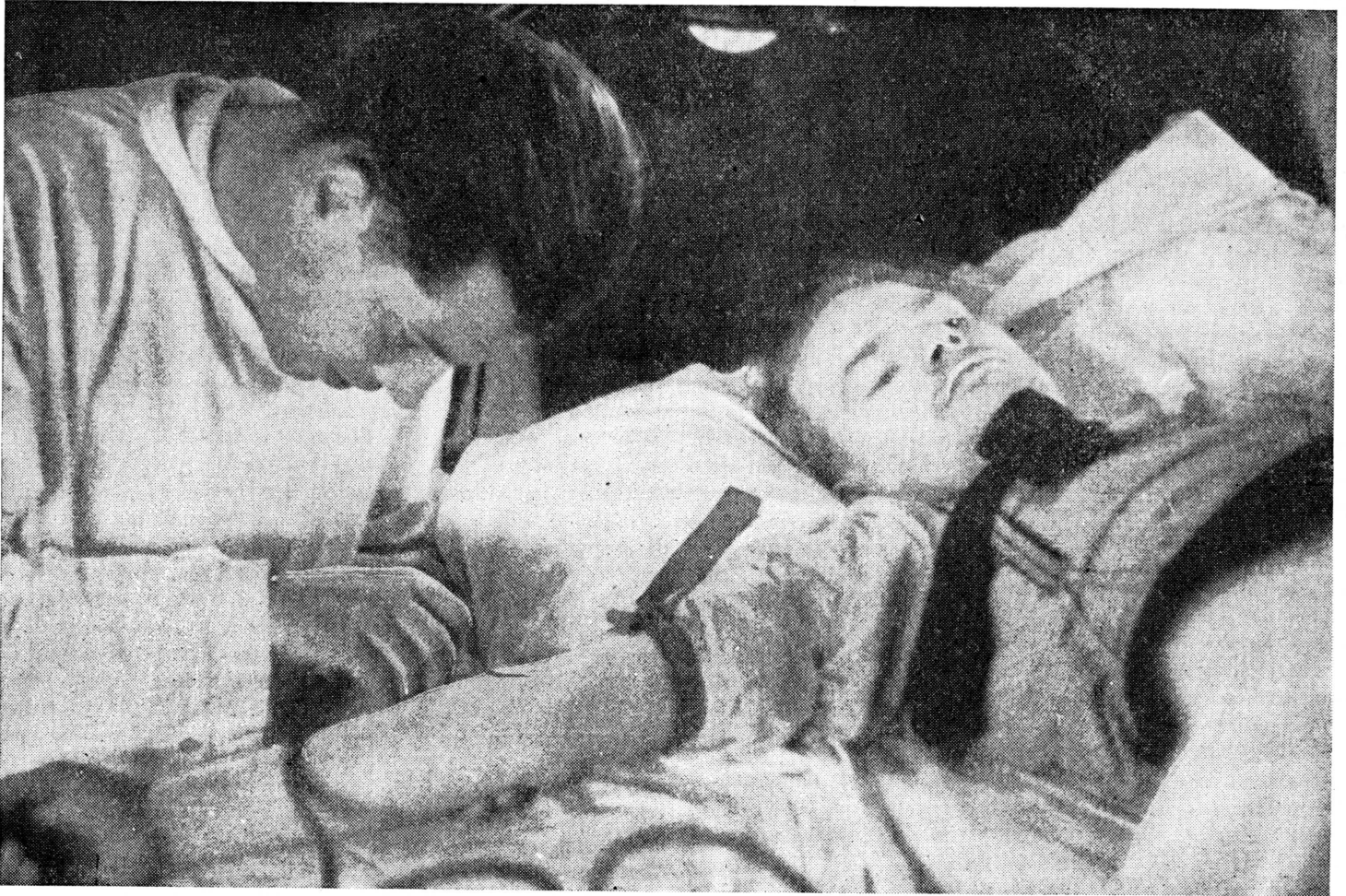
On Monday, August 2, Redstone reported for work after a three weeks' absence, leaving for future negotiations the question of his regular two weeks' vacation. He had received his vacation pay upon dismissal, but of course had chosen to fight his case before the Labor Board rather than to commune with the great outdoors. Upon his return, however, he was given a status that vitiated the entire meaning of the settlement.

Redstone had been fired on a Monday. The Friday before, that is, on the previous working day, he had been demoted from make-up and supervisory work to proofreading. This was the first drastic overt act of discrimination against him, and he had protested it. The next working day, Monday, publisher Pines had gone further and fired him.

Now Redstone found himself "reinstated" to his demoted position, and so that there might be no possible misunderstanding of their motives, his employers isolated him from all contact with the regular editorial offices, putting him on another floor. We cannot see how the Labor Board can be satisfied with so bald a violation of the settlement it negotiated. Certainly the Guild is not, and it has therefore refused to withdraw its charges of discrimination, the truth of which Standard Magazines conceded by its pseudo-reinstatement of Redstone.

REDSTONE DEFENSE COMMITTEE,
Book & Magazine Guild,
U. O. P. W. A., Local 18, C.I.O.





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REVIEW AND COMMENT

War as a source of profit—Writers on writers—Leane Zugsmith's stories—Marxism and poetry.

THROUGHOUT history a few men, ambitious, scheming, or merely lucky men, have been made rich by war. Richard Lewinsohn, a French student, tells their story here* in painstaking detail. He does not attempt to account for every individual who has grown wealthy out of that organized mass murder known as international war, but he records so many cases, from Cæsar's time down to our own, that he leaves no doubt at all that war between nations has always been a source of fabulous profit—for a few.

In earlier periods, it was the generals who became wealthy through slaughter on the field of honor. Julius Cæsar himself, through the Spanish expedition and later in the Gallic wars, wiped out a debt which Mr. Lewinsohn estimates to have been about two million dollars in American money and retired to imperial Rome with a fortune of nearly four and a half million dollars. The feudal barons, from the time of William the Conqueror, did quite as well on their own account. So, too, did the Portuguese, the Spanish Conquistadors, the ennobled English pirates, and individuals such as Wallenstein, Marlborough, Wellington, and the marshals of Napoleon's armies. Even as late as 1871 Bismarck rewarded the Prussian generals with enormous gratuities, while after the World War the British government settled handsome fortunes upon its military and naval servants; Marshal Haig, for example, was given an outright grant of half a million dollars.

Bankers likewise have made huge sums out of warfare. Their story has been told so often that Mr. Lewinsohn has little here that is new to us. Yet he does extremely well in summing up the activities of Bardi, Peruzzi, the Medici, Jacques Cœur, the Fuggers, the Bank of England, the Rothschilds, Ouvrard, Lafitte, Bleichröder, Count Henckel, and our own J. P. Morgan, as well as in indicating to what extent finance capitalism has drawn sustenance from war. In one section, unhappily not developed as thoroughly as it might have been, the author suggests that the struggle for profits, which periodically takes the form of open warfare, has now become so intense, such a big business, that only capitalist states can finance a modern imperialist war. In this, though Mr. Lewinsohn does not go into the matter, we find one reason for the rise of fascist economy, which in Germany, for instance, is frankly designated *Wehrwirtschaft*, i. e., defense or war economy.

Although we have already been familiarized with the patriotic and immensely profitable operations of the munitions makers, military contractors, and speculators (including the American profiteers of 1917-18), Mr. Lewin-

sohn's exposition of their methods—and profits—is no less interesting. It forms an especially important part of this work, since it has been so largely the popular reaction against the armament firms and profiteers that has given rise to the demand to "take the profits out of war." Mr. Lewinsohn discusses this demand in the light of what has gone before and shows, by implication rather than by direct statement, that while the movement will in all likelihood succeed, at least in so far as individual profits are concerned, it cannot and will not have the effect of preventing war, as most pacifists seem to hope. Instead it will serve simply to strengthen the capitalist states in their ability to wage war.

While Mr. Lewinsohn is concerned primarily with war profits as such, one could wish that he had also sought to indicate, at least in outline, the relationship between war and its economic background. His failure to do so is likely to leave the average reader, un-

tutored in history and economics, with the impression that wars are made mainly for the sake of enriching a relatively few war-makers. The author does indicate that even when war profits are restricted or abolished, this does not touch the deeper causes of war, but he does not bother to show that these causes lie deeply embedded in the economic structure, that modern capitalist wars are inherent in modern imperialism.

The more widely read student will see from Mr. Lewinsohn's facts, however, just how capitalism has developed alongside and with the aid of international wars. Not only have such wars laid the foundation for numerous private fortunes or accumulations of capital, but the colonial wars, those pillaging expeditions which made so many national heroes in Portugal, Spain, France, Holland, England, and, more recently, the United States, to a considerable degree laid the groundwork for capitalism itself. In short it is not just a rela-



William Sanderson

* THE PROFITS OF WAR, by Richard Lewinsohn. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

"And these, dear, are the orchids our budget allowed us for this month."

tively few capitalists and their uniformed lackeys, but capitalism itself that has chiefly profited from international war.

Mr. Lewinsohn also hints at the true nature of imperialist war in this era, but he again fails to draw the obvious conclusions. He suggests that war has now become such a gigantic and such a vital industry from the standpoint of the capitalist state that the profits of the bankers, the contractors, the gamblers, and the munitions makers must be restricted in the interest of victory. Victory for whom? For the capitalist state itself, for finance, trade, and industry in general rather than for those whom the pacifists call "the war makers."

The Profits of War is interesting and readable. The facts it presents are important to all students of war and fascism. Unfortunately, it does not go far enough, but gives us a narrow and rather specialized view of the larger problem.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN.

Two Generations

AFTER THE GENTEEL TRADITION, edited by Malcolm Cowley. W. W. Norton & Co. \$2.75.

THIS is a volume of critical essays on the writers who were producing major works between the years 1911 and 1930, a generation that is made to stretch from Theodore Dreiser, born in 1871, to Thomas Wolfe, born in 1900. Most of those discussed, however, were born in the seventies or eighties. And since their critics are their juniors by some fifteen or twenty years, the book may fairly be described as the judgment of one literary generation upon another, even though the age lines run diagonally and overlap. Cowley is almost too preoccupied with such chronologizing. He is sensitive to the very month in which some new literary ripple began spreading among his friends, and records with nervous fidelity the dates of their literary retreat to rural Connecticut or the return of Frank Harris. The book is thus devoted to a problem, an endemic, which has been observed for a century and which was described in similar terms by Emerson and Cooper—the tendency of some of the most vigorously creative Americans to go off the track or into a decline.

Because the problem is a traditional one, the best of the essays, impersonal, hard-surfaced, critically acute, are written with an almost classic finality. And although the approach is one that has become authoritative only in this decade, one does not find, or expect to find, many surprising interpretations. For these essays are essentially studies in method, a method stemming from the work of Van Wyck Brooks, to whom the volume is dedicated, strengthened by the interest in Marxism which grew out of the depression and already used successfully by Granville Hicks in discussing these same writers in *The Great Tradition*. In each case the critic is making a diagnosis whose results he already knows. He can thus work surely and quickly, without irrelevance or waste.



Robert Joyce

But despite the influence of Marxist thought, this is by no means Marxist criticism. Nor has it the usual characteristics of the judgment of one generation upon an earlier one, for the things held in common are made more important than the cleavages of thought and time. There is certainly none of the arrogance and irreverence of young writers championing the art of their contemporaries against the principles of disapproving elders. The work is, rather, an act of homage to men and women who were themselves the rebels, who fought valiantly against prudery, gentility, and superficiality, who brought again into American literature a sense of the vastness of the country, the force and bitterness of its social struggles, and the complexity and tumult of the individual soul. With the early impulses of these poets and novelists the critics feel the fullest sympathy. And even for those who later fell away, who became bewildered, or mystical, or soft, or tory, they have no blame but rather a sympathetic understanding. Except in the case of men like Mencken and Cabell, they treat them with the respect with which Dante treated his old teachers, when he found them in the circles of the Inferno. That is the way Bernard Smith, for example, treats Van Wyck Brooks, the former leader, retired from the wars into the sunny appreciativeness of *The Flowering of New England*.

If we now had a comparably vigorous literature—it is more than twenty years since the work of the earlier generation began to ripen—the dispersal of power of the older writers would seem less important. Part of the intensity and significance of *After the Genteel Tradition* comes from the extent to which the critics are themselves faced with the difficulties they discuss. Nor does an increase, or what seems an increase, in a critic's social understanding seem to increase his confidence that the difficulties can be overcome. There is even the suggestion that the writers of the second decade had somehow greater opportunities of talent and occasion, and that when they failed to develop them—Cowley believes that it was the war and its immediate aftermath that wrecked their careers—they necessarily doomed the lesser men who came after.

This unity of feeling between critics and writers arises because the critics, like the writers, are predominantly not Marxists and are still speaking in terms of bourgeois cultural elements. Marx, as a matter of fact, is not even mentioned in the somewhat lengthy index. Although the critics use social terminology and recognize the frustration of the writers as a social problem, their concepts are those of Van

Wyck Brooks, of writers struggling against a Puritan-commercial culture in an attempt to work out for themselves and the people an adequate spiritual and social philosophy. Not one of these writers, not even Upton Sinclair, really broke free from middle-class influences so that he could go over to the workers. At the same time, in the battles for which they are praised, their attacks on Victorian morality, social taboos, and middle-class idols, the writers separated themselves from everything except the money-nexus which held the middle class together, and were left with no ground to stand on.

But the analysis in these essays is not primarily a class analysis. And the social criticism is directed at a society in which it is impossible for a mature artist to bring his talents to fruition. The critics do not write as materialists who are already profoundly convinced that conditions are evil for all men and must be changed. They write rather from the top down, idealistically, technically, often brilliantly, as witness John Peale Bishop's essay on Hemingway. Only in Robert Cantwell's critique of Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis and in Newton Arvin's on Carl Sandburg is there any full discussion of the reflection in a writer's work of his contact with the lives and movements of the masses.

Confidence in the masses is not a sustaining force in this criticism either. But, at the end of the volume, Cowley points out the recent prevalence of autobiographies. The most interesting of these have been stories of political education, of the approach toward the "antagonist." They have recognized the fact that men of the earlier generation were doomed to frustration because they tried to solve in literary and intellectual terms a problem that could be solved only by masses of men acting politically. The biographical has become crucial.

This does not mean that the barriers which seemed to be raised against the literary movements of the early part of the century can be removed by individual political action. Those movements were probably terminal, as T. K. Whipple suggests, rather than, as Cowley says, path-breaking. The heroism of men like Malraux and Bates who have risked their lives and talents in Spain does not represent a transitional or completing development. It is unlikely that work which will grow out of the experience and emotions of men directly involved in anti-fascist activity will have much in common with the work of Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, or Eugene O'Neill.

OBED BROOKS.

Writer's Progress

HOME IS WHERE YOU HANG YOUR CHILDHOOD, by Leane Zugsmith. Random House. \$1.50.

FROM the standpoint of *A Time to Remember*, Miss Zugsmith's memorable novel of white-collar workers in a department store strike, the present collection of short stories offers us a backward glance over her

work. For the ten short stories included in this volume were published between 1933 and 1936, and reveal Miss Zugsmith's developing outlook which led to *A Time to Remember* rather than present the perceptions of that outlook.

The succession of situations treated in the ten stories seems indicative of the sharpening of the world crisis during the period and of the consequent clarification of social sympathies. The earlier stories deal with emotional discords in the homes of "men of substance." Thirteen year-old Ellie in the title story is made unhappy by her mother's maneuver to secure alimony; Herbert Wicks escapes from a sinking pleasure ship by dressing in woman's clothing only to find his wife cold before this violation of propriety; Walter Remick is haunted by suspicions of his young wife's infidelity and discovers fearfully that there is a Mr. Milliner. These situations are handled sensitively and with a sense of milieu that gives their familiar notes somewhat deeper overtones. But even among these earlier stories we find "King Lear in Evansville," which brilliantly portrays the jagged relationships in a mid-western household and in which the depression insinuates its influence. Pop, once a thriving business man, now carried on like a petulant child; and Joanna, the daughter, patiently suffers his jibes at her unattractiveness and his petty displays of vanity while she quietly caters to his demands for coddling. From Helen, the visiting daughter, we hear of breadlines in New York and of discussions on socialism and communism; Pop answers that they will be in the poor-house next year; and the realization is borne in upon us that the choking atmosphere of the household may have something to do with the family's living on Pop's "part interest in his old firm."

In the latter half of the volume, the stories turn to the tragedies of those who are employed rather than those who employ. The world we encounter is a world in which strikers are sold out, workers struggle against legal frame-ups for union activity, and dismissed workers begin to discover the need for struggle. There is a brittle sketch of an unemployed salesman, proud descendant of the Bagehots that came over in 1710, being interviewed for free hospital service. "A Piece of Advice" is a moving story—weakened to some degree by a too obvious note of irony—picturing the indecisiveness of the intellectual. Although the question facing our editor of a trade organ is an old one (wife vs. mistress), the story delicately conveys an understanding of the whole petty bourgeois environment in which indecision becomes neurotic.

Of the three stories set in an environment of labor struggle, two achieve an intensity absent in the other tales in this volume, but are not entirely successful in resolving the situations they unfold. "The Betrayal," pointing the potence of labor solidarity, misses credibility in its portrayal of the wife relinquishing her scabbing lover. "One of Us," the tale of a group of framed workers, is marred by a

theatrical ending. But "Room in the World," the story of a dismissed watchman who is impelled to stage a picket line together with his kids, hits the high point of the collection. For emotional power, this story is to be rated with Albert Maltz's "Man on a Road" as one of the triumphs of recent proletarian fiction.

Home Is Where You Hang Your Childhood establishes Miss Zugsmith as one of the more talented makers of the modern short story. Unlike the free-wheeling Mr. Saroyan, she writes a terse, precise prose. She relies much on clipped conversation. And she uses detail sparingly, suggestively. As a result, practically all of her stories, both early and late, possess a rare lucidity and crispness. In one important respect, however, the more recent stories offer a contrast with the earlier pieces. It is a contrast signalized in Miss Zugsmith's novels by the difference between *The Reckoning* (1934), a story of a foredoomed victim of circumstances, and *A Time to Remember* (1936), in which the victims attempt to change their circumstances. Most of the stories in the present collection are burdened with a sense of the helplessness of man which characterized *The Reckoning*; unavoidably, they have that static quality which appears in stories describing "permanent" states of psychological disturbance. The stories based on workers' lives, however, approach in mood the conception of human creativity characteristic of *A Time to Remember*. Although these stories deal with defeated workers, they are vitalized by the sense that men are pitting themselves against towering hardships, and that, unlike the inert characters of the earlier stories, they are *developing* psychologically in the process of struggle. The groping watchman of the final story, dismissed from a job he held for nine years, faced with a family on the edge of starvation, and distracted by a kid bawling bitterly in the next room, comes suddenly to the question, "Ain't there room in the world for us?" But he asks that question as a slogan to be used in the next day's picketing.

For Miss Zugsmith, this sense of the creative power of men over circumstances developed out of contact with the labor movement.



Tromka

That it has given new significance to her talents and added a new dramatic element to her work is evident from the final story in the present collection.

ARNOLD SHUKOTOFF.

The Last Link

ILLUSION AND REALITY: *A Study of the Sources of Poetry*, by Christopher Cauldwell. The Macmillan Co. \$7.50.

CHRISTOPHER CAULDWELL is really the pseudonym of a young British Communist, Christopher St. John Sprigg. Immediately after completing this manuscript, Sprigg joined the International Brigade; on the eve of the book's publication he died in the defense of Madrid. While there is every reason to suppose that the manner of a man's death should not influence us in evaluating the work of his life, I cannot help feeling that the way in which Sprigg died somehow bears testimony to the essential truth of his book. He defended reality against illusion in literature; when the same conflict took on a fiercer form in Spain, Sprigg abandoned scholarship for the armies of reality.

The historical motion of poetry, Sprigg claims, will soon show itself to be very nearly circular. Poetry in primitive society was a statement of collective emotion, a means of celebrating achievement in war and industry, a group activity in which the social entity expressed and recorded its collective ecstasy at significant triumphs, its grief at death and failure, as well as its body of law and faith. The subsequent history of poetry has been a sloughing off of its collective and utilitarian aspects. Greek poetry contained a metrical farmer's guide by Hesiod and the legalistic sayings of Solon, but on the whole it moved within a more restricted area.

English poetry, which is the case history Sprigg uses, has only gone through part of the cycle, but there has been a readily apparent constriction of its functions. The poetry of today has gone so far into the ego that it must either suffocate in introversion or burst its confinement. The burst will follow shortly after a united working class breaks the structure of capitalism and puts society and all things social on a rational basis. Poetry will have gained by the interim; the advance to be celebrated will represent far more than anything known to the primitives. Although poetry will become collective once more, it will probably never return to its old functional status which was possible only when the means of production made the whole structure of society simple enough for the comprehension of its poetically inclined members.

But the remarkable thing about this book is the limitation imposed by its subtitle in comparison to its actual contents. Obviously, a Marxist study of poetry must contain social data coextensive with the periods considered, but Sprigg's book does far more than just that; it is also a digest of world history, a summary of every thought pattern with any pretense to consistency, and lengthy analyses of each

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of these patterns from the standpoint of historical materialism. So absorbed do we become in the congeries of sociological, economic, psychological, and historical fact that the features irrelevant to poetry seem not so out of place as poetry seems irrelevant to them.

Sprigg adds fuel to the current discussion on the relationship between Marxism and Freudian psychoanalysis; he includes an elaborate disquisition on surrealism; he probes the meaning of the spiritual yearnings of Jeans, Eddington, and their kind; there is a wealth of fresh thought here for the philosophy professors—subject-object, mind-body relationships, the quantum theory, flux and non-flux, relativity—all this in a book on the sources of poetry. There is not, of course, the slightest objection to Sprigg's inclusion of this material nor to the way in which he has approached it. It is simply that it is difficult to know what to say about a book that is so much more than its title indicates. Much of this material has little or no bearing on poetry, but it is still extremely valuable. It should be legitimate, therefore, to recommend the book highly not only for what its title claims for it, but also for a wealth of material as broad in scope as any of the know-it-all writings of Wells, Sorokin, Spengler, and Pareto—for, indeed, a fairly complete restatement of historical materialism. In both respects it is valuable. It takes sides with reality as against illusion, and its author, by his action in Spain, proved that he understood the difference.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

Brief Reviews

MEA CULPA, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.

The two essays which constitute this volume are as paradoxical a choice as could be made. The first is a series of meaningless expletive against the Soviet Union and socialism, and the second is a compressed biography of Ignaz Philip Semmelweis, nineteenth-century Hungarian obstetrician and servant of humanity.

As a damnation of socialism, the first essay turns out to be merely a badly written discharge of a diseased mind, which, lacking facts and reasoning, turns to adjectival assault and mockery. I quote a typical bit of M. Céline's thinking:

The program of communism? In spite of all assertions to the contrary: completely materialistic. The claims of the brute for the usage of brutes . . . to stuff the belly. Take a look at the mug of fat Marx, his belly full! And yet—if only they were able to stuff their guts. But that is exactly the opposite to what is happening. The people is king; but the king is famished . . . the king owns everything—except a shirt to his back.

The essay on Semmelweis is more informative and quite competently written. Readers familiar with scientific history will recall Semmelweis as one of the great nineteenth-century pioneers in antiseptis. Appalled by the number of deaths from puerperal fever at the lying-in hospital where he worked, Semmelweis set out to discover its cause and cure. He found that the germ was being carried by the examining students attending the women. Semmelweis demanded more sanitation, but his demands were not heeded, while he was ridiculed. After a period of exile and dissipation, Semmelweis wrote his classic *Etiology of Puerperal Disease*. If, as I suspect is the case, the story of Semmel-

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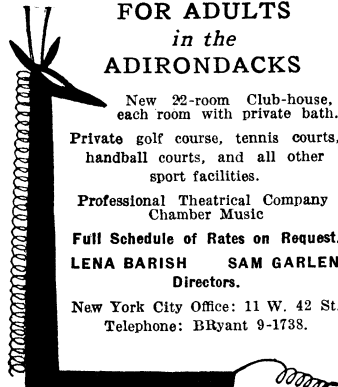
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weis is told as well elsewhere, this book by Céline is practically worthless. The jacket contains a wordy blurb by Leon Trotsky. R. R.

THE TREE FALLS SOUTH, by Wellington Roe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Out in the Dust Bowl, in America's great flying desert, a life and death struggle is taking place. Mr. Roe's story, *The Tree Falls South*, tells of the tragic plight of these farmers, fighting desperately to raise crops and cattle against tremendous odds, ever returning to rebuild what the sands have buried. It is a story of terrible heat, sand storms, dried-up wells, starved cattle, and the exhaustive struggle for daily bread. It is a story of hard working, conservative Americans up against a situation which they cannot cope with individually; who decide, therefore, to band together and march upon the county courthouse to demand temporary relief. Their demand is answered with guns and clubs by the gentlemen representing peace and order. Through Mr. Roe's simple, dramatic presentation of his characters we can see the temper of the Southwest slowly but surely rising against an unjust system. This is a novel of purpose, a complete human document by an author who knows his subject thoroughly.

J. S.

NURSERY YEARS, by Susan Isaacs. Vanguard Press. \$1.50.

Young mothers are beginning to learn that early childhood is the make or break phase in the development of individuals and the need for sound, sensible, clear literature on the subject is a crying one. It is a distinct pleasure, therefore, to greet this little book. Long a manual for English mothers, it is now made available in an American edition. As a group teacher, Susan Isaacs, has had close contact with children. In addition she has flexibility and understanding. She knows children, not as puppets, but as young people with complex physical, emotional, and intellectual natures. To the theoretical discussion of child psychology, there is added an abundance of practical information as to methods and equipment.

V. S.



Recently Recommended Books

- Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris*, by Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. Vanguard. \$3.
- A Maverick American*, by Maury Maverick. Covici-Friede. \$3.
- Attitudes Toward History*, by Kenneth Burke, in two vols. New Republic. \$1 per vol.
- Three Comrades*, by Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown. \$2.75.
- Twilight of a World*, by Franz Werfel. Viking. \$3.
- Conversation at Midnight*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper. \$2.
- War on Saturday Week*, by Ruth Adam. J. B. Lippincott. \$2.50.
- The Making of a Hero*, by Nicholas Ostrovski. E. P. Dutton. \$2.50.
- Children of Strangers*, by Lyle Saxon. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
- Equal Justice*, prepared by Louis Colman. International Labor Defense. 50c.
- The First Russian Revolution: 1825*, by Anatole G. Mazour. University of California Press. \$4.
- The Negro Genius*, by Benjamin Brawley. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.
- The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism*, by Robert A. Brady. Viking. \$3.
- Labor Conditions in Western Europe*, by J. Kucynski. International. \$1.50.
- The Outward Room*, by Millen Brand. Simon & Schuster. \$1.25.
- The Letters of Lenin*, translated and edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace. \$4.



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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

A film story of Zola and the Dreyfus case—Some recent books on the dance

DURING the so-called "dog days" of the American motion picture there were a few really great films produced. Important both as examples of cinema art and as social documents, they never grow out of date. That masterpiece of terrifying realism, *Greed*, obviously comes to mind. But even more extraordinary is Thomas Ince's *The Italian*, produced in 1914, which must be recorded as one of the finest social films ever made. These films were usually made by individual artists who turned to the cinema as a means of expression. When finance capital converted the movies into a motion picture industry, the largest and most efficient in the world, it became increasingly difficult for progressive artists to express themselves.

During the past few years, however, very few men have been able to make films that were different from the usual run of the mill. These men influenced certain producers. Some of them realized that "social" films not only added to the prestige of the company, but that they also made money. At least they did not lose any. Warner Bros. is such a company. They have specialized in what has been called "headline" films. The series began with *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang*. All of these including *They Won't Forget* are muck-raking films. That is good, for we need that type of film. They are, in a sense, reformist and tell their story through the process of individual development.

With *The Life of Emile Zola* the Warner Brothers inaugurate a new era in the film industry. For the first time a commercial producer has given us a film with a broad political idea. It is a dignified and stirring motion picture. Although the film is based on the life of Zola (played by Paul Muni who is superb), it is not purely biographical. His arguments with Cézanne, his literary squabbles, his personal life, are all secondary to the idea expressed by Zola himself toward the end of the film:

To save Dreyfus we had to challenge the might of those who dominate the world. It is not the swaggering militarists! They're but puppets that dance as the strings are pulled! It is those others, those who would ruthlessly plunge us into the bloody abyss of war to protect their power. . . . Thousands of children sleeping peacefully tonight under the roofs of all the world! Doomed to die horribly under some titanic battlefield unless it can be prevented! And it can be prevented! The world must be conquered, but not by force of arms, but by ideas that liberate. Then we can build it anew, build for the humble and the wretched!

No American film before has given us this message or embodied it in such rich and dignified language.

The greater part of *Zola* deals with the Dreyfus affair and Zola's fight in it. The trial, which has every contemporary significance, has all the earmarks of the Leipzig trial. Zola's fight is indicative of the entire anti-fascist front.

One could easily find fault with the film, with its presentation of the details of Zola's life, with the documentation of his literary career. But then the film makes no pretensions to historical accuracy. And then, if in America there was a tradition of such films, such criticism at this time would be legitimate and desirable. But this is the first of its kind and, in a way, precious. It is tastefully produced, skillfully acted, and splendidly written. The only really bad spot in the film is the opening sequence which attempts to establish Zola's early poverty and his intimate relationship with Cézanne (Vladimir Sokoloff). The conception and direction is entirely too kittenish. But these defects are very minor indeed when one takes the film as a whole.

Director William Dieterle gives the film several superb directorial touches. The sequence of the Dreyfus frame-up is magnificent. As the General Staff look down their list of officers for a goat, they come to the name of Alfred Dreyfus. A close-up of the ledger with the description "Jew" after the name. A finger comes into the frame, and the commander says: "I wonder how he ever became a member of the General Staff." And another voice says, "That's our man. Sandherr, take action at once." The parallel with Hitler Germany is obvious.

The film closes with Zola's funeral. Anatole France (beautifully played by Morris Carnovsky) delivers the funeral oration, in which he utters the famous words, "He was a moment of the conscience of mankind!" And, "You who are enjoying today's freedom take

to your hearts the words of Zola! Do not forget those who fought the battles for you and bought your liberty with their genius and blood. Do not forget them and applaud the lies of fanatical intolerance!"

The implications of the film are powerful and profound. But also, they are immersed in historical incident and biography. Will Hollywood dare a contemporary theme?

You Can't Have Everything (20th-Century Fox): A better than average backstage musical film in which the Ritz brothers are extremely funny. This film also marks the première of ex-strip-teaser Gypsy Rose Lee in the part of a hard-hearted Amazon. Very deplorable, however, is a dance in which Haille Selassie is caricatured in a very disgusting but typically Darryl Zanuck manner.

San Quentin (Warner Bros.). The story was the basis of a powerful drama about regeneration of prisoners. It was directed and conceived in the typical stock manner with a typical group of Warner Bros. stock players.

PETER ELLIS.

THE DANCE

WITH the exception of a coming dance festival at Bennington, Vermont, the dance season is over. It has been a turbulent season, marked not so much by any startlingly new contributions to the terpsichorean arts as by the upheaval caused by W.P.A. pink slips and the consequent hunger strike. The gov-



John Mackay

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ernment has forcefully proved to the dancers that theirs is no longer an isolated art.

Perhaps now is the best time to review, even though belatedly, certain notable contributions to dance literature. A book of considerable interest is Paul David Magriel's *A Bibliography of Dancing* (H. W. Wilson Co.). It contains a listing of the various periodicals, dictionaries, bibliographies, etc., in the dance field, and a commendable cataloguing of works, outlines, critical essays, and articles on the history and criticism of the dance; folk, national, regional, and ethnological dances; the art of dancing; ballet; mime, and pantomime; masques, and accessories. It covers such diverse items as dancing and the church, physiology of dancing, dance notation, dance halls, and poetry of the dance.

Of course, any bibliography is limited by the time element, and in so lively an art as the dance there are bound to be considerable important omissions. For example, the wide range of articles that have appeared in the various daily newspapers and smaller magazines have been overlooked completely. As bibliographies go, however, Magriel's work is a compact presentation that provides a mine of information for the future historians of the art.

Three other books should prove of invaluable service to the dance student, and incidentally to the dance audience. They are Lincoln Kirstein's compressed history of classical theatrical dancing, *Dance* (G. P. Putnam's Sons); John Martin's *America Dancing* (Dodge Publishing Co.), a story of the background and personalities of the modern dance; and Irving Deakin's excellent introduction to ballet (for beginners), *To the Ballet* (Dodge).

Lincoln Kirstein goes back to primitive dancing, works his way from the ritual myth and drama dance of Egypt, through the Greek dance and theater to the contemporary scene. Kirstein is, of course, completely sold on the ballet as *the* form and technique of dance, and his book is entirely pointed in that direction. Whatever the special prejudice of the reader, however, there is such a fund of material in the work as to make it indispensable reading for the serious student of the dance; for the general lay audience, Kirstein's volume makes good, if sometimes heavy, reading.

John Martin's book has been discussed in this column before. There is a good, even exciting essay on the background of the modern dance in America. But then his book tends to the gossipy and often superficial analysis of the modern movement. It is most valuable for its chronological material. It lacks the broader social approach to the historical development of the art, telling the *how* of modern dancing, neglecting the *why* of it. There is no better book on the contemporary dance scene, however, and whatever its deficiencies, it provides a picture of a more important art current where one was sadly lacking.

The most happy quality about Irving Deakin's book is the comparative lack of that ecstatic effeminate writing that generally

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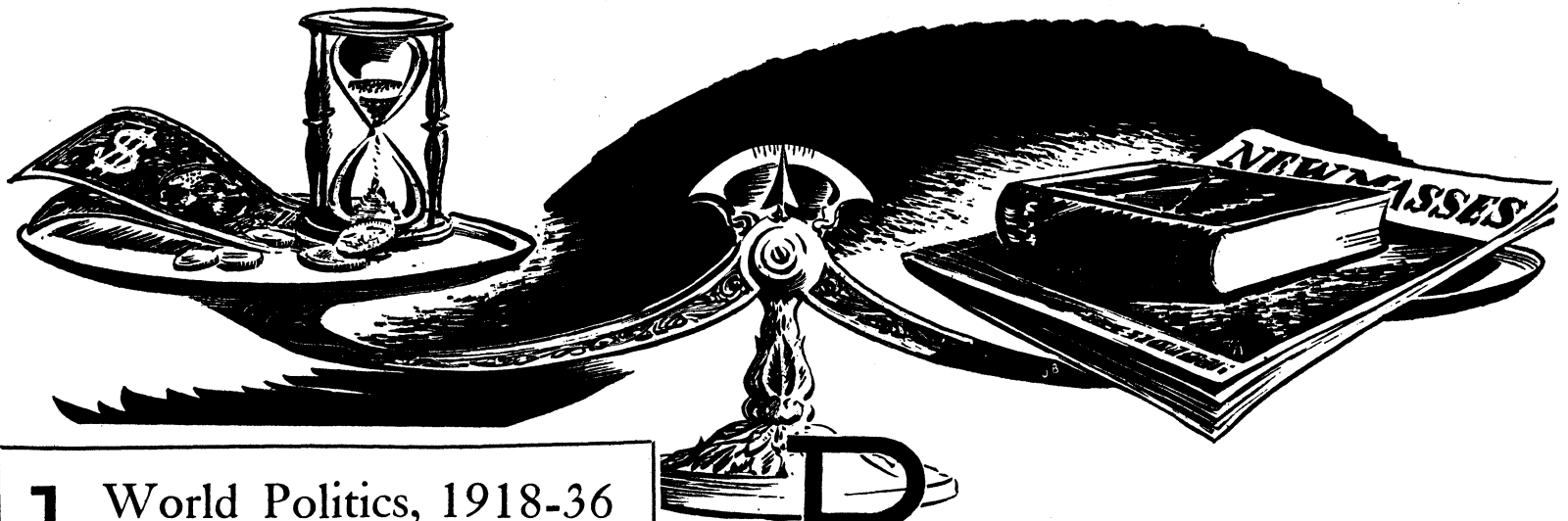
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