

**Franco's
Ally: 
Defeatism**

AN EDITORIAL

**Strategy After
Barcelona**

CAPT. W. E. WILLIAMS

The Big Strike

A Story of 'Little Rubber'

RUTH MCKENNEY

**TIMEfascist
Number One**

EUSTACE TILLEY

**The Sub-Carpath
Road to the East**

F. C. WEISKOPF

**A Chinese
Peasant Speaks**

JAMES BERTRAM

Cheer Up, Forsythe

SAMUEL SILLEN

**Cartoons by Gropper,
Richter, Ned Hilton,
Joe Bartlett, Ajay,
Crockett Johnson**

**ON THE COVER
Enrique Lister
TURN TO PAGE 5**

FEB. 7, 1939



F I F T E E N C E N T S

New
MASSOBS

NEXT week **NEW MASSES** will appear in a new format. The change is a considered one, designed to give us still more flexibility. Next week, also, we will have a detailed announcement of plans for the magazine—the new writers, new features, and special articles for the coming months.

The first Keynote Forum satisfied a large audience that the series will be something new in cultural events. Ruth McKenney, who spoke, announced she was coming to heckle Mike Gold, James Dugan, Elie Siegmeister, and Martin McCall, when they debate the question "Has Swing a Social Significance?" at the second forum, Thursday, February 2.

The Battle of Swing will be illustrated with phonograph records. The audience will have plenty of time for its own say.

The Keynote Club is offering a special membership for a limited group of **NEW MASSES** readers. We will send you for \$1 a membership card which will grant the following privileges: (1) Special announcements of coming events by mail before they are announced in the magazine. (2) Priority privileges in obtaining tickets. (3) Invitations to special events which cannot be open to the public. (4) \$1 credit on any club service—food or admission. The credit may apply to guests of the member, but we cannot admit more than five hundred people to the club on account of the fact that the room accommodates not more than three hundred people. Applications for membership should be made immediately, while the offer is still open. Phone Tiba Garlin at CAledonia 5-3076, or mail your dollar to her at **NEW MASSES**.

Last week Joe North and Eric Bernay of our staff met with a group of fifty musicians to seek closer cooperation between the magazine and the professional groups to which it appeals. This will be the first of many conferences and parties with artists, writers, technicians, medical men, and other professional groups, in an organized attempt to involve them in the actual editorial operations of the magazine, to attune the editorial policy to the main interests of the middle class. The first meeting resulted in a special liaison committee of musicians and fifty new subscriptions. Meetings are now being scheduled with other groups.

The third of the Keynote Forums, February 9, will find Joseph North, who spent a year in Spain as *Daily Worker* war correspondent, speaking on the situation in Spain today. The following Thursday Simon W. Gerson will make his first public address since the big Red scare when he was appointed confidential examiner to the office of the Manhattan borough president last year. Tickets should be spoken for immediately.

Remember: Anna Sokolow will dance under the sponsorship of **NEW MASSES** at the Alvin Theater in New York, Sunday evening, February 26. Tickets can be secured at the **NEW MASSES** office or reserved by calling Tiba Garlin at CAledonia 5-3076.

We are receiving many letters commenting on Forsythe's article in our last issue, in which he deprecated the

Between Ourselves

theater as an effective medium for progressive writers. Next week we will begin publication of a section of this correspondence.

The management of Zindorest Park, well known resort at Monroe, N. Y., announces that it will give its entire proceeds of a full day of the weekend of February 18 for the benefit of the German refugees.

The tremendous achievements of the Soviets in opening the Arctic Ocean to commercial traffic are dramatized in an exhibit now on in Education Hall at the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y. C. The exhibit, which has just arrived from the Soviet Union and which is sponsored here by the American Russian Institute, offers a striking example of Soviet exhibition tech-

niques and materials. Constantin Oumansky, chargé d'affaires of the Soviet embassy, and Vilhjalmur Stefansson, noted Arctic explorer, will speak at a special program in connection with the Arctic Exhibit on Sunday afternoon, February 5, at 3:30 p. m.

Richard Wright, Albert Maltz, Leane Zugsmith, Millen Brand, Robert Coates, and Maxwell Bodenheim are among the sponsors of the Pink Slip Cabaret being held by the Writers Division of the Committee for the Arts Projects on Sunday, February 5, from 4 p. m. to midnight, at the Delphic Studios, 44 West 56th St., N. Y. C.

A contest for one-act plays suitable for radio presentation, dealing with aspects of civil rights in America, is

being sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union. Judges will be Archibald MacLeish, Brooks Atkinson, Sidney Howard, and Elmer Rice.

Who's Who

CAPT. WALTER E. WILLIAMS is the pen name of a high-ranking officer who served two years in the International Brigade in Spain. He will continue his military analyses of world events from time to time in our columns. . . . Eustace Tilley, whose name appears over the article "TIMEfascist Number One," was chosen by the editors of **NEW MASSES** as the most pertinent pen name for the *Time* employees who wrote the excellent piece which we reprint from the Communist shop-paper *High Time*. The non-existent Tilley was listed as an editor of *Time* after a scrap between *Time* and the *New Yorker*. To those of our readers who are ignorant of this Herculean battle we'll give the details in *Between Ourselves* next week. . . . S. J. Perelman, who has filled in for Robert Forsythe before (Aug. 9, 1938, issue), contributes one of the first pieces from his typewriter since returning from a spell in Hollywood. . . . F. C. Weiskopf's dispatches to **NEW MASSES** bore a Prague dateline until, following Munich, the liberal paper of which he was editor was forced to suspend. He is now in Paris. . . . Ruth McKenney's story in this issue is a section of her new book, *Industrial Valley*, which will be published February 16 by Harcourt, Brace & Co. . . . James Bertram, author of *First Act in China*, was the only foreign correspondent in China to cover the famous Sian incident, when Chiang Kai-shek was held captive for a few days. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is a member of New York University's English department. . . . David Silver is working on a Federal Writers Project study of urban folklore. . . . George Speyer recently spent three years in France, studying the political movement.

Flashbacks

ADVICE to a worried American Communist: "When the moment comes in which events themselves drive the American proletariat forward there will be enough fited by their superior theoretical insight and experience to take the part of leaders, and then you will find that your years of work have not been wasted. Americans . . . have got to experience it in their own bodies." Date of this advice: Feb. 8, 1890; author: Friedrich Engels. . . . Engels wrote primarily of the industrial North. Ralph Waldo Emerson, writing of the feudalistic South, entered in his journal Feb. 2, 1835, long before Abolition was a popular cause: "Though the voice of society should demand a defense of slavery, from all its organs, that service can never be expected from me. My opinion is of no worth, but I have not a syllable of all the language I have learned, to utter for the planter. . . . I do not wish to live in a nation where slavery exists."

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXX, No. 7

February 7, 1939

Strategy after Barcelona by Capt. Walter E. Williams . . .	4
TIMEfascist Number One by Eustace Tilley	7
From This Confusion A Poem by Marshall Schacht	8
No Dies for Winrod by Robert Ange	9
Editorial Comment	10
The Rake's Progress by S. J. Perelman (batting for Forsythe)	14
Road to the East by F. C. Weiskopf	15
The Big Strike by Ruth McKenney	17
A Chinese Peasant Speaks A Poem by James Bertram . . .	18
Readers' Forum	21

REVIEW AND COMMENT


Cheer Up, Forsythe by Samuel Sillen	22
Faulkner's New Novel by Edwin Berry Burgum	23
Folk Literature by David Silver	24
Spokesman for Unity by George Speyer	25
Kansas Poet by Joy Davidman	26
Books and Authors	27

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Lenin, Stalin, and Ivan by James Dugan	28
Written in Anger by Ruth McKenney	29
"A Song about America" by Garret Conarty	30
Charles Ives at Last by John Sebastian	30

Art work by B. Valloton (cover), Ad Reinhardt, William Grop- per, Mischa Richter, Crockett Johnson, Joe Bartlett, Ned Hilton, A. Ajay, A. Walkowitz, Shiro Miyazaki, Charles Martin.

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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New Power for New Masses

NEXT week you will see a new NEW MASSES. New people are gathering about NEW MASSES. The intellectual front against fascism—composed of honest and intelligent readers, sincere and courageous artists and writers—has been broadening. Munich gave many the cue; Barcelona will bring out many more. And this group realizes that NEW MASSES is theirs, that it is the one magazine in the United States where fearless and realistic criticism appears weekly, where information that others fear is produced to show the way to the people of America.

These scores of writers of good will are joining our ranks and preparing to appear in NEW MASSES in the coming year. Next week and the weeks thereafter they will be announced. A new format is being designed. A livelier, more energetic publication awaits you. NEW MASSES is your fortress and ours against the ravages of fascism and reaction in the groups we represent.

We need to make NEW MASSES a new and better magazine. The times demand it. The pressure events put on us increases, but the old, familiar financial pressure never relaxes.

One year ago we came to you with our story. We needed \$20,000 to keep NEW MASSES going for the rest of that year. You responded magnificently. The \$20,000 was raised. Unfortunately, it did not prove to be enough. The new depression reduced our income much more than we had anticipated. We borrowed, we cut both our editorial and business staffs to the bone, we suspended our monthly literary section. Still our deficit mounted. Last October we were faced with an ultimatum that threatened immediate

suspension. Only the raising of an emergency fund of \$5,000 enabled us to pull through.

Now a new year has come—and a new deficit. Again we turn to those to whom NEW MASSES really belongs: its readers and friends. What is NEW MASSES worth to you? Let us put it this way: *what is the cause of peace and democracy, of the oppressed in all lands—of your own flesh and blood—worth to you?* For that is what it really comes down to.

We know many of you are contributing generously to help Spain, to help China, to help the progressive movement in many fields. You must continue to help. But *because* Spain and China and the progressive movement as a whole need your help, NEW MASSES must be kept alive. That way you will be helping every progressive cause, you will be strengthening the struggle against reaction all down the line.

We appeal to every reader and friend of NEW MASSES to join in raising within the next few weeks a fund of \$30,000—a fighting fund to help keep America and the world free. This is the minimum necessary for survival.

But, as we told you, we intend to do more than merely survive. We are planning for the future in full confidence that you will do your part. Send in your personal contributions at once to 31 East 27th St., New York City. Solicit your friends and arrange house parties, affairs, etc., in order to raise funds. Send in subscriptions.

The Editors

Please
write to the
President to-

LIFT THE
EMBARGO ON
LOYALIST
SPAIN



Strategy After Barcelona

How the War Can Be Fought Through—to Victory

CAPT. WALTER E. WILLIAMS

BARCELONA has fallen with the weight of Italian and Nazi shells. But the war goes on. Since the fall of Barcelona, progressives of America are reestimating the prospects for the Spanish government. For many months they have carried on in behalf of Spanish democracy with the view definitely in mind that loyalist Spain, with its own resources, had the possibility of holding out indefinitely against the rebel and invading forces. We felt they would hold out until aid came through a reversal of the international lineup—the so-called non-intervention compacts and embargos—that have provided Franco with all the help he desired and have denied the loyalists their most elementary military needs. Now, since the fall of Barcelona, can we still maintain that point of view? Can Spain hold out till the progressives of the world enforce a shift in governmental policies that would withdraw tacit and open aid to the axis powers? I say, unequivocally, yes!

The worst that can possibly happen would be, of course, the conquest of the entire Iberian peninsula by the Franco forces. In order to conceive of such an eventuality we have to take into consideration the military and political factors, national and international.

General Molesworth, British military observer, and member of the Non-Intervention Committee for the evacuation of foreigners fighting on the loyalist side, has declared that the central area of republican Spain can hold out for three or four years. Other military observers can object to Molesworth's estimate of the length of time that resistance can continue there: but they cannot deny that central Spain can be defended for an indefinite period—many months. Madrid and Valencia proved that. Molesworth reached his conclusion, too, without taking into consideration that the international factors may completely change the status of the war by opening the frontier and by lifting the embargo, thus permitting loyalist Spain the arms and supplies that are necessary to win the conflict.

The worst eventuality is that the war will now become one of attrition. That requires time—and time is an ally of the loyalist government. Following the vigorous attack against Catalonia which was highly concentrated both as regards men and materials, the fascists will require some considerable time to reorganize, rest, and reequip their forces. It will probably be several weeks before any crucial attempt is made against the central front of Spain.

A period of months is long enough for an intensified campaign of all progressives to change the international situation: popular discontent can be organized to express itself more forcibly in demanding that immediate action be taken for Spain. For the honest folk of all the democracies—particularly France—are alarmed. In the event of a complete Franco victory France would be threatened both from the south and from her eastern borders, a fact which no doubt would be used to blackmail her into many concessions, territorial and in prestige. The French army alone is in no position to defend itself on several fronts at once, especially in view of the fact that Morocco is no longer a reservoir of manpower since the sealines are not safe for French shipping. The Frenchman on the street has become increasingly aware of this; he is worried. And worried too are the democrats and honest patriots of America, Great Britain, and the smaller independent nations. If a Gallup poll would estimate the pro-loyalist swing there is no doubt the overwhelming majority of the peoples would be for direct aid to republican Spain. For the peace of the world is threatened.

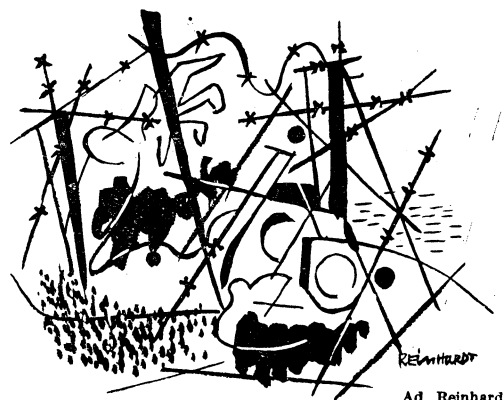
The Spaniards are fighting on in the upper Catalan areas; central Spain can still hold out for an indefinite period.

Let us look at the map for a moment:

In Catalonia the lines have re-formed. The government in Gerona still functions in complete command. The organization of a food supply for the civilian populace has been achieved.

In the southern area General Miaja's 250,000 troops are unwavering. The government has an army of about 700,000 men. It has a navy of three cruisers, thirteen destroyers, seven submarines, five torpedo boats, and two gunboats, all in excellent condition with crews of unimpeachable morale.

The government retains the island of Minorca in the Mediterranean with a naval



Ad Reinhardt

base excelling Majorca Island—in Mussolini's hands.

The government retains eleven out of Spain's twenty-two provincial capitals.

Republican Spain has a coastline of five hundred miles, including the ports of Alicante, Valencia, Almería, and a first-class naval base at Cartagena.

More than half the population of Spain—ten million, including three million refugees—are republican.

That is the lineup.

Certain things, however, face us today, and we must seriously evaluate the whole position. Barcelona did not fall in the strict military sense of the term. It was surrendered by the government, in an orderly withdrawal of troops, for two reasons: first, because of the terrific shortage of arms and material of war; and second—a fact which follows from the first—because any attempt at defense with such a minimum possibility of success would have meant a terrific loss of civilian life. Considering these two factors, the government decided to withdraw its troops into the province of Gerona, giving them time to reorganize their positions in that very hilly terrain. It is an interesting fact that this province has played a conspicuous role in Spain's history. During the Spanish campaign of Napoleon's Marshal Ney the entire Iberian peninsula was occupied, even to and including the province of Barcelona proper. There was one small section, however, which was never conquered although it was attacked from all sides—the province of Gerona. It was from this province also that the first guerrillas seriously undertook action against the supply columns of Napoleon's forces, beginning the gradual disintegration of the supply lines and bases and consequently making easier the task of Wellington's armies in their advance through Spain. It is, therefore, worth remembering that as long as Gerona is held, the Spanish loyalist government still has a base in northern Spain.

A fact that seems to have been overlooked by the fascist leadership is that a nation is never defeated as long as its army is intact even if in a depleted condition. In order to defeat an army it is essential that it be completely routed and disintegrated. This is not true of the present situation of the loyalist forces. Two complete armies still remain actively in the field: the army of the center under the command of General Miaja, and the army operating in the province of Gerona under the command of General Sarabia. To convert what looks like a defeat at this moment into a victory, it is but necessary to open the frontier of France and to put into the hands of the Catalan forces the necessary arms and equipment to undertake offensive action. If America should lift the embargo this process would be rapidly stepped up. These troops in Catalonia are veterans of the war. They have seen many battles; they have learned a great deal; their morale is known to be excellent; their only weakness is lack of material.

The real task today of the Spanish armies

of the center and the north is to hold out as long as men and material last, to continue with what they have in order to make the cost to the fascists so high as to convert their advance into a Pyrrhic victory. It is a known fact that the Catalan offensive alone has cost Mussolini a billion dollars, or very nearly as much as the entire Ethiopian campaign. Its cost in casualties must be very high, although one can expect from the news sources in Burgos, Barcelona, and Hendaye only statements of minimal losses.

It is necessary today that all of us adopt a long-range view of the Spanish war, because it has not been lost and all the elements for victory are at hand. A long-range view—but immediate action! The fascists themselves are having serious difficulties. The Intelligence Reports of the loyalist government and also in the foreign capitals indicate that Franco has had serious disturbances in his rear. The differences between the Spanish officers and the Italian and German commanding staffs have become very sharp. There is a great deal of resentment against all these invaders by even fascist and Falangist elements. The finances of the fascists are also their Achilles' heel at the present moment.

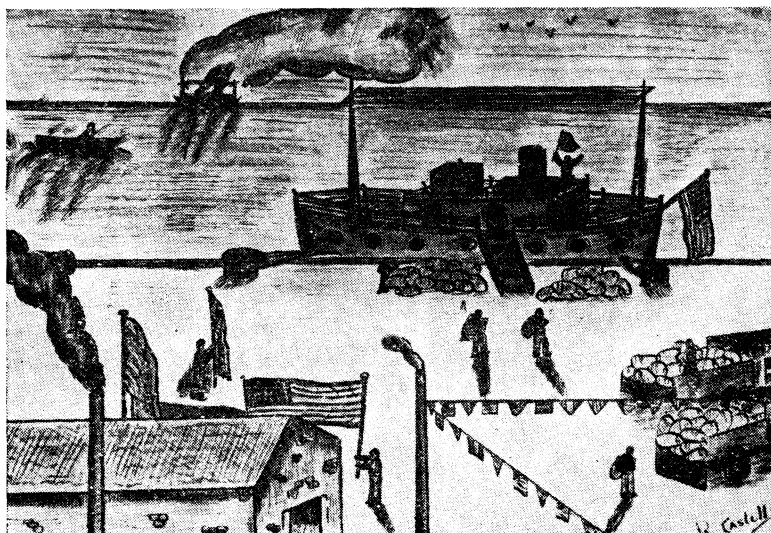
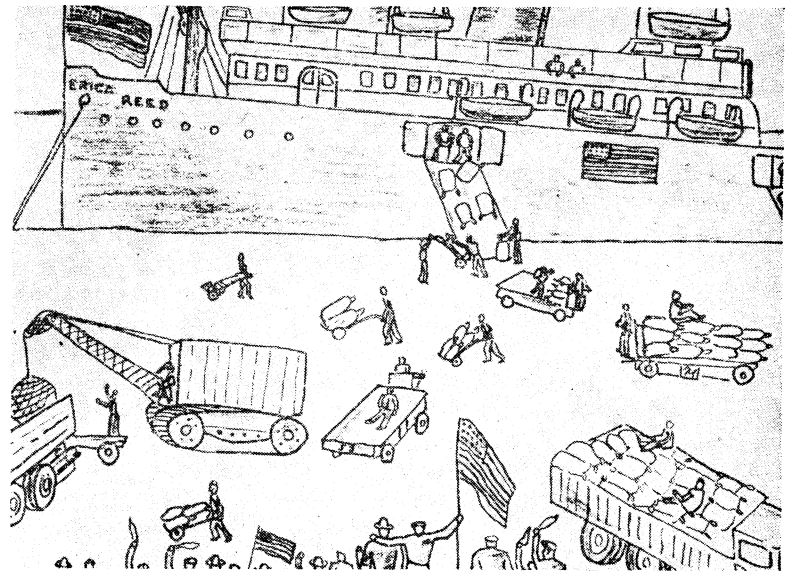
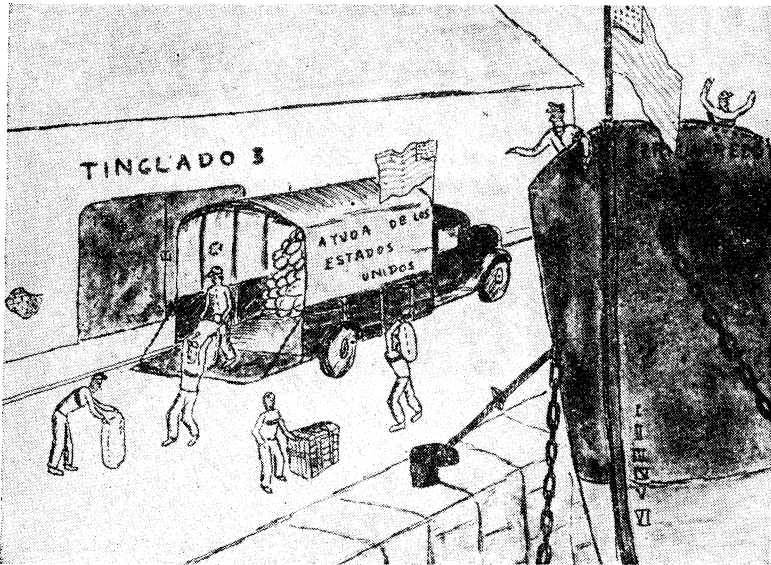
The situation in Italy is well known in financial circles. Hence the desperate attempt to get loans from Lombard Street, London, which up to now have met with some degree of success.

The possibility of changing the situation is excellent. The rising anti-Nazi, anti-Mussolini temper of the British people indicates that Chamberlain and the Cliveden set will be seriously embarrassed during the period of the next several months in their activities in support of Mussolini. And the pressure of the French people, now that the threat to their rear is immediate, should make a great difference in the possibilities of a Franco victory throughout the country.

The chief point at issue today is a factor of imperative military importance, that is, to get arms and supplies to the Catalan forces immediately. Here the tasks of the progressive forces throughout the world, and more particularly in the United States, are of the utmost importance. Should sufficient pressure be brought to bear upon the State Department and President Roosevelt to lift the embargo on arms for Spain, then there is no doubt that such action would give that final impetus to the French masses to compel their

government to open the frontier, permitting material aid to pass at once. It is necessary for us to undertake this campaign immediately if the fate of loyalist Spain is to be decided in democracy's favor. More than that: we would strengthen our own—America's—defenses. For a Franco victory in Spain means strengthening the axis in Latin America, strengthening fascism at our back door.

The political and military responsibility for the fall of Barcelona rests with the progressive forces in America as much as with the weakness of the democracies in Europe. Had we campaigned with sufficient strength and compelled the lifting of the embargo, Barcelona need not have fallen. But it is *not too late!* Pessimism is Franco's ally. If we are to support our Spanish brothers in arms, then this campaign must be accelerated at once. Franco has not won a victory, because within the womb of his recent success lie the seeds of his own ultimate destruction. But in order to save a great deal of suffering and pain to the people of Spain generally, and particularly to the Catalan people, aid must reach them at the earliest moment. The lifting of the embargo at this time will gain us victory.



One Glass of Milk a Week

IF YOU STUDY the details of these children's impressions of the arrival in Barcelona of the American relief ship *Erica Reed*, you will sense the terrific import of the event in the minds of those whom the enterprise served.

Today Barcelona is Franco's, but its people still resist him. Thousands of them in upper Catalonia fight on, bare-handed and half-starved. They need two things from us: the removal of the embargo, and food—one no less than the other.

The need for the first relief ship was great. Today it is a hundredfold greater. Spanish children are rationed *one glass of milk per week*. The Medical Bureau and the North American Committee are increasing their campaign for refugee aid. You know the facts. The address is 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

TIMEfascist Number One

Why Was Goldie Fired?

TIM EDITOR EUSTACE TILLEY

ON MARCH 3, 1923, the first awkward issue of *Time* said sternly of the leaders of Russia, "They seem more concerned with the world's affairs and the propagation of Bolshevik policy than in looking after their own people." Laird Shields Goldsborough was not at that time a member of *Time's* staff. He was making a name for himself at Yale—editor of the *Record*, managing editor of the *Lit*, dramatic critic of the *Daily News*. When he got out (he said in the yearbook) he wanted to write. He was a hit at *Time* from the start. Henry Luce and Briton Hadden thought he was great.

Last month Goldie set out on what a memo from Mr. Luce described as "his long overdue sabbatical year." That was all right; Goldie had been with *Time* for thirteen years. But before the week was out no one on *Time* doubted that Goldie, no less than a year ago regarded as a *Time* institution as immutable as the spinach on the cover (which was taken off two months ago), had been fired.

It was often said, by way of explaining some of Goldie's statements, that there was a standing Luce memo to the managing editors—"Don't touch a word of Goldie's copy." He was a superb personification of the copy-book maxims; he would do anything to succeed; and as an "editorial vagabond," as he liked to call himself, there was no question that he was a success. He had interviewed all the big men. His salary was at least \$22,000 a year. He had two enormous Rolls Royces and an apartment at 1200 Fifth Avenue. He had White Russians to lunch and went out to dinner with ambassadors. After his visit to the Soviet Union in 1937 (where he spent most of his time on Joe Davies' yacht, *Sea Cloud*), Mr. Luce arranged a lunch for him with important Wall Street people, and Goldie told them all about conditions.

Goldie liked big people, he liked to go around with them. In his *Time* copy he displayed a wistful respect for aristocracy. He wrote up the births and marriages of the aristocrats of Europe like a faithful Froissart. (Mr. Luce himself believes in the aristocratic principle, without which civilization would perish.) He liked deposed aristocracy even more, as long as it wasn't black, like Haile Selassie; he was one of the most impulsive admirers of Herbert Hoover, right through 1938. Goldie came of good family himself. When he married Florence Maconaughey in June 1929 the ceremony took place in Goldsborough Church, Goldsborough, England. The British empire, being Goldie's ancestral home, got the breaks in *Time*. Only the best ele-

ments in the British empire, naturally—the royal family and the "superior young British bachelors" in the Civil Service. As for the lower classes—"the British lower classes," wrote Goldie last spring in connection with self-sufficiency in time of war, "can subsist indefinitely on bread and margarine."

Because of his name, Goldie was terrified that he would sometime be mistaken for a Jew—which obliged him to work a reference to his Anglo-Saxon ancestry into the most casual conversation. Léon Blum he used to refer to as "spidery Jew Blum." People he didn't like he called Jews; the checker took it out when it happened to be wrong. He tried for thirteen years to prove that Stalin, whom he didn't like, was a Jew. He called another Russian a Jew on the grounds that his fingers were short and stubby. The checker took it out, saying cheerfully that his own fingers were not exactly long and tapering.

Though he didn't like Jews he was good at describing pogroms. He was coldly, sickly fascinated at the thought of blood. There was no atrocity story like a Goldie atrocity story. When the Japanese took Nanking Goldie luxuriated in the sanguinary details, though he wrote last January, with no trace of irony, "Japan under Hirohito has much in common with England under Victoria." He made no attempt to understand the cause of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia or the tactics of the Italian armies, but his descriptions of the air bombardment of Ethiopian villages were beautifully vivid.

For years Goldie has smelled blood in Moscow. Last spring, at the end of a gory series of stories on the Moscow trials, he ran four columns of routine administrative shakeups in Soviet industry, each item headed "Soap Purge, Oil Purge, Steel Purge." The Soviet Union was always a great disappointment to Goldie. First Lenin betrayed the revolution; then Stalin betrayed the revolution. Goldie's solicitude for the revolution was charming, but *Time's* readers could not help but be confused. Goldie never believed any official speeches or figures; anyone favorable to the Soviet Union he put down as a Communist, therefore biased. So he relied for his stories on quotations from unfavorable correspondents. Now, men like Eugene Lyons and men like Harold Denny of the *New York Times* agree on a dislike for Russia, but for different reasons; Goldie printed them both. He would attack Russia one week from the right, next week from the left. The unhappy reader could be sure things weren't going so well,

but that was about all. Goldie attacked the Communists as godless, then said that religion, contrary to the teachings of Marx and Engels, was being allowed back. He would repeat an anecdote about an automobile factory where those inefficient dopes, the Russians, a nation of peasants, forgot to provide for steering wheels, then say gloomily that Europe was trembling before the mechanized might of the Red Army. He would denounce the class war, then denounce Stalin for being unfaithful to the class war. (Stalin drives a big car, said Goldie, maybe not a Rolls Royce but anyway a Packard; he lives like a Romanov in a big country house outside of Moscow.)

Not that there wasn't a certain amount of fuzziness in Goldie's picture of the rest of Europe. He said last February that "the Nazi radicals have always been for virtual socialization of Germany"—what was he talking about? He was never very good at making political distinctions; to him Litvinov and von Ribbentrop were just two diplomats, and there was no reason why they shouldn't get together. Some of his confusions may have been calculated: there was the famous "Trotzky is Stalin's secret stooge" story of 1937, which can only have resulted from a deliberate desire to bewilder.

At one point he decided that Franco and the republicans were really fighting for the same thing—the revolution. He outdid himself on Spain. Franco was "serious, close-lipped" for a while, then "soft-spoken, studious," acting with "soldierly simplicity," then "humorous and carefree," something like Franklin Roosevelt. The Franco program was described by Goldie as "Back to Normalcy." The civil war was caused by Communist riots. The loyalist government was a "government by mobsters." The defenders of Madrid were "shoemakers, cab drivers, and waiters, who were only prevented from scattering in despair by their officers standing behind them with cocked firearms." The chief hero of Madrid, you gathered, was Col. Sosthenes Behn of I. T. & T. On three separate occasions *Time* said the fall of Madrid was a matter of hours: and the reason it held out in the end was Moscow Gold. Goldie's services in the cause of truth the first six months of the war consisted of quoting correspondence from people like William Carney and Sam Baron ("smuggled out uncensored"), articles in the *American Mercury* and shipboard interviews by hysterical American clubwomen. After that Bunny Schroeder (since transferred to *Life* and there fired) took over War in Spain and certain outlines began to emerge. But whenever he wrote an honest story Goldie put in a paragraph about the activities of the "five thousand Red Army soldiers in Spain" and the sinister Spanish branch of the sinister Russian OGPU. It was only in the review of *Man's Hope* in Books that Spain was divided between fascists and loyalists. Frank Norris, whose only information on the war had been supplied by Goldie, read *Man's Hope* and was so appalled that he ordered four advance copies for Goldie

and his staff. It isn't likely that Goldie read it; things were happening very fast at the time.

In 1934 Goldie went to Italy for *Fortune*—he had a new title: *Time*, Inc.'s Representative Abroad—to gather material for one of *Fortune's* occasional one-subject issues. He stumped around government offices and came back so passionately hipped on fascism that *Fortune* didn't dare print his stories. *Time* had fewer scruples. Italy was wonderful because Mussolini had made begging a national monopoly and drained the Pontine marshes. "The years have dignified and tempered Benito Mussolini, and he has dignified and tempered the Italian people," said Goldie in 1936. "The features of Benito Mussolini in the prime of his conquest are those of an Augustan Caesar." He repeated often enough that fascists are equally hard on capital and labor, but now and then facts drifted through which seemed to indicate otherwise. German fascism he treated more fliply, but at a period when *Time's* promotion said *Time* was banned in Germany it was being freely sold on newsstands in Berlin.

Why was Goldie fired? He seemed to be the ideal *Time* writer, the ideal boss' boy. When Mr. Luce held an irrational prejudice for some country, like China because he happened to have been born in it, Goldie moderated his natural feelings of shock when Chiang Kai-shek joined up with "the bandit hordes of Communists." He was extremely prolific; he could write the whole Foreign News section in two days, sitting at his typewriter and letting the checker pick up the sheets as they swirled to the floor. Often his writing was colorful and dramatic. He had a taste for gossip. He liked nothing better than a story about a royal mistress. (One of his principal dilemmas was how to treat Magda Lupescu, who was both a royal mistress and a Jewess.) He spoke of the rulers of Europe familiarly. One of the early purposes of *Time* was to simplify complicated technical matters for the busy layman; Goldie made the events of a week simple by calling Mussolini masculine and Hitler "mystic, emotional, intuitive"—in a word, feminine. His conception of diplomacy was somewhat that of a Grade-B movie.

He was the most inaccurate writer on *Time*. Europe was far away; FN stories could not be checked with nearly so much insistence as the other departments. But Goldie's errors of fact were less spectacular than his errors of judgment. He pooh-poohed Hitler up to, and including, the last minute. He had read *Mein Kampf*, but he hadn't believed it, so he pooh-poohed every Nazi aggression. In February he didn't think Hitler had any designs on Austria; if he had "it would not be a calamity." Later: "the Berchtesgaden bargain avoided war in Europe for a full week at least." As he became more and more conscious of his position as chief interpreter of Europe to America he made more positive statements and so more mistakes. He praised Camille Chau-

From This Confusion

What do you want, when, hitched alert to
sound-waves,
You jerk the dial from Goodman to a
speech,
Read breakfast in the turbulence and
ground waves
Of headlines pouring up the morning
beach?
What do you get, exposed to cablegrams
And instant gun-fire breaking from the
press?
Death notices, the happiness of hams,
The world laid out on view in a bloody
dress.

From this confusion, the volcanic death of
man
In sure eruption, and the certain wave
Dark-following the earthquake in Japan—
Nothing you do with dykes, or love, can
save,

Unless there is a glass, a single prism,
By which to focus nightmare into vision.
MARSHALL SCHACHT.

★ ★ ★

temps in four columns and Chautemps fell before that issue of *Time* was in the mails.

Also, he presumed. He went about saying that he was the man who broke the Mrs. Simpson story and knocked Edward Windsor off the throne of England. Publisher Ingersoll, for one, didn't think he ought to regard himself as more important than the magazine which had created him. Because of Goldie's prejudice against things most Americans approve of, like democracy, he had alienated great sections of *Time's* readers. When he went off to Europe last spring a flock of letters came in asking why FN had improved all of a sudden. The editors began paying no attention to the famous Luce memo. Frank Norris now and then gave the other writers in the department, Allan Michie and Robert Neville, a Goldie story to rewrite. This fall the pounding began in earnest. Norris began assigning stories over Goldie's head to the other writers. He and Gottfried often rewrote every word of Goldie's stories. Goldie was confused. Mr. Luce evidently turned against him. He went to Mrs. Luce and asked her to use her influence. Mr. Luce offered him a trip round the world, expenses paid for six months. Ingersoll and Gottfried got it changed to eight months. Goldie saw what was happening; but he preferred to stay and fight it out.

When Mr. Luce came down from his penthouse to edit *Time* for two weeks, it was with the express purpose of getting shut of Goldie. In the first editorial conference he talked low and jerkily so Goldie couldn't hear.

He contemptuously took away the best FN story and gave it to Press. He assigned the Yugoslavia cover story to Neville; he told Michie to do War in China. Michie went in to Goldie for the War in China clips. "Take the War!" said Goldie, slapping the pile of clippings down on his desk. "Take China—take everything!" Mr. Luce rewrote Goldie's stories savagely or handed them round to the rest of the staff. After a week of this treatment Goldie went hopelessly haywire. He wrote a dozen cables on minor points which Thomas Krug in the correspondence office wouldn't send. He wrote Miss Saul a memo: "Are you one of the Ingersoll faction that thinks Goldsborough is a son of a bitch?" His story about the Italian clamor for Tunis described the sly way the Reds have of proceeding from revolution to revolution till at last they arrive at The Revolution, and ended up with the bitter non sequitur: "Somewhere in Italy tonight a woman is buying a revolver with which to kill Mussolini." Next week he wrote no stories, sitting in his office pounding out cables to everyone in Europe who could use his influence. He had the London office arrange a lunch for him with Anthony Eden; he telegraphed Herbert Hoover to come East for lunch; but when he went in to tell Mr. Luce about the arrangements, Mr. Luce didn't say anything.

The memo from Mr. Luce to the staff said: "I hope many more *Time* editors will earn a sabbatical year. . . ."

At the start of his sabbatical year, his nerves shot to pieces from that last week, Goldie came down with pneumonia. The *Time* FN department, the moment he left it, ceased to regard Neville Chamberlain as the greatest man in Europe and found him one of the most despicable. "Leftists" became "loyalists." Allan Michie wrote a long excellent story about "New China." But that Goldie's firing represented no fundamental change in *Time's* tactics was shown by the Man-of-the-Year story, into which Mr. Norris, Mr. Gottfried, Mr. Ingersoll, and Mr. Luce poured all their misconceptions about the nature of fascism. Neville wrote a fairly clear story. Norris, out of his own head, added the information that Hitler "got from his Communist opponents the idea of gangster-like party storm troopers." Gottfried, having evidently read *Fortune's* American Dream editorials describing the New Deal as "reactionary," added that fascism was "an international revolutionary movement," Hitler was "the world's No. 1 revolutionist." Ingersoll and Mr. Luce decided that the story was unfairly anti-fascist—so they talked Neville into adding a paragraph saying that Hitler's "was no ordinary dictatorship, but rather one of great energy and magnificent planning . . . magnificent highways . . . workers' benefits. . . ." Gottfried, second time over, wrote in: "What Adolf Hitler & Co. did to Germany in less than six years was applauded wildly and ecstatically by most Germans." That was directly contradicted by the original story

a few paragraphs further on. The result was as confusing as any of Goldie's stories, if less malicious. Communism and fascism were described as identical, though some 85 percent of Americans and Englishmen, according to the Gallup polls, would favor Russia in a war between Germany and Russia—a popular recognition of the fact that in the Soviet Union there is a rising standard of living, no race persecution, and an expanding culture, three items conspicuously absent in Hitler Germany.

[Reprinted from "High Time," Communist shop-paper at Time, Inc.]

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No Dies for Winrod

PROF. CLYDE MILLER of Teachers College and the Institute of Propaganda Analysis put Martin Dies on the spot recently. He demanded of J. B. Matthews, star witness before the Dies committee who pinch-hit for Dies on the radio program, "America's Town Meeting of the Air," why the committee had failed to investigate, among other fascists, the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod.

Matthews' defense was that the committee

lacked funds and that it received no support from the government.

Had Professor Miller seen fit to pursue his advantage, he might have pointed out—and as Professor Miller did not do it, progressive congressmen should—why Dies let Winrod go his way without investigation. The story is told by the Rev. L. M. Birkhead of Kansas City, Mo., who contributed much of the information on America's fascists, made public recently in *Propaganda Analysis*.

Gerald Winrod is known as the Kansas Hitler. His fascist leanings are so strong that even Alf Landon and John D. M. Hamilton urged his defeat last year when he was trying to secure the Republican nomination for the Senate. He was beaten in the primary by Clyde Reed, who was subsequently elected.

Winrod is the most influential anti-Semite in the United States. Compared with him Fritz Kuhn is small time, with but a handful of followers. Winrod's weekly publication, the *Defender*, with a paid circulation of 125,000, would do Streicher proud. It continually praises the Nazis and damns Catholics and Jews. Winrod is the nation's biggest seller of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

Naturally when the Dies committee was constituted, many people expected that Win-

rod would be a number-one object of its attentions. They were not surprised when, several weeks after the committee was appointed, John Metcalfe, who exposed Nazi activities in Chicago in a sensational series of articles in the *Chicago Times*, was sent to Wichita, Kans., Winrod's home town.

The public might have gotten the tipoff on the Dies committee then and there. For the day after Metcalfe arrived in town, Winrod, coincidentally, of course, went to Beaumont, Tex., in Dies' congressional district, to speak at a revivalist meeting at the Sabine Tabernacle, where Winrod's pal, the Rev. Harry H. Hodge, is the minister.

Winrod and Hodge had a little conversation, which probably went something like this: Winrod: Do you happen to know Rep. Martin Dies?

Hodge: Why, certainly, Gerald. Martin is one of my parishioners.

Winrod: Well, can't you get him to call off the dogs?

Hodge immediately went to Dies and asked, "Can't you lay off our good Christian friend?"

The very next day investigator Metcalfe was ordered to leave Wichita immediately. He did. Neither he nor any other representative of the Dies committee has ever returned.

ROBERT ANGE.



Dies Investigates

Misch Richter

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Hitler's "Moderation"

HITLER has spoken, and once more the world is asked to breathe a sigh of relief at his "moderation." The world was also asked to do that in regard to his Reichstag speech of last February 20—just before he seized Austria—and his Nuremberg speech in September, just before he made a grab for the Sudetenland. The nations of Europe are now cowering under the "moderation" of his latest philippic.

It is sheer self-deception or worse to read any comforting reasonableness into Hitler's speech on the sixth anniversary of his accession to power. Certainly, neither the Jews nor the church can derive any comfort from his words. And on not a single question did he demonstrate a disposition to retreat. The demand for the return of Germany's pre-war colonies wove a recurrent drum-beat through his speech. This was, however, merely the counterpoint to a more immediate threat contained in his expressions of solidarity with Italy. While attempting to console the reactionary circles of Britain and France that, save for the question of colonies, which he postponed for the future, he had no territorial claims on them, Hitler proceeded to cancel out these assurances by declaring that any war in which Italy is involved "will, once it is launched and regardless of its motives, call Germany to the side of her friend." Since Mussolini has made clear his designs on large slices of the French empire, what becomes of Hitler's promises as far as France is concerned?

Equally hypocritical are Hitler's assurances as to non-intervention in other nations' affairs. "It is a matter of absolute indifference to us in Germany what form of government other nations have," he said and declared that National Socialism is not an

article of export. But in the next breath—and with the ink still fresh on the Nazi "cultural" agreement with Franco:

It was anxiety for European culture and for real civilization that compelled Germany to take sides in the fight carried on in nationalist Spain against the Bolshevist destroyers.

Hitler's speech came two days after Chamberlain's address at Birmingham. The press which found "moderation" in Hitler also discovered a "warning to the dictators" in Chamberlain. True, Chamberlain declared that "peace could only be endangered . . . by a demand to dominate the world by force," and this "the democracies must inevitably resist." But these were almost the exact words he used in his melodramatic broadcast last September—following which he went to Munich. And in his Birmingham address he described the Munich betrayal as "only an incident in a consistent, unwavering policy of peace"—only an incident in new and greater surrenders to the fascist warmakers!

For the United States Hitler's speech has special significance. It was against this country that, next to loyalist Spain, he directed his sharpest words. He openly challenged the American policy of continental solidarity and the decisions of the recent Lima conference with the statement that Germany's relations to the Latin American countries is a question that "concerns nobody but them and ourselves." In other words, the Nazis intend to continue to wage ruthless economic warfare in Central and South America, to incite racial discord, to foment armed uprisings as they have in Brazil, Mexico, and Chile.

The most effective immediate reply to Hitler would be the lifting of the Spanish embargo. The embargo facilitates fascist domination not only of Spain, but of the countries of Latin America as well. It thus constitutes a direct threat to American security. In the words of President Roosevelt concerning the unneutral operation of the neutrality laws as a whole: "*The instinct of self-preservation should warn us that we ought not to let that happen any more.*"

One-Vote Victory

IT IS no famous victory that the bi-partisan tory coalition won on the issue of WPA appropriations. The shift of a single vote would have turned the scales the other way. And only by limiting the cut to 5 percent during February and March, and by writing into the deficiency bill what is practically an invitation to President Roosevelt to ask for more funds at the end of that time if he finds it necessary, did the right-

wingers succeed in lopping \$150,000,000 off the sum requested by the President.

There were some strange birds found fluttering on the reactionary roost. "SHIPSTEAD'S VOTE TURNS THE SCALES," read a headline in the New York *Herald Tribune*. The Farmer-Labor senator who mistook Wall Street for *vox populi* may discover that his was a costly vote. When the news was announced at the convention of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, Shipstead's name was booed. And Senator Nye also proved himself a turncoat liberal.

The vote to slash \$150,000,000 out of purchasing power occurred at a time when the recovery movement has begun to waver. The Federal Reserve Board reports that the usual January pickup in industrial production, following the seasonal decline in December, failed to materialize during the first three weeks of the month. And the last week saw a sharp drop in the stock market. Whatever the attitude of the large corporations may be, the interests of the workers, farmers, small business men, and professional people undoubtedly require an expansion rather than a contraction of WPA.

The day after the Senate vote, nationwide protest parades and meetings were held under the auspices of the Workers Alliance. It is estimated that about 500,000 persons participated in these demonstrations throughout the country. Also opposing the cuts were the AFL, the CIO, the railroad brotherhoods, and many other organizations, as well as thousands of individual small merchants. A further extension of this front of opposition can yet turn the tide before April 1 and compel Congress to vote an additional appropriation.

Flank Attack on NLRA

A CONCERTED drive is underway to emasculate the National Labor Relations Act. As in the case of WPA, popular support for the act is too great to make a frontal attack feasible. Thus, the bill introduced by Representative Anderson of Missouri to repeal the Labor Relations Act is significant as a symptom of tory sentiment, but is not likely to get very far. The greater danger is the flank attack—the amendments introduced by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts in the name of the AFL. The *Wall Street Journal* finds these amendments "along right lines," but objects that they do not go far enough. From the standpoint of big business, this is undoubtedly true. From the standpoint of the labor and democratic forces, however, the AFL leadership has provided the entering wedge for the big business drive toward even more reactionary objectives.

The most objectionable of the proposals are the one that would give the employer the right to petition for an employee election, and another guaranteeing the right of employers to express opinions "on matters of interest to their employees or their public, provided such opinions are not accompanied by acts of discrimination or threats thereof." Both these proposals are based on the false premise that the present act invades or curtails legitimate rights of employers. However, as Chief Justice Hughes pointed out in his decision in the Jones & Laughlin case, the act goes no further than to guarantee to workers rights corresponding to the employer's right "to organize its business and select its own officers and agents."

To give the employer the right to petition would, as even so pronounced a New Deal critic as Gen. Hugh Johnson admits, enable an employer to frustrate organization of his workers by seeking an election before a newly started union had had time to establish itself. Similarly, under the guise of protecting an employer's right to free speech—a right which the Labor Relations Act does not in the slightest restrict—the use of coercive employer propaganda to impede union organization or influence an election would be legalized. Both these proposed amendments would thus tend to defeat the purposes of the Labor Relations Act.

In carrying the ball for the big business reactionaries, the AFL top leadership has been actuated not by the interests of its own rank and file, but by hatred of the present members of the National Labor Relations Board, whom it charges with being biased in favor of the CIO. This charge has no basis in fact. NLRB figures show that up until last August it had to decide in forty-one cases of disagreement between AFL and CIO unions as to the unit that should form the basis of representation. Of these, twenty-one cases were decided in favor of the AFL, sixteen in favor of the CIO, and four were compromised.

The tory forces behind the AFL proposals threaten not only the Labor Relations Act, but the whole structure of social reform that the New Deal has erected. The defeat of these emasculating amendments is thus the front line of defense of American democracy.

Radio Votes a Strike

A NATIONAL strike of radio singers, actors, and announcers, comprising twenty thousand radio performers, is in the stage of negotiations as we go to press. The American Federation of Radio Actors wants to increase the wages of radio people in the lower income brackets, the actors and singers who work in the daylight dramas and in

supporting roles, up to a point commensurate with the lengthy seasonal layoffs in the business. A strike had been unanimously voted by the six thousand members of the AFRA and the strike call was impending when a committee of radio advertising agents, authorized by 80 percent of the commercial sponsors, agreed to arbitrate with the union. The strike would have stopped virtually every program on the air. Militant members of the AFRA include Eddie Cantor, president; Jack Benny, Lanny Ross, Rudy Vallee, Phillips Lord, and hundreds of other radio stars. The union asks \$15 for fifteen-minute programs, \$25 for a half-hour, and \$35 for a full hour, with \$6 per hour on rehearsals. Agency wage standards at present are \$15, \$20, and \$25, with no rehearsal pay.



Private Capital at Work

CJ
Crockett Johnson

The strike vote has not been rescinded, pending the conferences with the agency committee. It is hard to see what grounds the sponsors could have for denying the demands of the union. While the negotiations continue, the nation hangs on the dials, awaiting the possibility of the most unusual strike in labor history. The union is in an impregnable position. It will take great stubbornness on the part of the management to force the issue.

Two Strikes on Hague

LAST fall Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City had his wings clipped for the first time in twenty-four years. It wasn't a very good job, for while it stopped the strong-arm stuff, it left the mayor with enough power

to quiet any active opposition. The decision, handed down by Federal Judge William Clark, said in effect that such organizations as the CIO and the Civil Liberties Union could voice their opinions anywhere in Jersey City—provided the spot selected was not set aside for something else. Thus, if a trade union petitioned for a meeting in a public park, permission would have to be granted—unless the officials felt that a ball game of the Journal Square A.C. should have priority. This naturally, threw the greater part of the power right back where it had always been, but it was a gain insofar as it prevented mass deportations and the promiscuous use of force.

Last week in Philadelphia the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals backed Judge Clark's decision and patched up some of its weak spots. The majority decision, written by Judge John Biggs, Jr., states:

The interpretation of the rights of free speech and free assembly contended for by the appellants is shocking and places these rights in the hands of those who would destroy them.

One of the provisions in Clark's decision had allowed the refusal of meeting licenses if riots were threatened. By its terms anything controversial threatened rioting. The new decision reads:

If the ill-intentioned threaten riot, speech may not be had. Under what conditions, then, would not the cry of riot be raised? Applying the appellant's doctrine literally, political speakers might not stump a city in an election if their opponents objected to what they had to say and threatened disorder. The strict application of such a rule would result eventually in the existence of but one political party as is now the case under totalitarian governments. . . .

The cries of impending riot raised by the appellants are not candid. In other words, Mayor Hague and his associates, reversing the usual procedure, troubled the waters in order to fish in them.

Hague's attorneys intend to file their final appeal with the U. S. Supreme Court within the next week. To date the people's fight to repatriate Jersey City has been eminently successful. It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court will deliver the final rebuff that the Jersey Hitler so richly deserves.

Scientists and Democracy

AMERICAN scientists mean business. They are determined to carry on their campaign in behalf of democracy and intellectual freedom. The keynote for this campaign was sounded at the Christmas-week conventions of the various learned societies. It found vigorous expression in the recent "Manifesto on Freedom of Science," which was signed by 1,284 scientists. A concrete course of action, based on this manifesto, will be mapped out on Lincoln's Birthday. Public meetings will be held on university campuses and in cities throughout the coun-

try, under the sponsorship of the Lincoln's Birthday Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom.

The committee is composed of twenty-eight leading scientists, including two Nobel prize winners, Prof. Harold C. Urey of Columbia and Prof. Robert A. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology, as well as twelve members of the National Academy of Sciences. A coast-to-coast hookup will carry the key address by Secretary Wallace on "Racial Theories and the Genetic Basis of Democracy."

Prof. Franz A. Boas, chairman of the Lincoln's Day Committee, pointing to the mounting danger of fascism's suppression of science, declared last week that Americans must take a firm stand against the spirit of oppression wherever it manifests itself. "We

are convinced," he said, "that expressions of opinion have been useful, but they must be followed by action."

Moscow Calling

THE first radio hookup between America and the Soviet Union was arranged to technical perfection last week to bring a Soviet salute to the New York World's Fair from Mikhail I. Kalinin, chairman of the All-Union Central Executive Committee of the USSR. The broadcast, marking the dedication of the Soviet Pavilion at the fair, came to Americans over the NBC, CBS, and Mutual networks. President Kalinin, speaking in Russian which was immediately translated into English, praised American democracy at the World's Fair, at which the Soviet people are happy to be rep-



Joe Bartlett

"The chronicle of his public life is the record of the misfortunes of France."

KARL MARX—Civil War in France—1871

resented by the magnificent building designed by Boris Iofan, architect of the Palace of the Soviets and the Paris Exposition pavilion. Fascist Germany and Italy use hook-ups like this to sneer at democratic America. Neither of them is being represented at the fair. The first radio broadcast from the USSR and the building now being finished on Flushing Meadow will bring to thousands of rank-and-file Americans the truth about the friendly giant in the East.

Ohio Scissorbills

THE scissorbill is a creature inhabiting the bogs and fens of the state of Ohio, subsisting on a diet of anti-fascist films, and having a short vocal range. All the scissorbill can say is the word "harmful," when he slices up his celluloid lunch. The scissorbills of the Ohio Board of Film Censorship, December 22 last, banned the powerful So-

viet film on Hitler anti-Semitism, *Professor Mamlock*, saying it was "harmful." Ohio progressives took off their coats for action. Peter Witt, Cleveland liberal, wrote four hundred personal letters to prominent citizens, including labor leaders, society figures, Republican politicians, industrialists, and college professors, inviting them to a special showing of the film. This audience unanimously condemned the censorship of Roy Reichelderfer, führer of the censorship board. They said it was a "shameful abuse of power—a power that the legislature never intended to confer when the censor law was enacted." They asked the legislature to repeal a law that gave arbitrary power over seven million Ohioans to three censors. Promptly State Rep. Harry J. Dworkin introduced an amendment to the censor law which would wipe out political censorship and require the scissorbills to give better rea-

sons than the cry of "harmful" when they suppressed a picture.

Reichelderfer's scissorbills have grown fat on anti-fascist films. They have stopped the showing of the Soviet films *The Youth of Maxim* and *A Greater Promise*; they held up for a year the United States pro-labor movie, *Millions of Us*; and banned *Spain in Flames* because "it favored the loyalists." But *Mussolini Speaks* was okay with Third Reichelderfer, the Ohio spoke in the axis.

Last week the scissorbills gave up their prey; *Professor Mamlock* will be shown with cuts—the scene in which Rolf tells his surgeon father that he could learn more from Marx and Lenin than from Pasteur, and at the finish when Rolf announces that he will avenge his father's murder. The fight in the legislature to prune Reichelderfer's scissorbill must continue before Ohio is free of these enemies of democracy.

Franco's Ally—Defeatism

PESSIMISM remains Franco's strongest ally. If the spirit of defeat can be engendered throughout the world—and Franco's representatives labor diligently at that task today—it can paralyze the hosts of folk now being convinced that all democrats must aggressively come to the aid of republican Spain.

Fascism knows well the stultifying effects of the defeatist attitude. Its concealed adherents cry, "We are beaten—what can we do?" Franco has always utilized the device, has worked it to the hilt since the Moors crossed the Manzanares river in Madrid. His soothsayers have proclaimed the end of the war with monotonous regularity for two and a half years. Oracles of disaster pull at your sleeve in many quarters today. Consciously or not, they are doing Franco's job. That is simple truth.

The majority of the world press is in the hands of reaction. Despite their open or covert aid to Franco, 76 percent of the American people want a republican victory in Spain. The Gallup poll proved that.

These people are ready to participate in whatever actions they feel are necessary to induce the government to lift the embargo. But avowed Franco agents say, "The war is over; it is too late." Faint-hearted supporters of Spain have reflected this attitude; it is suicidal.

Yes, Barcelona is in Franco's hands—but not loyalist Spain. The army is intact; its resistance continues in northern Catalonia. Central Spain girds for the undoubted trials it will be called upon to endure in the coming weeks. As Captain Williams points out elsewhere in this issue, we must immediately

scotch the braggadocio emanating from the Francoist camp.

Captain Williams has soberly appraised the strength of republican Spain. Ten millions of people—more than half the total population of Spain—remain diehards against fascism. They remain in the service of world democracy.

But their lives and families, their homes continue to be assaulted by a foreign fascist invasion. That invasion is not designed to end on the Iberian peninsula. If successful there, it will sweep on. When Franco marched into Barcelona Mussolini began his open war on France. The security of all democratic nations grew infinitely more perilous; the lifeline of Great Britain is threatened. Spain, motherland of Latin America, has always guided, culturally, politically, the life of our sister republics south of the Rio Grande. Should fascism dominate Spain, the reverberations will be severe in all of the Western hemisphere. American security is imperiled.

In short, wherever Franco's troops advance the world draws closer to general war. Defeatism admits those troops inside the gates. But the reality is, they need never advance; they can be stopped dead in their tracks. It is cowardice to accept Franco's verdict on Spain.

For the aroused democratic peoples have not spoken the final word. Firm, unrelenting action can halt the invader—can drive him from our sister republic. More people than ever believe that today.

That is reflected in the President's address to Congress; it is reflected in the in-

dignation of Catholics at Father Coughlin's fascist propaganda; it is reflected in such organizations as the Committee for Concerted Peace Efforts and the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War; it is reflected in the letter of Henry L. Stimson. We could cite thousands of instances. These typical Americans want to lift the embargo; they feel it is not too late. They feel, as do the committee of experts on international law, who just published their report to the Committee for Concerted Peace Efforts, that our un-neutral Neutrality Act has "worked in favor of states whose policy the American people do not approve and whose actions are contrary to our rights under treaties and under international law."

To feel otherwise is unjust, unpatriotic—in the long run, suicidal.

Action—action—and more action—can save the day. Telegrams to the President; meetings throughout America; all manner of action that can induce the 76 percent of the American people eager for loyalist victory to convince Congress to change the "Neutrality" Law.

Loyalist Spain will win if two conditions are fulfilled. Speed all possible relief to aid the Negrín government, feed the rearguard—for hunger is one of Franco's principal weapons.

Lift the embargo so Spain can buy arms, *buy arms!*

Let America take the lead; the peoples of France and Britain will do their part. World peace is at stake; it is inextricably tied up with the conflict in Spain.

Peace can be saved if we act quickly; if we act together; if we act now.

Forsythe's Page

The Rake's Progress

S. J. PERELMAN BATTING FOR ROBERT FORSYTHE

ALL through my youth I was the only boy on my block who didn't want to be a civil engineer when he grew up, or a trapper, or a wizard of the accordion. If I had a dream at all, I saw myself as a distinguished clubman in a red moiré dressing-gown, given to lounging before wood fires, puffing on churchwardens—that was before I ever saw a churchwarden—and looking over mementos of women in my past, such as fancy garters, faded photographs, and dried roses. I had done a powerful lot of reading on the subject and I was even prepared to reach lazily toward the tantalus for a whisky-and-soda. I wasn't quite sure what a tantalus was, and I was a little afraid it might turn out to be some sort of poisonous spider, if there are spiders that give whisky-and-soda; but I was sure that if I ever could afford one, nobody was going to reach for it more lazily than I.

Well, last night I got around to my boyhood dream. I'd long ago given up trying to look like a clubman, except possibly a member of a group like the Grand Street Boys, and

what little hair was left at the temples had turned a seedy green instead of the executive gray called for in the blueprints. Also, in lieu of the richly brocaded dressing-gown, I found I'd have to fall back on that dingy brown terry-cloth number flecked with shaving cream. But, spiritually, by ten o'clock I was made up and ready to go on. The firelight, flickering high over the grim ancestral portraits on the walls, was no higher than my blood pressure as I unlocked the secret drawer of my desk. Issuing a crisp command to my inscrutable Oriental manservant to admit no veiled ladies, I sat down before the flames with my little store of love tokens. As I lay back dreamily with my feet on the hob, so many memories crowded into my mind that I must have fallen into a soft reverie, if not a deep slumber. At any rate, I was awakened by the most horrible stench to find that my slippers had caught fire. There was the very devil to pay until Eno burst in with a bottle of seltzer, which he played over me like a fire-hose. When the blaze was finally put

down, the place smelled like a burning hat factory and I was sneezing with an incipient cold in the head, but I was determined to muse over those mementos if I broke my neck doing it.

The first thing that struck me about my collection of souvenirs was the complete absence of anything resembling fancy garters and faded daguerreotypes. There wasn't even one old dance card exhaling the faint scent of patchouli and the nostalgia of the glorious star-drenched night Phoebe whispered tender promises into my ear at the Junior Social. Considering the hordes of women who had laid siege to my heart, the mementos were limited, not to say niggardly. They were three in number: a penciled memorandum reading "Remind Tessie too much starch in shirts"; a printed form from the Pacific Finance Co. ordering me to surrender my car for non-payment of installments (obviously a practical joke); and a celluloid button with the inscription "You Tell 'Em, Corset, You've Been Around the Ladies." Scratch as I would, I couldn't unearth the tiniest clue to the women these objects were supposed to evoke. No slant-eyed Eurasians, no Titian-haired show girls, not even a pathetic little seamstress rose up to haunt me. In desperation I rang for Eno, instructed him to bring in a cup of lime-flower tea and a *madeleine*, and set myself like Proust to recapture the past. After all, I figured, I could do anything a middle-aged Frenchman with asthma could.

Either Eno unwittingly interpreted my order as "a cup of luminol" or the heat



"Dr. Fishbein sent him. He's got some new arguments against government aid in medicine."

of the fire got me, but I was barely beginning to breathe through my mouth again when a light tap at the door brought me out of my reverie with a bound. A veiled lady, exquisite as a Dresden china figurine, hesitated on the threshold. I gave her my most courtly bow, hardly demolishing a lamp in my gallantry, but with a brusque movement she threw aside her veil. On her features, etched with the fragile beauty of a cameo, pride and anger struggled for mastery. She bit her lip. I fought off an overwhelming impulse to follow suit.

"And to what do I owe the honor of this visit?" I inquired coolly, "You are aware, of course, that you are alone at midnight in the rooms of the most notorious rake in London? . . . Well, the *second* most notorious." The pretty foot which protruded from the hem of her garment tapped imperiously. The sight set the blood singing in my pulses.

"I shan't mince words," began the fair intruder impatiently. "Tomorrow at high noon I become the wife of a man you do not know. Suffice it to say that he bears one of the proudest names in all England. He's clean! He's straight! He's fine! That's why I've come to you—" Her voice was charged with loathing. "I—I want those letters."

"And if . . . I refuse?" I asked with a thin smile, trying to slide my arm around her graceful waist.

"You *thing*," she ground out through clenched teeth, her fingers stiffening about the wicked little revolver in her mesh bag. "If I ever meant anything to you—for the sake of what we've been to each other, Cyril—I implore you—"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted, "Whoa there! Gee haw! What's all this Cyril stuff?"

"Aren't you Cyril Bovenizer?" she demanded, her eyes wide. "Isn't this 721 Park Avenue?"

"No, it ain't!" I retorted coarsely, "It's 723, and the next time you come between a man and his memories, please knock!" As Eno piled her on the fire, I settled back comfortably in my chair and reached lazily for the tantalus. Suddenly I heard a discreet cough behind me.

"What is it now, Eno?" I asked goutily, rustling my copy of the *Morning Post*, which, I forgot to say, had just arrived.

"Beg pardon, sir," apologized Eno, "but that isn't the tantalus you've got. It's my leg."

"Oh, Eno," I whimpered, "I can't even tell the difference between your leg and a tantalus! I guess I'm just a part-time roué after all!"

"There, there," comforted Eno, drawing me close to him. "You're still a hero to your valet—and by the bye, how about my salary? It's ten weeks overdue."

"Here's something on account," I replied softly, giving him a cut across the face with my riding crop. Then, knuckling my sleepy eyes, I stole upstairs to Nannie and the Land of Nod.

S. J. PERELMAN.

Road to the East

Hitler and the White Guards Aim at Poland

F. C. WEISKOPF

We do not wish to play the prophet. We merely observe that . . . Sub-Carpathian Ukraine has become during these past weeks the spiritual heart of a nation of 45,000,000 men. And if Europe does not want to be surprised by events whose amplitude cannot be foreseen today, it must give close attention to what takes place in the territories situated between the steppes, the sea, and the Carpathians.—*Schlesische Zeitung*, Breslau.

SUB-CARPATHIAN RUSSIA — mountains, forests, a vast craggy plateau, a narrow strip of fertile earth to the south. The German-Italian arbitration at Vienna took from Sub-Carpathian Russia her fertile territories to the south, her cities, her scattered industrial plants, almost all her railways. What remains of this easternmost province of Czechoslovakia is the rocky plateau of the Verchovina.

Every year the Verchovina is haunted by famine. Only maize and oats grow in its rocky soil. Most of the peasants do not reap enough of the fruits of the earth and must mix the bark of trees and grass with their oatmeal and maize. Meat, pork, butter, sugar—these are unknown luxuries! In every family of the Verchovina you meet children with oversized heads—half-idiots condemned to a life we cannot call human. Every autumn the earth is carried off by the rains from the tiny fields and the peasants must carry it back in baskets. During the winter the villages of the Verchovina are blocked by snowdrifts and often the living are forced to spend weeks on end with the dead under the same roof. Between Sinovir and Ljuta you are still shown hut doors painted in a strange brown. It was once cocoa furnished by the Red Cross. The peasants of the Verchovina, ignorant of its purpose, used it to paint doors and gates. And more than once the nurses in the hospital at Uzhorod have found children from the Verchovina who spat out lumps of sugar because they didn't know a sweet taste.

The majority of the Sub-Carpathian population are Ruthenian (Ukrainian). They were oppressed by the Hungarians in the old Hapsburg monarchy when Sub-Carpathian Russia was part of the Kingdom of Hungary. After 1918, when this region became part of Czechoslovakia, the general situation in Sub-Carpathian Russia improved considerably. Nonetheless, the impoverishment of the mass of the Ukrainian peasantry remained very great, for the agrarian reform was sabotaged by the Agrarian Party which showed itself very hostile to the national demands of the Ukrainians of Sub-Carpathian Russia and favored the Czechs, Hungarians, and Russian landlords

and "popes." Only the revolutionary elements, notably the Communists, defended the national rights of the Ruthenian peasants, while the authorities even banned the use of the words "Sub-Carpathian Ukraine" and "Sub-Carpathian Ukrainian."

The same reactionary elements which today are in the service of a pro-Nazi policy, the same Agrarian politicians who allow National-Socialist propaganda to organize bases in Czechoslovakia for its "Greater Ukraine" campaign, formerly persecuted the Ukrainians of Sub-Carpathian Russia. But there is no essential difference between the earlier anti-Ukrainian attitude and the present-day collaboration with the Nazis for a "Greater Ukraine" *made in Germany*.

Sub-Carpathian Russia lost by the Vienna verdict all its industrial production and its fertile soil, and cannot live on its own resources. It is an economic corpse attached to a crippled Czechoslovakia. But this corpse has immense strategic value to an imperialist Germany following the old road of the *Drang nach Osten*. Since Munich, Sub-Carpathian Russia has become one of the most important bases of action of Nazi imperialist policy.

At Chust, new capital of crippled Sub-Carpathian Russia, a German consulate has been established. A German economic mission, military mission, and political mission (under the orders of engineer Rudiger, plenipotentiary of the German National-Socialist Party) have been installed one after the other in this little city of 25,000 inhabitants which only yesterday lived a sleepy existence.

German engineers are marking out the line of the highway which will link Chust with Prague, Dresden, and Berlin on one side and which, according to Berlin's plans, is to be prolonged on the other side beyond the Rumanian frontier up to the oil regions of Rumania. The highway will be accompanied by a pipeline. In this way the Reich is preparing to obtain a petroleum supply independent of maritime routes.

We are witnessing the fulfillment of a vast plan of German imperialist strategy which Colonel Moravec (Yester), one of the leading European military experts, predicted and described in his book *The Strategic Importance of Czechoslovakia* (Orbis Publishers, Prague, 1938):

We know that the general goal of German strategy was control over the "Eurasian transversal axis" from Hamburg to Basra (on the Persian Gulf). . . .

The German advance along the Eurasian transversal axis was halted for twenty years by the

Great War. It is being resumed today. . . . Let us consider again the Eurasian transversal axis which stretches four thousand kilometers from Hamburg to Basra; the two most powerful air bases on the old continent have been established on it today, namely, the petroleum basins of Rumania and Mossul. The distance from the Rumanian basin to the great German air bases is thirteen hundred kilometers; the Rumanian basin is eighteen hundred kilometers distant from the Mossul base. The distance from Mossul to the northern shores of the Persian Gulf (where the transversal axis ends) is hardly more than eight hundred kilometers. . . .

As long as Czechoslovakia exists, more than one thousand kilometers separate Germany from Rumanian petroleum. Once Czechoslovakia is destroyed, the Germans will only be three hundred kilometers away.

Once the Sub-Carpathian base has been acquired, certain Balkan plans become a very imminent reality. The French commercial attaché at Istanbul (Constantinople) made reference to these plans in his *Analytical Study of Economic and Commercial Movements in Turkey*. (Service of the Commercial Attaché, No. 624, July 1938):

M. Martius of the Maritime Section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Reich has gone to Bucharest to propose to Rumania that she no longer direct Danubian transportation along the Sulina branch (of the Danubian delta) controlled by the international commission and adapt the St. Georges branch, or, indeed, construct with the assistance of the Reich a large canal between Cernavoda and the important port of Constanza. At the other end of the Danube the Reich will build a large canal linking the Danube and the Main, the Black Sea and the North Sea. . . . It is certain that a project of such scope is not thought of without important intentions in regard to the Black Sea, whose key position is in the hands of Turkey. . . .

And Dr. Funk, president of the Reichsbank, declared in an interview published Oct. 17, 1938, just after his trip to the Balkan capitals:

It cannot be denied that a natural economic space (Raum) exists between the North Sea and the Black Sea. Southeast Europe and the Near East possess almost everything that Greater Germany requires. Already we purchase there twice as much as France, England, and the United States. The *Anschluss* of the Sudetenland—a territory which has always had very close relations with Southeast Europe—has considerably augmented the German share in the commerce and economy of these countries. . . . It will be possible to speak of a new Berlin-Vienna-Belgrade-Sofia-Istanbul axis with possible ramifications in the direction of Iran and Iraq, of Greece and Rumania.

Sub-Carpathian Russia is not only the base for the thrust to the southeast along the "Eurasian transversal axis," it is also the turning plate of Nazi policy towards Poland.

After Munich Poland becomes the target. Colonel Moravec predicted it in his study quoted above. He wrote:

The abolition of Czechoslovakia would enable Germany to transpose the center of gravity of its operations against Poland from the Baltic shores to the northern slopes of the Sudeten and Carpathian mountains and to menace Cracow and Poznan.

And another important military expert, Max Werner, defines the Polish situation after Munich in the same way:

After Munich there is the conviction in Berlin and Berchtesgaden that the Reich can renounce Polish aid in Eastern policy. Furthermore: Poland can become the object of the German plans of expansion. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia destroyed the fortress which defended the southern flank of Poland. By establishing itself in Slovakia and Sub-Carpathian Russia the Reich is able to invest Poland from the south. . . . It is very easily understood then what a Ukrainian irredenta fomented by the Reich means for Poland. In isolation Poland cannot wage a war against Germany; it dare not even protest to Berlin against the agitation of the Ukrainian irredenta and only protests to Prague. Twenty years of servitude have made the territories of Wolhynia and Galicia very susceptible to irredentist propaganda. Thus Poland sees itself menaced from the south not only from the military, but also from the political standpoint.

It is from the Sub-Carpathian base that the Reich is directing the Ukrainian irredenta against Poland. Recently Czechoslovak police captured a band of twenty armed men near the Sub-Carpathian Polish frontier. They thought it was a Polish band, but it was a German band composed of "SS shock-troop specialists." The Prague government immediately ordered the release of this band, which was found on Czechoslovak territory only accidentally, since it was supposed to operate beyond the Polish frontier. And it was likewise in Sub-Carpathian Russia that Prince Razumovsky, former aide-de-camp of the Ukrainian White Guard Petlura, gave an interview to a correspondent of the *London Daily Express*, in which he said:

For years we have waited for justice. We expected everything from the democracies, but they gave us neither help nor hope. Germany offers us both. That is why Chust, the capital of Sub-Carpathian

Russia, is becoming one of the most important cities in Europe. A short time ago I was in Berlin. My stay was purely personal, but I can say that anyone who would try to push aside the Sub-Carpathian government would have to count with Adolf Hitler, with Germany, and with us Ukrainians. Poland will lose East Galicia amicably or otherwise. . . .

And it is more than significant that on the very day the Ukrainian deputies in the Warsaw Diet demanded an autonomous government, the Ukrainian newspaper in Prague, *Ukrainian Events*, founded with Berlin money, published an article under the heading "Poland has her Sudetenland," while along the Polish-Sub-Carpathian frontier huge posters greeted "the advent of liberation from the Polish yoke."

★

Tanganyikan Termites

NOT waiting until their "saufblutbruder" Chamberlain finally hands over the English colonies to Hitler, the Nazi Colonial Office has started the move into Tanganyika, rich British African territory.

On arrival there, Nazi settlers are lodged at a German hotel and under the supervision of Nazi organizers they are placed on farms. When crops are harvested, the produce is sold through German outlets at a higher price than can be obtained by other, non-Nazi settlers in the world market. For instance, \$150 a ton coffee sells, under this system, for as high as \$250.

Say the Nazi colonial racketeers: "The Briton has lost his former great pioneering ability."



A. Ajay

"Probably just another isolationist."

The Big Strike

An Episode in the Drama of "Little Rubber"

RUTH McKENNEY

June 19-20, 1934

SHORTLY after seven-thirty, without any kind of formal meeting, without Mr. Claherty's knowledge or sanction, without announcement or consultation, without advice from William Green and other experienced trade-union leaders, the rubberworkers at General Tire & Rubber Co. struck.

Going on strike is rather a formal way of putting what really happened. Tirebuilders simply stopped work and began yelling, "The hell with the speedup! We're through."

Management of the General Tire & Rubber Co., a small plant in East Akron employing about fifteen hundred factory hands, had decided, early in June, to replace its own wage-rate system with the famous Bedeaux or group speedup plan. Time-study engineers appeared in the factory. Tirebuilders, to whom the very word "Bee-do" was a threat, grew restless. They muttered at the first piece-work rate cuts.

The six to midnight shift came in feeling sore this warm evening in June. Things were bad, and now they were going to get worse. A little after seven the foreman announced some "rate adjustments." Two or three of the tirebuilders told him to take his god-damned rate cards and do something with them. Tirebuilders were not soft talkers, and the foreman was burned up. He said they couldn't talk to him like that.

The revolt spread up and down the tire machines. "The goddamn speedup is working the guts out of me," men growled, and suddenly, without any warning, a tirebuilder yelled, "I ain't going to stand for it. Let's quit, boys!"

They backed away from their machines. A frantic foreman shouted threats. The grapevine telegraph flashed the news instantly to other departments. The tirebuilders were quitting. They were washed up with the "Bee-do" system. The plant emptied. Men straggled away from half-finished jobs and milled around in the courtyard near the gates, yelling.

The plant manager appeared in the yard, his face red and outraged. "Go back to work," he bellowed from the steps of the office building.

"Boo-o-o-o!" yelled the tirebuilders and after them the pitmen and the moldworkers.

"Listen," the plant superintendent said earnestly, his voice betraying panic. "Listen, we'll raise your wages. I absolutely guarantee that any injustices in pay will be adjusted. I guarantee it."

"Boo-o-o-o-o!" replied the crowd jovially. Some of the men laughed. It was rather funny,

seeing the plant manager so red in the face, promising pay raises, begging.

Now a man leaped up on a truck-engine hood. "Let's have a meeting tomorrow and take a strike vote. What do you say, boys?"

The plant manager broke in, "You can't talk like that on company property. You get out of this yard. You're fired, whoever you are."

"Fired?" said the speaker. "Fired? Hell, I'm on strike. How about it, boys?"

"You said it!" screamed the crowd. "You said it."

That was the way it began. A man in the truck tire department said he wouldn't stand for it any more, and out of that came the strike. The crowd marched out of the gates singing and booing the plant manager and laughing. The rubberworkers went home confident and easy in their minds.

The president of General Tire & Rubber Co., a jovial Irishman named William O'Neil, was away in the East watching his son being graduated from college. Mr. Claherty was in Washington. Both men took the first train home to see what could be done to save the situation.

They came too late. Next morning the strikers packed East High School auditorium to the doors. They sang and cheered. They voted to strike until their wages went up and Mr. O'Neil abolished the company union and recognized the General Tire Federal rubberworkers' local.

The vote came after several high-spirited fist fights. Mr. Claherty watched the executive committee of the local recommend that the men accept the company's hasty wage proposals and go back to work. The harassed union leaders were booed off the platform. They looked reproachfully at Mr. Claherty as they filed out. Several earnest strikers started scraps with executive-committee supporters on the floor. Mr. Claherty observed these fights carefully. One of the officers of the local shouted that the strike wasn't legal. It couldn't be legal because the United Rubber Council executive board had to give permission to strike. The tirebuilders hissed him off the rostrum.

"Who said they had to O.K. what we do?" a man yelled from the floor. "We ain't never heard anything about that before."

Mr. Claherty regarded the man who asked the question with some interest from his vantage point on the platform. Tirebuilders had, it seemed, a remarkable way of ignoring things like the United Rubber Council. They had never heard of it; ergo, it didn't exist.

Mr. Claherty tried once himself. He began to speak about the company's wage proposals which seemed to him rather fair. He suggested negotiations while the men went back to work. "You're trying to stall us," a tirebuilder howled from the floor.

"Throw that man out," Mr. Claherty roared back. The striker was duly thrown out. When the noise died down, Mr. Claherty did not return to his first arguments. He attacked Mr. O'Neil. He said Mr. O'Neil built tennis courts and airports with the tirebuilders' money. Then he sat down, thoughtfully.

The strikers marched from their meeting to the picket lines. By noon, strike organization got under way. Squads of pickets raced down to the railroad yards to prevent tires from moving out of town. In a dingy little shack across from the plant, pitworkers sweated in the heavy heat, to set up food committees and appoint picket-line captains. Out of the noisy crowd of the night before, the drawling-voiced mountaineers forged their own strike machine.

June 23-24, 1934

THE hot sun held the threat of another molten day, but the morning was fresh and cool. The strikers, in rare good humor, crowded around the gates of the General Tire & Rubber Co. a few minutes after a faraway whistle blew seven o'clock. The soft drawl, the rich and racy metaphor of mountain speech floated from the hum of general talk. Belly laughs punctuated the sound of strikers' speech; lanky men bent over to slap big knees, applauding some rich joke.

A man with a megaphone appeared. He shouted orders in a familiar, easy style and the crowd, with that deplorable habit Mr. Claherty mourned so much, shouted back suggestions and questions. Presently the thousand and more strikers shuffled about in the street, arranging themselves in loose military formation. Row after row of tall husky men in blue denim pants and shirts with the sleeves ripped out at the armholes spread out over the pavement. Marshals yelled blistering curses, and strikers answered back jovially. By seventhirty, the General rubberworkers' local was ready for the day's work.

The strike captain yelled, "Let's go!" through his megaphone, and the little army marched briskly down the street, leaving the main plant gate to the careful attention of six pickets. The pickets yelled, "Be careful, boys!" and the marchers howled back, "Don't take any wooden nickels."

The march was short, not quite two blocks. "O.K.," the marshal yelled and the straggly parade halted. Most of the strikers promptly sat down on the curb. They didn't have long to wait. At exactly seven-forty-five, right on time, the first big yellow streetcar, marked "General Tire—Main Street," carrying office-workers, swung around the corner, and, its bell clanging frantically, rocked down the street.

The parade re-formed instantly, only now men stood close together, shoulder to big

shoulder, packed tightly, toe on the next man's heel, covering the streetcar tracks with a solid mass of men.

"Hold that line," somebody yelled, and a roar of laughter went through the human barricade.

The streetcar crawled slowly closer and closer. It came near enough so that the strikers could see the surprised face of the motorman. His hand was lifted to clang his bell. The strikers stood perfectly still. The streetcar came to a final shuddering stop. In a split second, twelve strikers stood at the side exit, twelve more ganged the front entrance. The strikers' ranks moved up, so that the motorman could not go forward an inch without knocking down a row of human beings.

The clanging bell stopped. Girls leaned out of the open streetcar windows and yelled, "What's the idea?" A few men inside the car banged on the exit doors. The strikers

cheered. The motorman stepped down and began to parley.

"Won't you let me through?" he said with absolutely no conviction.

"No, sir," one of the strikers replied very cheerfully. "You take your old streetcar and trundle it right back to town. These boys and girls ain't going to work today."

"You let us through yesterday," a girl shrilled from an open window.

"That was yesterday," a striker called back. "Lady, this ain't no picnic. This is a strike. Officeworkers ain't getting through no picket line today. Go on home and take a vacation."

"Sure," a young fellow howled to a pretty stenographer in one of the windows. "It's a nice day. Go on home and get your boy friend to take you swimming."

"Who's got a boy friend?" shrieked the pretty girl.

"Maybe I'll do?" the young fellow shouted.

"You just wait for me, baby, and when I get through picketing I'll be around."

Everybody laughed and the pretty girl screamed, "Ain't you fresh though. I suppose you seen me somewheres before?"

"I sure did," the young fellow began, but the motorman interrupted this early-morning idyl.

"Well," he said with enthusiastic resignation, "I suppose if you won't let me through, you won't let me through."

"That's right, captain," the strikers yelled. "Take the old boat away."

"I'm a union man myself," the motorman said in a low tone, and clambered back up his folding stairs.

"He's a union man himself," one of the strikers shouted. The rubberworkers were delighted. They felt it a piece of lovely good fortune that the motorman was a union man himself. They felt warm in their hearts, and

pleased. Here was a brother where there might have been an enemy.

"Yay-ay-ay," the strikers howled. "Yay-ay-ay for the motorman, whee!" Blistering sky-rocketing whistles deafened the blushing motorman. He turned on his power and backed his lumbering streetcar away, his smiling face gradually fading away from the strikers.

"Goodby, baby," the young fellow howled. The pretty girl's answer was lost on the breeze.

Not all the cars were as easy as the first. Only the merest clerks and the real underdogs came to work on the seven-forty-five. When the big shots, the office managers and the private secretaries to the big bosses, started arriving on the eight-fifteen, there was some pretty rough talk.

But the motormen settled the question. While trembling-lipped men shouted out of the window, "You can't keep us from going to

work," the streetcar men said, "You win, boys. I ain't running anybody over, and I don't look for no trouble." One by one the big yellow cars backed away.

The police came too, and looked and went away thoughtfully.

At nine o'clock the strikers marched back to the gates and broke up the parade. They spread out over the big plant, covering even the little out-of-the-way gates with a dozen and twenty men. At the main gate a hundred strikers hung around talking.

Promptly at nine-fifteen a large limousine pulled into the street and stopped before the picket line. William O'Neil, president of the company, wanted to go in to work.

"Sorry," somebody yelled. "Nobody gets in." "Now, you listen," O'Neil said furiously. "You're being misled by a lot of agitators."

"No, sir, I don't think we are," one of the strikers said pleasantly. "We want better

wages, and we want this company union to be bust up."

"You get paid good wages," O'Neil growled. "Plenty good, but we promised to adjust wages. Why don't you call off the strike?"

"Why don't you settle it?" a striker said, not impudently, but as one reasonable man talking to another.

O'Neil retreated, muttering. Presently the works superintendent arrived and was sent away with the word, "Nobody gets in."

"Listen," he yelled as he left, "you're all fired."

The crowd roared with laughter. "You can't fire us, mister," they yelled. "We're firing ourselves until you guys talk turkey."

That was the kind of strike it was. The president of the company came down on the picket line and bawled out the strikers. The

A Chinese Peasant Speaks

Jih lou hsi shan, pu hwei tou.

"The Sun has set in the Western Mountains, and will not rise again."—*Shansi proverb.*

It was this way, comrade:

Before, we never did trust soldiers, our girls would run a mile at the sight of a uniform, as from a mountain wolf—in and out of the valley they were, like a plague of locusts, and never a beanstalk they left behind. Those years were bad, once the whole village took stones and stoned them away, and a Wutai man would spit at the very name of "Soldier." . . .

Well, one day they came over the mountain, this new troop, ten men and a couple of boys. They stopped in front of the wine-shop, but they wouldn't drink anything.

It was November, a fine frosty morning, and the kids were all out sliding on the ice: we gathered round to see what was doing.

They talked their own lingo, this bunch, some southern twist to it, queer, like their round straw hats and bark sandals.

"Countrymen!" says their leader (and the old ones all laughed at his accent, but he laughed too, and said "Up, the Hunan rebels!")

"COUNTRYMEN, THERE'S A WAR ON, a new kind of war.

What do you know about the Japanese devils who're invading our country, burning our homes, and laying waste the fields?

They do this and that" (and what he told us was bloody murder).

"That's what you're up against, comrades! Now, who will join us?"

No one said much, and we all looked at Old Li, the headman, smoking his long brass pipe, and combing his beard.

"All very fine," says Old Li at last, "but these foreign devils they won't come up here to our mountains.

We're dirt poor up here" (he had all the money himself, and most of the land).

"Let us alone; it'll be hard enough getting through the winter."

"You just wait,"

Says the young commander, and grinned; And he took his men out of the valley. But he left the two youngsters behind with us. Good workers they were too, and helped with the last bit of threshing; and they could talk, to beat the band . . .

That winter the planes began coming over, at first the kids all ran to watch them, pleased as crickets.

One dropped an egg just outside our village, blew up the schoolhouse, four children killed: One was my youngest,

but Old Li, he still said they'd let us alone, if only we stayed quiet.

It was a hard winter, old ones died with the cold, still the harvest had been good and we could pull through. But others kept coming up from the Big Plain (well enough off, they'd been, down there, before the war).

But they'd lost all, burnt out, and horrible stories mostly of women—the young men listened, the old folks were only scared.

We took them in, and shared out our stores of millet—Old Li was against that too, but we threw him out and elected a Village Council (those boys had been talking, we were all in this together, they said, it might have been us.

They had crossed the Yangtze to do their part: this was ALL CHINA, north and south, Tibet to the sea— ALL CHINA AGAINST THE YELLOW DWARFS!).

Those slogans worked all right, we saw the sense of it, poor men stick together, and we were all poor.

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We can cut them off before they can clear the valley— *Who will join us?*"

I was the first that volunteered, there were twenty or so of us (those kids had been teaching us how to use hand grenades, and a few had guns). We knew the hills, rock, boulder, and slide. "The rest of you under cover," says the commander. "We attack at dawn."

From the hills we watched them fire our village; they caught some pigs and chickens, and roasted them whole . . . That was how I first saw the Japanese, steel helmets, naked bayonets ringed with flame.

From the high hills we watched, cold under stars, Wang, the young captain, was with us; he made us turn our sheepskins outward, white against the snow. Quietly, group by group, under the night we closed the valley, a machine-gun at the pass while they were dancing still before their bonfires. Then, when the stars grew pale, he gave the word . . .

It was a short fight there in the hills, we took them unawares, and many a body burned in the flames themselves had kindled; one group tried to fight their way out with swords, but we had spears, hillmen know how to use them. That robber band burned no more villages in the Shansi hills.

When it was over, we'd lost thirty men and they a hundred. We took a dozen prisoners, and would have cut them down, but Wang called out "No, countrymen, these are our brothers too—peasants and workers, just as you are! Hold them until they know us better." (Later on we sent them back; but three stayed on with us, fought with us too) . . .

—Rebuilt our homes in caves, and with the spring the captain left us. "You're all right," he said, "This valley is manned and armed. The spring has come; get back to your fields. Keep contact. You only need to choose a leader now." And I was chosen, the poorest peasant there, a landless man.

That's about all. We've had a year of it since; three times they came against us, and every time we held them . . . Changes? I'll tell you things have changed. We have our land now (DEMOCRACY, they call it: I only know it's the best government we ever had in Wutaishan). Too many soldiers? Nay, that is a word forgotten in these parts. We're *fighters*, comrade, for China, and for freedom . . .

You don't mind if I call you comrade, do you? You see, we got into that way of talking when the Eighth Route Army came over the hills.

JAMES BERTRAM.

shoulder, packed tightly, toe on the next man's heel, covering the streetcar tracks with a solid mass of men.

"Hold that line," somebody yelled, and a roar of laughter went through the human barricade.

The streetcar crawled slowly closer and closer. It came near enough so that the strikers could see the surprised face of the motorman. His hand was lifted to clang his bell. The strikers stood perfectly still. The streetcar came to a final shuddering stop. In a split second, twelve strikers stood at the side exit, twelve more ganged the front entrance. The strikers' ranks moved up, so that the motorman could not go forward an inch without knocking down a row of human beings.

The clanging bell stopped. Girls leaned out of the open streetcar windows and yelled, "What's the idea?" A few men inside the car banged on the exit doors. The strikers

cheered. The motorman stepped down and began to parley.

"Won't you let me through?" he said with absolutely no conviction.

"No, sir," one of the strikers replied very cheerfully. "You take your old streetcar and trundle it right back to town. These boys and girls ain't going to work today."

"You let us through yesterday," a girl shrilled from an open window.

"That was yesterday," a striker called back. "Lady, this ain't no picnic. This is a strike. Officeworkers ain't getting through no picket line today. Go on home and take a vacation."

"Sure," a young fellow howled to a pretty stenographer in one of the windows. "It's a nice day. Go on home and get your boy friend to take you swimming."

"Who's got a boy friend?" shrieked the pretty girl.

"Maybe I'll do?" the young fellow shouted.

"You just wait for me, baby, and when I get through picketing I'll be around."

Everybody laughed and the pretty girl screamed, "Ain't you fresh though. I suppose you seen me somewheres before?"

"I sure did," the young fellow began, but the motorman interrupted this early-morning idyl.

"Well," he said with enthusiastic resignation, "I suppose if you won't let me through, you won't let me through."

"That's right, captain," the strikers yelled. "Take the old boat away."

"I'm a union man myself," the motorman said in a low tone, and clambered back up his folding stairs.

"He's a union man himself," one of the strikers shouted. The rubberworkers were delighted. They felt it a piece of lovely good fortune that the motorman was a union man himself. They felt warm in their hearts, and

A Chinese Peasant Speaks

Jih lou hsi shan, pu hwei tou.

"The Sun has set in the Western Mountains, and will not rise again."—*Shansi proverb.*

It was this way, comrade:

Before, we never did trust soldiers,
our girls would run a mile at the sight of a uniform,
as from a mountain wolf—
in and out of the valley they were, like a plague of locusts,
and never a beanstalk they left behind.
Those years were bad, once the whole village took stones
and stoned them away,
and a Wutai man would spit at the very name
of "Soldier." . . .

Well, one day
they came over the mountain, this new troop,
ten men and a couple of boys.
They stopped in front of the wine-shop, but they wouldn't
drink anything.
It was November, a fine frosty morning,
and the kids were all out sliding on the ice:
we gathered round to see what was doing.

They talked their own lingo, this bunch, some southern twist
to it,
queer, like their round straw hats and bark sandals.
"Countrymen!" says their leader
(and the old ones all laughed at his accent, but he laughed too,
and said "Up, the Hunan rebels!")
"COUNTRYMEN, THERE'S A WAR ON,
a new kind of war.
What do you know about the Japanese devils who're invading
our country,
burning our homes, and laying waste the fields?

They do this and that" (and what he told us was bloody
murder).

"That's what you're up against, comrades!
Now, who will join us?"

No one said much, and we all looked at Old Li, the headman,
smoking his long brass pipe, and combing his beard.
"All very fine," says Old Li at last, "but these foreign devils
they won't come up here to our mountains.
We're dirt poor up here" (he had all the money himself,
and most of the land).
"Let us alone;
it'll be hard enough getting through the winter."

"You just wait,"
Says the young commander, and grinned;
And he took his men out of the valley.
But he left the two youngsters behind with us.
Good workers they were too, and helped with the last bit of
threshing;
and they could talk, to beat the band . . .

That winter the planes began coming over,
at first the kids all ran to watch them, pleased as crickets.
One dropped an egg just outside our village,
blew up the schoolhouse, four children killed:
One was my youngest,
but Old Li, he still said
they'd let us alone, if only we stayed quiet.

It was a hard winter, old ones died with the cold,
still the harvest had been good
and we could pull through. But others kept coming up
from the Big Plain (well enough off, they'd been,
down there, before the war).
But they'd lost all, burnt out, and horrible stories
mostly of women—
the young men listened, the old folks were only scared.

pleased. Here was a brother where there might have been an enemy.

"Yay-ay-ay," the strikers howled. "Yay-ay-ay for the motorman, whee!" Blistering sky-rocketing whistles deafened the blushing motorman. He turned on his power and backed his lumbering streetcar away, his smiling face gradually fading away from the strikers.

"Goodby, baby," the young fellow howled. The pretty girl's answer was lost on the breeze.

Not all the cars were as easy as the first. Only the merest clerks and the real underdogs came to work on the seven-forty-five. When the big shots, the office managers and the private secretaries to the big bosses, started arriving on the eight-fifteen, there was some pretty rough talk.

But the motormen settled the question. While trembling-lipped men shouted out the window, "You can't keep us from going to

work," the streetcar men said, "You win, boys. I ain't running anybody over, and I don't look for no trouble." One by one the big yellow cars backed away.

The police came too, and looked and went away thoughtfully.

At nine o'clock the strikers marched back to the gates and broke up the parade. They spread out over the big plant, covering even the little out-of-the-way gates with a dozen and twenty men. At the main gate a hundred strikers hung around talking.

Promptly at nine-fifteen a large limousine pulled into the street and stopped before the picket line. William O'Neil, president of the company, wanted to go in to work.

"Sorry," somebody yelled. "Nobody gets in."

"Now, you listen," O'Neil said furiously. "You're being misled by a lot of agitators."

"No, sir, I don't think we are," one of the strikers said pleasantly. "We want better

wages, and we want this company union to be bust up."

"You get paid good wages," O'Neil growled. "Plenty good, but we promised to adjust wages. Why don't you call off the strike?"

"Why don't you settle it?" a striker said, not impudently, but as one reasonable man talking to another.

O'Neil retreated, muttering.

Presently the works superintendent arrived and was sent away with the word, "Nobody gets in."

"Listen," he yelled as he left, "you're all fired."

The crowd roared with laughter. "You can't fire us, mister," they yelled. "We're firing ourselves until you guys talk turkey."

That was the kind of strike it was. The president of the company came down on the picket line and bawled out the strikers. The

We took them in, and shared out our stores of millet—
Old Li was against that too, but we threw him out
and elected a Village Council (those boys had been talking,
we were all in this together, they said, it might have been us.
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this was ALL CHINA, north and south,
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Quietly, group by group, under the night
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superintendent turned up not once but half a dozen times and got red in the face yelling at his ex-workers. He kept thinking that the next time he yelled at them they'd surely stop all this nonsense and go back to work. On the surface it looked like a friendly, good-natured strike. The police hung around the picket line and ate the strikers' sandwiches. The strikers cracked jokes with the maintenance engineers allowed in and out of the plant.

Akron's first rubber strike passed almost unnoticed after the first few days. People on West Hill slept easy. Hadn't Claherty himself said, the first day, "There will absolutely be no other rubber strikes. No sympathy strikes will be allowed. Anyone talking up such a strike will be expelled from the union."

The big three, then, Firestone, Goodrich, and Goodyear, were safe. Their workers might grumble and might go down to General and help the boys out picketing, but Claherty himself had guaranteed there would be no trouble. "Big" rubber was safe.

Of course, West Hill sympathized with Billy O'Neil in his hour of need. But the rubber industry suffered from fierce competition, to put it mildly. Rubber executives might tut-tut at polite dinner parties about the General strike, but the next morning they went down to work and sent batches of telegrams ordering their salesmen to call on General dealers. An honest penny is an honest penny and if a man is so dumb as to get caught with a strike on his hands, he must take the consequences.

East Akron, the valley, slept easy too. The rubberworkers expected to win. It was their first strike, and nothing could stop them—nothing. The union was on its way. No shadow of doubt arose in the valley. No fear clutched at hearts in the night. In these dingy working-class streets, there were no old women who still mourned husbands shot down on half-forgotten picket lines. These were mountain people, only ten or twelve years away from scraggly farms on the sides of lonely hills. They had no group memory of bullets cracking into fleeing crowds, of men smashed by clubs, of women kicked in the stomach as they crawled screaming from police attacks.

These were young people. For years men had worked out their strength and energy in the rank-smelling factories. Years women had suffered hopeless insecurity. Years they had worried over where the next pair of shoes would come from, and when Hank would be laid off. Now at long last they were striking back. They felt good about the strike. They were proud and happy.

The union men faced the strike with a kind of naive courage, a blinding faith. They had never heard of union spies. They didn't have the faintest notion that among them, in their very ranks, stood men who sold their secrets for money. They had no idea that the cards were all marked in this game. These mountaineers with their first union cards in their pockets never dreamed that the American Federation of Labor officials looked upon their

strike with considerable, not to say vast, suspicion and annoyance. They walked among pitfalls and beartraps like proud blind men.

June 26, 1934

FOUR "loyal workers" appeared at the General plant gates today and began to distribute company-union literature to the pickets. They went away with bloody noses.

Mr. Claherty met Mr. O'Neil at the Mayflower Hotel for the third consecutive day of dickering over a strike settlement. The conference broke up without results.

June 28, 1934

COLEMAN CLAHERTY left Akron today. He had business, he said, in Albany, N. Y.

The picket line was slightly bewildered by Mr. Claherty's business trip. The strikers' feelings were hurt. They thought their strike, the first rubber strike of any size, was so important that the AFL general organizer in rubber should stay home and take care of it.

Mr. Claherty did not share their opinion.

June 29, 1934

THE temperature went to 105 on the streets of Akron today. Official recording was 99. The rubber stink settled down over the valleys. Inside the big factories men stood beside tire machines and were sick with heat, men worked in the pits with live steam and staggered as they worked, blinded and tortured by heat.

At the gates of the General plant, stubborn strikers sat crouched in blank silence on the sizzling bricks of the street, holding the picket line under a blazing sun. The stench of burning rubber from the nearby Goodyear plant gouged at throats and nostrils.

The picket line held all day. Men stood immobile, but their presence told the world the union held the General plant.

July 3, 1934

THE scene shifted on the General strike today. Ralph Lind, the government negotiator, flew to Washington to powwow with his Washington superiors.

The picket line buzzed with talk. Nobody understood what Lind was doing. The strikers were nervous. They wished Claherty would come back home and see what was up. This waiting got on a man's nerves.

July 9, 1934

THE General strikers were all excited this morning. Men stood around on the picket line brandishing sheets of paper. Lanky mountaineers spit out blue curses and strikers threatened dark vengeance to a man they called variously "Broose," and "Browse," and "Br-r-owe-se."

Edwin Brouse, respected, nay, distinguished, Akron attorney, was the author of a letter which each and every striker had found in his morning's mail. The letter stated that he, Edwin Brouse, a disinterested Akron citizen,

wished to assist the cause of industrial peace in his native city. Since, he wrote, many statements had been made, apparently in good faith, that most of the General employees were not on strike and wished to return to work, he proposed that all the strikers and employees of the company attend a meeting under his auspices and vote yes or no on whether they wished to continue the strike. He offered his services, he said, in determining the truth of the situation at General Tire.

The picket line considered tearing Mr. Brouse limb from limb. Some hotheads were all for marching downtown to Mr. Brouse's office and telling him a few things. Reason prevailed, however.

The newspapers published Mr. Brouse's letter and they also published Mr. O'Neil's statement that he had sent copies of the letter to his employees. Mr. Brouse saw nothing strange in the letter of a disinterested person being mailed to strikers by their employer. He said he considered his position on the strike that of a just and honorable man. Mr. Brouse was a Latin scholar, a gentleman of culture, a skillful and successful corporation lawyer, an old resident in Akron, where nearly everyone is a new settler. Mr. Brouse held the opinion that wicked outside agitators had misled a few General Tire employees. The rest, he believed, were ready and anxious to go back to work. They were prevented from taking this step by violent and lawless men on the picket line.

July 10, 1934

THE day of Mr. Brouse's disinterested General employees' meeting dawned hot and bright. This summer, everybody said, was certainly turning out to be a scorcher. Everybody always said that in Akron, as though each year the intolerable heat surprised them.

Mr. Brouse arrived at the East High School auditorium neatly dressed in well-fitting clothes, carrying a polished leather briefcase. A well-built man, not too large, not too small, his shoulders were broad enough for a lawyer but not vulgarly large like a workman's. His face had regular features. He had a noble forehead, and he wore plain eyeglasses. Nothing about Mr. Brouse was gaudy or flamboyant or in bad taste. Nor was Mr. Brouse's manner nervous or excited. His face was perfectly impassive as he sat in the wings of the East High School auditorium waiting for the loyal employees of the General Tire & Rubber Co. to arrive. Presently a few men straggled into the auditorium. They walked in diffidently, rather embarrassed, like people who come too early to an afternoon tea. They craned their necks, staring into the empty balconies, and talked in low voices. Men wandered around the platform. They were, it developed, members of the county election board here to count the vote. Presently ushers began to distribute little red ballots, putting them on empty seats.

The quiet in the auditorium, the empty seats, were an insult. Mr. Brouse appeared on the platform and suggested hearing from

a few of the men in the audience while they waited for the crowd to assemble.

Then a cheer sounded faintly inside the auditorium. Mr. Brouse stiffened as the noise of marching men filled the empty hall. Ushers glanced nervously at the doors. The scattered men in first-row seats shifted uneasily. The song of triumphant workers, the tread of marching feet, grew louder. The doors of the auditorium burst open. Hundreds of men rushed down the aisles shouting.

Mr. Brouse stood perfectly still. His face did not lose its cold composure as he stared at his new audience, more than a thousand strong. No muscle moved when he saw the marchers pounce on the red ballots and throw them in the air like a shower of big confetti. He heard, but he did not answer, the cries, "Here's the Red Apple boys! Look at 'em!"

"Red Apples!" the newcomers roared. "Take an apple to teacher! Ya-a-a-h! Lousy scabs! Dirty Red Apples!"

Mr. Brouse took up his polished real leather briefcase and walked out, leaving the stage to the canaille.

★

Franco's Allies

THE gauleiter of Vienna, Herr Odilon Globocnik, recently announced that no enemies of the state were left in Austria.

"Cardinal Innitzer," said this cultural pact-brother of "Crusader" Franco, "is no longer a problem for us. Recently 52,000 men and women left the church. That is the best reply and protest we can offer. Nothing further need be added."

The *Regima Fascista*, on January 17, editorialized:

It is impossible for Italians not to express all their sympathy with this apostle of Christianity. For Father Coughlin is not one of those priests who, like parrots, repeat what their superiors say. At the head of the National Union for Social Justice, he keeps the White House in a state of embarrassment and governments fear him. Cardinal Mundelein has severely reprimanded him, but he does not keep quiet.

Both of which are only two of thousands of reasons why you should write again to your congressman to lift the embargo on republican Spain!

★

No Answer

SIR STAFFORD Cripps, Britain's progressive peer, pulled a nice one recently when his paper, the *Tribune*, told the English railways that their campaign for a "square deal" from the government was a bit thick. Before following their American cousins' winsome way of yelling for government subsidy, Sir Stafford suggested that they might squeeze out the \$1,120,000,000 watered stock on which \$40,000,000 dividends were paid last year and grant the railway workers minimum-wage demands of \$12.50 a week.

Phoning the Railway Companies Assn., next day, the editor of the *Tribune* was told "We have no reply."

See, just like it is over here.

Readers' Forum

The New Anvil

TO NEW MASSES: The *Anvil*, after a period of hibernation, is being revived as the *New Anvil* in Chicago. The first issue, dated March, will appear early this month. We feel that there is an urgent need for a purely creative magazine reflecting the progressive viewpoint and consistently seeking out and publishing the work of hitherto unknown writers. Tremendous events have shaken the world since the last appearance of the *Anvil* as an independent magazine. These events will be reflected in its pages.

The new magazine will carry on the tradition of the old; crude vigor again will be preferred to polished banality. We need short stories and sketches of not more than three thousand words and verse not exceeding twenty lines, though exceptions may be made in the case of certain material. We are anxious to hear from all old friends and contributors of the *Anvil*. The *New Anvil* is edited from 3569 Cottage Grove, Chicago.

Chicago.

JACK CONROY.

The Agile Mr. Pegler

TO NEW MASSES: One of the tricks of a clever reactionary to gain prestige with the public is to whip children already badly beaten by popular opinion, and to line up with the side of decency on small issues and save his fire for important occasions.

Thus we have seen Mr. Westbrook Pegler do some very fine phrase-turning against the bad boys of Europe, and his tirades against the popular fascist pastime of keeping the wondering Jew wondering what will happen next would seem to make Mr. Pegler a passionate abhorrer of injustice. Moreover, for those patient enough to sift his ideas from their journalistic entanglements, there is evidence that Mr. Pegler considers himself a small-d democrat though on matters that count he generally lines up with the big-R Republicans.

Now, with worldwide thousands cheering the release of Tom Mooney, we find Mr. Pegler climbing out of his sick bed to add his voice to the multitudes. The simplest formula of political algebra teaches us that groans from the right should be interpreted as applause for the left, and those thousands that gathered in Civic Center on the memorable day San Francisco marched with Mooney should consider their cheers augmented by the noisy voice of Mr. Pegler.

It is worthy of notice that Mr. Pegler, champion of justice and civil liberties, saw fit to write on the man Mooney rather than the case Mooney. There is reason to suspect that even such a clever journalist as Mr. Pegler would encounter difficulties in getting around the three separate reports by departments of our federal government stating that Mooney was framed and convicted on perjured evidence.

At least, it must have been very confusing to Mooney to have one branch of our government branding him as a ruthless murderer while another was making public his innocence. Certainly such a conflict of opinions in our governmental structure must cast some doubt on the infallibility of the state which Mr. Pegler seemingly believes Tom Mooney should now take to his breast and praise after it has admittedly taken twenty-two years, five months, and eleven days of his life, in error.

As for Mooney's radicalism, that is largely a matter of viewpoint. Registering as a Democrat and pleading for a united labor movement and proletarian action at the ballot box may seem foul

Moscow play to employers, but it does not necessarily signify to impartial observers an impending march to the barricades.

Likewise, Mooney's acceptance of the achievements of the Russian people under the Soviet form of government does not unequivocally stamp him as a disciple of the hammer and sickle.

Strangest of all is to see the agile Mr. Pegler slip from the role of criminal-baiter and castigator of parole boards to that of convict champion. The journalistic tears he sheds because of Mooney's alleged contempt for his fellow prisoners scarcely reconcile themselves with the unfeeling attack he wrote on Clara Phillips at the time she sought her freedom after buried years of expiation of her crime.

Mooney was so contemptuous of his fellow prisoners that he could not walk through the prison yard without gathering a crowd of well-wishers. He hated convicts so much that he used to work on his own time to give them aid and comfort in the prison hospital.

If Mr. Pegler's personal life is as opportunistic as his journalism, he should have been out shaking hands with the warden rather than bidding farewell to those who knew him when.

VIC JOHNSON.

Modesto Defense Committee

Former San Quentin Inmate No. 58030

San Francisco.

Dwight Morgan

TO NEW MASSES: The death of Dwight Morgan, secretary of the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born, at the age of thirty-eight, comes as a shock to all who knew him and his work. Morgan lived and breathed and often went hungry for the cause of the fourteen million foreign born in the United States. He knew, and made all who came in contact with him understand, that the defense of the democratic rights of the foreign born was one of the most essential jobs in the defense and extension of democratic rights for all the people. In his work he came in contact with various governmental agencies and he had the respect of those on the other side of the table as well as those whose rights he defended.

When I think of Morgan, I see in my mind's eye a picture of the Statue of Liberty. His life was devoted to making that symbol more a living part of our American life, and his underlying drive was always that any discrimination against the foreign born because of political beliefs endangered the constitutional rights of the native born.

There is not space here to review his patience, perseverance, and integrity. The unusual personality he had will not be replaced. Those who knew and loved him as a comrade and friend have a responsibility to him which they will fulfill. His loss to the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born must be made up, and it must be made up in a concrete way so that the work for which he lived and died will go on. The millions of foreign born and their descendants have a responsibility which they will, I am certain, fulfill, individually and through their organizations, to come to the support of the committee now. The greatest tribute we can make to Morgan's memory is to do what we can to replace his unlimited devotion with our own efforts to help the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born. I am sending them a small contribution which will, I hope, be part of a Morgan Memorial Fund to defend and extend the rights of the foreign-born Americans in whose behalf Morgan's life was spent.

Philadelphia.

WALTER LOWENFELS.

R E V I E W A N D C O M M E N T

Cheer Up, Forsythe

IF ROBERT FORSYTHE were in town right now, I would be tempted to scare up a picket line in front of his office. It would be a long line, and on it would march a hardy band of poets, playwrights, novelists, and other Forsythe fans. "Down with Forsythe," we would chant, as we waved our placards with the Gropper cartoons. "Forsythe is unfair to literature." Forsythe, I suspect, would be the least surprised person in the world to see us massed out there on the other side of the corridor. For he must have known that his piece on the theater in last week's NEW MASSES would get a rise out of us, just as his "Down with the Novel" did four years ago.

The earlier article, I will admit, had some constructive things to say to the young writer. There was a sound point in Forsythe's suggestion that fiction should not be the inevitable resort of a writer who has an important experience to communicate. Karl Billinger's *Fatherland* and Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* supported his contention that reportage and autobiography might fruitfully be used by more left-wing writers. But Forsythe did not stop with this valuable suggestion. "It is my conviction," he wrote, "that the novel is a dying form." The novel had seen its best days. "While it once afforded a roomy medium in which the artist could ramble at will after the straitjacket of poetry, it has now become so formalized that it is a hindrance to free imagination." A dismal verdict, if true. But I prefer to believe, with Ralph Fox, that "the novel has a future, even though it has only a very shaky present." And I would remind Forsythe that for a dying form the novel shows remarkable animation in Malraux's *Man's Hope* and Aragon's *Residential Quarter*, both of which he recently praised with proper enthusiasm.

Not only is the novel "dying," but poetry, as Forsythe implies in the passage I have quoted, and repeatedly elsewhere, is dead. If that is true, then Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes* must be an anachronism, Archibald MacLeish's *Air Raid* a delusive echo over the radio, and W. H. Auden's *Spain* an historical accident. If the testimony of poets has any validity, poetry is not a "straitjacket" but a liberator of the spirit. It may be true, as Louis MacNeice points out in his just published *Modern Poetry*, that "When the crisis comes, poetry may for the time be degraded or even silenced," but "it will reappear, as one of the chief embodiments of human dignity . . ." Poetry, to be sure, is under attack from all

sides. So is democracy. Both are worth fighting for.

Forsythe is, of course, deeply concerned about the problem of preserving culture. One thought keeps popping up in all his articles on literature: How can we reach the widest possible audience? He feels that at this critical moment, when the largest human issues are at stake, writers must try to reach millions of people with their message. He is perfectly right. We cannot afford, nor should we encourage, a cult of literary exclusivism. We must grapple with the problem of an audience.

This problem cannot be solved by abandoning one literary medium after another. There is surely no point in getting hold of an audience, once you have given up the literary devices for communicating valid ideas and emotions to it. And yet that is the upshot, I think, of Forsythe's advice to writers. Last week, he urged writers to keep away from the theater. For "the stage has ceased to be an important factor in our cultural life." Its audience is too narrow; its influence on American thought is negligible. The drama, like poetry, has so limited an appeal that "it may be disregarded as a literary force." The writer with something to say should turn to some other medium. But now that Forsythe has said, in effect, "Down with the Theater," where will he advise the young writer to go? Not the novel, certainly: "Down with the Novel." Not poetry: "Down with Poetry." It seems to me that Forsythe is blowing taps for literature. Hence our picket line.

It is a serious mistake, I think, to be narrowly pragmatic in approaching the problem of a wide audience in art, just as it is a mistake in politics. No one can deny that the theater audience, like the audience for poetry and good fiction, is a relatively limited one. That is no reason why our dramatists should give up playwriting for something more "popular." That is a reason why we should fight for the extension of theater facilities, particularly through the Federal Theater and the people's-theater movement, throughout the country, where there is a strong demand for them. Forsythe's attitude toward the theater is as defeatist as his attitude toward poetry. His intention is sound: He wants progressive writers to influence more people. But his strategy is a strategy of retreat.

I have no special brief for Broadway, and yet I am sure that Forsythe underestimates its importance. The creative strength of the

stage is proved by the fact that the best movies are stage adaptations, like *Dead End*, or the work of writers disciplined in the art of the theater, like John Howard Lawson's *Blockade*. The ablest ally of the progressive scenario writer in Hollywood is the playwright who sticks to his craft and practices it as uncompromisingly as possible. Even within the framework of commercial Broadway it is much easier to influence the content of productions, because Broadway is not so much of a big business enterprise as Hollywood. And through influencing and writing for Broadway, the writer *can* influence Hollywood.

Moreover, it seems a little hasty to dismiss the "sabled audiences" of Broadway. I judge from Forsythe's reference to George Jean Nathan that he is himself a first-nighter, and that may account for the description. Yet the 100,000 who have already seen *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* must have included a few who were deeply inspired by Lincoln's speech against Douglas. Even the sabled can occasionally be saved. What makes the charge against the theater singularly inopportune, however, is the fact that several of this year's productions showed a vital response to, and in some instances a real understanding of, what is going on in the world today. We should all agree with Forsythe when he says that it is a calamity that more people throughout the country will not be able to see these plays. It is more difficult to follow him when he concludes that this calamity can somehow be tempered by not writing the plays at all.

Most important of all, Forsythe is unfair to the efforts which have been made in the direction of a people's-theater movement. The Federal Theater he does not mention at all, even though it has produced Broadway successes as well as significant work in dozens of American cities. The Federal Theater has reached the millions. It has opened up opportunities for writers which they would be foolish to spurn. Moreover, the trade-union movement, particularly the CIO, has shown a growing interest in the theater, and might, with the cooperation of writers, furnish the springboard for a national progressive theater movement. And the New Theater League has carried on work which should gladden all of us. I am informed that plays like *Bury the Dead* and *Waiting for Lefty* have reached well over a million people. At this moment, three theaters, the Contemporary Theater in De-

troit, the New Theater of Philadelphia, and the Chicago Repertory Theater, are performing *The Cradle Will Rock*. The Negro Theater movement, whether in Richmond or in Harlem, is more alive than ever before. A new volume, edited by William Kozlenko, titled *The Best Short Plays of the Social Theater*, includes work by Clifford Odets, Irwin Shaw, Paul Green, Marc Blitzstein, Albert Maltz, John Wexley, Claire and Paul Sifton, and Ben Bengal, all of whom have left their mark on the theater, and, I would add, on the imagination of America.

All of this activity underscores what Ben Blake wrote in *The Awakening of the American Theater* a few years ago: "The American people need the theater as they need every other art and science that can advance the well-being of mankind in these critical days. But they do not need the theater as it has been during most of its American career. They do not need the old theater. They need that theater which needs them, a genuine people's-theater, which their life educates and inspires, and which in turn educates and inspires them in their struggle for 'life, liberty, and happiness.' They need the new theater. It is for the people of the theater to give it to them. For the artist, there can be no nobler task, no greater opportunity."

That is the point. The theater has not always been, nor is it now, exactly what we would have it be. It is moving in the right direction. To help it move in that direction, to make it a powerful force for democracy, is the noble task and great opportunity of the artist. It is a pity that Robert Forsythe, of all people, should seem to be dissuading the artist from that task.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Faulkner's New Novel

THE WILD PALMS, by William Faulkner. Random House. \$2.50.

IN HIS distinguished career Mr. Faulkner has not written a more thoroughly satisfying novel than *The Wild Palms*. He has been unusually sensitive to manner of expression and extraordinarily persistent in technical experimentation. Since he has at the same time insisted upon grappling with significant themes, his work has either presented the obvious flaws of construction of *Light in August* or achieved a form, like that of *The Sound and the Fury*, almost incomprehensible to the average reader. But in this latest novel he has come very near the successful expression he has been groping for. It not only reads easily; it grips the attention.

If such is really Faulkner's accomplishment in *The Wild Palms*, the comments the critics are making can scarcely be right. Puzzled, apparently, by the fact that two unrelated stories unroll in alternate chapters, some of the critics have failed to find any organic connection between them, while others have



A. Walkowitz

discovered too simple a relationship. These latter believe the one story to be the mere opposite to the other. As the blurb puts it, the two themes are flight and refuge. On the one hand, a woman leaves the security of marriage for the hazards of life with an unstable young doctor. On the other, a prisoner, virtually given a chance to escape when he is sent to aid persons marooned by the overflowing Mississippi, prefers to return to his prison walls.

But the real relationship between the two stories must be more complex, for they both end within the "security" of prison walls. The pursuit of freedom, the escape from the conventional, has in neither instance been satisfactory. This is the basic ironic theme which both stories hold in common: in a demoralized age the prison affords the illiterate hillbilly and the educated neurotic doctor alike the only possible framework of social compulsions within which they can exist, if not with what Malraux would call man's natural hope and dignity, at least with the approximation of tranquillity. In this fundamental orientation of the novel, one can find a development of the paradox of Dostoevski. In Faulkner peace does not come after crime and suffering simply as a result of the compulsion imposed by society. The irony is more bitter, since these men who suffer and go to jail have become better men, better integrated men, than their sadistic jailers and the average respectable citizens outside. The "wretched of mankind" are in no mood to arise in Faulkner, but they have at all events escaped that pretense of freedom which our competitive world sets up as an ideal and translates, as these two stories hint, into the actuality of the undernourished body and the neurotic personality.

The dominant story, the story of Dr. Wilbourne, is in its general outline only the better retelling of Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. Wilbourne is the same sort of virtuous inexperienced weakling, whose suppressed sexual urges burst into control of him at the age of twenty-seven, and whose lack of that core of resolute selfishness which comes naturally to the boy on the street corner makes possible his eventual crime. But Faulkner is not content to leave Wilbourne the plaything of heredity and environment. He centers his attention on the intricate immediate conflict within the personality. He depicts the ineffectual rise of a deep masculine discontent with mere satisfaction in love, which leads Wilbourne, not to reject the "stability" (as the critics would say) of his being supported by his mistress, but to wipe out the offense to his pride in not being able to support her himself. And so they trek to the snowbound mine in Utah, where he fails as a doctor because he has fallen victim to a shady capitalistic enterprise.

One value of the subordinate story now begins to become apparent. It throws into contrast with the neurotic instability of this educated middle-class doctor the contrasting virtues of the proletarian. At the very time when the doctor is becoming hysterical because of his mistress' pregnancy, caught between her desire for an abortion and his fear and dislike of performing it, the criminal of the second story is rescuing from the swollen Mississippi a woman who is also pregnant. Actually the event, like the rest of the second story, occurred some ten years earlier. But the fact that Faulkner inserts this particular episode into his novel at this point can only mean that he intends the reader to learn something from the contrast of the two situations. If the doctor could hardly endure the cold of Utah winters, the hillbilly illiterate rises equal to his physical emergency. These scenes in which the man—who is never given a name, who is only described as tall and lean, as though the prototype of the underprivileged, not worth individualization in the eyes of dominant respectability—these scenes in which he keeps his boat afloat with the pregnant woman in it, in which he is shot at by officers on the bank he is seeking to hail, in which he delivers her baby on a mud bank to which he has dragged her no more weak with exhaustion than himself, may well be isolated in our textbooks as instances of Faulkner's mastery of the art of narration. But in the novel they furnish dramatic relief to the spasms of passion, the alternations of despair and futile ecstasy, the impotent hesitations, among which Wilbourne has been wallowing. They restore to the reader the pleasure and the confidence of certain elemental qualities which seem to have retreated from the higher social levels. But it has been nature and not society which has inspired this heroism in the tall lean man. And if after these weeks of heroism he returns to his prison, indifferent to the ten years which have been added to his sentence, "for escaping," it is because he

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knows he will enjoy there the friendship of his fellow prisoners and the comfort of tomorrow's hand upon the plough, which not merely his crime, his absurd, unsuccessful train robbery, but the very complexion of respectable society denies him outside.

It is not, however, on this note that Faulkner ends his novel. The heroism has been exceptional, something to be recounted with simple joy of recollection to his fellow prisoners, among whom some day, perhaps, Wilbourne, shorn by years of imprisonment of both his respectability and his neuroses, forgetful at length of love and the grief it has brought him, may be content to listen. For society has reduced these prisoners to the habitual level of Hardy's peasants who expect no more than toil and discipline. They get pleasure out of the day because they expect so little from it, and if they are deprived of love, remember with a laughter which has lost all bitterness that it does not submit to routine.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Folk Literature

MINSTRELS OF THE MINE PATCH, by George Korson. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$3.

THE ballads and stories in Mr. Korson's present collection, *Minstrels of the Mine Patch*, are an important addition to the body of American folk literature. Composed and sung by the miners themselves, preserved in their memories without benefit of print, these songs and stories record the saga of privation, layoffs, child labor, tragic death, and the struggle for decent living conditions in a monopoly-ridden industry as no other type of document could.

Enslaved to the "coal kings" when scarcely more than infants, some oldtimers remember being carried to work on their fathers' backs. "A White Slave of the Mine" tells the story of these child laborers:

Down in the bowels of the earth
Where no bright sun rays shine,
You'll find me busy at my work,
A white slave of the mine.

Prior to 1869, countless lives were lost in mine disasters for lack of even so elementary a precaution as a second exit from the mine. One of the ballads describes the tragic Avondale Mine disaster which aroused such a storm of public indignation that a law was enacted requiring at least one additional exit.

But all in vain, there was no hope
One single soul to save.
For there is no second outlet
From the subterranean cave.
No pen can write the awful fright
And horror that did prevail,
Among those dying victims,
In the mines of Avondale.

Another ballad speaks of the souls of the dead ascending to heaven "To plead against the

company whose greed has caused their death."

Small wonder that the miners should have so fine a tradition of militant unionism. In one ballad a union miner explains why he is forced to strike:

We oft get hurt, and sometimes lost, pard;
And consequently we good wages like,
And when we can't get that, why, sir, we strike,

and then goes on to show that the miners are not responsible for all the strikes:

But don't think, Stranger, we make all the strikes,
There's Mr. Gowen makes one when he likes.

Other ballads express the miner's hatred of scabs, significantly equating strikebreaking to treason to one's country, as in the lines:

It was none o' your blacklegs signed the Declaration—
If it was, sure this country would ne'er be free.

The coal kings were early to appreciate the value of fostering national antagonisms as a means of keeping the miners divided and unorganized. This feeling creeps into one of the ballads which tells of the miners' joy at the news that work is to begin full-time.

We'll dress up our children like fairies,
We'll build us a house big and fine,
And we'll move away from the Hungaries,
When the breaker starts up full-time.

But the achievement of solidarity is expressed with striking force in the ballad "The Strike," written in Hungarian dialect, with its recurring line: "Me good union citizen, Me Johnny Mitchell Man." Not only has solidarity been achieved, but union membership has become a measure of citizenship in a democracy!

It is a pity that Mr. Korson's section on the Molly Maguires has more the character of "folklore" than actual history. As in his earlier volume, *Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner*, he tends to portray the Pinkerton spy McKenna (MacParland) sympathetically, and to accept all the stories of Molly Maguire outrages without question. This despite the fact that he lists Anthony Bimba's book *The Molly Maguires* in his bibliography on the subject. The testimony of the ballads commemorating the prosecution and hanging of the framed leaders of the miners whose union had been driven underground by the operators flatly contradicts the slanders against them. The following from the ballad "Hugh McGeehan" is an indication:

He said he [MacParland] came amongst our people
in November 'seventy-three
Which leaves many's the wife and babe to mourn
and curse his memory.

He came amongst our people in a very quiet time,
He was the foremost plotter of that atrocious crime.
He should be tried for murder, condemned he ought
to be,
And along with his poor victims, die on the gallows
tree.

Minstrels of the Mine Patch is a tribute to the courage of the miners and to their aspirations toward a full life in a truly democratic

America. It indicates not only a rich field for folklorists but a direction for contemporary writers. It cannot fail to direct the attention of folklorists to some of our other great industries, a field which they have consistently neglected, but in which the folklore and folk art of America is taking shape. As for writers, here are people who for lack of spokesmen speak for themselves, often with the true accent of art.

It is worth mentioning in connection with this review that the WPA Federal Writers Project has a Living Folklore sub-project which is attempting to gather just this kind of material on a scale no individual folklorist can match. And that should be additional incentive for those who have not yet written their congressmen and senators demanding sufficient funds for the Arts Projects to keep them alive.

DAVID SILVER.

Spokesman For Unity

SON OF THE PEOPLE, by Maurice Thorez. International Publishers. \$1.50.

ONE night last spring thousands of workers jammed the largest stadium in Paris. In the balconies they were seated, but on the tremendous floor, massed in one solid block, French people stood for hours to hear a man speak. When finally he approached the speaker's platform the huge crowd thundered with one voice, "Thorez au pouvoir! Thorez au pouvoir!" Quiet at last restored, the well-built, boyish-faced young man on the platform began to speak. It was Maurice Thorez, general secretary of the French Communist Party and, as representative of his group, one of the five most important political figures in France.

This same Thorez, the son of a miner, began life by taking up mining tools himself in the industrial north of France where he was born. Because of the war he was forced to migrate, as a boy, with his grandfather over parts of France not directly under enemy fire. For the greater part of the war, too young to fight, Thorez was a farm worker and, at its close, this son of the people found his way to the Communist Party. Returning to his native region, he continued as a miner until party work at last occupied all his time. He then became a professional revolutionist and rapidly rose to a key position in the leadership of his party.

After his youth, Thorez' simple, directly told story of his life merges with the story of the development of the Communist Party. He sketches with rapid strokes the march toward common action between Socialists and Communists, the success of the Popular Front, its accomplishments, and its deficiencies in not fully applying the Popular Front program. The book ends with an account of the full Communist program.

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repeatedly like the cry of the French workers at their mass meetings: "Unity, unity, unity." For only the union of the French people, an alliance of the proletariat and the middle class, built on the solid foundation of working-class unity, is today a sufficient condition for the defeat of reaction in France. The presence of this condition explains why the Popular Front made such unprecedented gains for the working class in 1936, and subsequent setbacks may, in large part, be understood by its absence.

Written before Daladier's fundamental change of policy to open hostility toward the working class in late August, Munich in September, the oppressive decree laws in November, *Son of the People* is none the less perfectly apposite to France's immediate political problems. Throughout France, among the people, the Popular Front is still as strong as ever. The pressing need of the moment is to adjust its parliamentary dislocation by replacing the Daladier-Bonnet government with one that will apply the Popular Front program to the letter. This, as Thorez indicates, would reflect the sentiment of the French people and is the desideratum that unity can achieve.

GEORGE SPEYER.

Kansas Poet

THE HIGH PLAINS, by Kenneth Porter. John Day Co. \$2.

IN AN age when so much verse is verbally profuse and emotionally costive, technically dazzling and stale with the pedantry of an Ezra Pound, it is sometimes refreshing to come upon a book wherein purpose and passion somewhat outrun technique. Although Kenneth Porter's lines are occasionally awkward, especially in the earlier part of the book, they are never superficial or false. Many of the poems in *The High Plains*, moreover, are not crude in technique. The book begins, it is true, with a series of epigrammatic lyrics which lack the neatness that alone justifies the epigram, and it is here that a certain obviousness in Mr. Porter's thought makes itself most apparent; such later poems as "Serpens Crucifixus," "Reds of Szechuan," and "Hammer and Nails," however, show a fiery sympathy with victims of the world's wrong and



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CALENDAR of New Masses Affairs

Feb. 26—Sunday evening—Anna Sokolow and Dance Unit—First full recital of season—Alvin Theatre, West 52nd St.

Mar. 19—Sunday evening—Mordecai Bauman, New York debut—Milton Kaye, accompanist—Town Hall.

Mar. 31—Friday evening—New Masses Annual Spring Ball.

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pain which did not come to Mr. Porter ready-made from headlines, but rather with slow processes of growth and thought. And although the nature poems of the book are conventional in subject, they convey so vividly the feeling of Kansas earth and sun as to raise Kenneth Porter's passion for his native plains to the level of authentic poetry.

The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of all the religious poems, which rise to singular heights of silliness in "The Lord's Supper," with its comparison of a mountain to a sliced cake. "To a Prince of the Church" and "The Perfect Tribute," however, possesses a sardonic forcefulness, best illustrated in the last stanza of the latter:

Unheeded would have been the hammer-blows,
The crown of thorns crushed down with savage
laughter,
Could he have known the Stock Exchange would
close
In honor of his death, some centuries after.

JOY DAVIDMAN.



Books and Authors

THE manuscript of Thomas Wolfe's first novel, *Look Homeward Angel*, will be sold at the Manuscript Sale to be held on February 19 under the auspices of the League of American Writers and the Booksellers Guild. The sale is for the benefit of exiled writers and the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Among those sponsoring the sale are: Prof. Albert Einstein, Ambassador Fernando de los Rios, Thomas Mann, Theodore Dreiser, Archibald MacLeish, Raymond Massey, Luise Rainer, Ruth McKenney, Donald Ogden Stewart, Carl Van Doren, and Thornton Wilder. . . . Secretary Ickes' reference to George Seldes' *Lords of the Press* during his Town Hall debate with Frank Gannett on the freedom of the press materially increased the sales of the book, which has now gone into a third printing. Mr. Ickes cracked the newspaper conspiracy of silence regarding the book. . . . *Publishers Weekly* reports that the total number of books published in 1938 showed a considerable decline, being the lowest since 1934. The comparative figures: 1938—16,219; 1937—17,137; 1936—16,944; 1935—16,678; 1934—15,436. The greatest decrease was in fiction, which shows a drop of 410 titles. *Publishers Weekly* does not regard the drop as an "unhealthy sign," but that will probably be small comfort to writers, who suffer as it is from a restricted market. . . . Prof. Albert Einstein, who was once known for his extreme pacifism, has considerably modified his attitude, according to the biography of him which Funk & Wagnalls will release on March 14. . . . Karl Billinger, author of *Fatherland*, the memorable account of his experiences in a German concentration camp, is now at work on a new book, *Hitler Is No Fool*, which Modern Age announces for publication in May. The book will attack "the widespread, comfortable, and dangerous notion that Hitler is just a fool and a madman." . . . After Munich, Winston Churchill in a radio broadcast to the United States said that "The lights are going out all over Europe." Last week, T. S. Eliot's *Criterion*, for sixteen years a leading light of the literary world, quietly burned out. Eliot's *The Waste Land* appeared in the first issue. Since then, Eliot has become tory, classicist, High Churchman. His last editorial words: "A feeling of staleness has crept over me. The present state of public affairs has induced in myself a depression of spirits so different from any other experience of fifty years as to be a new emotion. . . ." It would perhaps be vulgar, but certainly not inappropriate, to remark: "We told you so."

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S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

Lenin, Stalin, and Ivan

BEFORE the assembled workers, in the yard of the Putilov Munitions Plant in Petrograd in 1917, Lenin characterized the change in values that occurs when an imperialist war becomes the defense of freedom—the change that was then taking place in Russia. The man with the gun was no longer a danger to the people. “We know that another voice is rising now among the masses,” said Lenin. “These masses say to themselves: now we need not be afraid of the man with the gun, because he protects the toilers and will be ruthless in suppressing the rule of the exploiters.”

This simple little point is one which our pacifist friends never grasp, thus reactionaries are able to utilize what is basically an honest anti-war attitude to disarm those who would fight for the gains of the people. The lesson can save the democracies yet, despite the fascist insiders who are trying to murder Spain.

Lenfilm has made a stirring parable of Lenin's saying, in *The Man with the Gun*, newly installed at the Cameo, N. Y. C. Lavish talent has been given to the production. M. Shtraukh portrays Lenin in, what is to my taste, an even better job than that of Boris Shchukin in *Lenin in October*; M. Gelovani does a splendid Stalin; and the rest of the cast is made up of brilliant Soviet actors, including Boris Chirkov, the creator of Maxim; Boris Tenin as Ivan Shadrin, the man with the gun; even, for a stunning two hundred feet, we get the amazing Nikolai Cherkassov, who is becoming as familiar in Soviet films as MGM's lion. And the inevitable musical score by Dmitri Shostakovich, which is becoming as familiar as the lion's roar. There is a phenomenon, that Shostakovich; he scores a dozen pictures a year in full symphonic style, pitched on an ambitious level. These are not the scores of a composer hacking out an exercise to hold up a trite movie plot, but the work of an artist inspired by the great themes of Soviet films. They will some day be recognized as the finest film music of our period.

Ivan, the hero, is a veteran of three years on the Eastern Front as the picture opens in 1917. The men are weary of fighting for nothing and they send Ivan to Petrograd with a note asking Lenin what they should do. Ivan, a peasant who wants nothing more than to go back to his village and begin fighting the landlords, unwittingly meets Lenin and answers a series of pertinent questions about conditions at the front. When Kerensky begins

his march on Petrograd, Ivan, one of the few experienced military men, is made commander of a battalion of Putilov workers and Baltic sailors who go out to meet Kerensky. Before the battle begins, Ivan walks over to the enemy lines and brings back a full company of converts to the Soviets. “You should have got a battalion,” says a belittler. The battle begins and Ivan's men capture the railway station at Tsarskoye Selo and a rare prize, a Cossack general, played by Cherkassov. But the general bluffs an escape and Ivan considers himself disgraced forever. When Lenin and Stalin are told of this mishap they break into roars of laughter. They console the bewildered peasant commander. “What good is he?” Lenin says. “It would have been different if you had run away.”

Ivan goes back to battle an armored train and the picture ends with the rout of Kerensky after Lenin's speech to the Putilov workers.

Boris Tenin's playing of the peasant is in the finest Soviet folk-character tradition—humorous, simple, brave, and shrewd—one of the leaders who sprang from the ranks in answer to the Bolshevik program of land, bread, and freedom. Ivan reminds you of Chapayev in more ways than one; he has his own direct ways of getting things done and he makes everyone laugh at the canny way he does it. *The Man with the Gun* is the most entertaining and heartwarming Soviet film shown here since *The Childhood of Gorky*.

THE HAZING OF ROBERT TAYLOR, which is to make him jake with the seventy million American males who think he stinks, is con-

tinued in his new picture, *Stand Up and Fight*. Robert is severely waled three times by Wallace Beery in this active story of pioneer days in Cumberland, Md., in 1850. But mark him up as they will, I fear Bob will never win his junior G-man's badge. The studio is doing it wrong. The familiar Taylormade plot calls for Bob to start out as a cad, get rudely shoved around, demonstrate his pugilistic talent, and wind up a reglar fella. Nobody believes it. Why not start him out as a good guy and finish by turning him into a sissified cad? This, I am sure, would bring the male audience to its feet cheering, and Bob could have a career as a sort of yoo-hoo Basil Rathbone, who has yet to empty a seat by being nasty.

IT WOULD BE FUN to take a sophisticated view of *Gunga Din*, the new colossal from RKO, because the authors, Ben Hecht, Charles McArthur, and Joel Sayre, are patently ribbing movie Indian stinkers. They have gone so far overboard in blowing up their Hechtian heroes, Doug Fairbanks Jr., Victor McLaglen, and Cary Grant, into giant roughhouse braves, that the picture is quite entertaining from this juvenile angle. Never have there been more 'eathens stunned by the mighty British fist, or more sneaking, sinister aborigines plunged from housetops by a quick shot from the colonials. In the last reel Cary Grant is beaten by a cat-o'-nine-tails, shot through the knee, and finally bayoneted smartly through the back. Thereupon he lies on the floor wisecracking, and rises to the occasion with a neat shot when his chums are about to be beheaded. Sam Jaffe, who has the bizarre role of Gunga Din, which was originally intended for the Indian lad, Sabu, gets into the spirit of the joke at the end of his biggest and phoniest scene on the tower of a temple whence he has painfully climbed after being bayoneted through and through. He blows his bugle to warn the English troops as they walk into an ambush; then he is picked off by at least a thousand bullets. Before he falls from his tower he takes a quick look at the studio floor two feet below to make sure that he lands right. I wish the appropriate fillip had been put on the end. During the big burial scene, as Rudyard Kipling (Zanuck touch) reads his new poem over the body of the brave Gunga, it would have been nice for Sam to give the audience a broad wink.

But it's a bad joke. A dirty, sniveling joke



Charles Martin



Charles Martin

on the Indian people. I have no doubt the boys could run up just as funny a little joke about Czechoslovakia, or Spain, or Ethiopia. The situation is quite similar. Just make the stars Hitler's or Mussolini's boys and fix up the murdered, starved, impoverished people of these countries as villainous marauders who have to be civilized by the fascist braves, who have traveled thousands of miles bringing law and order. Nice, dramatic stuff, Messrs. Hecht, McArthur, & Sayre. I give it to you for your next jesting raid on the Hollywood gold mines. It's nice picking if you don't mind taking that kind of dough.

JAMES DUGAN.

Written In Anger

WE AMERICANS live in painful and difficult times. The hour calls for plain, for courageous speaking. And those who obscure the tragic and beautiful and proud history of our country with mealy-mouthed hokum badly serve the cause of democracy. George Kaufman and Moss Hart have written a new show, which opened recently at the huge Center Theater, N. Y. C. They have the temerity to call it *The American Way*.

I write this in anger. I admit it. Perhaps a dramatic critic needs to be detached, cool, impersonal. But the play called *The American Way* moves me to fury. It is cheap. It is vulgar. It takes the honest and brave love of our countrymen for freedom and exploits it for a bit of small change. It tells lies. It makes little jokes. It hides behind cowardly generalizations when it points to the Nazi danger.

This is not the American Way, this story of George Kaufman's and Moss Hart's—not any more than the billboards that carried the message of the American Chamber of Commerce last year, over the same phrase, were the "American Way."

No. This story of an emigrant who comes to America and finds that any honest man can own a factory and get rich is the sheerest perversion of American history. Kaufman and Hart may believe that an angry mob panicked and ruined the good honest bankers in 1933—but that is not the truth. They may laugh at the WPA but at this moment millions of Americans fight to preserve what the WPA means to living standards in our nation.

I think it is a great pity that such a fine actor as Fredric March must appear in this gaudy and dishonest rewrite of history according to Mark Sullivan. For he does such a poignant and beautiful job with the emigrant that sometimes his very sincerity and earnestness make a bad play good.

But even Fredric March cannot rescue Kaufman and Hart. Here is a story of America from 1896 to 1939—a story of everlasting serenity, of prosperity almost never-ending, of perpetual justice for all men, banker and worker alike. If it had only been true! Here is a story of forty-three years of American life which mentions only one depression—the

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Plate 3: Pierrot and Harlequin (Cezanne)

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last one. It shows factory workers only once, as they praise the good, kind boss who, unasked, pays them overtime and buys them free beer. Here is a story of America which pretends that Joe Hill and Big Bill Haywood and Gene Debs and Sacco and Vanzetti never happened at all. Here is an American history that forgets the panic of 1907, the corruption of the great land-grabs, the shame of the Harding administration, the disillusion and madness of the post-war boom. Kaufman and Hart show a little town in Ohio and never mention the farmer and his perpetual mortgage.

Is this meant, by chance, to be democratic "propaganda"? Are we to mask the truth with shameful lies? Is it a mistake for Americans to remember those of their fellow countrymen who fought for free speech, and unions, and the lives of innocent men held guilty by corrupt courts?

Kaufman and Hart show their hero dying to preserve democracy. If they had had half the courage—nay, one-tenth—of their own leading man, they might at least have named out loud the menace they show gnawing at American freedom. But, craven to the final curtain, they resort to meaningless and stupid circumlocutions to shield the truth. Whose feelings did they hope to save by leaving the word fascism unuttered? What irony that their hero should have to die fighting an unnamed—unnamed by the authors—foe!

They play *The Star Spangled Banner* at the end of *The American Way*. It made me so ashamed, I all but wept. To use our proud song at the end of such a travesty of American history.

America does not belong to Messrs. Kaufman and Hart. And thank heaven we need not rely upon them to defeat the fascist menace at our gates. Robert Sherwood's play about Abraham Lincoln moves the heart and mind, because it tells the truth.

For shame! that Kaufman and Hart could not do the same. Written in anger . . .

RUTH MCKENNEY.

AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, January 23, the New York State Committee of the Communist Party honored the fifteenth anniversary of Lenin's death with a play by Hoffman Hays, with music by Herbert Haufrecht and John Garden. *A Song about America* spans 150 years of American history to demonstrate Lenin's statement, "America has a revolutionary tradition." Billed as an historical pageant, *A Song about America* forgot the pageantry before the end of its first scene and for sixty swift minutes dealt its 22,000 spectators the sustained emotional wallop of a compactly written melodrama.

Mr. Hays began his story with an episode from the Colonial period of American history and ended it with the release of Tom Mooney from San Quentin Prison. Some criticism might be directed against the choice of certain incidents and also against the device used to bind the episodes together, but even this is difficult to voice while one can still remember

the power of a single scene such as the "Haymarket Execution." Fortune or misfortune, it has been this reviewer's experience to see most of the allegedly great Broadway plays of the past fifteen years. Against the few memorable scenes he has witnessed in this period he is willing to stack the "Haymarket Execution" episode from *A Song about America*: a scene tense and moving from its opening that is climaxed with a mammoth and grotesquely gnarled hangman's noose descending from the darkened heights of Madison Square Garden into a prism of brilliant light framing two white-cowled, doomed, but defiant men awaiting execution.

The play made use of 250 actors, orchestral and vocal music, as well as choreography. Presented on a platform raised in the center of the auditorium with the audience banked around all four sides, it was enacted in pantomime. Music, voices, and sound effects were synchronized with the action on stage from a booth some hundred feet away. This unusually difficult method of production, which was necessary in order to make the play audible to 22,000 people, was carried out with uncanny precision. In fact, the first scene was almost over before the audience became aware that the voices they heard came from a cast of radio actors broadcasting through giant overhead amplifiers.

Mordecai Bauman's excellent interpretation of Haufrecht's and Garden's music fortified and complemented the dramatic action of the play. The choreography, by Elinor King, was meaningful and at all times blended with the pattern of the production. Jules Dassin's deft, intelligent direction gave the show a swift, exciting pace from beginning to end yet never for an instant obscured the central theme. To Perry Bruskin, director of the radio group, must go credit for the best demonstration of this technique of production we have seen to date. An unusually skillful job of lighting, a vital part of the presentation because there were no backdrops or curtain, was done by Yola Miller. GARRET CONARTY.

Charles Ives At Last

IF AMERICAN music has a Tom Mooney, it is Charles Ives, whose compositions have for many years been imprisoned in an obscurity which amounts to criminal neglect. Part of this obscurity has been due to the apathy of the "top" critics toward his works, which, in the past, they have invariably cast aside as incoherent or obtuse. There has been a total disregard of his music by soloists and orchestras—the fate of much of our American music—and consequently Ives has reached the age of sixty-four with less hearings than Sibelius receives in a single year. To those who know and champion his works (these are chiefly composers), Ives stands for an indigenous American music, virile and inventive. He broke through to paths upon which, many years later, Stravinsky and Schönberg set cau-

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tious feet. That the latter two were accepted in concert halls where Ives was not may be explained by the fact that they were more timorous in their excursions into dissonance; of course, too, they were Europeans and thus singularly attractive to the American bourgeois idea of that time that art was capable of flourishing only in Europe.

How, then, could one help but be surprised when John Kirkpatrick, American pianist, bravely programmed Ives' *Concord Sonata* for his Town Hall recital of January 20. His marked the first New York performance of the complete work, and though we are grateful to Mr. Kirkpatrick for his splendid performance, it is a shameful landmark, since this music was written before the World War—written, indeed, at a time when Debussy's whole-tone scales brought forth cries of horror from those who, with difficulty, had only recently adjusted to Wagner. Perhaps it would have been asking too much to expect those same people to recognize in Ives' *Concord Sonata* a new tonal speech, and an American one at that.

The four movements of the sonata are called (1) "Emerson," (2) "Hawthorne," (3) "The Alcotts," and (4) "Thoreau." Despite this titling, the music is not programmatic in the sense of Strauss' musical illustrations of bumptious burghers. Here, rather, is music which is deeply personal. It is filled with musical thought so vital that it can hardly wait to leave the brain, course through the hand, and get on to manuscript paper. Ideas are abundant, not only on each page, but in each measure. These ideas Ives puts into his music with such vigorous devices of harmony and rhythm as to startle and frighten the unimaginative and the decadent. He speaks in many languages, in refinements of tone quality, overtones, polyrhythms, atonality, metrical changes of a surprising nature, and complicated jazz rhythms. These are not mere devices, they are functional to the evolution of a single idea.

The musical expression of Ives began about 1895. It stopped only when ill health made it impossible to continue. Since then, Stravinsky and Schönberg have made reputations on the basis of a "new" and "dissonant" music. Meanwhile, unrecognized, an American composer has steadily and modestly created a standard which refutes the charges of all who persist in denying the existence of an important American music.

JOHN SEBASTIAN.



Charles Martin

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