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NEW MASSES

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CRISIS IN ITALY

An Editorial

OUTLOOK FOR THE DEMOCRATS

by Bruce Minton

JOHN L'S GOEBBELONEY

by The Editors

CATHOLIC VOICES IN EUROPE

by Frederic Mertens

SANTAYANA: GENTEEL FASCIST

by Joel Bradford

Memo to Reader— Re That Wolf:

WE THOUGHT we had explained this and that it was fully understood, but last week we ran into a reader who asked an age-old question. "Why," he asked, "does NM have to run a harrowing financial drive every year?" He didn't like the idea of a drive; and, he said, he wondered how it was that NM, during these drives to make up its deficit, always managed to come out despite the fact that the wolf seemed to be howling at the door. He said, in effect, the wolf cannot be such a big, bad one; NM always succeeds in chasing him away and emerging from the fray as fresh and bright as though nothing had happened.

So we had to sit down and talk ABC once again; and for the benefit of any new readers who may have the same query in mind, this is the answer: NM has never cried "Wolf" unless the animal was there. We don't like to hold these drives any more than our questioning friend likes it. But we have to. We went into all that with our readers some years back when we started the appeals for funds. We explained that this is not a profit-making magazine. Not that we are averse to profits (we could throw anything that came in by way of profits to getting half a dozen editorial projects started that we feel the magazine needs badly—a reporter to tour the country constantly, an art editor, a little pay for our writers and artists, etc.). But this kind of magazine doesn't, by its nature, attract profits. Advertising is the factor that rakes in the shekels for the commercial magazines—not circulation. And—although we have never stinted an erg of energy in seeking advertising—Chevrolet and General Motors and Bell Telephone and other similar corporations seem to hold back their own budget when it comes to advertising in a publication like ours. We wouldn't, and we know our readers wouldn't want us to, alter the magazine to accommodate advertisers. There may come a time when the concerns that advertise will find it distinctly advantageous to place their ads here, but that time isn't at this precise moment. So—we cannot make profits.

Our general operating income therefore of necessity has fallen short through the years in meeting operating expenditures. We have gradually been bridging the gap and were proud to announce that this year we needed only \$28,000 by May—and an extra \$12,000 for the rest of the year. The \$28,000 is to meet actual debts. The \$12,000 is to go for general promotion, both editorial and otherwise: to pay for such things as an invaluable series by John L. Spivak, to finance journeys through the country to give you the low-down on the political scene for '44, and so on.

PERHAPS we were too optimistic in the way we told you we had improved our financial status over 1943. The fact is that too many of our readers appear to have been lulled into a false sense of security; they think that good old NM now can get along without their contributions; that somehow or

another it will come out (it always does, doesn't it?). It always does—only because its readers have always taken its burdens to their hearts—and have acted in time. This year, in our drive, we notice that many of our stalwart friends haven't come through as yet. We know that your appointment with the income tax collector is a big factor; we know too that you probably give to other necessary causes: Red Cross, the relief organizations, workers' education, etc.

The result is this: NM today is not ahead of last year's drive and the creditor—the old wolf—is at the door. He won't go away merely because we tell him we have an important job to do; that America needs a magazine like NM more than at any time in its history; that the defeatists are on the rampage and we have to help lasso them and brand them for what they are. No creditor takes an argument like that. In fact, the

printer has jacked up the price, in common with all printers in town, some fifteen percent.

So, we have to sound the tocsin; warn our readers, warn you—that your magazine will be in dire trouble within a few weeks unless you do something about it. We had hoped that we wouldn't have to sound a note like this during the course of 1944's drive. But necessity dictates.

We know that you would never forgive us if we didn't give you the harsh truth. It is your magazine; we mean that literally, and we here in the office are your trustees. This is a report of fact; and we know that NM readers never ignore facts—that's why they have always chased the wolf from the door—and have always seen to it that NM keeps coming out despite hell or high-water.

We ask you therefore to send us your contribution—at once; to tell your friends that NM is in need; to hold NM parties and actually get cash and contributions to meet our deficit, which is, to repeat—\$28,000, which *must* be met before May. And that additional \$12,000 is to make the magazine contribute at maximum, in accordance with the terrific needs of the time we're living in.



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Outlook for the Democrats

Washington.

AS THE 1944 election campaign gets rolling, it becomes fairly obvious that without Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic Party might fall apart. For twelve years, the party has functioned as a loose amalgam of western and southern agrarians, the smaller middle classes, and the majority of the working class, aided by the party machines in the larger cities. But now, the war has tended to aggravate the disunity within the party caused by the presence and influence of the die-hard poll-taxers.

For the war has profoundly affected the various groupings which for over a decade have turned to Franklin D. Roosevelt for leadership. In 1940 and 1942, the Democrats were unable to hold the allegiance of the west central farmers—in the corn, hog, and dairy regions—who have enjoyed rising incomes from the sale of their products and as a result have inclined increasingly toward a conservative political outlook. Despite the rigid control of wages while the price index has risen sharply over the past two years, workers on the whole have been able to gain greater security through employment opportunities and by swelling their paychecks with overtime. Yet labor has likewise been saddled with the greatest proportion of the war burden; inequities to which workers are subjected have led to a growing restlessness. Then, too, official collaboration between the two great labor associations, the AFL and CIO, has, if anything, waned in the last eight months. The AFL executive council has been bludgeoned by William Hutcheson and Matthew Woll—and by the influence exerted on the council by John L. Lewis—into ogling the Republican Party. Daniel J. Tobin of the teamsters is the only spokesman of a great AFL union who has continued steadfastly to support the Democrats. Top Railroad Brotherhood officials,

By BRUCE MINTON

with the exception of A. F. Whitney, have shown, out of pique, an irresponsible willingness to blast the President no matter what he does: in a recent issue of their newspaper *Labor*, a cartoon blaming the President for failing to do anything about the cost of living appears side by side with an article supporting Senator Barkley's defection and approving of passage by Congress of the inflationary and inequitable tax bill over the President's veto.

Among the Negro people, a similar cooling toward the administration is threatened. Despite Roosevelt's record in the fight against discrimination—a record unmatched by any Chief Executive since Lincoln—many Negroes, often under Republican prodding, place all the blame on the administration for delays in enforcing the directives of the Fair Employment Practice Committee, for Jim Crow in the armed services, for refusal of too many employers to hire Negroes on an equal basis with the whites, for the innumerable abuses suffered by black Americans. Finally, the city machines have never been Roosevelt's to control; and anti-war, anti-Negro, anti-Red, anti-Roosevelt groups dominating some of the machines take direction not from the White House but from Jim Farley.

Such is the current picture of the Democratic Party stressed by the Republicans. (They do not, of course, say anything about the serious divisions in their own ranks.) It cannot be denied that everything is not rosy with the Democrats and many weaknesses must be overcome if the President is to be reelected in such a way as to allow him to carry forward the program of Teheran, of stability and orderly transition to a peace economy capable of providing full employment and a rising standard of living. Even though the weak-

nesses are all too apparent, they are by no means as catastrophic as the Republicans would like the country to believe, or as the liberals too frequently deduce with breaking hearts. The very recognition of contradictions within the Democratic Party can provide a warning against the smug complacency which takes for granted both the President's intention of running in 1944, come what may, and the conclusion that if he does head the Democratic ticket, the election is in the bag. If the Barkley "revolt" over the tax bill veto served any constructive purpose, it was to expose the stupidity of the idea that everything—including the election campaign—can be left solely to the President.

IN APPRAISING the political outlook, President Roosevelt's leadership emerges as the outstanding asset of his party. In foreign affairs, he was one of the principals in arriving at the agreement of Teheran with its insistence on military coalition expressed by the invasion of Europe to crush the fascist enemy, and its perspective of a peaceful world based on realistic international collaboration. Yet it is on the domestic front that the full vigor and courage of the President's approach to the war crisis is most dramatically expressed. He enters the election year, with the Republicans committed only to oppositionism and the "safe" politics of do nothing, say nothing, stand for nothing (a policy of no policy chorused by the reactionary anti-Roosevelt Democrats led by Byrd and Farley)—and in this election year, the President dares repudiate such slick opportunism and offers instead a program asking the people as a whole to undertake greater sacrifices. This by all the rules should be written off as political suicide. Only the master strategist with political sagacity of the highest order—such as Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln dis-

played—could enter an election campaign with demands for higher taxes, for stabilized farm prices and stabilized wages, for curtailment of profits. Even more, the President has refused merely to offer a program; he has dared brand the Republican-rightist-southern-Democratic bill to rob the soldiers of the franchise as a “fraud”; he has slapped a veto on the bill banning subsidies; and he knowingly risked congressional reprisals by refusing to sign Congress’ travesty of a tax bill.

Through his veto messages, the President has sought to stir up the people, to educate them on the issues before the country. The tone of his messages harks back to the vigorous speeches of the 1936 campaign; but the issues of course are larger and more urgent. It would be a mistake—unfortunately all too usual—to judge the President’s position within the last few months by merely adding up the formal defeats he has received from a hostile Congress. Mr. Roosevelt himself has not been blinded by first responses; he is engaged in a long-term pull, in building the record. He has shown his confidence in the American people, who as the campaign stretches into the summer and fall, can soberly appraise his program and the quality of the opposition to it.

The President is doing his part. What is dangerous today is that his part is too generally accepted as sufficient—no effort is required of the rest of us. While the liberals approve the tax veto, they immediately revert to criticisms of past failures, of “poor” appointments, of shortcomings in the Baruch plan, for example. Some commentators have gone so far as to bemoan the fact that no matter what Mr. Roosevelt does—and he never does enough to please them—it really matters little in the long run since, they say, he is the captive of the reactionaries. All this is the result of a refusal to admit that first things come first, that the President cannot be expected to propose solutions to all problems, deal with all opposition, refuse all concessions, and deliver us into utopia all by himself.

THE responsibility today rests with the people, and especially with the labor movement. The President has provided the direction and the program. But in the end, he is as strong as the support he is given. There was nothing inspiring in the labor movement’s response to his veto of the tax bill; labor insisted on the veto, but when it came, labor support was not particularly vocal. On the Hill, mail and wires from special interests poured in demanding that the veto be overridden; the mail from the people in support of the veto—and no one doubts the President had the backing of the majority of workers, small farmers, small businessmen, and even certain industrialists—was, to put it generously, very light.

The President has set out to weld behind his victory program the diverse groups



in the country which have supported the administration in the past, and which now support the war while looking forward to a beneficial peace. Labor has the responsibility on its part to help organize the country behind Roosevelt’s leadership. In Washington, the failure of the CIO officially to endorse the President for a fourth term is considered a serious lag, encouraging the defeatists in Congress, and worse, aiding the Republicans in reaching agreements with the AFL executive council and with certain officials of the Railroad Brotherhoods. As a Democratic Senator remarked to me: “The CIO didn’t build its organization in 1936 and 1937 with the slogan ‘Join A Union’; how the hell do they expect to win an election with the slogan ‘Register to Vote’ while they hold off from an out-and-out endorsement of Roosevelt?”

The problem of the 1944 campaign is not alone the reelection of Roosevelt but the *manner* in which he is reelected. Down here one repeatedly hears the comment that it is one thing to return the President to the White House and something else again to return him in such a way as to enable him to carry through his policies. A good deal of talk goes around about the danger that even if Roosevelt wins, he will face a hostile Congress. Of course, such an outcome is by no means inevitable. With labor and the people properly mobilized, the President can be returned with a substantial working majority in the House, and with the Senate profoundly influenced by the endorsement of Roosevelt policies at the polls.

The President is a very busy man, and the demands on him are staggering. He is surrounded by advisors who do not always provide him with the most astute guidance. This is particularly true of James Byrnes—his function is to deal with Congress, to act as a liaison man between the legislature and the White House; but Byrnes is heartily disliked by the best of the President’s congressional supporters, particularly by the outstanding win-the-war Senators whom he has snubbed in order to curry favor with the President’s most rabid enemies. This is bad politics, to say the least. Moreover, the press of work tends to isolate the President—even Alben Barkley has been unable to talk with him as often and as fully as would have been desirable. No doubt this treatment hurt Barkley’s

feelings, and despite the criticism the Senator earned by his unpardonable hysterics over the tax bill veto, he can by no means be dismissed as a member of the anti-Roosevelt camp. There are many who think the President concluded from the Barkley incident that he must have closer contact with Congress, at least. Again, labor has not been consulted sufficiently on problems which affect the unions and their membership. Yet, to overcome these deficiencies, the initiative must to some degree come from labor and Congress.

PARTY bosses like Farley and Byrd would rather see a Democratic defeat in 1944 than risk losing their considerable hold on the party machinery. The maneuver last year to form a bloc behind Senator Gillette and to run him against the President—a miserable flop—the talk of rump conventions (Harry Woodring, former assistant secretary of war and an initiator of what he calls the American Democratic National Committee, plans to hold such a “convention” in Chicago this summer, and he counts on the tacit approval of Farley), the attempts to disunite the party wherever possible, are indications of how far these reactionaries will go in their desire to destroy Roosevelt. There is a good chance that they will try to repeat the tactic of the Lemke-Coughlin Union Party in 1936—to lure Democratic voters away from Roosevelt. The need is to hold the party together; and the task of the labor movement, of the Hillman Committee for Political Action, and the constructive forces in the AFL and the Railroad Brotherhoods, is to build support for Roosevelt policies among the candidates for Congress. The coterie of advisors around Roosevelt today unfortunately seems to subscribe to the theory that the only thing of importance is the President’s reelection. But the President’s own approach to the campaign is far broader: he has prepared the ground for the election fight by enunciating a rigorous and positive program; he has shown a deep desire to go to the people not as an individual but as the spokesman for a program for which he asks their support.

In the coming seven months, which will undoubtedly see the Anglo-American invasion of Europe, the true dimensions of President Roosevelt’s leadership will become increasingly clear. Still, it is not up to the President to fill the role of Commander-in-Chief, to supervise foreign policy, to give direction to the home front, and yet be required singlehanded to conduct his election campaign as well. What the Republican-Farley-Rankin alliance fears most is that the American people will perceive their stake in the most fateful elections since 1864. If that happens, all that the office-hungry reactionaries and defeatists will have for consolation is their hopes for 1948. And there is time enough ahead to worry over that.

Goodbye, Geopolitics

By WILLIAM BRANDT

THE Teheran meeting sounded the death-knell of the German-Japanese alliance, and this is one of the most outstanding military-political aspects of the historic gathering. Iran, the heart of the "heartland," turned out to be the dead end of geopolitics. Geopolitics was the blueprint of fascist world conquest. As the name of the new "science" indicates, it consisted of two interrelated parts: the geographical and the political one. It was the military coordination of a geographic and a political idea. The geographic idea was to think in terms not of Europe and Asia, but of a Central Eurasian land mass. The corresponding political idea was that this land mass consists, on both ends, of two concentrated military forces, the German and the Japanese, and that these two centers of force are bound to push irresistibly into the surrounding geopolitical "vacuum."

In its sweeping simplicity, this theory of the Haushofer school appealed naturally to Hitler's intuition and soon became the official Nazi military science. It does sound logical, if you choose to disregard a few facts: (1) that Russia happens to be a Eurasian country and that the five-year plans did not exactly create a geopolitical vacuum; (2) that the Chinese war of national resistance against Japan tends to transform China from geopolitical vacuum into a nation; (3) that a British-Russian-American-Chinese coalition has arisen and as a result the two geopolitical concentrations of military force are threatened with being engulfed and crushed by overwhelming force in their turn.

It is for these very reasons that the geopolitical blueprint failed. It is because of these facts, as well as others, so blithely disregarded by Hitler's geopolitical brain trust, that the meeting at Teheran became possible.

FROM the beginning of the world conflict there was no mistaking the key position of the area between the Red Sea, the Caspian, and the Persian Gulf. This was the strategic goal of the German-Japanese plan of world conquest. This was the hub to which the Nipponese and Teutonic legions were to converge from east and west, according to the German-Japanese war plan.

To put it in its simplest terms: if instead of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, the German and Japanese warlords had been able to foregather in the capital of Iran, victory in the global struggle would have been already within their grasp. The Japanese advantage accruing from a success of that war plan would have been a tremen-

dous one: the complete isolation of China by a gigantic outflanking maneuver. Since the fate of China would, in that case, have been decided *outside of China*, the Japanese military leadership has bided its time in China ever since Dec. 7, 1941. And it is an acknowledgement of the failure of the war plan that Tojo recently warned the Japanese no longer to rely on allies.

The Allied counterplan was beginning to shape up in 1940 when President Roosevelt, in an exceedingly farsighted move, directed that the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf not come under the Neutrality Law. In 1941, British and Russian troops moved

into Iran to clean out the nests of Axis espionage and sabotage. Iran was to become one of the important highways of American lend-lease supplies to the USSR. The turning point was Stalingrad. That victory put both Germany and Japan on the defensive and created the preconditions of offensive coalition war. And to the Teheran rendezvous Stalin had to come from Stalingrad, Churchill and Roosevelt, from Cairo.

How had this decisive change in the course of the war come about? The answer to this question sheds some light on the nature of the German-Japanese alli-



"East, North, South . . . West. Ach!"



"Mexican Workers," by Pablo O'Higgins.

ance. There is a puzzle here that persists in the mind and that will engage the attention of future historians. Was the German-Japanese alliance, unfounded geographically and not rooted in common interest of any sort except that of loot, a "necessity" from the standpoint of either of the two Axis partners?

The answer is both military and political. Let us consider the emergence and development of the Berlin-Tokyo Axis on the one hand, of the anti-Axis coalition on the other. Under the military aspect we observe the inexorable interplay of strategy, war plan, and system of alliances. In the German-Japanese case it was the adoption of a definite strategy of total war that led to the war plan, which in turn had to be implemented by the alliance. It was, on both the German and Japanese sides, the strategy of applying the blitz in a given time and place, overwhelming military superiority in sudden surprise attacks. The military objective was what Hitler called Greater Germany and what the Japanese called Greater East Asia. The inherent contradiction of the blitz was that it could be successful for limited objectives, but that by its very nature it drove beyond the limits of those objectives. To make the blitz conclusive, to *dictate peace*, a quick-paced series of blitz campaigns was necessary, leading to a junction of the German and Japanese conquerors. That is how the strategy led to the war plan. The German-Japanese alliance was a necessary consequence of the war plan. This was the mechanism of the military gamble for the highest stakes.

It carried, however, the danger that if the war plan failed to materialize then the strategic effectiveness was blunted. Likewise, under the circumstances, the alliance itself had to stand or fall with the success or failure of the war plan.

Significantly, almost exactly the reverse order of things prevailed in the opposite camp. Coalition strategy was conspicuous by its absence. There was a very slow and tortuous evolution of a war plan. Here, the precondition of everything else was the cementing of the coalition. Once, however, the obstacles in the path of building the coalition were cleared away, strategic effectiveness increased immeasurably. That is why at Teheran the experts were free to devote themselves to working out strategic details.

The contrast is striking—in the Axis case a full-dress alliance that was never really operative; in the case of the anti-Axis coalition serious efforts at cooperation had to precede the cementing of the system of alliances.

And now for the political aspect: here attention has to be drawn to the quaint interrelation of geopolitics and the balance of power: After the first World War, with the new role of America, China, and Russia, the politics of the balance of power became impossible. Geopolitics was the answer to the impossibility of the balance of power. That much was very clearly realized from the outset by both the German and the Japanese would-be conquerors.

The geopolitical "solution" could be answered in three different ways: (1) By

clinging to the methods of the balance of power. Pitting Germany against Russia, and Japan against Russia, on the Munich pattern; or balancing against each other Japan and China on the "non-intervention" pattern. This was tried and found wanting. Naturally, it left all the trump cards in the hands of the geopolitical aggressors. (2) By geopolitics of an Anglo-Saxon variety, trying to use Russia and China as mere land auxiliaries of Anglo-American naval and air power. This, too, was tried briefly and found wanting. Naturally, it left the trump cards in German-Japanese hands, for it excludes the alliance with the two continental powers, China and the USSR, and leads to friction between Britain and America. (3) By a clear break with the tradition of the balance of power. This places all the trump cards in the hands of the coalition and makes short shrift with the geopolitical concept of world conquest. It is this latter solution that was tried finally and with rousing success in Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran.

MENTION must be made finally of the theory and practice of geopolitics with particular reference to the Persian Gulf. German geopolitical literature used to be replete with references to the Persian Gulf as the fulcrum of a presumably inevitable Anglo-Russian conflict. The geopolitical argument here was a propaganda device to mesmerise empire-minded Britons into a state of benevolent neutrality in case of a German-Russian showdown. This propaganda was well calculated to play on imperial susceptibilities and, with memories from czarist times, some people in Britain succumbed to it.

No doubt, this is what Hitler had in mind when he offered, in exchange for a free hand in Europe, to "guarantee" the British Empire. Likewise, this was also most probably one of the attractive items carried in Hess' diplomatic pouch on his flight to Scotland.

Only cowards and simpletons could fall for the ruse. For that, one had conveniently to forget two not altogether unimportant events of modern history, to wit, the first World War and the overthrow of czarism. The Anglo-Russian Entente of the first World War could come about only because in the face of the menace of Prussian militarism, the friction between czarist Russia and imperial Britain around the issues of Persia and Afghanistan had to be shelved and could be shelved easily. Moreover, one of the chief results of the October Revolution was the open disavowal of the imperial objectives of czarism.

The joint British-Russian-American guarantee of Iran's independence gave the final *coup de grace* to the geopolitical argument. Teheran is the dead end of geopolitics. It marks the end of an old and the beginning of a new epoch.

Rediscovering the North

By HAROLD GRIFFIN

Vancouver, B. C.

SOMEWHERE in the northern wilderness, along the highway that now follows the old Indian trade route across the Mackenzie Mountains, the last sixty-foot length has just been welded into the 550-mile Canol pipeline. And from America's first producing oilfield in the sub-Arctic, developed from four wells with a capacity of 300 barrels a day in January 1942, to twenty-four wells capable of producing 20,000 barrels a day in December 1943, oil will start flowing from Norman Wells to the new refinery at Whitehorse and from there to the centers along the Alaska highway.

It is a tremendous achievement, especially to anyone who knew Alaska before the war. To fill a desperate war need, the rich oil resources of a vast territory extending over Alaska, the Mackenzie District, Yukon Territory and some of the Arctic islands of Canada, have at last been tapped. Far from being the useless project depicted by the Truman committee's report, the Norman Wells oilfield will probably be only the first of several major oilfields developed as the search for oil is extended deeper into the Arctic regions.

In one respect at least, the lack of vision, there is a similarity between the opposition to the Alaska Purchase and the Truman committee's report on its investigation into the Canol project. In 1867, after he had concluded the agreement to purchase Alaska from the imperial Russian government for \$7,200,000, Secretary of State William H. Seward had a difficult time convincing Congress to appropriate the money. The popular conception of the country as a waste of snow and ice—the legend inspired by the fur traders to discourage popular interest in Alaska—made it easy for opponents of the purchase, contemptuously labelling it "Seward's Folly," to persuade people that the United States was acquiring some 600,000 square miles of worthless territory. And because false conceptions still persist and most Americans and Canadians know little about their own Far North, the Truman committee's report has been too readily accepted by many.

The Truman committee, which recently concluded one investigation to determine whether the Canol project was justified and is now engaged in another to determine whether the money was economically spent, has concluded that the US Army spent some \$138,000,000 on a worthless undertaking. And by linking the Canol and Alaska highway projects in its report, it has created the impression that the huge sums spent on wartime development in Alaska

and northern Canada were largely wasted.

"If the Canol and Alaska highway projects could be reviewed from their conception," states the report, "the committee would be of the opinion that the entire Alaska highway project should be examined most carefully for the purpose of ascertaining whether it should be constructed. . . ."

To this Harley M. Kilgore (Democrat, W. Va.), chairman of the investigating subcommittee, added his own comment: "Thousands of men have toiled through Arctic temperatures on a project that should never have been started and which was continued despite the adverse opinions of all the qualified experts," he declared.

All that was lacking in the report was a frank concluding paragraph to this effect: The committee doubts that Alaska possesses any particular strategic or economic importance and seriously questions its further development in view of the great expenditures involved.

THE men who built the Alaska highway and the Canol project, the American troops, white and Negro, and the thousands of civilian workers, with many of whom I talked last year on a trip that took me from the Mackenzie River to the Bering Strait, do not consider their magnificent accomplishments futile. True, they have seen waste of machines and materials, and inefficiency born of inexperience. But they have also overcome every natural obstacle, every difficulty of organization and supply, and helped to open up a territory that is almost a sub-continent in itself.

For them the Alaska highway, one of the greatest road-building achievements of all time, the Canol project designed to feed it, and the great airports that now space the wilds, have an aspect the Truman committee's report has obscured. For them the Alaska highway is an important sec-

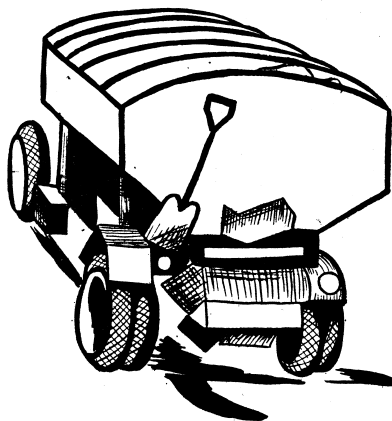
tion of the long road to Tokyo, whose southern end, the Ledo Road, is now creeping across the jungles of northern Burma. They see their work as part of the preparations for a gigantic pincer movement against Japan from north and south.

What was originally conceived as a defense project in what Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson described as "the dark days of '42," has now become an integral part of the unfolding plan of operations in the Pacific which the Japanese occupation of the outermost Aleutians was calculated to forestall. For a time it seemed that the highway to Alaska, if not too little, would be too late. It might have been built in the thirties, as the peoples of the Pacific Coast cities urged and as the Japanese government, which was more awake to the strategic significance of Alaska than most people in the United States and Canada, feared it would be. Instead, while the men of the 35th Engineers Regiment were hauling their road-building equipment over the frozen muskeg trail between Fort St. John and Fort Nelson and thus making construction of the highway in one season possible, the Japanese were invading the Aleutians.

The tide of Japanese conquest was reaching its highwater mark, but the fact was not immediately apparent. Japanese submarines were operating off the Pacific coast and in Alaskan waters. There was a desperate shortage of shipping and no one could say with certainty that the sea routes upon which Alaska depended—the shipping companies in the pre-war opposition to construction of the highway had contributed to this situation—could be maintained. And if the shipping routes were cut, Alaska could be supplied only by air.

It was in this situation, more critical than anyone cared to admit at the time, that the Canol project was planned by the US War Department and approved by President Roosevelt.

It is simple, now that the tide is turning in the Pacific, to look back at a threat of invasion that did not materialize and say that the Alaska highway should not have been built or that it should have followed a different route. It is equally simple to survey the Canol project with a critical eye, to point out that the small diameter pipeline will have a limited capacity of 3,000 barrels a day and be of dubious commercial value after the war, and on this one point insist that the project should never have been undertaken. But this is placing the entire development in distorted perspective.





"Male Pasture," by James North

Criticism of the Alaska highway and the Canol project should be directed, not at those who undertook their construction when the military need could not be denied, but at those whose shortsighted opposition to the opening up of the northern territories led them to block building of road connections before the war.

There are people in Alaska today who denounce the Canol project, not because they are opposed to development of the oil resources of the north but because they believe Alaska's own oil resources should have been developed rather than those of Canada. Yet before the war many of these same people were opposing construction of the highway to Alaska because, they claimed, it would throw the territory open to "paternalistic" developments like the Matanuska Valley project—which today is supplying fresh foodstuffs to the soldiers at Anchorage and Fairbanks. Consequently, when the wartime oil development project was launched, Alaska's greatest known oil reserve, on the Arctic coast, was too remote—lacking the highway connections—to be considered.

Criticism might also be directed against Imperial Oil, not for its wartime enterprise, but for its action in holding its claims at Norman Wells for twelve years after it first proved the field in 1920 without any attempt being made to develop them. Only in 1932, following the discovery of radium at Great Bear Lake—a discovery of such importance that its development could not be held back—were a few wells brought into production to serve local needs.

It is hardly a story of initiative and enterprise, particularly when measured against

the development of the Soviet North in these same years.

HAD the development been undertaken in peacetime, the Alaska highway would probably have been built over the route from Prince George, British Columbia, as recommended by the American section of the International Highway Commission in 1938, when it seemed that the highway might actually be constructed and the Japanese government exerted diplomatic pressure on the Chamberlain government to discourage the project.

The route selected for the pipeline might well have been that from Norman Wells to Fairbanks as proposed by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who criticized the Army "for doing the right thing in the wrong way." Alternatively, the summertime water route down the Mackenzie River, across a portage to the Bell and Porcupine rivers and so down the Yukon to Nome, as suggested by Dr. T. A. Link, chief geologist for Imperial Oil on the Canol project, might have been developed.

Only now is the provincial government of British Columbia undertaking construction of a road from Prince George to link its highway system with the Alaska highway and give the Pacific coast cities the direct road connection with Alaska they have long sought. Similarly, the oil development is only now being extended to the Porcupine River area.

These new projects are being undertaken because they are necessary to remedy the shortcomings of the whole development, but their course is influenced by the plan already completed. And that plan was itself

shaped by the Canadian government's construction in 1941, of a chain of airfields from Grande Prairie, Alberta, to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. When war came to the Pacific, military needs for maintenance and supply dictated building of a road, over the least favored of the three routes examined by the International Highway Commission, to link these airfields. And when the road was still under construction the Canol project was designed to fit in with the development scheme. The same military need for connecting airfields already built must similarly determine the route of the highway extension from Fairbanks to Nome.

Whatever the shortcomings of a development that has changed the entire outlook for Alaska and the Canadian Northwest, they are the consequence of unpreparedness which obliged the US Army Engineers, without any extensive experience with construction work under sub-Arctic conditions, to undertake projects that should have been started long before and to complete them in record time. These shortcomings detract from but they cannot erase those great positive features which provide the foundation for further planned development in the postwar period.

FAR more even than the development of a major new oilfield has been accomplished. And more has been accomplished than the construction of a military highway which some are already predicting will be too costly to maintain in the postwar period. The north has been opened up. It can never be again, nor would any who know its potentialities want it to be, the neglected frontier it was before the war. The great military airports of today, over which planes fly to the Soviet Union, will become the commercial airports of tomorrow on the Great Circle and trans-Polar routes to Asia and Europe, for the future of aviation is also the future of the north. With planning and enterprise, new mining and oil industries will give birth to new cities supplied by local agricultural developments.

The wilderness that separated Alaska, the Yukon, and the Northwest Territories from the rest of the continent has been conquered and northward expansion will demand new highways and railroads. All this is possible on the indisputable record of what already has been done.

The Bering Strait is no longer a barrier but a bridge between the United States and Canada and the Soviet Union. In cooperative efforts to overcome the problems that face all three countries in developing their respective sectors of the Arctic regions they share as neighbors in an opportunity to realize the promise of Teheran.

Mr. Griffin is the author of "Alaska and the Canadian Northwest: Our New Frontier," just published by W. W. Norton.

BLOWN SEED

The following is a chapter from an unfinished novel by Eli Jaffe. The setting is Oklahoma and the action is current.

By ELI JAFFE

THERE was little joy in Rogerstown that fall. From the Southwest the wind blew strong and its fluting played in the farmers' bones like the one-time plague of dust they could never forget. This had always been a land of high winds sweeping across the vastness of prairie. Sometimes the wind could be kind and gentle like a lover's hand. Or it could be destructive; like now, as it kept blowing and gusting day after day until the sheaves of ungathered grain were scattered over the land. And it blasted the hopes of farmers like Odis and Zack and all those who had ploughed and harrowed and drilled, only to see the mighty winds lunge steadily at the small stand of green wheat, uproot it and level out the furrows so that a man could hardly see where the work was that he had done.

Now over the countryside the cursing could be heard in earnest, against the sun that had baked the land and against the wind that had blown it to hell in a basket.

"This goldang Oklahoma weather!" Odis had shouted at little Alice one evening, peering out at his land. Looking at the mounds of soil, bedded in the Russian thistle, at the barn and fence rows, and recalling the days of the black, dusty plague which had cost him his wife, the gaunt farmer had again become tired and old, wondering how the hell a man could make a go of it without seed to replant and in debt to buzzards like Tom Ramsey or Chuck Tomlinson.

Hank watched the blow of land with a deep personal hurt, and talking it over with old John, the county agent, he asked, "How can we get back at this?"

Puffing his pipe and scanning the countryside, the wrinkled man with the leathery face had said, "It's not too late to replant. That's the only sensible thing they is."

This then was what the council advised all the farming folks who had tasted the bitter fruits of blown seed.

Yet there was another strong wind blowing, threatening to lift Hank himself out of this Oklahoma soil. Mike Terrell was the weathervane.

The carpenters' union leader had come to the neat home of the Stones one night, and sitting outside on the browned grass, his nervous fingers started whittling down a piece of wood, cutting straight and deep. His hands were a carpenter's, knotty and cracked with black lines under the skin as though splinters were always there. Hank liked him. Mike was a simple guy and there was a gladness in him when someone would say good things about laboring folks.



Helen West Heller

Like MacArthur when he said that "labor is the indestructible backbone of the war effort."

This had become a bond between them when the big redhead had come to their union meeting and asked their help in the Pitch-in-Now plan. And Tom Ramsey, too, was a common hate because of his unending jibes in his paper about labor racketeers and farm brain-busters. Mike was proud of the sureness of his hands but when it came to hitting back at Tom that was a different matter. The words were in him for telling the simple truth of what he believed, but they were not easy to say against Tom and his clever way of fooling people. Hank was one guy who knew how.

He cut on the piece of wood while Hank kidded him about this and that and then he said, slowly, "I'll tell you what's on my mind, Hank. Somebody was mighty disappointed you didn't leave out when they tied the can to your job in Washington. Now they're fixin' to make sure you do. If they can't nail you one way, they'll hammer y' down another. I know."

"Tom?"

"Him and the weasel, Bob Herrald." Mike slashed into the wood.

"They got me canned because of what we're tryin' to do here," Hank said, hitting his fist into the grass. "What more do they want?"

In the light from the moon and the house, Mike's face was a little puzzled. "I don't know whether I should rightfully tell you, Hank. But you're an all right guy and I sure hate like hell to see them termites diggin' into you. You ain't workin' now, are you?"

"Not exactly. I'm occupied—but not employed, you might say."

"Well, old Bob was soundin' me and Charley Knell out about draftin' you. We let it ride till next meetin'." He stuck his

carefully-sharpened knife into the grass. "You're tryin' to do a job here in town on that farm deal, I'm thinkin'."

"Thanks, Mike."

"Hell, don't thank me. It's us oughta be thankin' you for givin' us a chance to pull this damn town closer'n seven in a bed. That old Bob is sure slicker'n a barrel-full of eels. If he can get shed of you, and him on your council, he and Tom'll put the sledge to the whole outfit. I ain't smart but I can see that plenty clear and I ain't goin' to he'p build that kinda coffin."

The lanky redhead lay with his face to the moon and the wind, a tuft of grass in his teeth. "I appreciate your tellin' me this, Mike. I'd like to get into that scrap over there, but I'd sure as hell like to finish this one first."

Mike cut. "That's the way it plums to me," he said. "There's talk up yonder about changin' the rules and deferrin' farm workers. I reckon you'd rightfully come under that—if you had you a payin' job."

Hank sat up. "I'll get me one. Let me make you this promise, Mike. Give me six to nine months—till we get the wheat and oats in. Then I'll be as happy as a baby with a tit about goin'." His voice became intense. "You don't think I'm doin' this to get out of goin', do you, Mike?"

The carpenter laughed. "Hell, no. Looks to me like you got you a tougher fight right here. No, I can tell those tryin' to dodge. I'm talkin' too much but Bob's son was one of them kind. Hell, the only job he had was ploughin' with the Ramsey gal and all them others he was cuttin' with."

Suddenly remembering the night with Martha, Hank turned away, being silent so long, Mike wondered. "Well, that's the kind old Bob is and if I were you I wouldn't be trustin' him too much on the council." He closed his knife. "I reckon I can git Charley to let the thing ride till the crop's in. In the meantime if us boys can he'p any, let me know. We're busier'n a whiskey glass on a Saturday night, but we're always ready to hammer away."

"Sure thing," Hank said absently as the man started down the path. "Take it easy—but take it."

He heard Mike drive away but because his words remained about Martha, the goodness had gone out of the evening. He couldn't help himself for he believed that a woman ought to have a pureness about her like the earth and give herself to no man except one who loved her.

So he came back to the house, saying nothing to them until he could see Old John watch his restless stridings. "You know anybody needin' a hand?" he asked then.

"There'll be lots needed for replanting the wheat, son," the old man replied. "But I don't know anybody right off who's hirin'. Why, know a man lookin' for a job?"

"I reckon I'm one," Hank said.

Mrs. Stone looked up from embroidering a flour sack with the neat, meticulous care she applied to everything about her home. She could see the worrying in him from the general good feeling he had shown at the supper table. But she would not ask him the why of it and Hank did not tell them.

But every day now Hank went to town, staying close to Chuck Tomlinson's Feed Store, and when he saw Martha come past now and then he would not say much, so that she wondered at the shadow that seemed to have come between them.

Here at the feed store, it was not only a change to hear how the farmers were making it; Chuck's good-natured joshing and laughing tongue were like a tonic to Hank's strange disquiet.

THEN one day the talk with Odis that had been so gloomy and discouraging was transformed into a thing of joy and purpose for all of them. For it happened that Odis came in with the "little mother," and letting his gnarled hands run absently through a sack of wheat, he told Hank his bitterness.

"A farmer is the dumbest animal what is," he said. Alice walked to the price list to see after mash for her chickens.

"What's the matter now?" Hank asked, a little sharply.

"Aw, I was so danged anxious to get Tom Ramsey off my neck, I didn't keep enough wheat last summer for a second plantin'. Now that old devil wind's played hell again, I don't know how I'm goin' to make it or if it's even worth the tryin'."

Alice came back to them, watching Hank with silent appeal, but remaining quiet as she thought was proper.

"Tell me, Hank, ain't that security outfit of yours recruitin' folks for work out west?" A hurt came into the "little mother's" face and she looked up again at Hank.

"You mean that outfit that I used to work for," Hank corrected. "Yeah in some submarginal areas there's been plans along those lines. As a matter of fact, I was working out something with our folks in Oregon and Washington state just before I come back home. Those fruit growers are goin' to need some men pretty bad this spring. They say they're willin' to guarantee a man eight, ten months work a year. But you aren't thinkin' of anything like 'at, are you, Odis? Shoot, man, you can get the job done here."

Odis let the grain trickle: plump, tightly-knit wheat good to a man's hands. "I ain't so sure," he said, peering as he always did for some answer to perplexity.

The paunchy merchant with the constantly smiling eyes heard some of this. "We'll make it all right," he said. "We had our seven lean years. They's seven good ones comin' up."

"How do you know?" Odis demanded. "They're always good for you. You always get your pound of flesh, don't you? Even when we got nothin' but grief."

"Now what's eatin' you, Odis?" Chuck growled and his anger drew in the rolls of flesh near his neck and jowls and knotted them. "You know when folks are doin' good, then I do good."

"Like now," Odis said sharply, his face clustered with wrinkles. He didn't like Chuck in any shape or form and was too direct a man to conceal this.

"Well, dang it," Chuck thundered. "I cain't he'p it if old man weather is too windy or too dry and hurts folks' crops. All I know is that I always made it a habit to pay my bills on time. A man pays his bills and he sleeps good, no trouble in mind. That's the way I like to do business. If they's some folks like to work things different, run up big bills and then gripe because I ask them to pay for it, that's none of my fault. . . ."

ODIS flushed and threw the seed fiercely into the sack.

"Well, that's water under the bridge," Hank said, placatingly. "Sometimes things break bad for a fella no matter how hard he tries. This is another year. Things'll go better the way we're working this time."

Odis peered at the two of them. "How can you tell? Here it is almost too late to plant again and already our seed's been blowed out. What's a man supposed to do now?"

"Replant," Hank said. "What else can you do?"

"Take out maybe," Odis cried.

"Please, Dad, not that," the girl said finally, unable to control the pain of this thinking. "The earth's still good and it'll come back again before spring. You know Momma always said a man has his own land and he'd be happy. Ain't that right, Mr. Clarkson?"

Hank nodded.

"Hush that talk!" Odis demanded. "What's a man supposed to do for seed?"

"Well, that's pretty good seed you've got right there," Chuck said. "I'll give you a special deal on that, Odis, for cash—two-fifty a hundred."

Odis' face was flustered as he fingered the grain again. Somehow he always seemed to need his fingers to help him think. With a good break of rain this winter and no wind, maybe he could make enough from his crop to get his land paid off once and for all. But then he thought he was getting too old to keep putting in days ploughing the land and drilling the seed; and when he thought how Chuck had hounded him for payment even while

his wife was choking with dust pneumonia, he quickly withdrew his hand.

"Well, what do you say?" Chuck pressed. "That'll make a heap of wheat and it's goin' to bring one dollar and a quarter a bushel this year if I'm any judge." He called over to the big, ruddy-faced man who had come into the store and set a white cube of salt on the counter. "Be right with you, Zack, soon as I sell this neighbor of yours some seed."

"I don't need it that bad," Odis said, painfully. "If it wasn't for everything I put in the land and what I'm still owin', I'd give the whole goldang thing back to the Indians."

Zack heard him and came closer. "You don't have to give it back," he said with grim humor. "It'll blow back by itself."

Hank bestowed a howdy on Zack, and fingered the ring on his finger. "Say Odis, c'mere. I'd like to talk to you for a minute."

When they were alone with Alice near the racks of feed, the lanky redhead said intensely, "Say, I'd like to work out a deal with you, Odis. I've still got me a little money I saved from the Washington job and I'm needing a job right now."

"What about it?"

"What's the chances of me payin' for seed and kind of throwin' with you on this crop. I'm not too bad a hand with equipment and I'll help you this winter getting the machines lined up and the wheat in the ground. You give me a third of the crop we make. That sound fair?"

Odis studied on it for a long moment. "Let me get this straight. You're goin' to buy the seed for wheat and maybe oats if I don't have enough after the winter, he'p me work the ground and plant, he'p get my binder and two-way and such in shape—all for a third? Is that the deal?"

The redhead nodded.

"You'll stay out at my place, is that it?" Again Hank nodded and Alice watched him like the good sky.

"Well, I don't know," Odis said. "I never was much of a hand for tyin' in like that. If Otmus and Earl . . . if the boys were still with me . . . but that don't sound like a bad deal. Not a bad deal at all. Goldang it, maybe that way a man can make a go of it." He thrust out his hand and Hank gripped it firmly.

"Oh, that's sure good," Alice cried.

Now, by God, there was an extra reason for making their plan work, Hank thought happily.

They walked towards the counter but again Odis stopped at the sacks and let the grain flow through his fingers as though by touching the seed he could make it feel the hoping that was in him. His face lost the furrows like the ploughed ground with wind. With this fellow who was like a son, he could drill the seed deep and maybe there would be the full harvest this year

for a country at war . . . for a man's son starved out at Corregidor. . . .

Overflowing with happiness, Hank started a mock fight with Zack, but when he asked the big man, "How's things goin'?" the smile disappeared.

"With the goddam wind," the man said, his big-brimmed hat pushed to the back of his head so that the ruddiness of his face contrasted with the white of his forehead.

"Mebbe you're tellin' too many windies," the storekeeper said, coming back and flopping a sack of mill run on the counter.

"Hell, that ain't funny, Chuck," Zack said, biting a little deeper into his stem-curved pipe. "Be close to winter before a man gets through drilling the ground again. I got me a good mind not to mess with wheat at all this year. Maybe just put into oats and kaffir, feed crop such as

that. Hell, even then, the price cattle is bringin' maybe I oughta join the WAC's or somethin' for all the good I can do here. Shoot, I thought I was really goin' to make somethin' this year, even put money in the bank for a new son. Hell, I don't know. What you know, brain-truster?"

"Not much," Hank grinned. "Just that you're goin' to see a mighty fine wheat crop west of you."

ZACK gestured with his pipe to the gaunt man coming to them. "Odis?"

"That's right," Hank said.

"Decide to get some seed?" Chuck asked interestedly.

"You're dadgum whistlin'," Odis replied, the smile cutting across the grooves. "I'll want about eighty bushel. By God, I'm hopin' this year we can lick old man weather—and old Hitler, too."

"Hell, you can't raise nothin' on that old played out land of yours," Zack jibed. "It's like an old man seein' a pretty gal—all he can do is hope."

"Who said we can't?" Hank said, with mock fierceness. "You just watch our dust."

Chuck guffawed so that his jowls quivered. "That's what Zack is afear'd of."

They all laughed, except Odis for pride in his land and Alice who was looking over the packet of garden seeds like a child looking at candy.

"Well, Zack," Chuck taunted, for business. "You ain't goin' to let old Odis beat your time, are you? You need any seed?"

"Naw, I still got enough in my bin to make a second stab at it. I can raise more in my south patch than Odis can in his eighty acres."

"You can with your mouth," Odis said. "Well, *we* can't make any money here. Only Chuck. Let's get the sacks in my pickup, Hank. We can't drill them just by talkin' about it."

"Sure thing," Chuck said. He figured rapidly on the back of a flower catalogue. "Eighty bushels you said. That's 4,800 pounds. Forty times two-and-a-half. Twenty-four times five. Odis, that's \$120. Cash, you remember."

Odis started to say something, but Hank took his arm and then, consulting his balance, he scribbled a check and gave it to the smiling Chuck.

"It won't bounce, will it, Hank? You got to admit they have been bouncin' you around lately."

The redhead laughed. "Shoot no. You know there's a war on. They've even taken the rubber out of checks."

"What's the score, Hank?" Zack wanted to know. "You goin' to work with Odis?"

"That's the size of it, Zack," Hank said, beaming. "As soon as I get set, we're goin' to plough that land down to its guts."

Alice watched the men happily as they started straining for the sacks and then toting them to Odis' pickup. Hank ploughed back and forth, his face and body strong.

And all that winter as the wind blew first the rain and then the cold air over the land, Hank kept ploughing along at his work. Throughout the countryside, the farming folks spent their days readying for the spring and in the evenings, they glued their ears to the radio and the windchargers overhead brought glad news of the Solomons and Stalingrad.

In the darkness of the winter nights, Hank could hear the fluting of the wind or the downpouring of the rain and except for thinking about Martha, his heart was big within him waiting for the germinating seed to grow proud and straight in the full earth.



Odis let the grain trickle, plump, tightly-knit wheat, good to a man's hands.

Catholic Voices in Europe

By **FREDERIC MERTENS**

THE recent article in *Izvestia*, commenting on a survey of Vatican politics by the Foreign Policy Association and criticizing certain aspects of the Vatican's pro-fascist diplomacy, aroused considerable interest everywhere. In this connection it may be quite useful to pay attention to certain facts and developments which are all tied up with the triple problem of the Vatican, the Catholic masses, and fascism. As the writer in *Izvestia* indicated, the pro-fascist leanings of the Vatican do not correspond with the wishes and opinions of a vast majority of Catholics in Europe and America. On the contrary, this policy of the Vatican is in opposition to the ideals and wishes of the Catholic masses, and it is apt to injure the most vital interests of the Catholic world.

Izvestia was not the first to make the observations it did. Such observations have been made by many of the most competent historians of the developments in Europe and elsewhere which lead to the establishment of fascist dictatorships. Franco in Spain had the active support of the high clergy and of Vatican emissaries. Croatia and Slovakia, two satellites of Hitler Germany, were always considered as "thoroughly Catholic countries" with ruling circles linked closely to Vatican policy. In the case of Slovakia, the chief quisling, Monsignor Tiso, was at the same time a high clergyman and a leader of the Catholic Hlinka Party which prided itself on its intimate ties with the Vatican. In Hungary, the papal nuncio was a personal and political friend of Admiral Horthy, Hitler's ally and friend. The primate of Hungary, the Archbishop of Pecs, brought the papal benediction to the Hungarian regime of fascist terror and treachery. In Austria, one of the most ardent propagandists for the *Anschluss* to Nazi Germany was Cardinal Archbishop Innitzer who was known to be a favorite of Rome. Innitzer publicly endorsed the Nazi cause. Later on, his attitude became very embarrassing to the Church, and he had to refrain from further political declarations. Monsignor Tiso, by the way, was also forced to renounce his ecclesiastical rank when Hitler's star began to vanish and the opposition to the terroristic clerico-fascist regime alienated the great majority of the Catholic peasants in Slovakia.

In France, Marshal Petain is a friend of the Vatican. In Italy, the Vatican's role in favor of Mussolini and fascism is well known. In Poland, the Beck clique which ruined the country, enjoyed the Vatican's blessing. And it might be quite interesting to note that Nazism first took root, not in Prussia, but in the southern parts of Ger-



many, in Bavaria, where Vatican influence was extremely strong. Also, most of the inner circle of the Nazi leadership is made up by no means of (Protestant) Prussians but of (Catholic) southern and western Germans: Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler . . . they all come from regions where Vatican influence was considerable, and they all were Catholics. The latest events in Argentina also showed that pro-Axis and totalitarian tendencies are linked with close friendship to the Vatican hierarchy. As an almost general observation, it can be said that in countries with strong ties to the Vatican and with influential Catholic parties under Vatican direction, fascism had a much better chance to develop and grasp power than in other countries.

THIS does not mean that the Catholic masses were in favor of fascism. Whenever these masses could demonstrate their will freely and wherever they were not misled by Vatican politicians, they stood for freedom and against the fascist proteges of the Vatican. I mentioned, for example, that Catholic popular pressure forced Innitzer in Austria and Tiso in Slovakia to retreat. In Croatia, many Catholics fight in the ranks of the Liberation Army. In Slovenia where the Catholic Party had been very powerful, the Partisans are especially strong. Incomplete reports have it that more than 500 Catholic priests are with Partisan units in Slovenia and Croatia. The Polish Kosciuszko and Dombrowski Divisions fighting on the Eastern front, have Catholic priests. In Germany, Catholic anti-Nazi opposition has rallied around the Bishop of Berlin, von Galen, and the Archbishop of Munich, Faulhaber, whereas the pro-Nazi Archbishop of Trier has been boycotted by his flock.

In two Nazi-occupied countries with large Catholic populations, the Catholic leaders, both ecclesiastic and political, have taken a very uncompromising anti-Nazi stand. In the Bohemian-Moravian Protectorate (the western part of Czechoslovakia), the Catholic People's Party is actively collaborating with the Democrats, the Communists, the Socialists and all anti-fascist groups of the National Liberation Front. The leader of that party, a high clergyman, Monsignor Sramek, is Prime Minister of the government-in-exile at London. Monsignor Sramek is a staunch supporter of the Czechoslovak-Soviet friendship treaty and of the collaboration of all anti-fascist parties and groups. A friend and fellow-priest of Monsignor Sramek, the Rev. Father Frantisek Halek, member of the State Council of Czechoslovakia, was the official speaker of that parliament-in-exile when it protested the establishment, in Prague, of a Nazi sponsored Anti-Bolshevik League. In a radio speech from London to Czechoslovakia this Catholic priest said: "The Germans are aware of the huge strength of our alliance, and therefore they want to disturb our ranks with the bogey of bolshevism. But this is no new trick. They used the bogey of Communism before the war. And who was afraid of this bogey? Only a handful of unsincere men, a few rich reactionary individuals, a few cheats to whom our Czechoslovak social security legislation seemed too progressive.

"But the vast majority of our nation, and it was a non-Communist majority, knew very well, that in our democratic republic nobody could force them to share opinions which were not their own, and that every political trend needs the support of the people in order to realize its aims. I myself, as you know my friends, was never and will never become a follower of Communist ideas. But I know that in the vast struggle which we are fighting today, Communism is not the issue. The issue is the most vital and essential right of the individual and the nation, the right to freedom and a decent life. For this right, today, die the Red Army men and the soldiers of Britain and the USA, and at home, Catholic priests and Communist workers are dying likewise for this right.

"History, into whose book these heroes have written their names, will never ask them whether their party books were red or white or to what political group they belonged. We do not fight for Communism, or for capitalism, or for any other ism. We are fighting for the most general freedom and for the right of our nation's life. Therefore, you at home and we

abroad, stand united in one national front.

"And now, a few words about those unspeakable Czechs who have disgraced themselves by lending themselves to the Nazi efforts for creating disunity by means of the bolshevist bogey. I do not know their guilt in the terms of law. You will judge them later on. And you will measure their guilt by the standards set by the heroic martyrs of Lidice who gave priority to their national duty rather than to personal security. But their moral guilt is already established. They have excluded themselves from the nation, and they have lost once and for all their civic honor. This honor, they cannot gain back by German favor nor later by pity and mercy. The list of their names remains for ever a list of shame and cowardice."

A SIMILAR picture of active Catholic collaboration with the forces of anti-fascist resistance is drawn by all observers reaching Algiers and London from France. The Catholic French paper *Volontaire pour la Cité Chrétienne*, published at London, brought a wealth of informative material about this problem to the attention of its readers. In one of the first issues of 1944, *Volontaire pour la Cité Chrétienne* published an important survey of the opinions of two leaders of the underground movement in France, one Communist and one Catholic. At the end, both the Communist deputy, Waldek-Rochet, and the leader of Catholic unions, Marcel Poimboeuf, agree that "a fruitful collaboration of our movements in the common fight for the liberation is feasible and already a reality."

Waldek-Rochet and Marcel Poimboeuf also agree that the united effort of Catholics, Communists, Socialists, and Liberals shall be maintained after the defeat of the Nazis and their Vichy helpers in order to accelerate and render more efficient the reconstruction of France.

Marcel Poimboeuf mentioned what he considered to be the anti-religious attitude of the Soviet Union in the past, and states: "Let bygones be bygones. I have mentioned these facts only to say that we are ready to accept also different declarations and to acknowledge changed methods. We Christians must display a real and true Christian attitude in our dealings with Communists and other allies in the anti-Nazi front. On the other hand, the Communists must declare themselves ready really to respect in theory and practice, the freedom of conscience. In this respect Waldek-Rochet gives us formal assurances." The French Catholic paper concludes its survey of the two opinions by stating: "These two points of view, so frankly sketched, allow the conclusion that the divergence between the teachings of Communism and Catholicism cannot exclude a common constructive action in the economic and social spheres. It is, in the main, a problem of mutual trust and tolerance."

READERS' FORUM

From North Africa

TO NEW MASSES: I'm writing you from North Africa, quite near my old stamping grounds. Maybe I'll see them again. Spain is bound to be sucked into the vortex and belligerency.

Well, the longer one stays in this army, the more one learns to admire its organization. The transportation of a vast body of troops was managed with efficiency that clicked like clock work at times. It's something to sit up and take notice of. I've talked with some of the troops that participated in the November invasion and from them too one gleans the same sense of efficiency. What we did when we crossed the Ebro was fine; but when some of these engineers told me of their equipment and how it had been used—well, it sure made me envious. I hope to hell I'll be able to see this whole vast organization in action in the invasion of Europe.

It's a shame of course that the coefficient of effectiveness isn't increased by political education. This army still shies clear of that. Morale here depends above all on team work, on the individual's pride in himself as a fighter and as a soldier, on his pride in his unit, and on his respect for and confidence in his officers and non-coms. Of course, there are such things as food and other material comforts, but they are so well taken care of that they don't pop up as a problem. (I often think how in Spain we had one kitchen for a whole battalion. Here they have one kitchen per battery! And what a variety of food!)

To give you some concrete instances: We are in a French colonial possession, where our main contact is with the Arabs who have suffered from generations of imperialist oppression, as well as the feudal oppression of their own sheiks and sultans. Chauvinistic moods arise and express themselves—the Americans don't understand the language, and look upon the Arabs as an inferior people, despite the fact that the country abounds with proofs to the contrary (an agricultural region rendered rich by centuries of irrigation; a stony country transformed) and by the history of the Arab peoples (their conquests in the Middle Ages and their development of mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and architecture). Vichy agents—that is to say, German agents—of course, profit from this.

That is not to say that nothing is done to bring home to the population our liberating mission. Food and clothing and employment have been given to the Arabs, but all this work is done from the top, amongst the generals and the sultans. The soldiers don't even know that it is going on. Consequently, despite the inherent democracy of our soldiers and their humaneness, a lot of viciousness comes to the surface. The main thing is that among the soldiers themselves there is no sharp combatting of these tendencies. A corollary of this is the resultant failure of the

soldiers to integrate themselves with the life and struggles of these peoples.

It is really too bad. Political education would act as a catalyst, and also it would integrate us all into this magnificent and critical struggle. It is not only our experience in Spain which proves this—three years of war against superior armament, three years in which we were sustained above all by faith and knowledge, which in their turn were cultivated constantly by political education. It is also the experience of the American Revolution, the great work of Thomas Paine at that time, which prove the power of such education. More instances still can be cited from history—the delegates from the National Assembly of the French Revolution, the political commissars of the Russian and Spanish armies. Faith in the justice of one's cause evokes unmediated self-sacrifice and devotion. But for me, these are old truisms.

A.G.

Negro and White Together

TO NEW MASSES: The point of this letter is this: here in the hospital there are both Negro and white patients in the same wards the staff, the orderlies and men who do bandaging, etc., are also mixed. So far I haven't heard one patient say a thing about being treated by a Negro.

The staff also gets along fine. Some of the colored boys are non-coms too. None of the white fellows resent taking orders from them either. If Negroes and white can get along in the medico, why not in combat units also?

F. P.

School for the Times

TO NEW MASSES: We are grateful for the few kind words in Dr. Selsam's article, "The People Go to School," [NEW MASSES, February 8] on the Abraham Lincoln School. At the end of his article, Dr. Selsam makes the following observation: "One great and crying need still has to be filled—that of correspondence courses along the lines of the work done in these schools for the vast audience in cities, towns, and rural areas where no such facilities are available. One of these new schools should meet this need, or else a special correspondence school should be established that could utilize course materials and personnel from existing institutions."

May I say that the Abraham Lincoln School has for several months been organizing such a department and classes are now beginning on an extension basis in many midwestern cities. Two courses are already available and more will be ready soon.

A. D. WINSPEAR.

Chicago.

Manpower Story, First Person

By MICHAEL X. SARGENT

IS THERE a labor shortage in this country? There is no doubt that many of our mines, mills, and factories are faced with a real shortage of workers of all kinds, both skilled and unskilled. But the problem has been greatly aggravated by the failure to utilize properly the available labor supply. I have seen applicant after applicant for skilled work turned down because of some trivial technicality. And in most cases these men were not rejected with any show of reluctance. The employment managers and employment office representatives seemed to be serenely confident that an unlimited supply of first-grade skilled help was immediately available. One disgruntled applicant, in describing the situation, had this to say about it: "Every man looking for skilled work seems to be an oyster, and employers expect to find a pearl in each one."

This is doubtless an overstatement, but it does contain a germ of truth. There are still a great many employers who expect to find a CPA, or a reasonable facsimile of one, to keep books, or a master mechanic to keep a few simple machines operating, or a cabinet maker to shingle a roof. My own experience is a case in point. At a steel plant, then in the process of being built, I learned from the employment director that about 150 skilled men were badly needed. I immediately applied for a job, but deliberately claimed less experience than I had actually had, and my application was rejected for lack of experience. When asked whether the firm wanted experience or ability, the director replied that the two terms are synonymous. A trade quiz such as is used in Army classification centers and in some US Employment Service offices would have soon demonstrated my ability to handle the work. Such a device, however, is seldom used. Most employers still seem to rely upon the applicant's past experience, which may mean everything or practically nothing, depending upon the honesty, intelligence, and aptitude of the applicant.

AFTER leaving this plant I talked with two Negro employes. Both were graduates of the same trade school. Both appeared to be above the average in intelligence. But both were doing common labor. Why? This firm's refusal to employ skilled men because they were Negroes or because of a supposed lack of ability does not square with its assertion that there is a serious labor shortage in the area. It has doubtless turned away many men that employers in other areas would be only too glad to hire.

Here are a few examples of what happens when employers look for "pearls in their oysters." A man who had three years' experience as a carpenter's helper had tried to find employment as a carpenter. There was said to be a shortage of carpenters in that locality. Nevertheless, prospective employers refused to hire him because, as one of them put it, he was not familiar with some of the "finer points" of the trade. He went to work as a laborer in a lumber camp at a wage which was higher than that of a carpenter's helper, but lower than that of a carpenter.

A pipefitter was found working at a small mine, and at another mine a short distance away an auto mechanic was working. Both were doing common labor. Why? The employers in that area who could use their skills were badly in need of craftsmen, but not badly enough, apparently, to overlook an infinitesimal lack of experience.

A skilled laborer applied for work in his trade at the shops of a transcontinental railway. This company runs an advertisement in the papers every day in that locality in an effort to get craftsmen and helpers. The shop foreman offered him a job as a helper, but not as a journeyman. Why? Not quite enough experience. They were way behind with their maintenance work and simply could not get enough help, so the foreman said. But there were regulations which had to be followed, and there was nothing he could do about it. Nothing, apparently, that he cared to do about it.

I sat in a private employment agency waiting for a car to come and take me out to a meat packing plant to see about a job there. About a dozen men came in looking for work of various kinds, mostly semi-skilled. Two of them were Negroes looking for work as laborers. Each was turned away after an interview which was a masterpiece of brevity. The man in charge evidently prided himself on his clairvoyance. No one but an oracle could have reached intelligent decisions so fast with such incomplete information. Most of these men were looking for packinghouse work. The fact that they were turned away may have a bearing on the scarcity of meat in that locality.

In the same city at another employment office a man was on the point of being hired as an electrician. But just as everything seemed to have been settled, he remarked that he had sold his tools before being inducted into the Army, and since his discharge, he had been unable to assemble a full outfit. The girl phoned the prospective

employer, but all her arguments were futile. The man must have all the necessary tools or the job would have to be given to someone else.

Who this someone else would be was a mystery to everyone concerned except the employer. After the disappointed applicant had left the office the girl volunteered the information that she could not find half the number of electricians required to supply the demand. Especially when capable men were being rejected for superficial reasons. By such practices employers are forcing many good men to seek employment in other areas or accept work at home which does not utilize all their skills. This city, by the way, lies in one of the areas which have been classed as critically short by the War Manpower Commission. If such an area is critical, it is largely because its manpower is not being used to the fullest extent.

AN EXAMPLE of what happens when a different attitude is adopted is the experience I had in another city, also in a critical area. I went to the US Employment Service there and asked one of the girls if there were any openings for pipefitters. "Are you a steamfitter?" she asked. "No." "Can you do the work of a steamfitter?" "I'm afraid not," I replied. "But would you be willing to try?" she urged. "Frankly, we have a firm here that is desperately in need of steamfitters. They will help you all they can and supply you with tools if you can pass a trade quiz. All they want is the assurance that you will make a genuine effort to learn to do the work."

There was a firm that really needed men. And they knew it. They also knew that if experts were not available, the best thing to do was to take men who had some of the necessary qualifications and train them on the job. But while the men were being trained they would spend a large part of their time doing the things they knew how to do, thus earning a fair share of their wages. This firm had a job to do and was not patiently waiting for Providence or luck to supply the needed craftsmen. Many of the mines producing strategic minerals take "green" men and train them for the work they will do later on. These firms are desperately in need of manpower. They know that when they cannot get what they want, the thing to do is to make the best out of what they can get. This, after all, is only good common sense.

Let me cite one more experience of the negative type, an experience that seems almost fantastic in times like these. The head

(Continued on page 27)



It's a Woman's War, Too

By EDNA MARTIN

"FASCISM has established a regime of physical and spiritual destruction, a regime of barbarism whose atrocities exceed even the horrors of the Middle Ages. The entire world is filled with indignation over the brutality of the fascist reign of terror. . . . Working women, remember that fascism deprives you of the rights you have won in bitter struggle and denies you the right to independent work. . . ." A German woman uttered these words, Clara Zetkin, who at the age of seventy-five risked her life to open the last convocation of the German Reichstag in 1932. Even then, long before Hitlerism had come to full maturity, she recognized the danger threatening the world and appealed to people everywhere—and especially to women—to join in a united front in combatting fascism.

Now, on the thirty-fourth anniversary of International Women's Day, that united front is an established fact and certain doom awaits the Nazis at the hands of the Allied nations. And the women of every country are increasingly realizing their strength and sharing in the struggle for freedom.

The idea of setting aside a special day for women originated in New York when, on March 8, 1908, the working women organized a mass movement for women's suffrage. The New York demonstration was so successful that March 8 became Women's Day on a national scale, and two years later, at the 1910 International Socialist Congress, Clara Zetkin proclaimed the day International Women's Day. Since that time, for the women of all the world, this day has become a year-by-year record of their achievements as citizens in their own countries and as world citizens.

LET us look at some of the contributions of women fighting against fascism. China since 1931 has been engaged in bitter struggle for her national existence, and the Chinese women have known how to play their part. At the beginning of the war the women of Shanghai organized the "Dare-to-Die Corps," and some time later girl units of the Kwangsi Army distinguished themselves in the victorious battles for Hsuechow and Kunlunkwan. Even the grandmothers are doing their share. It was reported recently that during one campaign two thousand old women from Honan Province enlisted and served bravely as litter bearers and in other ways.

The women of Great Britain, who never dreamed that their island could be attacked, showed remarkable discipline in organizing themselves for war duty. Thousands of them are serving in the army, navy and air force, while more than half

of the 15,800,000 women between the ages of eighteen and sixty-four are holding full-time jobs in war industries. Their fighting spirit is undaunted and the slogan of the day now is: "Nothing that a woman can do or learn to do, however important, should be allowed to absorb a man of military age."

And indeed, the girls of the Auxiliary Territorial Service attached to anti-aircraft batteries in and around London are bearing out this slogan as they repel the full-scale attacks of German planes.

In France and Belgium, where the Woman's Emancipation Movement was perhaps among the weakest in Europe, the women are today editing *La Voix des Femmes*, their own underground newspaper addressed exclusively to women. Madame Bonne Femme (so the editor has been nicknamed) urges every housewife and factory worker to join the committees of resistance against the fascists, and as the newspaper reaches hundreds of thousands of women in all walks of life, preparations are steadily being made to meet the coming Allied invasion. Three thousand French women are already serving with their army in Algiers, among them Eve Curie, who is a liaison officer.

Those four Yugoslavian women who walked day and night for three days without shoes and then fought in a battle throughout the fourth day with Marshal Tito's Partisans typify the women of Yugoslavia who are fighting side by side with the men in "their own" people's army.

And the women of Greece, Poland, Czechoslovakia, are fighting no less fiercely. A young Czech school girl in the ranks of the Czechoslovak Brigade fighting on Soviet soil put three German tanks out of action single-handed. During the battle for

Kharkov, this Zinaida Vlodek saved the lives of eighty wounded men, winning the Soviet Order of the Red Banner and the Czech Military Cross.

In every country the women are making their blows against the enemy felt, but highest honor is due those Soviet women who, together with their families, have had to bear the full-strength onslaught of the German invasion.

The Nazis tortured the pregnant woman, Alexandra Dreiman; they threw her naked into a bare shed, and after she had borne her child unaided and in freezing cold, they bayoneted her soon before her eyes. "You may kill my son, but I have many more sons! A whole army," they got for an answer. "Mothers! Dear ones! Do you hear me? I am accepting death at the hands of these brutes! I have not spared my son! But I have not betrayed my cause! Mothers, can you hear me!"

When Doctor Polina's town was occupied by the Germans she made her way to the partisans in the forest and there established a field hospital, tending the wounded and performing operations with moss for cotton and a razor for scalpel. And when the enemy closed in, she and her assistant carried the dangerously wounded in their arms to safety.

There are now 10,000 women in the mines of Karaganda, while brigades of girls work the Urals mines. Women have replaced men as lumberjacks, as longshoremen, as steel workers and drillers. Indeed, just as there is no more distinction between front and rear, so there is no more distinction now between "men's jobs" and "women's jobs."

There is no end to the record of achievements of the Soviet women, and one could well write a whole encyclopedia of only those who have distinguished themselves since the outbreak of the war.

Women here in America are coming to realize more and more, as Dorothy Thompson so aptly said in her broadcast message to Soviet women, that, "peace for ourselves depends upon peace for the whole world." Our women are serving, in growing numbers, with the WAVES, WACS, Marines, and WAFS, and are taking their places in overseas duty with valorous stamina. Four million women are today employed in war plants, and their voices are growing ever clearer in the political life of the country, as mothers and wives work to hasten the return of their men overseas. The snowball started by the New York women in 1908 has become more than just a snowball—it has acquired the impetus of a storm with which the Nazis must perforce reckon.



NM SPOTLIGHT

Fraudulent Compromise

WHAT began as a compromise has ended in capitulation. The joint House-Senate conference on the Soldiers' Vote Bill has finally come up with a majority "agreement" which, in the words of Senator Green of Rhode Island, will allow "fewer soldiers to vote under the compromise than can vote under existing federal law."

John Rankin, the anti-Semitic poll-tax leader of the Republicans, is satisfied—"probably," he says—which is a most revealing comment on the type of bill the conferees have decided to submit to Congress. "The final test of this compromise is whether it extends the franchise to more men," Senator Green explained. "I have concluded that the number who will vote are outnumbered by those who will be disenfranchised." President Roosevelt has indicated that for him too this will be the final test in deciding whether to sign or veto whatever bill Congress passes.

As things now stand, the legislation applies only to servicemen overseas—the millions in uniform still stationed in the United States are to all intents robbed of the vote. But even those soldiers and sailors abroad are unable to get a ballot unless each individual can prove: (1) that the governor of his state has approved the federal law by August 1—and provided the governor has the legal right to approve; (2) that the serviceman has applied for a state ballot by September 1, and (3) that the serviceman has not received a state ballot by October 1, and is willing to take an oath to that effect.

The conferees are meeting again as we go to press. The two dissenters, Senators Green and Hatch, will attempt to force some improvement into the conference bill. But it is almost certain they will not be able to change the minds of the Republicans and the Rankin Democrats who are intent on perpetrating a fraud. The legislation then goes to Congress. There must be no delay in rallying all democratic forces to bring the most concerted pressure, particularly on the Senate, to reject the bill in its present form and to insist on passage of an honest federal ballot law incorporating the main features of the Green-Lucas bill. This is the sense of CIO President Philip Murray's strong letter to Senators and Representatives denouncing the fraudulent "compromise."

It is unrealistic and dangerous to expect President Roosevelt again to do all the fighting singlehandedly. There has been too much buck-passing already, and merely to call for a veto is to evade the responsibility to increase public pressure on Congress for

a soldiers' vote bill that the President can sign.

FEPC In Danger

THE most reactionary section of the congressional poll-tax bloc has now hit on a new scheme to please its Republican friends. The tactic is simplicity itself. In the Senate, Russell of Georgia has persuaded his sub-committee colleagues the President should be forbidden to transfer funds to



Soriano

any agency set up by executive order and in existence for over a year. The aim is to put the Fair Employment Practice Committee out of business. Simultaneously, the notorious Howard Smith of Virginia is "investigating" the FEPC. The Smith Committee is an old hand at smearing, and it welcomes the chance to provide a forum for the southern railways, which loudly bluster their defiance of the FEPC order directing them to hire Negroes. The joint House and Senate attack at this time on the one agency which is charged with resisting and eliminating discrimination not only seriously weakens national unity but also has as its aim the isolation of Negro voters from the administration. It is the same hoary trick often used by the Republican-rightist Democrats before: smear an agency, weaken it, smash its ability to function—and then blame the resulting dislocations and hardships on President Roosevelt and "bureaucracy."

In this case, the most virulent of the poll-taxers have the double interest of upholding white supremacy and attacking the President. The Russell amendment now goes to the full Senate Appropriations Committee for approval, and thereafter to the Senate

and House. It can be defeated if Congress hears a loud enough protest from the people, just as the Marcantonio bill to give the FEPC permanent status can be passed if public support is properly mobilized. The Marcantonio measure, and the Dawson-Scanlon bill to accomplish the same purpose, are part of a dual strategy to preserve the FEPC and to increase its authority. At the moment, a discharge petition is circulating in the House to release the Marcantonio bill from the Judiciary and Rules Committees. Both Representatives Dawson and Scanlon support the petition.

Lowering the Sights

FURTHER study of the Baruch-Hancock report on war and postwar adjustment policies confirms the statement in our editorial last week that "The report does not relieve employers, labor, the farmers, small business, and the government of the task of working out specific policies and proposals for the problems that will arise." The other day several speakers at the annual meeting of the American Retail Federation tried their hand at working out policies on production. We were surprised to find Arthur D. Whiteside, president of Dun and Bradstreet and former head of the Office of Civilian Requirements, proposing that government controls be continued for three years after the war for the purpose of pushing production down rather than up. Mr. Whiteside urged that the output of civilian goods be held at 1939 levels to prevent markets from becoming saturated, with consequent large-scale unemployment later on. But the fact is that he embraces the very evil he wants to avoid, for 1939 production levels would mean, in view of the increased productivity of the American worker, some fifteen to eighteen million out of jobs!

Mr. Whiteside is in the minority in the ranks of business. There is today rather general agreement among spokesmen for big business, small business, labor, the farmers, and the government that it would be catastrophic to return to the 1939 production levels, and that the minimum objective must be to achieve in peacetime the \$135 to \$150 billion annual production level that has been reached during the war. Mr. Whiteside's views were disputed by Fred R. Lazarus, Jr., chairman of the board of the American Retail Federation, and other speakers. There may of course be differences as to whether all controls over materials, prices and rationing should be eliminated as soon as the war is over or continued for a time. Even the National Association of Manufacturers, in the sec-

John L.'s Goebbeloney

ROY HOWARD's man who interviewed John L. Lewis last week observed brightly that the latter's views seemed remarkably similar to those of Westbrook Pegler. And, the reporter should have added, to another prominent essayist named Joseph Goebbels. All these authorities contend, with significant unanimity, that the world is going to hell in a drowshky. That was Lewis' dire contention in his interview: the CIO, Philip Murray and all, were dupes of the diabolically clever Communists. This is not the first time that strike-fomenting, FDR-hating Lewis has talked this way: why he chose to bring it up again this past week, with the eager collaboration of Roy Howard, merits full examination.

Did the timing (and Lewis is no novice at timing) have anything to do with Martin Dies' forthcoming smear of the CIO Political Action Committee? Was it related to David Dubinsky's hysterical diatribe last week when he urged his followers to stint neither time nor money to defeat the united American Labor Party slate in the March 28 New York primaries? "Everything is at stake," Dubinsky warned his lieutenants.

Hysteria earmarked the way the cabal of labor-splitters operated last week. What is worrying them? Can it be that they sense the truth rising from the grass-roots of American life—that the rank-and-file of the working-class, the people generally, are evaluating their political lot and are groping toward a mighty coalition behind their fighting Commander-in-Chief? Isn't that what Dubinsky really meant when he said "Everything is at stake?"—for unity around the President's policies tolls the knell of all those pie-card artists and labor despots who fear the extension of democracy more than they fear Himmler's Schutz-Staffel Korps. Isn't that the reason for the concerted fire, last week, on the CIO Political Action Committee? Isn't that why the old, creaky Red-baiting arguments were hauled out? They said "CIO," but didn't they really mean "FDR," and all that he stands for?

LEWIS and Dubinsky weren't the only actors on the stage last week. Philip Pearl, former Hearst man and currently AFL publicity director, gave his (read Hutcheson, Woll et al.) blessings to the Dies "investigation" of the Hillman committee. William Green, buckling under the pressure of the Hoover-lovers in his retinue, circularized the AFL unions to steer clear of any collaboration with the Hillman committee for united political action for '44. (To do this Green had to run counter to traditional AFL policy guaranteeing autonomy to affiliates.)

All these developments were duck soup for Dies: he lost no time inserting Lewis' lies into the *Congressional Record*; the Lewis interview "tells the story of how the Communists have dominated and controlled the CIO," he said. He incorporated, too, in the *Record*, statements by Alex Rose, Old Guard American Labor Party boss, and Philip Pearl's slanderous remarks.

This is evident: news adds up of increasing cooperation among the rank-and-file of all union setups behind the President. Four hundred trade union leaders representing all AFL and CIO locals and Railroad Brotherhood lodges in Cleveland heartily welcomed the call of Phil Hanna, Ohio Federation of Labor leader, for a fourth term for President Roosevelt and for organic unity of the organized labor movement, last week. This is but one example of the growing national trend. As this trend rises, the misleaders of labor rush to align themselves with the nation's most dangerous enemies—men like Dies, Hoover, Dewey.

PATRIOTS would be blind, indeed, to underestimate the menace of these desperate men: the pro-Teheran people in America are in for a fight and cannot shrink from it. Labor, in conjunction with its allies—the farmers, professionals, small business, the enlightened sections of big business, Negroes—must realize this: their side *can* lose—and if it does, it will be defeat by default. They can shape history their way—if they act, *immediately* and in *unison*. Anything less may spell catastrophe.

ond report of its postwar committee, urges a gradual and selective ending of controls. But certainly the purpose of such controls in the postwar period should not be to choke off civilian production, but to direct its orderly expansion with a minimum of friction and strain. The recent Atlantic City conference called by the NAM, at which in addition to business groups, there were represented the AFL, the CIO and several farm organizations, indicates that in the ranks of big business there is growing realization that the solution of postwar problems requires the cooperative efforts of all classes.

Aiding Jews' Rescue

THERE is more heat than light in the protests of the Egyptian premier and high officials of Iraq against the Palestine resolution before Congress, and in the reciprocal brickbats tossed at those two countries by certain American commentators. The resolution in question was introduced in the House by Representatives Wright and Compton and in the Senate by Senators Wagner and Taft. The House Foreign Affairs Committee has been holding hearings on it.

The House resolution on Palestine calls on the United States to "use its good offices and take appropriate measures to the end that the doors of Palestine shall be opened for free entry of Jews into that country, and that there shall be full opportunity for colonization, so that the Jewish people may ultimately reconstitute Palestine as a free and democratic Jewish Commonwealth." The resolution has been endorsed by the House majority and minority leaders, by Chairman Sol Bloom of the Foreign Affairs Committee, by the CIO and AFL, and by many other organizations. The considerations behind the War Department's opposition are not yet clear.

The immediate practical effect of the resolution would be to swing the moral and political weight of the United States behind the effort to abrogate the British White Paper which would bar all Jewish immigration into Palestine after March 31. As such the resolution would become a weapon in the struggle to rescue those Jews who manage to escape from Nazi persecution and can be given a haven in Palestine. This is an objective which the vast majority of the American people, Jews and non-Jews, Zionists and non-Zionists, support. It is unfortunate, however, that the resolution has been weakened by the introduction of the question of a Jewish Commonwealth in Palestine, a point on which there is no agreement not only among Americans as a whole, but among the Jewish people themselves and even among Zionists. For there are some Zionists, like Dr. Judah Magnes, Henrietta Szold, and a section of Histadruth, the Jewish labor federation in Palestine, who oppose an exclusively Jewish Commonwealth and favor some

form of state that would express the unity of the Jewish and Arab populations.

The inclusion of this extraneous controversial question has given an opportunity to anti-unity elements in Jewish life like the American Council for Judaism (headed by the ex-America Firster, Les-
sing Rosenwald), certain leaders of the American Jewish Committee, and the reactionary Zionist Revisionists (New Zionist Organization of America), as well as to anti-Jewish elements in the Arab world, to sow dissension and obscure the positive core of the resolution: the opening of Palestine for free immigration. Despite this weakness, we support the resolution.

Anti-Fascist Editor

MANY persons, from all walks of American life, paid tribute to Miss Freda Kirchwey, who has just completed twenty-five years of association with the *Nation* of which she is the editor and publisher. We should like to add our tribute. Though we have had our differences, we have much in common: she has waged uncompromising battle against fascism; she strives for a better America and a better world. She has a deservedly prominent place in the ranks of patriotic Americans. As the editor of a journal which expresses the opinion of liberals, she has courageously accepted a responsibility which grows with the times.

That responsibility is, today, perhaps more onerous than at any time in the past. As Archibald MacLeish said at the banquet in her honor, liberals must cherish "a belief in the future of man." And the demarcation lines of man's future were laid down at a recent historic conference between three world figures—Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill—and man's destiny today depends on his answer to the question: "Are you for or against Teheran?" Although we know that Miss Kirchwey has expressed herself most affirmatively for the Teheran perspective, we have not found that affirmation consistent in the pages of her journal, nor in liberalism generally.

Too often the practical judgments of liberals appearing in the *Nation's* pages are determined by archaic yardsticks that pre-date Teheran, and sometimes, even Pearl Harbor. Too often we encounter the old shibboleths, a blind baiting of Communists as well as indiscriminate capitalist-baiting. Unity for a prosperous, peaceful America, as well as a prosperous, peaceful world, requires that old prejudices be cast off: and, unfortunately, we do not find that in the thinking of all too many liberals today. We hope that Miss Kirchwey, with her indubitable drive for a happy America, will be one of those who help diminish secondary differences for the sake of the primary goal: unity behind Teheran, which adds up to indefatigable support of the Commander-in-Chief and cooperation with all those—all—who agree with his win-the-war and win-the-peace policies.



Ted

"Why, Miss—it's only Pegler!"

New Blows

WITH an unseasonable and freakish thaw messing things up pretty badly on the northern wing of the Eastern Front, Soviet troops under Generals Govorov and Khozin are perforce compelled to reduce the amplitude of their maneuver and concentrate on the actual gnawing through of the German defenses of Narva, Pskov, and Vitebsk. The marshy and waterlogged areas between these fortresses do not lend themselves to long and fast marches under meteorological conditions prevailing right now.

However, neither "rain, nor storm, heat of day nor gloom of night" seems to be able to catch the Soviet High Command unawares. The Red Army, shifting the center of gravity of its attack once more, (at this writing, March 5) has broken through the German front in the direction of the Carpathians on a very wide front and to a depth of up to thirty miles.

Marshal Zhukov, the armor expert, is in supreme command of this operation. The first bulletin announced that five hundred communities had been liberated, including the town of Yampol, and that the Red Army was fighting on the approaches to Volochisk (thirty miles east of Tarnopol), which used to be the frontier station between Russia and Austria before the first world war. If you look at the map of this region, you will see that this is the most ambitious blow yet struck by the Red Army on the southern wing of the front. The battle line here has been running from southeast to northwest, roughly paralleling the Lvov-Odessa railroad for a length of five hundred miles, the distance between

the firing line and the railroad varying between twenty-five and 150 miles. This line was overhanging the entire German position in the south like a ceiling about to collapse.

Since the end of October, the Soviet High Command has been playing a real "fugue" on the keys of this colossal "key-board." The notation of the successive blows looks something like this:

October 27, blow at Krivoi Rog (first blow); November 6, Kiev; December 9, Kirovograd (first blow); December 30, Kazatin; January 8, Kirovograd (second blow); January 10, Nemirov; February 5, Lutsk-Rovno; February 8, Nikopol; February 11, Shepetovka; February 28, Krivoi Rog (second blow); March 5, Yampol. This makes eleven distinct blows in eighteen weeks.

In this pattern we distinguish two basic characteristics of Soviet strategy: (1) The constant shifting of the center of gravity, and (2) the progressive increase of the scope of the plans, with a failure (such as the first blow at Krivoi Rog and the first blow at Kirovograd) followed immediately by an operation with "raised stakes" instead of "lowered stakes."

Any prognosticator of things to come on the Eastern Front will do well to bear these characteristics in mind.

Flirting with Hitler

THE Turkish government insists on remaining neutral for the ostensible reason that it has not received enough Allied equipment to run the risk of war. Now American and British supplies are being stopped, military talks have been suspended,

and both these steps mark a rougher and tougher attitude towards a neutral whose neutrality is of advantage to Hitler only. The Turks may consider their bargaining as an extremely shrewd piece of business but it will go down in the war record as one of the most miserable examples of opportunism ever practiced. In the early stages of the conflict Turkey's non-belligerence may have been of some value in that it barred Hitler from the Middle East. But after the enormous events on the Eastern Front, after the Stalingrad victory, Turkish neutrality protects the Nazi's Balkan flank and makes it possible for the Wehrmacht to keep a limited number of divisions in the area while concentrating the bulk of its forces against the Russians. Turkey's fate would have been sealed long ago and her independence lost had it not been for the tremendous Nazi defeats in the past two years.

For that reason alone her position is untenable and her international politics of the market place variety. Ankara is the center of Nazi diplomatic intrigue and it was only last month that the Soviet press reported a considerable influx of German "tourists" into the country. Small wonder then that immediately afterward, Turkish official circles began attempts at pitting Washington and London against Moscow. Whatever Turkey's reprehensible motives may be—such as, perhaps, hegemony over some kind of Balkan federation—her present policies delay Hitler's doom and certainly warrant a stiffer Allied front towards her.

Still True to the Axis

AT THIS writing, the Finnish government still plays the farce of delay in accepting the Soviet armistice terms while some German divisions prepare their evacuation through northern Norway and others entrench themselves more firmly in their old positions. As the *Times* of London puts it, Helsinki's rulers are more the faithful instruments of Nazi policy than of Finnish interests. This is a repetition of the treachery which took place in Italy last year when Badoglio's vacillation about signing terms with the Allies gave the Germans a chance to reinforce their lines and regroup their troops in the Balkans. But the stalling tactic will collapse in Finland as it did in Italy. The Finnish cry that they could not consider peace because they feared Soviet incursions on their independence is now, after publication of the Soviet armistice conditions, too transparent a hoax for even the friends of Mannerheim in this country to repeat very loudly. They still seek, however, to have the American government intercede on Finland's behalf. But again the State Department, through Mr. Stettinius, has made it clear that Finland must pursue negotiations, and British official circles have warned that the longer Helsinki temporizes with the Soviet offer the graver will be the consequences. Finland nevertheless still struts and pirouettes as though she were never a member of the Axis alliance, as though her bases were never used for devastating raids on Allied

shipping, as though her shelling of Leningrad was the foolery of small boys with pop guns. Her haggling at this juncture only accentuates the utter bankruptcy of her ruling clan, its Social-Democratic collaborators, and their imperviousness to the needs of the Finnish people.

Tojo Gets the Jitters

THE Island of Truk which American forces blasted two weeks ago is over 2,000 miles from Tokyo. Yet even blows dealt the enemy at this distance from his home base create what he himself describes as "a serious situation." The bold bombardment of Truk followed upon or coincided with victories in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands as well as in New Guinea and New Britain far to the south. Since the climax of Japan's advance after Pearl Harbor we have thrown the Mikado's forces back across a belt about 2,300 miles wide along a 5,000 mile front stretching southward from the Aleutians. While we have so far been hacking away at the outer fortress our armed forces from the south and from the east are approaching perilously close to the bastions which protect the heart of the Japanese Empire.

Gone is the cocksure smugness of the Japanese fascist leaders characteristic of 1942 and the early part of 1943. Today it is replaced by alarms sounded to the people at home and to those enslaved in the vast tentacles of the Japanese Empire. Premier Tojo warned a few days after the attack on Truk that "the decisive Battle of the Pacific has entered its actual phase at last." A more important sign of the effect of our victories, however, is the severe military and political shakeup which has taken place. Three cabinet officers were cashiered in order "to cope with the current serious situation." The most crucial post which changed hands was the ministry of finance; the others were agriculture and commerce, and transportation and communication. Two days later Field Marshal Sugiyama and Fleet Admiral Nagano, chiefs of staff of the army and navy respectively and top men in the determination of strategy, were fired. Tojo himself took over the army job and placed the navy minister, Shimada, in Nagano's position. Evidently the political belt had to be tightened, and as few can be entrusted with the task of carrying out the fascist war, the circle of individuals in the top leadership becomes smaller and smaller.

On the other side of the great squeeze that is being prepared against Japan the dramatic progress recorded by Nimitz and MacArthur from the east and south is lacking. The press reports current conversations at the White House on the problem of the slowness of the long-awaited Mountbatten drive to open a supply route to China from India and the Bay of Bengal. And within China itself, the base from



Appointment in Ankara.

which the final all-out attack must be launched, the counter strokes of reaction continue to impede national unity and the development of a powerful Chinese army. A grand strategy such as that being unfurled against the Japanese enemy requires the rapid consolidation of every sector.

Symbol of Victory

DR. ALBERTO GUANI, who heads the Inter-American Advisory Committee for Political Defense and is Vice-President of Uruguay, has addressed the opening meeting of the Confederation of Latin American Workers' emergency conference in Montevideo. Fifteen thousand people jammed the Municipal Theater to greet CTAL president Lombardo Toledano, labor delegates from most of the Latin American nations, and the delegate from the CIO. The appearance of Dr. Alberto Guani was symbolic of the increasingly realistic attitude being taken by the American governments. On behalf of all the democratic states of the hemisphere the advisory committee earlier this winter investigated the Bolivian coup, recommended non-recognition, and is now looking into the sordid affairs of the Argentine junta. It is the official embodiment of a democratic unity struggling to eliminate fascism and its fifth column from this side of the Atlantic.

Speaking as its chairman, Dr. Guani indicated that the advisory committee would work closely with the CTAL. Thus for the first time the American governments, including that of the United States, have openly declared their intention to cooperate with the largest organized body of democratic people in the hemisphere, the CTAL, and, through its Montevideo representative, the CIO. It is of the utmost importance that such an alliance be rapidly cemented.

The hemispheric struggle between the forces for victory in the war and those representing fascism is approaching its climax. The Nazi bridgehead in Argentina is doing everything possible to create a serious political and even military diversion in Latin America, the purpose of which will be to interfere with our invasion of the European continent and to rob the United Nations of unconditional victory. Our non-recognition of Bolivia was not decisive, it was merely a welcome indication of a stiffening policy on the part of the democracies. The blow must be struck directly at the Argentine heart of the fascist movement and simultaneously at Franco Spain, which remains Hitler's bridge across the Atlantic. We hope that Dr. Guani's speech of welcome to the CTAL and CIO delegates will mean just this, that all pro-war forces in the hemisphere, official and unofficial, will now combine in the common task of eliminating all traces of the enemy from our shores.

Crisis in Italy

EVERY reliable political report from Italy's liberated areas underscores a heightening crisis. Poverty tortures the countryside and work is as scarce as bread. And there are not a few Italians who say, "Yes, the Germans have gone, but what have the Allies brought?" We know what the Allies have brought. Under their banner there is a vast potential of freedom and self-development impossible under the Nazi flag. This is what we believe and what we want every Italian to believe. Yet what shall we say to Italians who confront us with excerpts from Mr. Churchill's recent speech in the Commons? They are bitter and angry and the cynical among them will turn the minds of others in the same direction.

Why isn't there an Italian army fighting side by side with us? Mr. Churchill pulls the wool over our eyes when he says there is. Two thousand Italians organized by the Badoglio regime do not make an army; they are not even a token force compared to the large manpower available. Why isn't there a large Italian contingent at Cassino? Is it because there is no equipment with which to arm several divisions of Italian troops? Hardly. Is it because Italians lack courage? How great Italian courage is can be found in every report of the operations of Italian guerrillas in the north, in the reports of the tremendous strike movements in the northern industrial areas, or in that indelible record of the Garibaldi Brigade that fought for the Republicans in Spain.

WHAT is it then? The answer is simple. It is Badoglio and the king whom Mr. Churchill has accepted as the symbols of the true Italy. The Italians, however, are equally as good authorities as Mr. Churchill about symbols of the true Italy and they forthrightly refuse to accept these two as leaders of an Italian renaissance. Mr. Churchill's defense of Badoglio and the king is so threadbare that he must trot out all the nonsense about "legitimacy" and his devotion to the monarchical principle. The latter is so much poppycock, for the monarchy as such is not at issue. It is Victor Emmanuel over whom the critical controversy takes place. If we remember rightly, Mr. Churchill's predecessors did not hesitate to oust a king several years ago without jeopardizing the British monarchy.

And as for legitimacy—this is one of those fine legal points that is utterly pointless. If legitimacy were the test of distinguishing friends from enemies then Hitler has a powerful argument in asking us to stop the war against him because we threaten his "legitimacy" established in a dozen *Ja* "elections." From another angle, if Mr. Churchill desires to make legitimacy the principle of Allied relationships how is it possible for him to extend *de facto* recognition to Tito's forces, which certainly are not "legitimate" according to the books on international law? But even if legitimacy were made a criterion, then Badoglio's government should be dispensed with immediately. It is no more legitimate than was Mussolini's government—a government legitimized by Victor Emmanuel, who shared the loot brought him by Mussolini and the Duke of Addis Ababa, Marshal Badoglio.

All this fancy legal talk in British official circles, including those in Washington, will not bring us one inch closer to a rapid victory on the peninsula—and that is our central concern. If we disregard the six-party coalition, whose legitimacy was established in the twenty years it fought fascism just as Tito's legitimacy was established in his battles against the Nazis, then we are preparing the way for the very explosion that must be avoided at all cost. Although the ten minute strike in Naples was not held, the plans for it were signs of dwindling patience—a patience stretched almost to the breaking point by AMG officials in the Badoglio apparatus and now by Churchill's slap in the face.

There is compelling need for a revision of policy in conformity with the Moscow declaration on Italy. The situation is far from hopeless and we prophesy that it will be changed for the better. But dealing with it immediately and courageously cannot be delayed. The chaos will be great if we merely sit on our hands and let things slide. Badoglio, according to reports, has offered to resign over the transfer of part of the Italian fleet to the Soviet Union. What an opportunity to call his bluff!



Santayana: Genteel Fascist

 By JOEL BRADFORD

PERSONS AND PLACES: The Background of My Life, by George Santayana. Scribner's. \$2.50.

EVERYBODY knows the anxieties which befell Mrs. Bluebeard after she looked in the closet, but I think it is not generally realized that until then she had lived a moderately happy life with her terrible husband. The moral of the fable is therefore ambiguous: does it show that democracy, aware of its peril, will be rescued from fascism, or that in our bitter world one should be incurious in order to be safe?

Mrs. Bluebeard deserves study. Shall we say, for the sake of jest if not of science, that, being a woman, she could not help opening the door, whilst a man would have been content to leave it locked upon its secrets? That would reserve too strictly to the female sex the gallantry of risking life for new knowledge. Yet doubtless many a man would forego such risks and would instead establish his life's comfort in the shadow of things unknown. Such a man is George Santayana.

The book here before us was flown in manuscript out of Rome shortly before Mussolini too was flown out of Rome (not, alas, in manuscript) in another direction. It was written, one supposes, in fascist Italy during the years of war which began with a jackal's yelp and ended with a mouse-squeak. Santayana had always loved Italy, and he retired thither upon giving up the teaching of philosophy. There, surrounded by a progressive past and a retrograde present, he wrote his later books.

Mussolini's Italy, while reared upon fables and educated with blackjacks, was not blind to the uses of culture. It is known that the Duce himself authored a drama in which he delved, though perhaps not profoundly, into the complexities of Napoleonic personality. Works of art were thought to have some value in themselves and considerable social value, as attracting tourists.

As a means of concealment, the cultural facade was by no means ineffective. It had, moreover, the somewhat inconsistent but useful power of attracting the outside admirer within. Men retire into renaissance Italy, medieval Italy, and Roman Italy as into a refuge; before the Medici sculptures it is difficult not to feel that all's well with the world. The admiration so begotten and sustained insensibly transmits itself to the regime. A heady compound of snobbery and nostalgia soon conquers all reserve, and one can hear Ezra Pound broadcasting fascist homilies from Rome.

Santayana has not trod this path to a conclusion. I think, indeed, that he never would do so—not that his political views forbid it, but that his basic personal motivation forbids it, as I shall shortly explain. He would, moreover, unquestionably repudiate the name of fascist or conservative or any political appellation whatever. I have no wish to speak abusively of America's most literate philosopher. Yet I ask myself, what are we to say of a man who is almost but not quite a mystic, who is almost but not quite a snob, who is almost but not quite anti-Semitic, who "loves tory Britain and honors conservative Spain, but not with any dogmatic or prescriptive passion?" I think that, being almost but not quite abusive, we must call him a genteel fascist. The limits which he sets to his aristocratic notions are not a denial of his fascism but an assertion of his gentility.

Santayana has founded no school; indeed, in the twenty years of my acquaintance with philosophy, I have never met or read any philosopher who agreed with him. There is universal admiration for his style, which is beautiful; there is sympathy for his spiritual yearnings, which are fragile and sweet; but agreement?—none whatever. As Professor Whitehead once observed, with deadly compliment, "When we want literature, we'll read Santayana."

I have long marvelled at so paradoxical a fame, and not until I read this first

autobiographical volume could I understand it. The fact is that Santayana's philosophy is so constructed as to attract and repel simultaneously. His arguments, as Hume said of Berkeley's, "admit of no answer and produce no conviction"; but they are adroit, sensitive to the tastes of cultured men, and larded with appropriate references to sorrow, art, and prayer. Santayana has never engaged in controversy, still less in polemics. He has a knack of treating opponents as if they required indulgence rather than refutation. Thus, philosophically at least, he will not come to you, and you cannot come to him.

One day during his undergraduate years Santayana remarked to his half-sister Susana that he was better suited than she to the cloister. Susana replied, "You have one of the things required. You are *detached*." (Santayana's emphasis.) Detachment—that is the secret quintessence of Santayana. He has moved among men as among ideas, aloof, speculative, solitary. His friendships, as he describes them, are cordial but not intimate; the barriers are carefully laid which are to protect against unseemly intrusion into his inner self. It is as if he had concluded treaties of friendship with mankind but was careful to maintain a good standing army. He reveals himself as an intelligent and cultured man, and thereby disarms opposition. At the same time the unpersuasiveness of his views seems almost deliberately calculated to avoid the risks of comradeship.

After this manner he presents himself as a naturalist in philosophy, but a naturalist who recognizes that nature has an ideal side communicable only in art, love, and religious experience. Thus, since he is a naturalist, you cannot attack him as a mere mystic; and since he is a mystic, you cannot attack him as a mere naturalist. His philosophy grants due praise for scientific method, but asserts also the existence of ideal essences apprehensible by Reason alone. Thus, since he is an empiricist, you cannot attack him as a lover of abstractions; and since he is a rationalist, you cannot attack him as a mere grubbing laboratorian. Every avenue of assault is ingeniously blocked by expert philosophical engineering.

Similar skill in making the best of all worlds is discernible in Santayana's political observations. "If any community," he says, "can become or desires to become communistic or democratic or anarchical I wish it joy from the bottom of my heart. I have

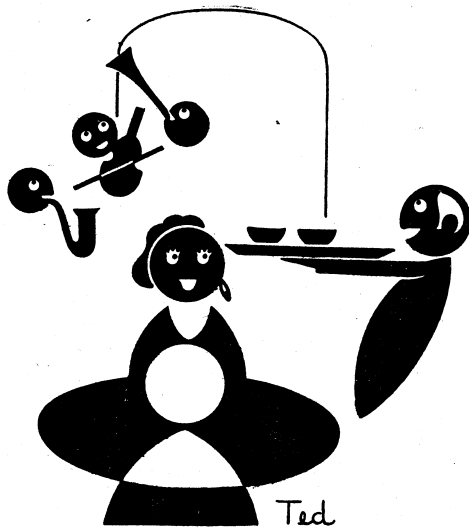


only two qualms in this case: whether such ideals are realizable, and whether those who pursue them fancy them to be exclusively and universally right: an illusion pregnant with injustice, oppression, and war." It is clear from this passage that Santayana has something less than a learned acquaintance with political realities. It is also clear that he gives us permission to espouse any social doctrine we please so long as we don't "force" it upon him.

I am not sure how things stand in the Realm of Essence, where Communism and democracy survive eternally as changeless atoms of thought. But I know that in the world where all men have their political being it would be impossible to hold such views without at the same time making a headlong assault upon fascism. A man who loves tory Britain and honors conservative Spain, however imprescriptive his passion, will find himself at Franco's side, supporting a tyranny that is both prescriptive and passionate. And one may add that injustice, oppression, and war issue not from any evangelical fervor of belief but from the content of the belief itself.

IN HIS next most recent book, *The Realm of Spirit*, Santayana remarks that men "are organized, they know not why, into a system of universal slave-labor for the production of rubbish" (the chapter, not inappropriately, is entitled "Distraction"). Rich and poor alike are ground in the same machinery, the poor imagining that a little money would cure their ills, and the rich reflecting with sophisticated disillusion that money brings more sorrow than joy. Such a view is the social fantasy of an aristocrat, and reveals Santayana's connections with Spanish *dons*. It leads him to applaud the conservative politician Canovas, who did not try to make Spain "a capitalist plutocracy with an industrial proletariat, things equally contrary to her nature." It leads him to say, "The modern Jew recognizes verbal intelligence, but not simple spirit. He doesn't admit anything deeper or freer than literature, science, and commerce." But the remark which settles everybody's hash is that "Only snobs are troubled by inequality."

The aristocratic attitude, however, has perhaps a useful side when its polite arrogance is set against fascist buffoonery. Santayana and Hearst were on the *Harvard Lampoon* together. The bad boy who grew up to be an evil man had provided the *Lampoon* with advertisements, its editors with an office, and the office with quantities of comic magazines, among them *La Vie Parisienne*. Hearst, one gathers, understanding French better with the eye than with the ear, restricted himself to the pictures; but Santayana gravely perused the text of issue after issue. Then he decided that *Mademoiselle de Mauvin* had put the case much better, and ceased from further labors.



Santayana's humor flowers most urbanely in the description of his Harvard professors. James and Royce are there, drawn to the life with dreadful accuracy. Bowen is there, whom J. S. Mill had demolished in a footnote as "an obscure American." And George Herbert Palmer, whose most spectacular and perhaps most philosophical achievement was his marriage to the president of Wellesley.

The main lesson of the book, however, is one which its author did not intend to teach. Aristocrats, by nature, desire not to know. The feudal lords were totally ignorant of their own place in history and of the bourgeoisie before whose power they crumbled. In their descendants, displeasure with the modern world takes the form of a dim organic sensation. Philosophizing upon this, they weave fabrics more or less lovely and garments more or less grand. For them the night is filled with voices and the day with dreams. When awake, they have a sense of sleeping; and when asleep, of waking into the truly real.

But other tasks, other philosophies. We who do the world's work and seek the world's weal cannot move upon a ghostly tide of dreams. For us let the dark be voiceless, so that sleep may give us strength.

Yankee, Radical, Catholic

ORESTES BROWNSON: Yankee, Radical, Catholic, by Theodore Maynard. Macmillan. \$3.00.

ONE of the peculiar products of nineteenth-century America, Orestes Brownson is perhaps remembered best as a restless metaphysician who ran through a number of religious denominations and wound up in the Catholic Church still restless. Students of American labor history also recall his association with Robert Dale Owen and the Working Men's Party of New York in the early 1830's.

Brownson, unfortunately, has received little modern biographical appreciation, despite the wealth of material available in the twenty volumes of his collected works and

in the three-volume biography written by his son. Schlesinger's book in 1939 failed to make clear Brownson's experiences in the Catholic Church; and Mr. Maynard's present volume errs in neglecting the years before his conversion in October 1844. A full-dress account of Brownson, a perspective view so to speak, is still to be written.

Brownson is by no means the biographer's delight. Much of the subject matter of his speculations seems of little account today. Problems of theological dispute, the nature of ontology, damnation, the Lord's Supper, and the like, are not in the modern idiom, yet such problems were of grave concern to Brownson. His thinking is intimately bound up in them; and one of the merits of Mr. Maynard's patient biography is his illumination of those obscure, yet vital, aspects of Brownson's theology.

Of more contemporary interest are Brownson's political opinions. Although he helped to build the first working class political party in New York, he subsequently took a defeatist position and opposed independent political action. "The movement we commenced," he wrote, "could only excite a war of man against money, and all history and all reasoning in the case prove that in such a war money carries it over man." He therefore counseled trying to induce all classes of society to cooperate in efforts to better the condition of the working man. At a later date, he actually advised workers not to join the Working Men's Party in Massachusetts. Mr. Maynard paraphrases his advice to the effect that they "would gain nothing by it . . . ; instead they would have their veins sucked by a new and more hungry swarm of demagogues."

Actually Brownson had reservations about democracy itself. "This is our democracy," he declared. "We admit the sovereignty of the people when the question is of many or few; we deny it when we speak absolutely. The people are not sovereign. There is no sovereign but the Infallible, that is, God. . . ."

Despite evidence to the contrary, there are some who have termed Brownson's *The Laboring Classes* "socialism of the true Marxist type." Schlesinger, in fact, rushes in to say that the pamphlet is "perhaps the best study of the workings of society written by an American before the Civil War." Such praises are certainly extravagant, for in that pamphlet Brownson again reveals a defeatism which none but the naive (or the distorter) would point to as Marxist. Contrasting the state of the wage worker and the slave, Brownson wrote: "As to actual freedom one has just about as much as the other. The laborer at wages has all the advantages of freedom and none of its blessings, while the slave, if denied the blessings, is freed from its disadvantages. We are no advocate of slavery, we are as heartily opposed to it as any modern abolitionist can be; but we say frankly that, if

there must be a laboring population distinct from proprietors and employers, we regard the slave system as decidedly preferable to the system of wages."

Brownson's later work, *The American Republic*, called by some an epitome of his political thinking, reveals scarcely less an abundance of errors and confusion of thought. In it he propounds a doctrine of state's rights which even Governor Dewey would find acceptable, although he also has some harsh words for the big industrialists, the men of wealth and greed, who in 1873 (when he was writing the book) were beginning to overrun the United States.

The key to Brownson's character is fashioned from no ready mold. With Mr. Maynard's view that Catholicism was the integrating factor for Brownson's perplexed doubts about his relationship to society and God, I cannot subscribe. But Mr. Maynard has performed a genuine service in bringing together the material on Brownson's Catholicism and presenting it in a stimulating and provocative fashion.

STEPHEN PEABODY.

Youth Seeks an Answer

WINTER WHEAT, by Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

IN THE study of adolescence around the globe and through the ages we now arrive at a dry-land wheat ranch in Montana, 1941. This is the setting of *Winter Wheat*, a novel of Ellen Webb's readjustment after her fiancé Gil, frightened by the grimness of ranch life, breaks their engagement. It traces Ellen's changing emotions from trust in life, through disillusion to affirmation.

The story of adolescence has seldom been told with such graphic realism and so little emotional fanfare. Scenes stand forth with pictographic clarity and make a lasting impression. Long after putting the novel aside you'll remember many of them—the ranch and house behind the coulee, Ellen's falling in love with Gil in the college library, and the harvest days in the fields. In the foreground they show Ellen as a naive and genuine product of the ranch who combines the poetic sensitivity of her Vermont father with the peasant-like practicality and patience of her Russian mother. Although she wants to be a teacher, Ellen can drive and repair a tractor, extricate a truck mired to the hub, and do a farm hand's work at harvest and haying. Except for a disturbing touch of isolationism which appears in her aloofness from the war, she is a woman for the times. She is real and palpable, and the novel is real as it curves with her emotions which color and reflect everything.

But no matter how real, a story of adolescence can't ordinarily cover much territory. This one covers less than usual because the adolescent tells it. It is confined to a small patch of Montana isolated from the



surrounding world by Ellen's immaturity and her preoccupation with herself. The secondary characters do little to broaden the scope. First, they are necessarily few in number, and second, they are—except for Mom—incompletely portrayed because of Ellen's inability to know them intimately or to understand them. Ellen is a faithful reporter of what she sees and understands, but she sees and understands comparatively little. Her manner of telling the story is clear, unaffected, and restrained. It suits her character, and together they mute the emotions and temper the essential harshness of the novel without destroying the realism or blurring the image. But a narrow range of dynamics within a narrow compass makes this a very slight book indeed. Mrs. Walker has cut away so much that there is nothing to explain how Ellen regains her confidence, what values she learns to affirm, and how they might fit in the larger scheme of things. She simply emerges into a state of vague optimism. In other words, the author has treated the setting as the background for another story of adolescence rather than making it, as she seems to have intended, a way of life whose merits Ellen would assert.

CLIFFORD HALLAM.

Sense and Sensitivity

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, short stories by Robert M. Coates. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

COATES is a talented writer. His recognition of the loneliness of human beings in a society indifferent, if not hostile, to the fate of the individual who fails to get to the top, is his greatest power. Unusual sensitivity to climate and the seasons reflected in lovely touches of nature description, and a most rare ability to use words with poetic meaning yet without fuss, these also are among his best attributes—amounting to real distinction.

The weakness is that his sympathy now and then becomes sentimentality and at these times the reader gets pushed around emotionally as a spectator, not an active participant. For instance, in the Mr. and Mrs. Harris stories, one has the feeling that a great deal of excellent writing is wasted on trivialities—little subtleties reminiscent of the Katherine Mansfield school after it became high-brow, which simply don't come off. The old-age theme of "A Winter in the Country" is of course not trivial, yet somehow the chief impression one gets from the story is that Mr. Harris' more than ordinary distress over the old man's plight is really a somewhat pretentious attack of social conscience. I am sure that isn't what the author intended the reaction to be mainly—though had it been it would have made a much stronger story.

I should consider "Fury" the volume's one really shocking failure, quite unworthy of the rest. The close-up of a mind disintegrating was done about as well as it can be in the short story, by Conrad Aikin at least two decades ago and the subject is not one to stand repetition easily. The processes of a lunatic child rapist, moreover, are as nothing to the deed itself, in sheer frightfulness. And since the processes of a mind deranged may have not the slightest importance for anyone, including the idiot himself, unless they happen to throw some light on the origin of his illness, why choose them for a subject?

Coates has a command of dialogue which calls to mind Hemingway and Dorothy Parker. But unlike the early Hemingway with his sure instinct for seizing the whole impact of the moment in the spoken word, he does not strip his story down to dialogue and let it be told that way. He sticks in a few Katherine Mansfield touches at the end of his bar-room scene, to give us the "inside" of his aging prostitute in the moment of climax when she is just about to hook her elderly sugar-daddy! Really, after Miss Ada Moss—can there be another such?

These barren twigs of imitateness crop up whenever Coates is unsure of the direction in which his theme and his plot are taking him. But when he writes of human loneliness, letting that chord sound out as the dominant—to change the metaphor—he never misses. Then murder, suicide, poverty and broken love, industrial accident, prostitution and homosexual vice, all these become meaningful variations on the single great theme he understands so well. And the resolutions do come off.

Among the best of the stories is "Some Salt on a Boulder," which recounts the humorous and awfully human vengeance taken by a Connecticut farmer on his neighbor, a hypocritical old buzzard who poisoned his dog. That one is a welcome contrast to the sombre tone of the collection as a whole—and certainly in the best tradition of Yankee humor!

JANE BURTON.

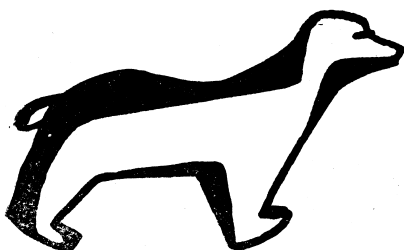
Heroic Defense

THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD, by Boris Skomorovsky and E. G. Morris. Books, Inc. Distributed by E. P. Dutton. \$2.50.

FOR many years to come, the history of the siege of Leningrad will be studied, read about, and admired. For it has no parallel in modern history. Stalingrad was more spectacular, perhaps, more decisive, and it is there that the final turning point of the war occurred, but in a certain sense the defense of the city of Lenin was more successful. Stalingrad was not given up, although the Germans succeeded in destroying it. Leningrad was not only not taken, but also not destroyed.

This book is a good, factual, and at times inspiring account of the 515 days during which the city was cut off from land communication with the rest of the country. One important reason why *The Siege of Leningrad* ought to make more than a fleeting impression upon the reading public is that it is unusually well supplied with original material in translation. Letters from people who lived through the siege, from soldiers on the Leningrad front, excerpts from diaries of scientists who worked by candlelight when no other light was available, stories of the heroism and fortitude of the plain people—all these bring us the feeling of the actual living individuals. Early in the book, for example, the authors introduce the children of the city. The reactions of these young people to war can be understood everywhere, in any language. Here is a sketch we can all appreciate: "A Red Army officer came home for a few hours' leave and was telling his family how his scouts had captured a Nazi 'tongue'—an enemy soldier from whom he expected to get valuable information. His little son, Lenya, sat on his father's lap listening carefully to everything, his mouth as wide open as his eyes. Finally the officer paused and looked down at the little boy. 'How would you like,' he asked, his tone that of a man conferring a great honor, 'to see a live fascist?' The little boy considered this at length, and then with candor remarked, 'I would much rather see a dead one.'"

The method of describing a particularly beastly German act alongside a heroic act of the Russians is effective. The book abounds also in photographs taken during the siege. Some are particularly striking and



are published for the first time. One might have devised a somewhat more logical arrangement of the material. One might not agree with the authors about details, as for example, their denial that a railroad was laid across frozen lake Ladoga. But all in all this book is an able job of describing the heroic defense of one of the great cities of the world.

ALEXANDER L. MEYENDORFF.

Near Eastern Problems

THE MIDDLE EAST, by Eliahu Ben-Horin. Norton. \$2.50.

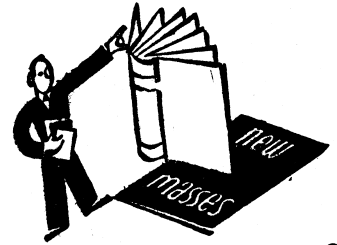
MEET THE ARABS, by John Van Ess. John Day. \$2.50.

THE recent upsurge of nationalist sentiment in Syria and Lebanon has once again focused attention on the profound fermentation at work among the peoples of the Near and Middle East. It has emphasized, moreover, how little we Americans know of the tangled history and problems of that region. These two volumes are timely and offer a certain amount of useful factual knowledge.

The points of view expressed are widely divergent. Ben-Horin, a journalist of many years' experience, is pro-Zionist. Because he tends to identify the aspirations of the Arabic peoples with those of a small upper crust of landlords and ruling groups, he writes in a pronounced anti-Arab vein. He is perhaps most successful in his treatment of Turkey, where Kemal Pasha led a nationalist revolution after World War I and set up a secular republic, which has since strongly influenced the Arab world. His book is somewhat sprawling because of the attempt to cover too much ground and is weakened by a number of inaccuracies and superficial generalizations.

Dr. Van Ess pleads the cause of the Arabs. But he looks to the ruling groups in Egypt, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and the other Islamic nations of that region rather than to the peoples themselves for a solution of nationalist aspirations. His close friendship with King Feisal of Iraq and the austere Ibn Saud, king of Saudi Arabia and leader of the puritanical Wahhabite Moslem sect, may account for this emphasis. He tends, moreover, to underplay the role of secular Turkey in recent Moslem affairs. He displays a thorough knowledge of Arabic culture, language, and institutions, gained as a result of many years' stay in the Arabian peninsula. A useful bibliography on the Arab question is appended to the volume.

Both authors have a blue-print for the solution of the complicated Palestine question. Ben-Horin proposes large scale population transfers, re-settlement and colonization of Arab *fellahin* (peasants) from Palestine and Transjordan to fertile land in Iraq. Van Ess offers a detailed plan for the "United States of the Near East."



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These plans seem somewhat divorced from reality since they fail to take into account some of the complex social and political forces at work in the present period.

Both books are worth reading for their interesting details, but lack thoroughness. An authoritative volume on the region loosely known as the Near and Middle East has yet to be written for American readers.

ROBERT S. ELIOTT.

In Orlikova's Image

THE RUNNING TIDE, by Irina Aleksandr. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.50.

NOT so long ago Americans were privileged to meet a diminutive, frail, extremely pretty Soviet woman—third mate on a Soviet merchant ship. To those who heard seamstress Valentina Orlikova swear vengeance against the Nazis whose brutality she had felt in her own life and that of her country, this was rather a surprising “type” of woman. *Running Tide* is the inspiring story of Orlikova told in fictional form.

Galina Sedova (as she is called in the book)—Galya to her friends—always loved the sea and when her father moved the family to Vladivostok it was the beginning of her life's dream—to become a sailor—come true. Her first job was building ships and her free hours she spent in studying them. At nineteen she went to Leningrad to work in the shipyards, where it was a matter of no surprise or exception for this less-than-five-foot bit of femininity to be working beside men of almost twice her size. Here Galina made close friends among whom one was to be her future husband. From there she went on to study at the Leningrad Naval Academy where the enrollment was ten percent women and where the students represented many nationalities. In addition to a stiff course of study, war maneuvers were practiced on training cruises aboard ship, and as an able bodied seaman Galya was assigned to cruise between Leningrad and the Baltic ports. Nor were marriage and the birth of a child obstacles to the pursuit of her chosen work.

June 22, 1941, and Galya is on board ship. In a few hours she experiences all the horrors of invasion. Her ship takes aboard wounded refugees and material from a Baltic port. Death and destruction, a bombed ship, wounded people strafed on open life rafts—all the refinements of Nazi warfare she learns quickly.

August 21, 1941. Leningrad is besieged—the city is subjected to almost incessant bombardment. The unbelievable courage of the inhabitants who carried on during seventeen months of siege without heat, light, shelter, transportation and with pitifully scant food rations is here told with striking effectiveness.

The story of Galina Sedova, unusual as it may seem, is the story of all women, of all youth in the Soviet Union. The delight-

ful account of life in the Leningrad Naval Academy highlights the opportunities open to Soviet youth to fulfill their talents and to live a well rounded existence while doing so. These young people knew where they were headed and the road lay straight before them. They were greedy for the knowledge that would enable them best to use and enjoy the world they owned. War marked the abrupt and tragic end for many of them but it cannot be doubted that after an interval of reconstruction and rehabilitation the road will open again.

Running Tide need not be judged so much from a standpoint of great novel writing but as a very readable story of many phases of life in the USSR. Miss Aleksandr has constructed the background story to Orlikova's life with great accuracy. It will provide the initiate with a good beginning toward understanding an ally which has been much maligned in our press and about which resulting ignorance has created serious damage to all the world.

ANNE STEVENS.

Brief Reviews

THE PROGRESS OF PAN-AMERICANISM, translated and edited by T. H. Reynolds. Public Affairs Press. \$3.25.

PROFESSOR REYNOLDS' purpose is to provide us with a cross-section of the Latin American mind and its reactions to changing political and economic conditions. He has succeeded in large measure. His selections include the views on Pan-Americanism of representatives from almost all of the Latin American countries, a few from the United States, and those of leading newspapers and magazines. They range from recent Pan-American conferences to detailed discussions of the Monroe Doctrine and its present application, from the Mexican oil expropriations to some of the special problems facing individual countries in the hemisphere. Unfortunately, however, the selections are limited to those of statesmen and economists. There are not more than two or three selections from the opinions of leaders of the great Latin American labor movement—a movement which offers today the most promising field for the establishment of Pan-Americanism as a deep rooted concept rather than as solely the product of diplomatic action.

UNITED NATIONS AGREEMENTS, edited by M. B. Schnapper. American Council on Public Affairs. Washington, D.C. \$3.75.

THIS is a very valuable and very handy compilation of the official documents which form, so to speak, the legal superstructure of the Allies. The volume, of necessity, does not include every document but the major and important minor ones are here—almost all checked by representatives of the signatory nations. Even scan-

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ning the pages one gets a striking impression of the many advances that have been made in the foreign relations of the coalition. The Master Lend-Lease Agreement, for example, represents genuine evidence that future commercial dealings will be more orderly and more in the interests of a stabilized international economy than anything that had been arranged heretofore. The editor deserves credit for undertaking this important job and for organizing it so well.

Worker's Saga

(Continued from page 14)

of a public agency had a vacancy in his clerical staff. The position had been open for some time, and the US Employment Service told me that a man was needed at once. After an interview that was brief to the point of being perfunctory I was told to come back the following day for a decision.

When I returned, the man in charge was out. His assistant gave me the bad news. My application had been turned down because of a relatively unimportant detail—a detail which could have been cleared up easily the day before. As I turned to leave, the assistant smiled broadly and said, "Too bad you don't play softball. If you did, maybe the boss would have overlooked that other matter."

It is difficult to believe, and even more difficult to understand why a position that had to be filled immediately was left open simply because the applicant did not play softball. It must be admitted that certain sections of the nation are experiencing an acute lack of manpower. But no firm and no section can claim a labor shortage when its wartime employment policy is still being conducted on a pre-war basis. When all its skilled labor is being used to the fullest extent and the supply cannot satisfy the demand, then and only then can it honestly claim that there are not enough workers to go around.



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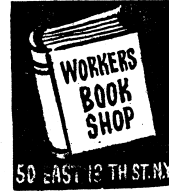
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Versatile Trumpet

By N. LABKOVSKY

Moscow.

IN LONDON Ady Rosner was considered a Pole. In Poland he was billed as the American jazz wonder. Norway called him the "White Armstrong," and in America he was known as "the world's second trumpet player." The latter was no publicity stunt. He actually did rate second at an international trumpet players' contest held in America in 1934 at which Louis Armstrong won first prize.

When in the course of his endless travels through Europe, America, and Asia, people would ask him what country he belonged to, he would usually answer, "I haven't any country, I am an artist. The stage is my country."

After an interval of more than two years I ran into Rosner the other day in Moscow. Our last meeting had taken place shortly after the beginning of the war. Standing in front of a colored billboard in the Hermitage Gardens in Moscow, Rosner had introduced me to his musicians by pointing to their names printed in red letters. Many of them had been practically all over the world with him. For my part I took him around town and introduced him to Moscow. He was a newcomer to the Soviet Union then and was eager to learn as much as he could about it.

The war had found Rosner in Kiev, where he heard the whistle and scream of the war's first bombs.

During these past two years Rosner's smile has warmed the hearts of people in all corners of the Soviet Union. He has been to Omsk and Sverdlovsk, Chelyabinsk and Chkalov, Novosibirsk, Ufa, Tashkent, Frunze, Alma-Ata, Ashkhabad, Stalina-bad, Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Voroshilov, Barnaul, Blagoveshchensk, and many other town. He has given concerts on the Far Eastern border and on board the vessels of the Far Eastern Fleet. His band has played for the border guards on Russky Island and for the Jewish farmers of Birobijan.

Rosner's concert tours have afforded him a splendid opportunity to get to know and understand the life of Soviet towns and villages in wartime. He has learned to appreciate the war effort of the people, and it gratifies him to think that he too has been doing his bit. He and his musicians have travelled to the most outlying regions, giving sometimes two programs in one day. Their number of appearances has already topped the 700 mark. It is Rosner's ambition to make it a thousand.

It was just like old times for Rosner

Hot and Sweet

LEON HIMMELFARB played with a noted Jass [sic] orchestra in Warsaw . . . in 1939 fled from the Hitlerites to Byelostok, where he formed a new band of Warsaw musicians. When Germans drove on Byelostok, Himmelfarb and his twenty-piece band left for the front. Today they help fight the enemy in a unique way. With nine powerful loudspeakers right at the firing lines Himmelfarb's syncopators send it hot and sweet over the battlefield to the accompaniment of whizzing bullets and exploding shells. Their music has a strange, enervating effect on the German soldiers. Once when the nerves of the infuriated Germans were close to breaking they answered with a "musical counter-attack"; they brought up gramophones and loud speakers and played Nazi marches back across the line. But Himmelfarb wrote down their music and the next day all his nine loudspeakers were wafting parodies of the fascist tunes. (*Music note from the "Moscow News."*)

and his orchestra when the newspapers of the towns and districts they toured came out with delighted reviews of their concerts. But above all the reviews of the most distinguished European critics Rosner prizes an order issued by the Military Council of the Far Eastern Front concerning the orchestra. Couched in the stiff language of official military documents, it reads:

"The State Jazz Orchestra of the Byelorussian SSR conducted by Ady Rosner arrived on Dec. 20, 1942, to entertain the men, commanders, and political instructors of the Far Eastern Front. By its fruitful and conscientious work the jazz orchestra fulfilled with honor its duties. In three months of work the jazz orchestra gave eighty-five concerts. . . . Moreover, Rosner and the members of his band rendered invaluable assistance in the development of Red Army amateur talent activity. . . .

"Paying tribute to the work of the State Jazz Orchestra of the Byelorussian SSR I hereby thank Ady Rosner, the leader of the orchestra, and award him a certificate of honor of the Military Council of the Far Eastern Front."

Rosner's popularity is well deserved. Whenever he appears before the footlights and raises that marvelous trumpet of his to his lips he has his audience spellbound. He can make his trumpet sing, sob, growl, or guffaw at will. He can produce a veritable fireworks display of sound and rhythm. When you think that he has surely reached the limit of his virtuosity he will invariably surprise you with some new sound.

I took him aside behind the scenes after one of his recent concerts in Moscow. "You were grand tonight," I told him. "The audience went wild. Now I know what you meant when you said the stage is your country." "You're wrong," Rosner replied. "I used to think so when I had no other country but the stage. Now I have a country. The Soviet Union."

Current Films

"DESTINATION TOKYO" dealt with the preparations required for the successful bombing of Tokyo. Now Twentieth Century-Fox introduces a film concerned with the fate of one of the bombers. *The Purple Heart*, in a sense, is a companion piece to the earlier Warner classic—a continuation of the story. The same kind of characters are present—simple, courageous youngsters from every stratum of American life. In the first film we gain a military victory over the Japanese; in *The Purple Heart* the victory is spiritual.

For the first half, this movie is superb, assaulting the senses of the onlooker with terrific muscular blows. All the might of Imperial Japan is assembled to conquer a handful of American boys. It is a contest of national wills, presented in stark dramatic terms. The center of the action is the courtroom in which the American fliers are tried, not as prisoners of war, but as common murderers. The "legal" argument of the Japanese is based on the contention

that the fliers bombed, not military objectives, but hospitals and schools. The trial is a frameup, but the Japanese hope to gain a propaganda weapon to prove their enemies barbarous.

So far as the picture concerns itself with this issue, it does a magnificent job. But it imposes a pattern of exposition that demands the utmost in resourcefulness from writer and director. The design is simple—all action connected to the courtroom, as radii are connected to the center of a circle. In order to keep interest at a high level, a second contest of wills develops between the heads of the Japanese Army and Navy. Each blames the other for the success of Tokyo's bombing and this second conflict continues apace with the picture, so that after a while it reduces the trial of the Americans to a sideshow. Thus, the original dramatic intensity is diluted.

There is also a notable discrepancy in taste between the two halves of the picture. After considerable concentration on the

boys in the cell, where they spend their time when not in the prisoner's dock, some diversion from repetition of the scenes is necessary. The spot calls for a flashback of personal anecdotes, home life. Nobody can quarrel with that idea. But the incidents selected and their handling are at best sentimental. One, for instance, is accompanied by poetry, music, and a closeup of moving clouds. The material of the film is moving in itself, and such East Lynne touches serve only to smudge its sharp lines.

The Purple Heart is an award made to every member of the American armed services wounded in combat. For the boys who go to their deaths with unbreakable defiance toward the best that the Nipponese can throw at them, this film is very adequately named.

"LADY IN THE DARK" is a lush reminder of the Hollywood gold rush days when studios vied with one another in the production of "million-dollar" spec-

tacles. Its mise-en-scene is the office of a fashion magazine. You never saw such a layout. By comparison *Vogue's* office is a washroom in a smelter plant. In lighting, costuming, color work, decor, the picture is an extravaganza of self-indulgence. If movies were furcoats, *Lady in the Dark* would be a sable-lined platinum mink.

The film follows the play closely. Ginger Rogers, the lady of the title, is queen of the fashion domain. She is terribly, terribly unhappy. Pursued by three men, she cannot make up her mind. Ginger was once confronted by a similar choice in *Tom, Dick, and Harry*, but in that situation, she chose the gent whose kisses made bells ring. Kid stuff. *The Lady in the Dark* boys are after much more serious game—nothing less than life with a capital L. The dark-wrapped lady has always wanted to be beautiful, a weak frail, chased by thunderous males. But she grows up sans glamor, sans suitors, and in self-protection becomes a tough-guy career woman. Deep



"Contacting Picasso." A lithograph by Adolph Dehn.

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Frequent trains from Grand Central to
Beacon, then cabs to Camp.



down she has never relinquished her yearning to be a Stork Club heroine. She doesn't know it, of course, but in due time she bares her psyche to an analyst who lets her in on it. The interviews with her doctor are managed in three dream sequences that would have given Freud a permanent hangover. Each is a visual caress, but scientifically a kindergarten exercise. She becomes the glamor girl never encountered on land or sea and in the final dream she achieves a blend of cheesecake and mink that not only sums up her desires but the gimmikry of the picture. She gets to know what she wants, picks the proper mate, turns over her business to his masculine ministrations, and the angels sing loud and melodiously.

Thus from within its voluminous folds peeks the social note of the film. One woman decides to become a leader in business, not because she feels women have a place in the world of commerce, but as an escape from the "normal" pursuits of womanhood. It is held as an axiom, in *Lady in the Dark*, apparently, that a woman cannot be attractive and successful at the same time. I suggest that the social philosophers who have to do with such ideas look around Hollywood itself and note how many easy lookers are doing right well in the film industry.

Technically the movie is very persuasive, but they'll never persuade me that Ginger Rogers is a plain-looking gal suffering from past snubs, especially when her eyes, in close-up, turn out to be such a beautiful technicolor blue. The film makes a fundamental blunder, moreover, by overdressing all the women who surround her. They come off as tasteless frumps, and any man with half an eye would pick the Rogers girl, tailored suits and all, without a moment's hesitation.

By far the film's greatest single contribution is to return to public life, Ginger's legs, hidden away the many years since her dancing as Fred Astaire's partner.

I HAVE just seen *Sahara* for the second time, an experience confirming my belief that this is the finest war film to date. I make this statement in full recognition of all the fine recent pictures, including *Action in the North Atlantic*, *Destination Tokyo*, *Casablanca*, *Hangmen Also Die*, and many others. *Sahara* is distinguished by exceptional camera work, fine direction, the best kind of acting that obtains in Hollywood, a reasonable plot, and tight writing. All good films have these attributes, but this has something more—its handling of the Negro.

From the very beginning, the Sudanese Scout, who is meant to represent all Negroes of the United Nations, assumes qualities of leadership never before accorded to a Negro in the films. Not only is he endowed with a knowing ability upon which the expedition depends for its safety, but he

demonstrates the discipline of only the most responsible of leaders.

More important yet, I believe, is writer John Howard Lawson's purpose to have the Negro serve as the symbol of democracy in the fight with captured Nazis. When the Nazi has to be disarmed, the Negro does it—not just a white soldier of "superior" race, whom the Nazi would have preferred. Again, when the Nazi escapes, the Sudanese goes after him, chokes him with his bare hands, and gives up his life in the effort. These actions are deliberate. The Negro, says *Sahara*, is able, disciplined, reliable, courageous, capable of leadership, and would gladly give up his life to further the cause of democracy.

The film also demonstrates a sound policy of collaboration between writer and director. John Steinbeck, author of *Lifeboat*, protests that he meant his Negro to have an important part in the film, instead of the meager role assigned to him. Granted. Had Steinbeck been able to work on the picture during its production, much of the mischief might have been averted. In happy contrast, the sharp synchronization between plot requirement and production fulfillment that characterizes much of *Sahara* was made possible only by director and writer working closely together.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

Sign on a local theater marquee:
"Ten Stars Cry Havoc."

Community Concert

RUDOLF SERKIN recently presented a program of outstanding piano music before a large community audience that filled the Theresa Kaufmann Auditorium of the Ninety-second St. Young Men's Hebrew Association in New York.

The size of the audience and its enthusiastic appreciation of the music indicates the need for more local concerts of this type. There is no reason why all performances by outstanding artists in New York should be centralized in two or three leading concert halls in Manhattan. There are audiences in all parts of the borough—as well as in other boroughs—who will attend, support and enjoy good music by good artists.

The dramatic highlight of the concert was Mr. Serkin's energetic performance of Beethoven's *Appassionata Sonata* in which he brought out the work's emotional intensity. He was less successful in interpreting the contrasting mood of the beautiful *Andante*. His rendition of Mozart's *Variations on a Theme by Gluck*, though precise, was cold and lacked the elegant grace inherent in the composition. The playing of Bach's *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue* was over-intellectualized. Only at the end of the wonderful *Fantasy* did he give expression to its great range of moods, which wander

from dreaminess and introspection to brilliant, dramatic outbursts. The rendition of the *Fugue* failed to drive relentlessly to the great climax of tonal volume and emotional power that Bach apparently intended. Schumann's *Carnival*, portraying a variety of moods and incidents, was performed with tremendous technical facility, although at times with insensitivity to some of the composition's emotional nuances. However, Mr. Serkin succeeded in bringing out the character of some of the more delicate passages at the beginning of the work where he showed that he can play a real pianissimo. But often he gave the impression that he belongs to that school of performers who play the piano as though it were mainly a percussion instrument. Although admiring his technical brilliance, one wishes he would express more of the emotional warmth and sensitivity demanded by many of the compositions he plays.

IN REREADING my review of Elie Siegmeister's fine concert of American Ballads, I realized I reviewed the program rather than the concert. For the performance was received with great enthusiasm by the audience, who insisted upon and received many encores. To me, it was one of the most thrilling and inspiring concerts that I have heard in a very long time. One can only hope that Mr. Siegmeister will present us with more and longer concerts in the near future. PAUL ROSAS.



THE one hundred-twentieth anniversary of Bedrich Smetana's birth was recently celebrated with an American premiere, in concert version, of his opera *Dalibor*.

The story concerns a Czech national hero, who becomes the leader of the people's struggle for emancipation. Such a subject would seem ideal for Smetana, a composer so deeply rooted in the folk music of his people. However, the anticipation of the work was more exciting than one's reaction to the performance. Some of the best thematic material was never developed to what could have been its true potential.

The artists and chorus struggled hard, but a concert version of any opera, especially a practically unknown work, suffers from tremendous handicaps. Because there is no stage action there is little flesh and blood. It is not helped by substituting the gray and black tones of the piano accompaniment for the colorful complexities of a real orchestra. Only the greatest opera could possibly survive this type of presentation. Nevertheless the intense nationalism, the local color, the extensive use of folk material that pervades this work afford sufficient basis for wanting to hear *Dalibor* performed as the composer intended.

B. T.

A group of operas heard at the Metropolitan Opera House will be reviewed soon.

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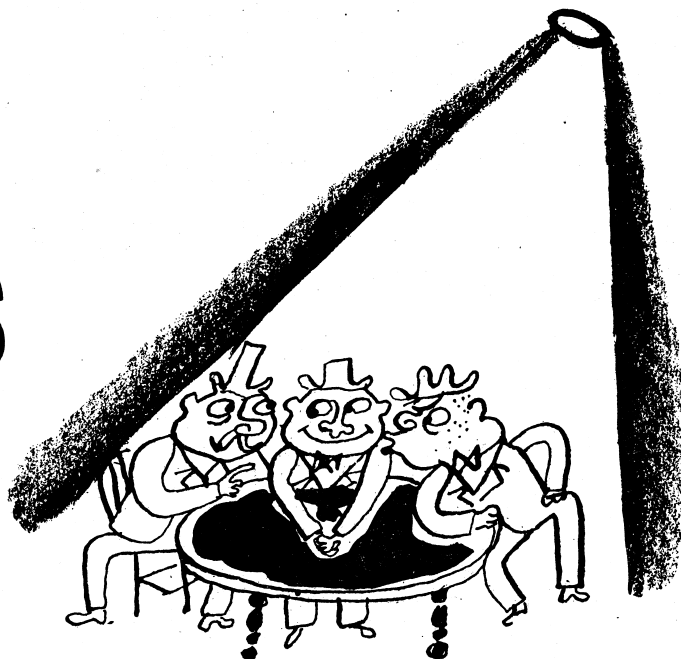
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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

JOHN L. SPIVAK'S LOWDOWN ON A CONSPIRACY



AS YOU read these lines, men are plotting to undermine our war against fascism. They have been working—according to a secret plan—to divert America's attention from the necessities of victory. They plot for a negotiated peace.

They are hard, dangerous men, experienced conspirators against the common good. They hate democracy; they hate our Commander-in-Chief; they hate our Allies. These men have cooperated in the past, and they are working together today to defeat the administration's war plans; to beat FDR in '44; to shatter the perspectives that will lead to a happy, prosperous America and to a peaceful, post-war world.

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