

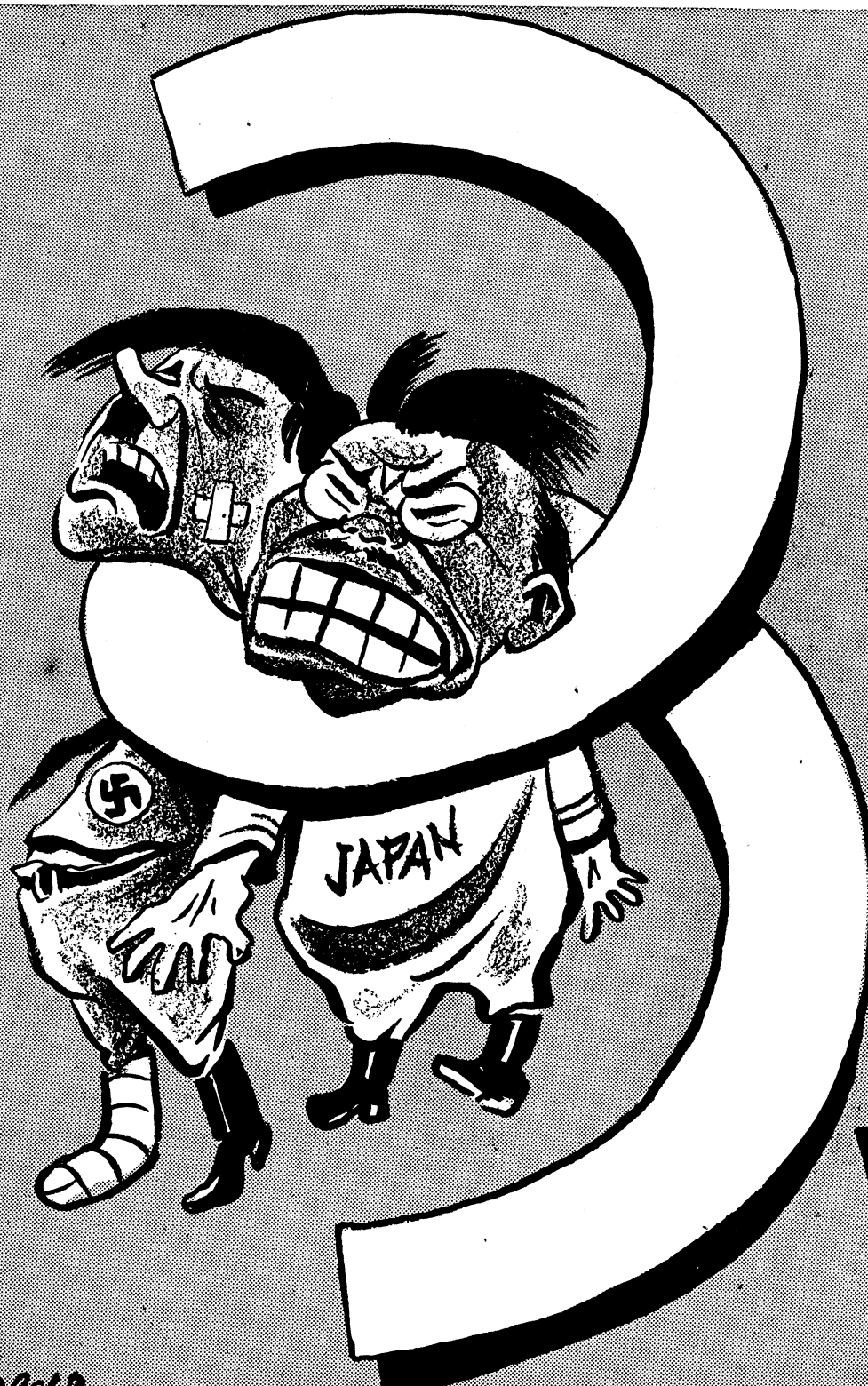
BEHIND THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

by THE EDITORS

NEW MASSES

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DECEMBER 12
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YEARS

BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE long-awaited cultural number (the elections, the Soviet, and Pearl Harbor anniversaries, etc., made prior demands) is now ready and will be published next week. We hope that you will find, as we do, that the quality of the content is such as to overpower all memory of delay and that all will be forgiven. Of particular interest is the first of a series of three articles by Joel Bradford on Arthur Koestler, idol of the despairing and Trotskyite intellectuals. Our readers will recall Mr. Bradford as the skillful and witty polemicist on Santayana and Mumford. He is equally devastating concerning the fuglemen of pseudo-radical thought, whom Lenin characterized as the cheer-leaders of confusion. Their critical encrustations find clinging room, barnacle-like, in the sentiments of Arthur Koestler, who appears to have emerged as their spiritual spokesman. Thus Koestler provides the hone for Mr. Bradford's scalpel. What are the mainsprings of contemporary Trotskyite thought? What inspires the defeatism of Koestler? What makes these people tick? Mr. Bradford handles these questions in a way that brings solid joy to all men of good will.

Samuel Sillen, who, you will agree, has been absent from these pages far too long, is represented in this special issue with a beautiful piece on Benjamin Franklin. He treats Franklin as one of the Americans animated by the "Renaissance" spirit. Franklin was in contact with the most advanced men of his time, was learned in science, politics, and literature. After having read Sillen's prefatory essay in his book of selections from Walt Whitman, you know that this latest piece by one of our foremost critics is required reading. In addition there will be a contribution by Anna Seghers (*Seventh Cross*) on the function of the artist, an original poem by Witter Bynner sent us from Mexico, an illuminating piece by Shostakovich on Tchaikovsky, articles on the theater, movies, and art by Messrs Taylor, Foster, and Soyler respectively, and a fine short story. If you have friends that inhabit the fringes of political action or even thought (and who hasn't?) this cultural issue will provide an effective beater for bringing them into the open. Order your extra copies early.

LIKE all genuine chefs whose pleasure is directly proportional to the number of people that partake of their cooking, NEW MASSES editors and readers want a maximum of people to enjoy writers like Bradford, Sillen, Soyler, and Seghers. Which reflection plumps us right into the middle of the sub contest. On this score we are ready with some figures. The contest started on October 10, some seven weeks

ago (at this writing). In that time some 200 contestants have turned in almost 900 new subscriptions. To the naked ear that may sound like quite a *fait*, but actually this total is more than four-fifths short of our goal of 5,000. Pauline Gitnick, of whom you read in an earlier column, has gone to the hospital with a serious cold. At the moment she is the leading contestant. When one of our staff visited her the other day, this lady said, "I will recuperate much faster if someone beats my total. The prize won't mean a thing if there is no competition, because it will mean that the subs are not rolling in." That, friends, is the true Christmas spirit.

Speaking about Christmas, Lottie Gordon, NM business manager, is anxious to assure you that any subs you order as presents for your friends will be considered as part of the contest. In other words if you plan to give two or more of your friends a sub for Christmas, thereby wisely turning your back on \$125 negligees,

\$65 bottle openers, etc., you will be entitled to one of the many prizes. Read the details on page 28, spare yourself long hours on shopping queues, and send in your order.

THE Sixth War Loan Drive is off under a full-weighted warhead of its own. As victory comes closer, the need for more and more money becomes increasingly urgent. We expect, those of us at home, to be rationed so that our war machine may achieve its maximum efficiency, but it is shocking to learn that ammunition is rationed among our troops on the Western front. If bullets and grenades and bombs must be counted like coins in a poor man's purse, we can scarcely expect overwhelming results. The materials of war take money, lots of it, and the ante for minimum success has been raised. That means we must buy more bonds than we did in the fifth bond drive. Readers of NEW MASSES need no lessons in political reasoning. This is merely a reminder that if you haven't bought a third again as many bonds as you did in the previous drive, you have still some lend-leasing of your own to do.

J. F.

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NEW MASSES

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THREE YEARS OF WAR

GIRDING FOR V-DAY

THREE years ago on a crisp Sunday afternoon the Japanese swooped down over Pearl Harbor and left it a shambles. Out of the disaster that befell us then, out of the shattered illusion that we could protect our security by simply asserting our might—out of all this and more, we have emerged with a sharper consciousness of how such tragedies can be prevented. War is indeed the crucible in which the preventives of future wars are compounded. What we have discovered, then, in this war is that arms alone cannot make us strong. What we have learned is that unity at home linked to coalition abroad are the ingredients of invincibility.

On this third anniversary we can enter many heartening things into the war's ledger. We can record the great courage of American troops tested at Guadalcanal, at Tarawa, on the beaches of Normandy, on Leyte, on the streets of Aachen and Metz. We can take pride in the flood of energy which made possible the American production miracle. We can rejoice in a civilian front that for all the efforts to divide it and consume it in internal conflicts rose above ordinary differences to support presidential policy and give a renewed mandate to Mr. Roosevelt. We made the turn from the period of desperate defense to the crushing offense with a high patriotism and moral fervor that will affect the life of the nation for decades to come.

ALL this is on the credit side. On the other half of the ledger are still to be found the deeds of the unreconstructed, that influential minority who said and still say better Hitler than Stalin, better Munich than Teheran. No one will ever know how much stronger we might have been on the battlefield, how much closer to the end we might be if the willful minority clustered around the Dewey candidacy had been completely driven from public influence. There is no way of calculating the unnecessary deaths they have caused or the penalties we shall have to pay for their plotting and their politics.

They have fortunately lost many major battles. They have suffered several political Stalingrads, several Cassinos. And the biggest blow inflicted on them was the Teheran agreement, whose first anniversary coincides almost exactly with that of Pearl Harbor. In Teheran we have the reversal of the Munich pact to which the United States was not a signatory but whose poisons sickened American policy, leaving the country open to sudden attack in the Pa-

cific. The war was already making clear that the decisive contradictions in world relations were not between the capitalist democracies and the land of socialism, but between the Axis on one side and world democracy on the other. Teheran was the outstanding symbol of the over-all change away from the ruinous division of classes in capitalist states—divisions which projected themselves into the international sphere in the ultimate aim of warring against the Soviet Union while Hitler amassed power by devouring small countries.

Teheran, whose fruits are only beginning to ripen, also removed the false distinction between military cooperation and cooperation after victory. Through joint blows against Hitlerism, Teheran not only released the pent-up energy of the Allied coalition but it opened the door to a future unknown to mankind in the past. For the first time there emerged the possibility of a world without war for many generations. Children can grow to maturity minus the anxiety that their best years would be spent in foxholes. In Europe, where for several hundred years no critical issue has been resolved without war, democratic peaceful solutions are realizable. And more, the cooperation envisaged in Teheran opens broad avenues of construction and trade which the political cleavages of the past prohibited. This is what Teheran makes possible although there are a host of forces and figures operating to impair that agreement and keep it from unfolding. In Europe there are the Pierlots and their counterparts in Greece and Italy. (See page 20 for a discussion of the crisis on the continent.) There are those businessmen in this country whose "American unlimited" politics frightens their British colleagues into seeking anti-Teheran protective measures. Of many problems these are the most seriously in need of urgent Teheran treatment.

For American policy the meeting of Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt marked the dying stages of a damaging isolationism—an isolationism which in the inter-war years became the super-weapon of rampant imperialism. Teheran did not bury American isolationism; but it did dig its grave. For Teheran paved the way for a rich American future in an integrated world where the destiny of the man on the Russian steppe is indivisible from that of his friend on the Texas plain. The American dream was clouded in mist at Pearl Harbor. It came forward again under the sun of Teheran.

THE EDITORS.

GROWTH OF AN ARMY

By COLONEL T.

WHEN two weeks before the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor Prime Minister Churchill, speaking in Commons, said that "in three or four years the United States has in sober fact become the greatest military, naval, and air power in the world," he was not merely throwing posies. He was stating an almost sober fact. We say "almost" because a certain corrective has to be introduced in this appraisal. Mr. Churchill might have said "the greatest military power *in being*," because a power can be the "greatest" military power (assuming that this pertains to *land* power, or the army) in practice only when it can move the "greatest" army to the probable theater of war. Now, the United States, due to its geographical position, can move its armies only across a bridge of ships to such a theater, and therefore cannot expect to deliver the "greatest" army either to Europe or to Asia (or Africa, or Australia for that matter), where the major conflicts of the past and present have developed and are developing.

Aside from this consideration, it must be said that Mr. Churchill was absolutely right. We would be inclined to say that the military development of the United States in these past three years has been only short of miraculous, especially when one thinks of the stove-pipes which served as trench mortars and the ice-trucks which played the part of tanks in the maneuvers of four years ago. Since then we have equipped a field army of probably no less than 5,000,000 men and have been able to lend and lease enormous amounts of arms and equipment to our leading allies as well as to other members of the United Nations.

Our troops hold alone the immensity of the Pacific Ocean from our western coast to the confines of the South China Sea and from the Arctic Circle to the Tropic of the Capricorn. Our troops fight in China and in Burma. Three dozen of our armored and infantry divisions are fighting on the approaches to the Rhine. Our troops fight in Italy. They garrison distant outposts such as Greenland, Iceland, the Cape Verde Islands, and so forth. From the Port of New York we have come to Aachen, Strasbourg, and Livorno. From the Port of San Francisco we have returned to Leyte. We have wrested New Guinea and the Marianas from the enemy. If

we draw lines from our countless outposts and fronts to the center of the country we will have the pattern of a rising military sun. And the center of that sun will not be in Tokyo, but somewhere in Kansas whence, symbolically, General Ike Eisenhower came. The rays of that sun reach around the world and meet somewhere in India.

Three years ago we had a one-ocean navy, and a severely battered one at that. Our Air Force was smaller even than many people thought. Our Army was hardly the numerical equivalent of the Hungarian army. Today we have the strongest air force in the world, and a navy equivalent to all others combined.

WE WERE hit straight on the nose, as most peace-loving democracies usually are hit. Our turn came on the twenty-fourth Sunday after the Sunday when the first shot was fired by the Germans against Brest-Litovsk. And, as real, courageous, and inherently strong democracies always do, we rose to the occasion, we wiped the blood off our nose, rolled up our sleeves and settled down to work. Eight months after Pearl Harbor we landed on Guadalcanal and started the long trek back to the Philippines. Eleven months after Pearl Harbor we landed a big army in North Africa, setting a world record for massed amphibious operations. Since then we have made a world name for ourselves in that particular and very difficult field, topping our own record by landing a quarter of a million men on the beaches of Normandy in an incredibly short time.

Three years ago our Flying Fortresses

were a novelty. Today we have super-flying Fortresses which have an effective bombing radius of 1,500 miles, twice longer than that of the earlier bombers. Their flights now span the entire space between Central China and the Marianas, throwing a menacing canopy over the Philippines, Formosa, and at least part of the Japanese home islands. Tokyo and Seoul (Korea), Shanghai and Canton, Manila and Singapore are within their range. And there is more to this achievement than the building of the Superforts: there is the amazing engineering job of building the Saipan air base. Listen to Bert Andrews describe it in the New York *Herald Tribune*: "So much has been done in the five months since Saipan was invaded that it makes newcomers to the island search in vain for adjectives with which to do it justice.

"From a huge series of cuts in a hillside that is too low to be dignified by the name of mountain, they see steam-shovels scooping out endless gashes of coral rock.

"All this began almost immediately after the invasion—began indeed when Tokyo Rose was telling her English-speaking listeners that Japan was confident it would be impossible to build a base anywhere in the Marianas big enough to hold bombers great enough to threaten Japan.

"Six days after the Saipan invasion aviation engineers took over, refilled 600 holes in the Japanese Aslito Air-drome and within twenty-four hours sat back and beamed as the first Thunderbolt of the 7th AAF flew in to a safe landing.

U. S. Army Losses to October, 1944

	Killed	Missing	Wounded	Prisoners	Total
Asiatic Front	1,222	921	1,603	159	3,805
Central Pacific	2,344	622	5,273	10	8,249
South Pacific	2,504	504	7,278	8	10,294
Southwest Pacific	4,420	2,029	9,661	1,065	17,175
Philippines (excl. of present campaign	1,101	14,933	1,690	12,892	30,616
North American	1,305	52	1,052	0	2,409
Middle East	823	1,886	639	1,693	5,041
North African	25,876	5,564	79,216	13,376	124,002
European (exclusive of attack on Siegfried Line)	45,316	28,500	136,642	25,277	235,735

"Within five days Great Haul Road was built. . . .

"There was the matter of figures. There are seven miles of taxiways on one airfield alone. One of them has two service aprons, each of which would have been considered adequate for a bomber strip five years ago. In building the B-29 base it was necessary to move 4,000,000 square yards of rock and coral to tear down a bluff which stood in the way; to ship in asphalt in solid state and liquefy it in specially constructed vats; to mix it with crushed rock quarried near by; to heat it and to rush it to runways and taxiways by speeding trucks before it cooled.

"These are a few reasons why aviation engineers were among the men who stood on the field as the B-29's took off and who shared with them the pride over a venture that makes the Great Haul Road one of the main roads to Tokyo."

This is a magnificent example of things truly American which make Mr. Churchill's phrase a reflection of reality instead of an oratorical figure. In the taking of Saipan you find a sort of microcosm of martial heroism, tenacity

in holding it and engineering and organizational genius in developing it.

And now—what about the cost? The cost in money and in blood? We are spending on the war a quarter of a billion dollars a day, or nearly \$2.00 for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Almost a million dollars every five minutes; \$2,893 every second. The war to date has probably cost us close to a *quarter of a trillion* dollars.

Here are some of the details of the cost of the war: a Liberty ship costs \$1,660,000; a Superfortress bomber costs \$600,000; a light tank costs 322,500; a 50-caliber machine gun costs \$200. About \$50,000,000 of equipment flew at one time over Tokyo the other day, with every Superfortress carrying the equivalent of a *railroad tank car* in gasoline—or what amounts to a seventy-car train for the one raid.

Stupendous as these figures are, dollars look pretty puny in comparison with human life. Between December 7, 1941 and November 15, 1944 our losses in round figures have been as follows: The total in all types of casualties for all our armed forces is 537,000, of which 461,000 are Army casualties and

76,000 Navy casualties. They break up thus:

	Army	Navy
Killed	89,840	29,480
Missing	57,514	9,326
Wounded	258,106	32,600
Prisoners	55,598	4,486

A breakdown of our Army casualties according to the various fronts is very interesting and show that the European front holds first place and the North African front, second (see table, page 4).

Thus the interrelated European and North African campaigns account for a little more than eighty percent of our total casualties.

While the ratio between fatalities inflicted by our troops on the Germans and those inflicted by the Germans on us has not yet been calculated, it has been stated officially that for 21,000 of our dead in the war against Japan 277,000 Japanese have been killed by us. This is a ratio of roughly 1:13 in our favor.

So this is the magnificent factual, if fragmentary, record of the three years of America at war. Pearl Harbor, day of national mourning and wrath, has actually proved to be the day of the birth of unprecedented American glory.

KEY TO FAR EASTERN VICTORY

By FREDERICK V. FIELD

WITHIN three months after Pearl Harbor Japan's forces conquered an area equal to half of the United States and inhabited by 125,000,000 colonial people. Only in the Philippines a heroic team of Filipino and American fighters held their toehold on Bataan and on Corregidor, and did not surrender until May 6, 1942. The Japanese schedule was delayed. On the very day that Corregidor gave up, our naval forces won their first real victory in the historic Battle of the Coral Sea.

While the Japanese made advances after that, their bolt was shot. Our smashing victory at Midway started us on the long road back. Now, three years after Pearl Harbor, Americans are flying Superfortresses from bases 1,500 miles away to tear the heart out of Japanese militarism in Tokyo, while tens of thousands of our troops relentlessly drive the hated Japanese into a corner of Leyte Island and from there into the sea.

While the American military accomplishment has been brilliant, Pearl Harbor is not yet avenged.

Against Japan, we do not yet have a real coalition of the nations and peoples at war with Tokyo. We do not yet have a functioning alliance in the military sense nor have we mutually faced many of the gigantic political problems whose solution in large part is a prerequisite of victory. To date only the beginnings have been made. The Atlantic Charter, which held so much promise to the colonial and semi-colonial peoples of Asia, has not been given any specific application to them. On the contrary, the conditions and reservations placed upon its principles by the British Prime Minister have tended to nullify the Charter's potential role in rallying the active support of these colonial people.

A great deal remains to be done before a great popular upheaval spearheaded by Allied armies sweeps down upon the Japanese enemy. In the occupied sections of the Far East and the Pacific—except where progressively led guerrillas have been able to operate—we do not have organized resistance and liberation movements. Nor for the area

as a whole have we strongly put forth those political ideas without which the indigenous populations are left without incentive for militant action.

Much as the reactionaries, both here and in China, have tried to make us believe that the crisis of the Chungking government has resulted from our failure to supply Chiang Kai-shek's forces with sufficient modern arms, the facts that emerged with the recall of General Stilwell have thoroughly disproved this false thesis. The major cause of China's weakness is not the lack of heavy artillery or of airplanes but the defeatist and often treacherous rule of the Chungking bureaucracy, whose semi-feudal base of power would be destroyed by the internal reforms required to bring unity and strength to the country.

In a wider sphere similar factors explain the backwardness of the entire Far Eastern war effort. From the northern tip of Manchuria to the southernmost tip of Dutch Timor and from India in the west across Burma, Thailand, Indo-China, the Malay States, and the Netherlands Indies we are concerned with

areas which are colonial and semi-colonial and whose internal economies are still heavily weighed down by semi-feudal relationships.

It is being argued in certain responsible American circles that we can defeat Japan by ourselves. The weakness of our Chinese ally and the reluctance of Great Britain to adopt even the most moderate reforms in their colonial policy feed that school of thought. But consider for a moment what such a "go-it-alone" policy will mean. It implies writing off China and Great Britain as serious military factors in the Far East and it disregards the possibility of developing joint military actions with all those countries now at war with Japan. It implies the destruction of the Japanese navy by our fleet alone and the wrecking of Japanese industry by our bombers. These developments might be accompanied by landings on the China coast for the purpose of establishing advance air bases, but these landings would be primarily American operations. The "go-it-alone" school envisages, as a final stage, the naval encirclement of Japan, with or without a token occupation of the Yokohama-Tokyo area, followed by a prolonged period in which the Japanese would be allowed to stew in their own juice. There would remain, if such a fantastic course were pursued, the slight problem of how to cope with the two million-odd Japanese troops now on the China mainland, and the entire colonial area which, with the exception of the Philippines, would not yet have been liberated.

I have heard this "go-it-alone" talk and variations of it spoken with all seriousness by individuals in positions of responsibility. Unless it is vigorously combated, it will prevail in some form or other because the political and economic condition of the Far Eastern area provides exactly the right kind of soil in which such ideas thrive.

While the failure to develop true coalition warfare against Japan may not go to anything like these extremes, any form of war short of genuine military and political cooperation will be disastrous. The defeat of Japan will take much longer, it will be much more costly, and in the process it will inevitably create conditions which will spell insecurity and more conflict after this war is over. For the fact is that unless China emerges, in the course of the war, as a strong nation there can be no thought of establishing a durable postwar security system. The alternative to a strong, independent, democratic China in the postwar Far East is a return to the pre-war imperialist relationships which had such tragic consequences

in keeping that part of the world undeveloped and unstable.

The political and military problems of the Far Eastern war may be considered in two groups. The first is the problem of Chinese disunity at home and her consequent weakness in the war; the second is the problem of the colonies whose status, with the notable exception of the Philippines, has not been sufficiently advanced to make them militant and reliable allies in the war or positive factors for postwar security. Great Britain and the United States are closely involved in both problems, with France and the Netherlands playing a secondary, though vital, role.

Only a section of China has broken the bonds of semi-feudalism and semi-colonialism and embarked upon the road of democratic unity. And it is that section, China's northwest and northern guerrilla areas under Communist leadership, which has the most consistently effective military record against the Japanese. That record has been established in the face of incredible obstacles. The north and northwest were not only the most backward parts of China where land relationships were medieval, but those areas have been subject to an internal blockade directed from Chungking as well as to the military isolation which the whole country has suffered since shortly after Pearl Harbor. The Communist areas have proved beyond doubt that even under seemingly impossible circumstances a democratic nation capable of fighting the enemy on the battlefield can be welded.

It has been one of President Roosevelt's historic contributions to the war in the Far East that from the very first he has seen the necessity of a strong, unified Chinese nation. His was the influence which placed China nominally among the high command of the United Nations. His has been the leadership which has struggled to supply content to the shell of Chinese strength through helping to bring about the conditions of internal Chinese unity. President Roosevelt has taken the only wise course possible in the war against Japan. He has associated the influence of the United States with the needs of the vast majority of the Chinese people, within and outside the Kuomintang, for a government of all those elements in China willing to fight the Japanese under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. He has consequently lent our influence to pressing for the ousting of the treacherous elements in the Chinese government and armies, in behalf of cooperation among all the military forces of the nation, and for a high command capable of handling the problems of modern warfare.

There is evidence that the obstacles to Chinese unity are slowly being removed. The original conditions for Chinese reform, voiced by the Chinese people themselves and supported by our government, remain intact and are beginning to be acted upon. The historic alliance which is thus being formed between the Chinese people and the United States demands the strongest possible support against its enemies.

IF THERE is ground for encouragement about the scene in China this is not yet so with respect to the second group of Far Eastern problems, the colonial world. The record in this respect is dismal. The attitude of the United States in reaffirming its pledge to give the Filipinos independence stands out in sharp contrast to the bankruptcy of colonial policy elsewhere. The Dutch, it is true, have offered slight concessions to their colonial people, but their complete failure to give any evidence of progress in their West Indian possessions, which after all have not been under enemy occupation, does not fill me with confidence as to the nobility of their intentions in the East Indies.

In the British colonial sphere the tragic story of India is well known. The sum total is that India, despite her powerful anti-Japanese movement, is at present more of a trap than a base for large scale military operations; that central and southern Burma are not being attacked, not for lack of military force but for fear of the political consequences of arousing the Burmese people; that what reforms have been indicated in general colonial policy are paced at a foot an hour while history proceeds at a mile a minute.

The result? These vast colonial areas with their immense resources and populations remain at best a purely negative factor in the war. And we are heading into a postwar situation wherein neither the political nor economic requirements of world security can be met by these colonies.

The error is not entirely that of the British Tories or of Britain's spokesman, Mr. Churchill. The error, if such colossal stupidity can be defined by so mild a term, lies just as much with us.

Here is the dilemma which Washington and London have not begun to solve or even grasp. Great Britain—and when I speak of that nation I speak also of the other colonial powers—will emerge from the war a debtor nation whose capital has been expended, whose plant has been largely destroyed, and which faces the kind of no-blows-barred commercial competition endorsed by

(Continued on page 25)

I GIVE YOU MY WORD . . . by JOSEPH NORTH

A GLIMPSE OF AMERICA

IF YOU could stand on some imaginary Pike's Peak and if Providence had lent you a magic gift of vision enabling you to look into the hearts of the cities and farmsteads today, three years after Pearl Harbor, what would you find? Bypassed by Providence and possessing no greater point of eminence than the third floor cubicle of a New York office building, I have the temerity to try a guess. Or perhaps more than a guess. For it is my fortune to have taken to the highways a bit, to have met and talked with a great many good, and some evil, men and women, and to have had access to the information available to anybody who can read. And I have some opinions.

WHAT I see is guided by these *a priori* beliefs: first, that there are certain years in mankind's life into which the ordinary processes of decades, generations, are packed. These are the years. I feel a breath-taking tempo in our national life: the old yields to the new. I see, despite all concocted obfuscations, a resurgence of pride in our nationhood, replenished with a new factor, the recognition of ourselves as world citizens. When I hear the rifle-shots in Athens and Brussels I share the anguish our whole people feels, but I have confidence that they recognize these phenomena as perilous to the welfare of us all: that the shootings in Greece and Belgium hurt us as much as volleys against citizens of Philadelphia or Chicago. And I am certain our citizens will say just that. I know that fascism, thrashing about in death agony, will take its toll, that there will be many crises, many bleak moments, but I believe it would be folly to confuse those moments with the era. We who chose the policies of Franklin Roosevelt a few weeks ago, marched with those shot down in Europe the other day, and the blood shed there is ours. I can hear our citizenry saying just that. They will not let those moments become the era. And woe to those who think they will.

FOR from this third floor eminence I see, first and foremost, a nation fastened by a myriad of ties to the frontlines of fire. I see a world-minded citizenry that has created a citizens' army and the camaraderie between uniform and mufti is the dominant aspect of the nation's unity. That camaraderie springs from a common recognition of the war's imperatives. The face of the monster is known to the majority and the pledge is irrevocable that he be exterminated, and that pledge has unified the nation.

For these reasons I see America more single-minded in purpose, three years after Pearl Harbor, than at any time in our national history. The great mass of our nation demand a legacy from this war, the maintenance of our unity, and in their compelling surge for it, they will, in company with their counterparts on all the continents, demand the silence of those volleys in Athens and Brussels, as they are silencing the batteries of the Wehrmacht. The supreme test of this age has been the war against Hitler, and the people did not fall short. They will fight that enemy in any form they find him.

There were fainthearts who felt we could never march unitedly against the common enemy; Hitler predicated his strategy on that belief, and it is Hitler that failed. There were those who clamored that the capitalist world and the socialist world could never resolve their differences to cooperate against a mutual enemy, and who sneered at the imperatives of coalition warfare. Those imperatives operate, and will continue to operate in the peace, and I believe that our citizenry as well as those of other lands have attained an eminence of awareness that will maintain the triumphant cooperation—and it is that that is decisive.

I AM sure these are not the daydreams of wishful thinking. I have evidence aplenty, but I wish to cite just one sample of that evidence. Never did I feel all this more certainly than at the CIO convention, for I feel I know those delegates and I know they speak for *more* than themselves. I think I caught the essence of their idea and I saw the shape of their vision, on which they claim no monopoly. They would be the last to claim it.

I saw the contemporary pioneers, I sensed a new pioneering spirit in our folk. Yes, the frontiers of nature have disappeared, but the boundaries of the CIO vision extend beyond the boldest of Daniel Boone's. What did they see?

I believe President Murray gives you the gist of the vision in his Reemployment Plan which articulates the aspirations of all good and intelligent men. He saw an America strong and cooperative, a leader among equals in this world of powers. He saw, as our Chief Executive sees, a nation of producers, sixty million strong, laboring at the goods to satisfy our country's needs and that will help satisfy the world's needs. He saw a world prospering, peaceful, mutually helpful. He saw "teamwork on the part of labor, industry, and government in organizing production around an over-all national plan." That plan envisaged conquering the totality of our abundance as the dams have conquered the might of the Tennessee: it saw a nation on wings. It saw broad, clean highways and the elimination of the slum; it saw more doctors, more scientists, more teachers. It encompassed the annual guaranteed wage for the workingman, as well as for the farmer and the employer. But foremost, it recognized that we cannot go it alone; that the plan's success hinges upon the coordination of world markets and the joint harnessing of ambitions.

Do I hear the word "impossible"? That word has no place in today's lexicon. The blood of millions has wiped it from mankind's dictionary. Mr. Murray's plan is the only possible one: all else is Utopian, is the wishful thinking of mankind's enemies. A contrary plan was proposed by those who stood for election against Roosevelt and it was their Utopia that was rejected. A contrary plan is proposed in the volleys at Athens and Brussels, and that plan, too, will be rejected. *It is not realistic.* It belongs to the Utopia of Herbert Hoover, to a dream of yesterday. Gentlemen, it is not practical.

Yes, the seismograph on this imaginary Pike's Peak sees stormy weather continuing. But we know that the sowers of plenty are indefatigable, fearless of all hazards, and they will never let up. They have, in our generation, suffered all that life can possibly offer and their experience has brought common wisdom. They know they can fashion history, and they will not be denied.

DIARY OF A SOLDIER

By S/S. LAWRENCE EMERY

Utah, May 15.

THE street I was on is one of those typical of western towns—quiet, tree-lined, with small homes set well back from the sidewalk, each with a lawn and flowers and shrubs. The sun was going down (it stays light here now until after nine o'clock). I was walking east so that the last rays were coming from behind me. Ahead were the Rockies and as I walked I watched the peaks in the gathering darkness and the clouds above them turned from red to pink to purple and finally to no color at all. Kids were out playing before most of the houses, and men and women were busy working in their gardens or sitting on their porches, smoking and talking quietly as the day ended. The whole street seemed to be bathed in a simple contentedness, and it struck me how far I've always been from this part of America—the part that has its roots deep, the part that lives in its own little house and tends its own little flower garden and raises kids and dogs and serves as an anchor for the nation—solid, substantial, and slow to change. And then I started looking and found there was scarcely a house without a service star in a window. Every one of them had given a son or brother or husband. And I realized too that behind this peaceful front, inside these quiet houses, there rage all the storms that afflict man: jealousy, and greed, and fear, and weakness, race prejudice and intolerance, restlessness and ambition and striving, hopes and worries, failures and defeat—all this as well as courage and strength and faith. And I wondered how many were happy in the middle of their little patch of grass, and how many were troubled and unsure and unhappy. I was still wondering about this when I came to my address.

There weren't many people at the party. They all fitted comfortably into the living room and kitchen. They were small-town folks, the kind of unsophisticated gathering one never finds in New York. We played games: one leaves the room, comes back to identify a person picked in his absence, or comes back to point to a book singled out while he was gone. And the old game where one, blindfolded, names the person his partner points to. And card games and coin tricks. Only beer was served and everyone drank it sparingly. Later coffee and sandwiches were brought out. And I

had so much pleasure watching how little these people needed for a good time that I just stayed on and on.

May 21.

WE HAD the entire chapel to ourselves. Like all buildings given over to God and His works, the place was very quiet and restful. I played the Emperor Concerto, and Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, which I found among the chapel records. I played Beethoven's Quartet No. 12 in E Flat, Opus 127, Mozart's Symphony No. 29, the Coriolan Overture, and Brahms' Alto Rhapsody sung by Marian Anderson.

Guess I needed to hear some music. It is better than any tonic I know (except being with E or getting letters from her). It soothes and strengthens at the same time. And it helps to get the perspective into sharp focus. Maybe that is what the truly religious seek in their religion, but I think music is far more effective. Religion is too much a salve for wounds of the spirit; it helps one, I guess, to "bear" one's burdens. But music, especially the music of Beethoven, is vigorous and defiant and militant. It has nothing in common with burden-bearing. It overcomes the burden. It proclaims the supremacy of reason over all obstacles and all adversaries. That is why I place Beethoven in the same company with Marx and Engels and Lenin and Stalin. That second movement in the Fourth Concerto, that mighty duel between the piano and the orchestra, to me seems to contain the essence of all struggle and all conflict, and it is resolved so perfectly and so completely that it stands for all time as the supreme expression of faith and confidence in the final ascendancy of man as a rational being over all the forces of evil and backwardness and enslavement.

June 6.

I GUESS most Americans must be thinking of the same thing tonight, the boys who are spearheading the invasion. It is all up to them now and they carry the future with them.

I can't help thinking of the guys who were first to land, the men in the vanguard, and especially the paratroopers. Basically, they are the same kind of guys I've complained about. There are fools among them, and backward men, and those who don't know why they are

fighting. They are taking their limitations into battle with them, and in spite of that we can depend upon them. They'll do their job and they'll go through. There will be gallant men and many heroes among them. Only a few will shirk or crack up. What a nation this will be when all the limitations are removed! Even with all our weaknesses Hitler can't stand against us—and, if we believe the reports of all the correspondents who have written on the subject, he is being beaten by boys who are fighting for hot dogs, ice cream sodas, blackberry pie, American beer and pin-up girls.

June 9.

I GO out of my way every day to get a newspaper. But the papers don't tell us much. They don't even begin to give the story, nor to suggest the *quality* of the effort our boys are making. Our losses must be shocking; they have to be. You cannot head into a fort in an open boat, and race across an open beach in the face of murderous fire, and get through unhurt. It is one thing for the man in front to go down; it is something else for the man behind to climb over him and keep going. That's what they are doing. What gives them the drive? They are ordinary guys. And it is more than an instinct; men don't come equipped with an instinct for that kind of fighting. There is some sort of an idea behind their action. Maybe it is the vague, undefined idea that Benet wrote of, but it is something. Anyway, my hat is off to these guys. They are fighting my fight the way I'd like it fought. And I only hope that if ever I get into a spot like theirs, I'll perform as creditably.

Meanwhile I'll perform as creditably as I can wherever I find myself. I reflected today that in wartime only a tiny fraction of an army can be in action at a given time. There must be millions of reserves in the Red Army, too. And they must be as impatient and dissatisfied as I.

July 17.

NEVER in all history has there been a war fought as the Russians are fighting now, with a force and power and speed undreamed of. And never has a people had such hatred and such contempt for an enemy. Ehrenburg's piece,

which I received today, breathes with such utter detestation as almost to be frightening. That is what we lack. Our people haven't learned yet to hate. When will we? We will fight a good, solid, smart, competent, and triumphant war; but will it ever attain the grandeur of a liberating crusade such as the Red Army is waging?

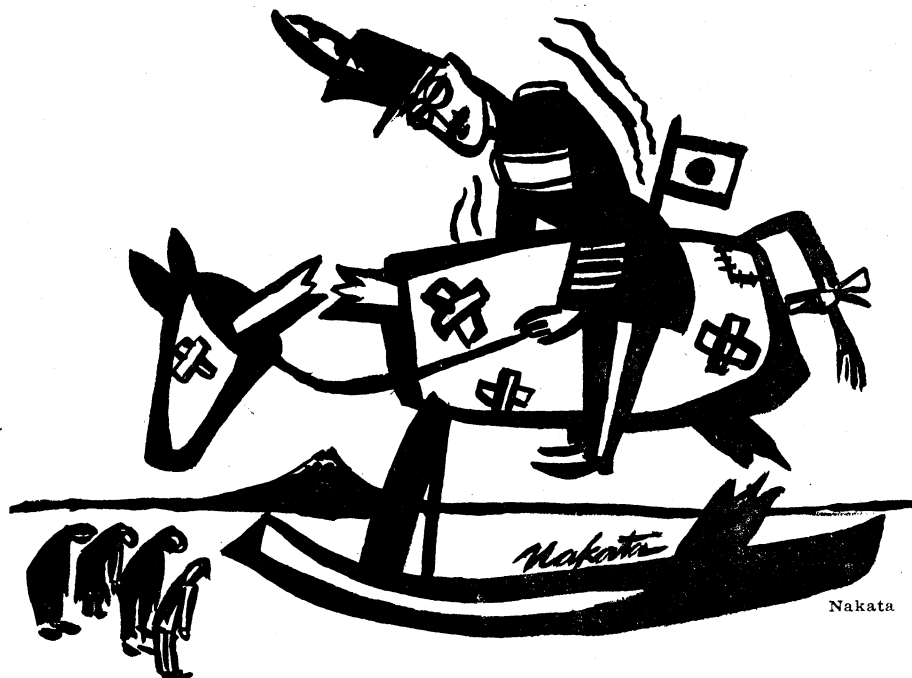
And now, after more than two years in the Army, I'm about to embark to do the job allotted to me. It is not the job I would pick if the choice were mine. But it *will* be a job, and maybe in the total, over-all picture, it will have its own special little importance, and maybe from it I will be able to draw the satisfaction of knowing, when it's all over, that I helped. In any case, whatever the job, it will get the best I've got. The important things, the lasting things, we know. Our love, our hopes, our intense determination to do everything we can to get this war won as quickly as possible.

Of course I'm saddened at the thought of not seeing E again before I go. It may be a long time. But it would be small and selfish if that sadness amounted to anything more than just that. For compensation there is the past years of almost weekly visits, and in that we were far luckier than most and we had far more than we would have taken for ourselves had we been able to regulate our own lives.

And so tonight, all things considered, I feel basically and deeply satisfied that now at long last, I too go to the wars to do my small part, and neither disappointment nor sadness nor longing for E shall keep me from saying, "O.K. boys, let's go! And let's give 'em hell!"

South Pacific, September 9.

WELL, this morning I took my first airplane ride. Figured I couldn't very well come out of the Air Corps without ever getting off the ground, so up I went. The flight was only for practice, so there wasn't any danger. Nevertheless, I must admit that I felt pretty scary for awhile. After all, I've been earthbound for thirty-eight years, and breaking such an old habit suddenly isn't done every day. I've been associating for years now with men to whom flying is as commonplace as riding a street car; still that didn't prevent *me* from being nervous. Anyhow, I enjoyed it. It is something to see a bird soaring far below you and to be able to say: "Hiya, brother." In taking off I was in a spot where I couldn't see much and I never knew the moment when we left the



ground and were airborne. But coming back I was quite conscious of the instant we made contact. In addition to sweating out the take-off, and sweating out the landing, I sweated out the first steep bank we made. One wing flipped up, the other wing flipped down, and I thought, "My God, this ship can't fly at this angle; it's impossible." Of course, it's just as ordinary as doing a left-face at drill.

I wonder how many of the men who fly every day can remember their first flight, and I wonder if they were as nervous as I was? Like everything else, it's just a matter of getting used to it. Anyway, I was up about three hours and a half, and I guess I'll go again first chance I get. . . . I've always had a lot of respect for the men who fly in combat. Now it's a little more so, because today, chirring along on what was practically a joy-ride, I tried to visualize what it might be like to have flak bursting and spitting on all sides and a half-dozen enemy fighters boring in on you. The boys who go through that repeatedly as part of the day's work are winning this war the hard way. They rate the best for my money. And I can also realize a little better the full meaning behind that common, ordinary, prosaic phrase: "One of our aircraft failed to return. . . ."

September 26.

THE native ironing clothes. Of course, it looked very incongruous to see a pressing establishment in the middle of a primitive jungle, and we wondered what soldier could be so fussy as to in-

sist on having his shirts and pants faultlessly creased out here. In any case, no expensive French hand laundry could take more pains than did this native. He made every fold and every crease with the utmost care, and he did it quite expertly, too. Turned out he spoke pretty fair English. I gave him a cigarette and we talked quite a while. When we asked him how old he was, he said, "I twenty-three, and no wife." He grinned at that. I would have liked to discuss the matter of matrimony with him, but I was afraid his vocabulary would bog down. I wondered what connection there might be between his age and his singleness that made him so automatically link the two. Anyway, the natives all look pretty intelligent, and it is difficult to realize that it is not so many years that they have been weaned away from head-hunting and even cannibalism. As a matter of fact, there are regions on this island where government control has not yet penetrated, and there these old pastimes are still pursued.

On our walk back we encountered two Aussie soldiers, one carrying a butterfly net. And that was an incongruous sight. The Diggers are rakish looking fellows with their broad-brimmed campaign hats, and they are as rough and rugged a bunch of soldiers as you'll find in any army on earth. It didn't seem right that they should spend their off-duty hours chasing butterflies. But it turns out that butterflies over here grow as big as birds and the Aussies mount them and frame them and send them home as souvenirs.

September 27.

SPEAKING of literary fame—somebody in the shack today turned up an ad for *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. "I seen that," somebody said. "Damned good picture." "What was it about?" another asked. "It was about an American guy in the Spanish-American—I mean the Spanish Civil War. He was a spy or something." "I thought it was about Norway." "Naw, this is the one about the guy who goes up on a mountain and sleeps with a Spanish gal." "Oh yeah, I saw that." And thus, for my money, the last word has been spoken on both Hemingway and Steinbeck for their famed masterpieces concerning man's war against fascism. The *Moon* and the *Bell* went down to the well and both fell in together. . . .

October 11.

I've finished the Fast book, *The Unvanquished*. It is a tremendous book and excellent reading for this war because the deep and basic aims of that one are being continued today. And even the men in the ranks are strangely alike, though so far separated in time. You'll never quite realize what suffering what anguish went into the creation of this country until you've read it. I would say that our friend Fast is a logical successor to Stephen Vincent Benet—and I consider that high praise indeed.

October 14.

THE wind is still blowing; this is the fourth day and it is becoming a bit

tiresome. It is not a wind that blows in gusts and puffs, fitfully, but a wind that blows with a steady, unvarying pressure, a sustained and even push, hour after hour, day after day. Anyway, our tent still holds, although it sags wearily away from the blast. But the sea has been churned up and tonight the tide rose higher than ever before. An angry, foaming surf pelted our shore line, and pushed itself up and over the small ridge behind the beach. It came flooding to the very door of our tent. Too late we sought to dam it away from our fresh water well; it crashed through and now, unless drainage and seepage takes care of it, we'll have to dig a new one. But these are small details, and of little importance.

Today was Sunday and for supper we had fried rabbit. The last time I ate rabbit I was with E; it was at Barbetta's, I remember, and it wasn't fried, but prepared en casserole, and good. Little did we suspect then that my next rabbit would be eaten out here. . . . For this meal there was no wine, no attentive waiter, no crisp table-cloth and no gleaming silver, and no E on the other side of the table. Nevertheless it was a damned good meal and I enjoyed it, and it reminded me not only of Barbetta's, but of days long past when I was a kid in California and we made many a Sunday dinner of fresh tender cottontails which I had shot and dressed myself. And in this way a rabbit becomes the thread that ties a couple of loose ends of a life together. You see, I have

to write of such things—weather and food and remembrances—because military censorship rules out the things I'd most like to write about.

In addition to being Sunday, this is October, the beginning of Autumn when the leaves turn and the days become mellow and cool. Here the month of October is no more than a conventional mark on a calendar. There is but one season here, and that is the season of death and destruction for the enemy, and the crop is harvested daily—and nightly. There is no rest for the Jap, no time and no place of rest. For wherever he is, on land, at sea, or in the air, at home or in his conquered lands, he is being shot and bombed and sunk and downed, and where this sudden death has passed him by he is left to drag out the lingering one of starvation. And until this crop is in, there shall be no October, no seasons, no pause, no rest, just the high, hot equatorial sun, and the warm bright moon, days and nights of violence, until the Jap's trail of conquest and oppression shall be marked by his heaped-up bones and the ruins of all his works—and when the bones are heaped high enough, and bleached white enough by the flaming sun, then it shall be October for all of us, a time of rest and a return to the comforts and pleasures and the companionships and loves of peace. Not before.

Tonight, I discovered, in our library, a volume called *The Night of the Summer Solstice*. I had never heard of it before, although it was first published in 1943. It is a collection of Soviet war stories. The title is taken from the lead story: if you remember, that war began on the night of June 21—the shortest night of the year, or the longest day, if you prefer. And maybe that was what started me on the seasons: on the day of the Nazi attack summer had already begun to wane, and the winter of fascism was coming on. The winter, and the last, cold death.

Today our little daily mimeographed news bulletin contained General Eisenhower's proclamation to the German people. What a document! To me, it rates an honored place beside the Gettysburg address. It has the same magnificent eloquence of utter simplicity. This short proclamation, stripped and bare, written in the curt, clipped words of military usage, sounds the death knell of Hitlerism. "We come as conquerors. . . . We shall obliterate Nazism. . . . We shall overthrow the Nazi rule and abolish the cruel, oppressive, and discriminatory laws and institutions which



King Canute: "It didn't work last time, but I'll try again."

the party has created. . . .” Lord, what music is in those words—words which some of us have been longing to hear (and working to make possible) all the long, bloody horrible years since 1933. . . . But at last they are spoken—and backed by the greatest combination of military might in all history. You should get that document engraved, and framed, and hang it in the place of honor on your walls, for it gives the full meaning to all our struggles.

MEMO FROM BEHIND THE LINES

By PVT. CLARENCE WEINSTOCK

Somewhere in Italy.

SINCE I wrote, I have been in France and back again to Italy, transferred to another outfit. Of course I regretted leaving France but I had to, to do the kind of work I've been looking for—soldier orientation and education. I've only been on it a little over two weeks and there's much ice to be broken, but a crack or two is showing already. You have to overcome a great deal of initial indifference and cynicism toward the whole question of morale, because morale is not “operational,” doesn't weigh 500 pounds, or blow up a bridge. For instance, my own squadron, a fairly large one, has not had a day room for an entire year. They've only now been persuaded to set one up, to build a library, and institute a news center and organized discussion groups. I'd appreciate any odd copies of books on all matters which you can afford—for the squadron has absolutely nothing in the way of appropriate literature. With the approach of the election, the War Council books are like a lot of tonsillectomy cases—can't talk.

Some day I'll tell you all about France. I got around a lot, to Aix-en-Provence, Salon, Arles, Avignon, up the Rhone to Lyon, Grenoble, the lower Alps, Dijon, Dole, Vesoul and, at the last, Marseilles. I spent most of my time with the Maquis, particularly in the Jura and the small mountain villages where they were most active—and the Germans most bestial.

The people of the resistance are the eagles of France. If de Gaulle is a symbol of victory for them, he will be only so long as he remains loyal to the memory and awake to the meaning of their accomplishments. I know there are many people who would like to minimize what the underground did in France. But I am sure the editors of *Time* would not have changed places with those of *L'Humanite* who, in the last days of the German occupation, published a full size newspaper with the appeal “All Paris to the barricades!” and printed their Paris address on the masthead. Only ruffians are guilty of such bad taste. The editors of *Time*, not being ruffians, would probably have announced boldly, after the Germans had left, that they really disliked the table manners of those dreadful boors with whom they were forced to dine.

The editors of *Time* would probably sneer at the ungentlemanly way the partisans of Aix took over the town:

French Forces of the Interior, Francs Tireurs and Partisans
Aix, Aug. 20, 1944

We hereby notify the Mayor and the Municipal Councillors and the people of the city of Aix that we are in possession of the City Hall, that we strip the Mayor and the Municipal Council of their functions and put their powers at the disposition of the Committee of Liberation.

H.Q., Francs Tireurs and Partisans

The editors of *Time* probably do not object to having enemy locomotives blown up and enemy troops am-

bushed, but why do the people who do these rude things have to hang around after their work has borne fruit? Why don't they give up their guns like good servants, and let the gentlemen who really know how to rule over their aperitifs take over? I imagine they are quite pleased at the disarming of the patriot militia. After all isn't a chief clerk of twenty years standing, even if under Vichy, a more worthy citizen than a mere boy of twenty, foolish enough to risk his life for his country?

A word about the Germans. Yes, they did all those things it is so hard to believe men can do. And the French who showed me what they had done all said, “You must convince your people that what has been written and said about the Germans is true, that these unspeakable crimes were done by smiling young men, and that we have not lied about them to gain your hearts.” I saw the villages where the people were backed into their houses which were then burned, and where women were violated and disembowelled, and little children crucified, and prisons where the Germans drove nails through the heads of their prisoners and tore out the eyes of young men with forks. These were not the acts of some solitary fiend. They were done under orders and every German soldier is involved in guilt. Because there is a point at which a man, no matter what his fear, must refuse to take part in the wrongs of others, and that point was reached long before the Germans came to this. A priest who attended the prisoners of the concentration barracks near Lyon said of the Germans, “Such men have no right to justice. They must be destroyed like dogs.”

OF ITALY another time. I haven't been here long enough to know what's going on. House cleaning is dragging along and rats and lice have crept back under the boards and into bed. The economic situation you must know about. The government has just now issued a decree taking over the uncultivated land of the great estates so that the landless peasants can save the country from hunger. Meanwhile the Sicilian land barons are using the miseries of the people of the island for their separatist ends. The riots of Palermo are their handiwork. They want to provoke disturbances which will discredit the government. Then they will appeal to the Allies for “protection”—not of Sicily but of their fiefs. To counter this threat, the Italian liberation movement calls for immediate economic assistance to Sicily and administrative autonomy.

I need not comment on the appeal of Bonomi for greater freedom of action for the government. The fascist radio plays lovingly on the theme that Bonomi has less prestige in the south than Mussolini in the north. It is time to give the lie to that.

From a letter sent NEW MASSES by a friend of Pvt. Weinstock.

PM's DEVIOUS PROGRESS

By A. B. MAGIL

CHARM and wit are excellent virtues, and we Americans admire them. But by themselves they are as barren as a coin trick. And they are of course capable of sheathing daggers. Charm and wit take on depth and creativeness only from association with other qualities that are more basically the tissue of life.

The newspaper *PM* is a case in point. Recently Earl Browder, president of the Communist Political Association, made a speech to a *Daily Worker* conference in the course of which he discussed the role of various papers, among them *PM*. He pointed out that "*PM* is becoming a very grave point of danger to the democratic front because it has developed the fine art of supporting every hesitation and deviation within the camp of progress," and "doing it in such a charming and innocent and interesting fashion" that even members of his own organization are intrigued by it.

The other day *PM*'s Max Lerner published a reply. Of the substance of that reply it must be said that since he makes no effort to refute the charge that *PM* supports "every hesitation and deviation within the camp of progress," it must be regarded as an implicit plea of guilty. Mr. Lerner tries to avoid meeting this accusation by saying that what Mr. Browder really means is that "we don't take the Communist line." He knows, of course, that Mr. Browder means nothing of the kind. Having read the text of the speech, he knows too that far from demanding that *PM* or any newspaper accept the Communist line, Mr. Browder singled out for special praise another paper published by the owner of *PM*, Marshall Field—the *Chicago Sun*. Of the *Chicago Sun* the Communist leader said that it "did the most consistent job [of supporting President Roosevelt] of all the bourgeois papers, most consistent, most solid, most sober, most responsible." Surely Mr. Lerner doesn't mean to imply that *PM*'s sister paper is "taking the Communist line"!

Mr. Lerner then performs a bit of intellectual sleight-of-hand: he seeks to dismiss Mr. Browder's criticism by lumping the Communists with their opposites: the Trotskyites, the Social Democrats of the *New Leader*, the LaFollette Progressives—all of whom he

generously includes within the liberal fold. Some may find this attitude evidence of a broad-gauged tolerance, but since Mr. Lerner and *PM* are in the habit of speaking in the name of the progressive movement, somebody ought to inform them that within that movement such generosity is definitely passé. Wherever the Trotskyites and similar disruptive sects have operated in CIO unions, for example, the most responsible non-Communist leaders of the CIO have found it necessary to make war on them and drive their reactionary influence out of their organizations. I am afraid Max Lerner has tried to get off rather too easily by throwing the Communists in with that gang and saying: look, they all hate *PM*; that's proof we're OK.

Mr. Lerner seems to be aware of the weakness of his argument: "The fact that *PM* has made these diverse enemies does not in itself prove *PM* right. That would be a cheap and easy kind of logic." One would expect therefore that, having posed the question of *PM*'s rightness or wrongness, he would set about answering it. But that is exactly what he does not do.

EVIDENTLY the Browder criticism is not easily disposed of, for Mr. Lerner finds it necessary to perform a second piece of intellectual sleight-of-hand: what Browder is really criticizing, according to him, is the fact that *PM* is a success. He is "echoing" the "prevailing myth of professional liberalism" that "liberalism and success are incompatible." Mr. Browder of course does not need me to decline the compliment of being called even an echo of "professional liberalism." As to whether *PM* is a success, this is at least debatable. As a dollars-and-cents proposition, or from the standpoint of circulation, it can hardly be called a success. But we of NEW MASSES have different criteria than these. If we are to accept Mr. Lerner's own definition of *PM*'s task as that of sifting ideas, exploding dogmas, and drawing "from the experience of the actual world a working program for a better America and a less anarchic world," then it is a question whether the undoubted plus that *PM* represents in certain respects is not canceled out, or at any rate greatly diminished, by the formidable minus it represents in other

respects. As a formulator of "a working program for a better America and a less anarchic world," and as a guide and educator of its readers, it seems to me that *PM* is much less successful than the *Chicago Sun* and infinitely less successful than the *Daily Worker*.

Mr. Lerner has tried to change the subject, but unpleasant though it may be for him, I must return to the original question: has or hasn't *PM* "developed the fine art of supporting every hesitation and deviation within the camp of progress"? I have space here to touch on only a couple of examples that characterize *PM*'s general role.

"*PM* does not pretend to be what it is not," writes Mr. Lerner. "It has no 'party line.'" And it is not "allied with, or an organ of, any party—whether Democrat or Republican, Liberal or American Labor, Progressive, or Communist. Nor can it be an organ of any trade union organization, any church, any pressure group." If by not having a line and not being allied with any progressive group Mr. Lerner means that *PM* feels no responsibility to the progressive movement and to the things for which it stands, he is undoubtedly right. But I must submit that this too is a line, and as Mr. Browder indicated, a very dangerous line.

LAST January Earl Browder made a report to a conference of Communist leaders which developed what was then a novel and bold approach to the national and international implications of the Teheran agreement. In brief what Mr. Browder said was that the accord signed by the three great leaders of the United Nations raised the perspective of a long period of world stability and peace in which conflicts between nations as well as within nations could be resolved in the main without violence; and that the fulfillment of this perspective required for us in the United States the renomination and reelection of President Roosevelt and the continuation of national unity into the postwar period, with capital, labor, agriculture, and government cooperating to assure the same levels of production and employment as in wartime.

Readers will recall how *PM* reacted to the program Mr. Browder projected: how Max Lerner, striking a lofty moral attitude, asked whether "honest Amer-

ican progressives" could trust any proposals emanating from Communists; how the "honest progressive" of *PM* assigned a reporter to do a nasty little job on Mr. Browder in which he was depicted as being both a Moscow stooge and reclining on the bosom of the National Association of Manufacturers; and how Mr. Lerner topped this off by accusing the Communist leader of "willingness to throw on the scrapheap of lost causes the struggle for genuine American economic freedom."

And readers will also recall how *PM* went after one of America's foremost labor leaders, Harry Bridges—though the reactionaries did not appear to need any help in their get-Bridges campaign—and denounced him because he refused to support the Montgomery Ward strike and put forward as a practical proposal the idea of continued cooperation between labor and management after the war. "This proposal," wrote *PM* on May 30, "is, in effect, an extension of the principles under which labor has been operating in wartime, with great and continuing difficulty. The question is whether most laborites will be willing to accept the same pattern after the peace, whether it is desirable for labor to delude itself into believing that we shall all live happily ever after the armistice. . . ."

Well, just a little over five months later a convention was held in Chicago. It was the convention of the largest and most cohesive sector of the progressive movement in this country, the CIO. And that convention adopted *unanimously* a resolution which stated, among other things: "The CIO offers its sincere cooperation to the many forward-looking industrialists and farmers as well as to all other sections of the population to plan and work together and with government to formulate the necessary program and policies to actually secure the benefits of the Economic Bill of Rights. If industry will respect the rights of organized labor, will bargain with the unions in good faith, and will recognize that postwar prosperity must be built upon increasing purchasing power and increased production, our unions will help to preserve industrial peace and will cooperate to the limit to increase the production of goods and services upon which our common prosperity depends. The common interests of labor, progressive industrialists, farmers, and veterans demand a unity of program and action on the part of these groups."

What happened? Surely *PM* will not subscribe to the Republican canard that the CIO is under the thumb

of Earl Browder or even of such wicked left-wingers as Harry Bridges? What happened was that the experiences of recent months convinced the leaders and delegates of the CIO that this was the only sound and constructive approach to the postwar period. And so overwhelming was this conviction that no advocate of the *PM* line dared to speak against it at the convention, while that newspaper's chief idol, Walter Reuther—the man who has advocated cutting corners on the no-strike pledge—made a speech in favor of the resolution.

This points to certain conclusions both concerning Mr. Browder and the Communists and concerning *PM*. It is nothing new for Earl Browder to make proposals which are later accepted by much broader progressive forces or even by the nation as a whole. This reflects the fact that the Communists are, whether acknowledged as such or not, an inseparable part of the whole progressive movement and are at the same time able to anticipate, illuminate, and guide because they are equipped with Marxist science and a wealth of international experience. Concerning *PM* the conclusion is inescapable that while it attempts the role of spokesman for the progressive cause, all too often it speaks only for an isolated minority in "supporting every hesitation and deviation within the camp of progress."

I have space for only one other example, an example which shows that this newspaper on many major issues doesn't even agree with itself. When it became known that Secretary of State Hull was about to resign, *PM*'s I. F. Stone wrote an editorial in which he described Hull as "in many ways an indispensable man." "A stable peace," Mr. Stone pointed out, "must command the agreement of many diverse minds at home and abroad and cannot be fashioned exclusively to fit the ideals of any faction. It must mobilize in its support all men of good will and sober outlook, whatever their other differences. This is the spirit in which we would deplore Hull's retirement."

But within twenty-four hours this spirit had evaporated. If what *PM* said of Mr. Hull was true, then the same considerations held for his successor. And it was because he wanted to continue Mr. Hull's policy and to retain the support which that policy commanded among patriotic conservatives as well as liberals that President Roosevelt chose as his successor Undersecretary of State Stettinius. But in his comment on that appointment Max Lerner ignored all this. The Stettinius

appointment, he moaned, was a defeat for "the progressives"—that is, it did not conform to the outlook of the most advanced section of the population.

THE most eloquent commentary on this kind of "progressivism" was the action of Senator Langer, one of the worst pro-fascists in Congress and the only Senator who voted against confirmation of Mr. Stettinius, in reading Max Lerner's editorial into the *Congressional Record*. This brings to mind something John P. Lewis, *PM*'s managing editor, wrote shortly after the election: "Strangely, of all the papers in the country save possibly the Hearst papers and those of the Patterson-McCormick axis—which grind axes other than democracy—we probably have been in the role of critic during the past four years more often than any other." In his self-infatuation Mr. Lewis does not understand what it means for *PM* to be lined up with the pro-fascist papers—even if its intentions (those excellent infernal paving-stones) are different.

PM was started as a newspaperman's dream. A fabulously wealthy man gathered together a group of enterprising men and women, provided them with inexhaustible millions and gave them *carte blanche* to get out a liberal paper according to their lights. The editors of *PM* are in the happy position of not having to take into consideration the views of even a minority stockholder—among whom there are occasionally some intelligent people. From the standpoint of uninhibited self-expression, the situation is ideal. It so happens, however, that political bohemianism is not exactly a burning need of the times. Commendable as is in the abstract the owner's readiness to let his employes write their own ticket, unfortunately he has neglected to assure himself that those in charge show some sense of mature responsibility. *PM* serves excellent desserts: Barnaby, shoppers' advice, etc. But what of the main course? Is it meat or ersatz?

The fact is that even when *PM* is right in a particular instance, and even when its criticism leads to the remedy of an abuse, the manner in which it conducts its campaigns and the cumulative out-of-focus picture it presents tend to undermine the Roosevelt administration and to confuse and demobilize those who should be FDR's most reliable supporters. *PM* has been squandering a great opportunity. And judging from the letters it receives whenever it goes off on a Red-baiting sortie, quite a lot of its readers think it's time for a change.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

CLIMAX to the anti-climactical developments in the lame duck Congress after the stirring business of November 7 was Rep. Jerry Voorhis' resolution dignifying the Biddle-Littell squabble by calling for an inquiry by the House Judiciary Committee. The chances are that ex-Assistant Attorney General Norman M. Littell had the edge on Attorney General Biddle as to the merits of the particular disputes in which they were engaged. But even if Littell was 100 percent right, he went about reforming the Department of Justice in a peculiar way, leaving President Roosevelt no other course but to fire him. Voorhis' resolution can only aid the reactionaries anxious to embarrass the administration, just as Voorhis aided Rep. Howard W. Smith of Virginia by rewriting and sweetening up the pro-inflation rent control report issued by Smith's omnibus committee to investigate federal agencies.

Considering the character of his late chief, it would be nice to think of Littell as the pure paladin of liberalism that he is being painted in certain liberal newspapers. But just for the hell of it this correspondent went over to the Department of Justice public relations department and asked for a copy of the speech Littell made last June at the Negro Freedom Rally in Madison Square Garden. This speech invoked some hisses and boos. No copy of it as given was available inasmuch as Littell had not followed OWP's regulation requiring copies of speeches by public officials to be submitted in advance. He had submitted rough notes, and when told they were not acceptable, said he expected to write the speech on the way to New York. Subsequently Littell brought in his own remembered version of the speech he had made.

Excerpts from it pooh-poohing discrimination explain why he was booed. Began Mr. Littell: "There has been a great deal said here tonight about prejudice. As a matter of fact there is no one of us here tonight who has not at one time or another felt the presence of prejudice, social or economic, real or imagined, in the course of our lives. Prejudice unfortunately seems to be a natural state of the human mind—that is, prejudice on one subject or another. It has rightly been defined as the 'state of

being down on something you are not up on.'"

After this coy note, Littell went on to talk about the war, suggesting that "we adjourn for just one moment this continuous debate as to our respective rights and privileges." He then further insulted the Negroes at this overwhelmingly win-the-war, anti-Jim Crow rally in a patronizing sentence which began, "If there be anyone here among us who suffers from a cynical or discouraged outlook. . . ." He pointed out that the enslaved peoples of Europe looked on American citizenship as priceless. There follows a significant explaining away of the boos, in Mr. Littell's words. Within parentheses he inclosed the following sentence: "Cheers and a scattering of hisses—one Communist yelled, 'I don't.'" He then continued with his recollected version of the speech. There is nothing to indicate how Mr. Littell knew that one of his less enthusiastic hearers was a Communist.

WAR Mobilization Director Byrnes, War Manpower Commissioner McNutt, War Production Director Krug, General Eisenhower, Henry Kaiser, and now the President, all have made stick-to-your-job pleas of late. There is no doubt that workers are leaving war industry for civilian jobs, mostly in the service industries. There is no doubt that workers are needed in war production—McNutt said 100,000 were needed. It is expected that unions will do all in their power to keep workers in their war jobs. Though an attempt may be made by those who have opposed planned, gradual reconversion to civilian production to utilize this situation to bolster their case, the facts speak against them, not for them.

Where does McNutt need the 100,000 men? In specialized fields and in certain locales. The picture is one of sharply descending general needs for manpower, and sharply increasing, in small areas. Men and women are being laid off, but fast. Yes, and they are quitting. One begets the other—when there are no adequate provisions. McNutt himself said in his speech to the AFL convention, that some states had not seen fit to revise unemployment compensation laws, and that this

was shortsighted. So was it when Congress bypassed decent legislation on this question. If reconversion legislation which gave workers some security against layoffs were on the books—or if a planned system of reconversion to peacetime production were really under way, which would have the same psychological effect—we wouldn't be in this jam.

Typical of what is happening is seen in Dayton, where 1,100 workers were laid off by National Cash Register on September 1 because of cutbacks. But 900 more quit. Partly they were school kids and teachers going back, but not all. They saw the layoffs, and they got scared. They beat it back to the farm or got more secure jobs. Since they have been neglected by Congress and the nation, workers are making their own postwar plans. It is inevitable.

In most places it is only skilled workers that are needed. In Camden, however, there was a layoff of RCA skilled workers; then a need for unskilled workers developed. Can the laid-off skilled workers be expected to take a thirty, forty, or fifty cent cut in pay to fill the unskilled jobs, and with it lose their classification?

Most troublesome problem of all is the women, who just evaporate from industries. They got rough treatment, along with men, of course, when the first cutbacks were put into effect, and they just go back home instead of moving to some new community and risking another layoff. Take the women in Queens, who are leaving industry rather than go to New Jersey to work. They were walking to work and going home to lunch—probably feeding kids when they got there. Now they figure it isn't worth the money to go to New Jersey. It is anybody's guess how many women are just tired from coping with home plus factory jobs, are using up savings now, and facing inability to get jobs later.

ESSENTIALLY the plight the Army finds itself in is due to faulty planning. Schedules for ammunition and heavy artillery were cut way down. Whether they guessed wrong on needs and dates, whether they figured Ger-

many would be out in November, is speculative. But the sad fact is that having made terrific cutbacks, they are not finding it easy to get production going again at the same rate.

THIS brings up another tragic illustration of bad planning. For a long period, from about March of 1943 to the spring of this year, the machine-tools industry was allowed to fall off. The United Electrical workers, among others, protested long and loudly. It claimed that this tapering off was not justified in view of the tremendous demand for machine tools by Soviet Russia and other allies under lend-lease. The US didn't anywhere nearly meet Russian demands for machine tools under the third protocol, July 1943 to July 1944. Under the fourth, from July 1, 1944, to July 1, 1945, \$3,000,000 in orders have actually been placed by WPB; priorities for \$20,000,000 worth more have been allowed, and in September some \$70,000,000 worth remained to be screened by WPB. They are approving about two-thirds of the requests to date. Meanwhile the authorities have since March tried to whip up production in machine tools, but have lost capacity and employes in the industry. The industry, which had obtained full production originally by a wide net of subcontracting, was allowed to go to pot, and half its employes drifted away. Now it is in such a state that the industry is behind schedule on the orders for some 7,000 machine tools which were for peacetime use under Nelson's spot authorization plan. Of these, 5,500 were placed by the automobile industry. This industry is the main source of the hue and cry raised against allowing the Soviets under lend-lease all the machine tools they needed. In those days the auto companies were moaning that the machine tool industry couldn't supply all of the war needs here. There is some poetic justice in the fact that the auto industry is now crying loudest for an increased machine tool production—after they helped incapacitate the industry.

REPORTERS tell a funny story of what happened a couple of months ago when the Automotive Council staged a tour of the auto plants by representatives of the press to prove that it would take them nine months to reconvert to peacetime industry. All went smoothly until the party came to Ford's. The plant superintendent, asked by the

AC spokesman how long it would take, said they could get the first cars out in sixty days after VE-Day. The AC man kept asking him questions, looking sicker and sicker, while the superintendent kept saying the wrong things, until finally he conceded it would take a couple of more months to get into mass production.

FORD's has gone a long way on the 'formidable paper work which must precede reconversion to car making. But the chief difference, it is suspected here, between Ford's and Chrysler's and General Motors, is that the others are hiding the steps they're taking, jockeying for price, priorities, and machine tools, but will be prepared to move just as fast as Ford. GM has said it has junked a lot of its machine tools, but industrial observers (who are in the forefront in Washington along with the better-known political observers) say that they are betting on a fast reappearance of the missing tools come VE-Day. Ford's have had a number of cutbacks in B-24 bomber orders, and as fast as they occur, are making space available in factories other than the Willow Run bomber plant, so that the company will have integrated plants all set to go—when they get machine tools, and the green light.

CHARLES P. TAFT, the Senator's brother and director of Wartime Economic Affairs of the State Department, in a recent speech in San Francisco said that "cartels are anathema to American opinion generally." At the same time, some products, agricultural and mineral, just don't conform to

"standard rules of economics," he said. When prices go down, farmers plant more. "When a country depends entirely on one or a few agricultural or mineral products, a fall in demand or price brings disaster to an entire economy and people. . . . The resulting revolution is likely always to damage our political objectives, too." So, although he doesn't say it, Taft skirts around the fact that the State Department is working strenuously at arranging commodity agreements—which doubtless people who think by rote will call bad old cartels. Taft declares "one of the great accomplishments of this youthful Executive Committee on Economic Foreign Policy (headed by Dean Acheson, probably the best of the Assistant Secretaries of State) has been to reconcile these opposing viewpoints, and come up with agreed policies which form part of this total program of the United States abroad."

THE problem these proposed commodity agreements set out to solve differs from that of the oil agreement, but not basically. Oil does not pose a problem of "unmanageable surpluses," but one of conservation. We haven't enough oil, not nearly enough. We don't know how much the Soviet Union has, but we know in this country our reserves are low. However, the difference in the problem is not so great—as all such treaties or agreements in order to carry out the Roosevelt policies internationally will be geared toward an expanding economy. Production, if it must be held down in any one or more countries, will be according to consumer needs. I have learned that there are listed as raw materials in which a surplus will exist after the war the following: cotton (10,000,000 bales of needless cotton have been crowding our warehouses during the war); raw wool, where there is a surplus now, stockpiled here, owned by Britain; and copper, aluminum, magnesium, and nitrates (which we now get artificially out of the air). We may have a problem in rice in this hemisphere after the war. Our synthetic rubber production here is as great as all rubber resources before the war—though we do not yet know its cost economically, one State Department man told me, and therefore do not know just how much it should supplant the use of natural rubber. Of course, if we expand both the foreign and domestic markets after the war, some of these surpluses may not be so great.



Freda Weinzweig

CANADA'S TORY PLOT

By JOHN WEIR

Toronto.

CANADA must have seemed a madhouse to foreign observers these past few weeks. Here were conscriptionists, elected on a non-conscription platform, joining with anti-conscriptionists to bring down a government which affirms its adherence to the voluntary system but is carrying out conscription. Here were English Canadians ranging up against French Canadians over the conscripts—only one-third of whom are of French origin, roughly the same percentage as that of the French in the whole of the population. Here was a Conservative general taking over a key position in a Liberal cabinet while a Liberal minister resigned to become the battering ram of the Conservative opposition. Here was a parliamentary crisis in which a whole raft of army officers resigned and the politicians in the main stayed put. Here were conscriptionist Conservative officers encouraging conscripts to stage anti-conscriptionist parades with "socialist" slogans.

There is method to all this madness. For behind the political crisis in Canada there stands the most diabolical conspiracy ever conceived and inflicted on this country—and there have been quite a few in Canada's brief history.

On the surface it appeared as a sharp cleavage on the policy to be pursued in regard to military reinforcements for the hard-hit First Canadian Army on the Western Front, with the background of old but persistent difference of attitude between the French- and English-speaking Canadians on conscription. Underneath, it was a well-laid conspiracy engineered by the Tory (Progressive Conservative) party with the sole purpose of unseating the Liberal government and either replacing it by a right-wing coalition of Tories and Tory Liberals or forcing a general election in which the Tories might climb into power on the false conscription issue. The methods employed in this "party" game ranged all the way from plotting with army chiefs to defeat the war government to the encouragement of civil war between the French and English.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King on November 27 declared that some day the full story will be told, but enough has already been disclosed to piece together the main threads of the conspiracy.

When war began in 1939, Canada was under Mr. King's Liberal government, the Tories having been swept out of power in 1934. Mindful of the great "conscription riots" in Quebec in 1917, the government adopted the voluntary enlistment system for military service and in the 1940 general elections all parties campaigned on a "No Conscription" platform. Mr. King won 178 out of 245 seats in the House of Commons, the Tories thirty-nine, the social democratic Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) and others taking the other twenty-eight.

Then came military disaster in Europe and the peril of German invasion. The government adopted "limited" conscription. Young men were called up, but could take their choice of volunteering for service anywhere or staying in the "Home Defense" army. The vast majority from Quebec, as well as the other provinces, volunteered. With Canada's scientist-soldier Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton as the architect, 500,000 volunteers were molded into one of the finest military forces in the world. On the production front, Canada emerged as one of the "big five" arsenals of democracy.

IN 1942, Prime Minister King ordered a national plebiscite on Bill 60, which would empower the government to send conscripts overseas in case of necessity. "Not necessarily conscription, but conscription if necessary" became government policy. French Canadian Quebec was the only province that failed to give a mandate to the government in the plebiscite. Secretary of State Cardin resigned from the government, but the mass of Quebec Liberals stayed with King.

Came D-Day and the Canadians were right in the thick of it. Several weeks after invasion started, the Canadian divisions were gathered together, supplemented by Polish, Czech, and other units, and formed into the First Canadian Army under Canadian command, just as McNaughton had originally advocated. But alas, only one-fifth of the Canadians were trained for the infantry; the rest were in tanks, artillery, signals and what have you—the brass hats had neither prepared for Canadians to take their place as a separate army nor had they learned the

lesson which everybody is supposed to know, that the infantry must form the bulk of any army in land fighting. At Caen, in Belgium, in Holland—and now in Germany—the Canadians fought like lions—and lost heavily. Reinforcements became necessary. So in some cases, it now develops, tankmen, artillerymen, etc., were sent into battle as infantry although they had no infantry training.

So far, the case is clear. It is a case against military Blimpism. And the issue is clear also. It is an issue of re-mustering the troops from other units into infantry. They are over there in Europe, in Britain, and over here in Canada in more than sufficient number.

IN THE meantime, the political situation in Canada was changing. In the 1930's, following their defeat in the federal election, the Conservatives went through several evolutions. The Quebec Tories organized separately into the *Union Nationale*, permeated with corporatist, nationalist (i.e., for separation of Quebec from Canada) and isolationist ideology, under Maurice Duplessis—whose chief contribution during his brief premiership in the late '30's was the padlocking of offices, halls, and private homes where "Communist activities" were suspected. In the 1943 provincial elections, however, Duplessis managed to capture a small majority in the Quebec legislature even though he got less votes than the Liberals. And in Ontario, the Tory George Drew became premier although he received but one-third of the votes and had but one-third of the members in the legislature. In both cases, the Tories were helped by the CCF which centered its fire on the Liberals, splitting the progressive vote to let the Tories in. In Ontario, the CCF forms the second largest group in the legislature and keeps Drew in power by refusing to join with the Liberal and Labor-Progressive Party (the LPP, organized by Communist leader Tim Buck to replace the Communist Party, which is illegal) members of the provincial legislature—together, two-thirds of the House—in a coalition to oust Drew from the premiership. Thus the Tories gained two important provincial positions in the country.

At the same time, the federal Liberal government under Mr. King began to

move steadily in the direction of democratic reform, even though powerful Tory influences inside the Liberal Party viewed each new step with "alarm." King hailed the Teheran agreement and moved to integrate Canadian policy with the Teheran perspectives. He brought Canada into warm relations with the Soviet Union. At the London conference of the British Commonwealth prime ministers, King took the lead in defeating the infamous Smuts proposals and hewing to the policy of Dominions' sovereignty in the family of United Nations. In domestic policy, Mr. King adopted the Collective Bargaining Act (Canada's "Wagner Act"), encouraged labor-management-government cooperation, extended assistance to farmers, set up a Ministry of Reconstruction to plan full employment for the postwar, and introduced a series of important security measures. Simultaneously, the government introduced servicemen's rehabilitation measures which were hailed as the most generous in the world.

The Tories lost their hopes of getting into power via the "pendulum" swing-back that is supposed to operate in a two-party system. Not only had the Liberals strengthened themselves in the country, but the two-party system had broken down and the CCF, LPP, and Social Credit (Alberta's monetary reform farm movement) parties were coming up. Moreover, under pressure of the PAC in the United States and the LPP in Canada, the 800,000-strong trade union movement was coming into the political arena, calling for a democratic coalition of Liberals and the CCF and LPP to defeat the Tories and set up the next government.

But the Tories had an ace in the hole. Practically all the officers in the Canadian army are Conservatives. And there were Liberals (particularly the then Defense Minister Col. J. L. Ralston) who viewed with apprehension the progressive trend of the government and the country. Last month, the Tories played this, their remaining card, in the hope of upsetting the government, creating confusion and strife. The reinforcements issue, timed with the US elections and expectations of a Dewey victory, provided the cue. It was "all or nothing."

Ontario's premier Drew delivered a vicious radio address, condemning the Family Allowance legislation on the grounds that it would benefit large-familied French Canadians at the expense of the Anglo-Canadians who contributed the bulk of the income taxes.

At the same time, Quebec's premier Duplessis attacked the same legislation on the ground that it contravened "provincial rights" and would undermine the family in Catholic Quebec.

Immediately following his broadcast, Drew left for an extended visit to Britain and France. There he parleyed with Canadian military heads. Among others, he saw a certain Major Conn Smythe, who was wounded in the original beachhead landing and was due to return to Canada. Smythe came back and in an interview with the Tory press reported that "green troops" were being sent into battle, to die needlessly, because there was lack of reinforcements. Drew returned with the same story. The Tory press began to whip up a hysteria, the point of which was that Canadian soldiers were being massacred on the Western Front because some 60,000 "Home Defense" troops in Canada were not sent as reinforcements. They called for their immediate conscription.

PRIME MINISTER KING had reports from the general staff to the effect that these charges were false. Defense Minister Ralston immediately flew to England and after an investigation cabled back that there was no truth to Smythe's stories. He toured the battlefronts, and then wired King to call a cabinet meeting at once as he was returning. The cabinet met. Ralston threw the bombshell: "Send the Home Defense troops over at once, or I resign."

The battle was on. King realized that between Ralston on the one hand and the Tories and army officers on the other "a stew had been cooked up." He talked it over with the one man who knew the military situation best, "Andy" McNaughton. Ralston's resignation was accepted and McNaughton entered the cabinet as the new Minister of Defense. He announced the government's policy to deal with the reinforcements issue so that a sufficient number of trained men should be at all times available for infantry replacements and began an intensive drive to get the Home Defense conscripts to volunteer for service abroad. Mr. King followed with a broadcast to the nation in which he spiked the Tory misrepresentations, informed the country that only 25,000 of the 60,000 Home Defense troops were French Canadians and that only 8,000 were available for infantry reinforcements, and called for national unity to deal with the problem.

The Tories closed in for the attack. Anti-war Tories in Quebec called for

the downfall of the government together with the "super-imperialist" Tories of Ontario. The Conservative press preached sedition and treason, calling on army officers to resign, and campaigning against voluntary recruitment. Chief of Staff Stuart handed in his resignation; army officers in Canada did likewise; officers were quoted in press interviews condemning the policies of the war government. The "socialist" CCF trotted out its old cry of "conscription of wealth before the conscription of men."

The Tories had made it impossible with their anti-Quebec campaign to introduce complete conscription, even were it necessary, without a repetition of the 1917 riots—which disrupted conscription in 1917 and would do it again in 1944. On the other hand, they made it impossible to carry out the voluntary system. Whatever happened, there would be no reinforcements. The country would be split. The government would fall. Anarchy would reign. In a general election, the anti-conscription Tories in Quebec, with the cry of defense from Anglo-Canadian dictatorship, would carry the day, while in the other provinces, whipping up a "patriotic" hysteria with appeals to "clean up on the Frenchies" the Tories would capture the majority. After the election and with the European war drawing to a close, the anti-Teheran, anti-Soviet, anti-labor, anti-reform Tories of both camps would have no difficulty in finding common ground in a reactionary government. Such was the Tory design.

It was in this situation that on November 23, Prime Minister King called the Parliament into special session. In view of the sabotage of voluntary enlistments and to ensure that whatever happens Canadian troops should be assured their necessary reinforcements, King and McNaughton presented Parliament with an Order-in-Council authorizing the sending of up to 16,000 conscripts overseas to fill any reinforcement quotas not met by voluntary enlistment.

This was admittedly a compromise. It recognized that in view of Tory sabotage, compulsion would have to be applied. But it placed the question of compulsion in such a way that the people of Quebec would understand and agree, and the people of all Canada could be reassured that the fighting troops would not be let down come what may. The Tories lost their trump card: the fear among the public that

(Continued on page 22)

SLOVAKIA'S D-DAY

By L. M. SLANSKA

BY NOW it is no longer news that the Soviet armies together with the First Independent Czechoslovak Army Corps under General Svoboda have liberated the easternmost region of Czechoslovakia and are moving forward in Eastern Slovakia. At Uzhorod a government delegation headed by Minister Frantisek Nemeš is administering the freed territory.

In Slovakia, behind the German lines, an uprising on a large scale succeeded in freeing a big "island" around Banská Bystrica and Zvolen. The Nazis, however, retook this area and the Army of Liberation and its partisan detachments went to the mountain regions to wait for a fresh opportunity to strike back. Meanwhile, on November 6, the Berlin radio reported that Monsignor Tiso, the puppet president of Slovakia, telegraphed Hitler of the joy he felt over the Nazis returning to Banská Bystrica. A few days later, however, Berlin had to announce that the partisans were engaged in new operations. Tiso launched frantic appeals to the Slovaks not to give the partisans any support.

The Slovak rising was the biggest yet attempted during this war in the whole of Central Europe. Because it may be repeated in the very near future, its history and characteristic features should be studied by anyone who wants to understand current developments in the heart of the continent.

This was not the first rising in the history of Slovakia. The first came when the Slovaks revolted in 1848. They were then oppressed by the Hapsburg dynasty and the Hungarian aristocracy. Their leaders were the "awakeners of the nation"—Ludevít Štur, Jozef Miloslav Hurban, and Michal Miloslav Hodža. But Slovakia was only at the beginning of her national development. There was no basis for a broad popular movement in support of the enlightened vanguard which fought for national freedom. The Hapsburgs succeeded in quelling the Slovaks as they succeeded in quelling the heroic uprisings in Hungary, in Vienna, and in Prague. They had at that time the support of the Czarist forces, sent over those same Carpathian passes through which today a Russian army of quite another kind—an army of liberation—is thrusting into the Slovakian lands.

In World War I, Slovaks again took an active part in the fight of the Czechoslovak exiles against Austria-Hungary, but it was a fight outside of the borders of the country and without a mass movement of liberation at home.

IN THIS war, however, things are quite different. A strong Slovak fascist movement—the Hlinka party and the Hlinka Guard—took an active part in the destruction of what was left of Czechoslovakia after Munich. Tiso's quisling regime had, in the first years of the war, a fairly strong following. On the other hand, the movement for liberation had its roots, from the very beginning, deep in the popular masses of Slovakia. The soldiers of the three Slovak divisions sent by the quisling government to the eastern front to fight alongside the Wehrmacht refused to be slaughtered for a hated cause. They surrendered in numbers, joined the partisans of the Ukraine and Byelorussia, or went over in whole companies to the Red Army. The First Independent Czechoslovak Corps under command of the famous General Svoboda counted many Slovaks in its ranks from the day of its inception. Today a whole Slovak division is fighting under Czechoslovak banners with the Red Army in the Carpathians. Partisan groups were formed as early as 1941 in several of the Slovak mountain districts. They were very small at first, but they could never be wholly exterminated despite large scale manhunts organized by

the Hlinka Guard and special troops of the German *Volksgruppe* and Elite Guard units of the Gestapo command in Slovakia.

In 1943, the underground movement in Slovakia surged ahead with the formation of national liberation committees all over the country. The underground established and steadily increased its contacts with the Slovak armed forces. There were also good contacts with men in the police forces and with civil servants. The decline of Germany's war fortunes had its effects upon the followers of the Slovak quisling government. Many defections took place. Those who had formerly tolerated the quisling regime now turned away in great numbers. The increased persecutions, instead of securing a firmer grip upon the population, only diminished the strength of the quislings. Partisan bands appeared in greater numbers and struck bolder blows against Nazi communications.

Slovak D-Day came last August 29. On that day, uprisings flared in hundreds of places. But even a few days before, on August 17, one of the most difficult and most successful preparatory actions was started. The town of Turčiansky Svätý Mikuláš was liberated by a concerted attack of partisan groups. A national committee immediately took over. The local garrison of Slovak troops joined the partisans. Mobilization of all men capable of bearing arms was proclaimed and put into effect. Policemen went over to the forces of liberation in all the surrounding hamlets and villages. The strategically important Turca valley was immediately occupied by partisans and soldiers of the national committee. The workers at several big sawmills built by the Nazis and working for Hitler's war machine, overpowered the Nazi Elite units and joined the partisans.

A score of other Slovak towns followed the example of Turčiansky Svätý Mikuláš. The quisling regime tried vainly to cope with the situation. The Nazis gave orders to their troops in Austria and Moravia to move into Slovakia and take over the whole country as they had done in Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary. The underground central national committee was informed of the Nazi plans on the eve of August 29. Orders for an uprising were issued immediately.



E. Karlin
Eugene Karlin

All had been prepared in advance. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, in all important garrison towns the troops of the army of the "Independent Slovak State" were assembled and summoned to take up the fight against the Nazis. Followers of the quisling government among the officers were arrested. National committees seized power in many towns. In Banska Bystrica, the National Committee of Slovakia solemnly proclaimed that the Tiso government was illegal and that the Czechoslovak Republic was reestablished.

From then on, the National Committee acted as a provisional government in the liberated areas. The laws of the quislings and Nazis were invalidated and the laws of the Czechoslovak Republic were reestablished. Mobilization was carried out with great speed. It took the Nazis more than two months to retake Banska Bystrica, Zvolen, and Banska Stavnica, and they had to throw in four Elite Guard divisions with heavy artillery, tanks, battle planes—a force which had to be taken from the dwindling strategic reserve of the Wehrmacht. Even now the Germans do not dare to withdraw those four divisions which remain pinned down by the forces of the Committee of Liberation of Slovakia.

The Slovak rising has deeply stirred the population in Bohemia and Moravia. Sabotage has doubled since the days of the uprising. Thousands of Czech patriots have filtered through the Nazi lines to join the Slovak partisan and liberation army forces. The Slovak quislings have suffered heavy losses. The German *Volksgruppe* was thrown into panic, and the panic still continues to worry Hitler's representative in Slovakia, Gauleiter Karmasin. In this connection I might mention the attitude of the Slovak German minority. Most of these Slovak Germans (brothers of the Sudeten Germans) still cling to Hitler and provide some of the most hated butcher detachments of the Nazi regime. But there are also honorable exceptions: the population of three German villages (Deutschproben, Gajdel, and a third village whose name was not mentioned in the radio report about this incident) turned against the Nazis, disarmed Elite Guards and joined the Slovak partisans.

WHILE all this was going on in Slovakia other developments were taking place in London, where the Czechoslovak government in exile, the State Council (parliament in exile) and President Benes were watching events



Edith Glaser

and preparing measures for the administration and supply of the liberated areas.

Frantisek Nemeč had been chosen to represent the government in these newly freed territories. A delegation of five members of the State Council (three members of the Socialist block and two members of the Slovak National and Czech Catholic parties) accompanied him.

Then several strange things happened. Two groups of experts and civil servants had to be chosen from the personnel of the government agencies in London to accompany the government delegation. But the government arbitrarily picked experts and civil servants for this mission without taking into consideration those forces in the State Council which represent the genuinely democratic and progressive movement. Thus among the experts and civil servants there were several members of the Agrarian Party and others with a not too democratic history. *Nove Ceskoslovensko* (New Czechoslovakia), organ of the National Front, protested vigorously against this attempt to send to the liberated areas men with poor records, many of whose leaders in the Agrarian Party had capitulated to the Nazis in 1938 and have been collaborationists ever since.

The government promised to be more careful in choosing experts and civil servants to follow this group. But at the same time another startling thing happened. Two vacancies to be filled in the State Council went to two members of the Agrarian party. One was Fedor Hodza, son of the late Milan Hodza, who did everything to sabotage the democratic character of the Czechoslovak liberation movement and who was an ardent follower of the anti-Sovieteers. The other, Capek, was a former member of the executive council of the Agrarian party. Capek has an ugly record. Even before 1938 he supported the capitulationists in his party and in the government and favored collaboration with Hitler. Finding himself in exile against his own intention, he indulged in attacks

on the late President Masaryk, and on the Czechoslovak-Soviet treaty. Now this man is named a member of the State Council. His nomination and that of Mr. Hodza have made it possible for the Agrarian group to hold the largest number of places on the State Council. And the Agrarians, it should be remembered, for the most part represent the reactionary big landlords of the county.

The new nominations were unfortunately made by President Benes, who once more displayed a certain political weakness under the strong pressure of the reactionaries.

ANOTHER event which angered progressive forces in the State Council and among Czechoslovak refugees was the appointment of Dr. Slavik to the post of Minister to Belgium. Dr. Slavik was one of the few Czechoslovak diplomats who delivered legations and archives to the Nazis after Hitler had occupied Prague in March, 1939. Now he is sent back to that same legation which he had surrendered to the enemy. But the most dangerous development was the inclusion of a number of former Nazi Elite Guard members of Czech nationality into the Czechoslovak army after they had been captured by Allied forces in Normandy. A reactionary little clique in the Ministry of National Defense engineered this job, with the contention that these particular Czech Elite Guard members had been forcibly mobilized by the Nazis. *Nove Ceskoslovensko* exposed the plot. So strong was the indignation of the Czechoslovak exiles in Britain that the Defense Ministry had to call a very hasty retreat. The former Elite Guard members were removed from the army and put into camps. All this happened after the vigorous protest of the National Front, especially of the block of the three labor parties, the Social Democrats, Czech Socialists, and Communists.

General Inger, who was Commander in Chief and Minister of National Defense, has been relieved of his duties, and Jan Masaryk has for the time being taken over the Ministry of National Defense. No doubt reconstruction of the government will be carried out as soon as its seat is transferred to the homeland. And there can be no question that in any new government to be formed the Czech, Slovak, and Carpathian Committees of National Liberation will play a key role, for it is they who genuinely represent the heroic Czechoslovak people.

BEHIND THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

By THE EDITORS

WE BELIEVE that the crisis that swirls across Europe—from Belgium to Italy to Greece—will be caught in time and adjusted. It represents a fresh array of ailments that need Teheran therapy and that very quickly. We therefore look forward to the meeting of the three chiefs of state to begin the process of treatment. The British government will have a lot of explaining to do. Nor is this country guiltless. For underlying the whole upsurge on the continent is the equally critical Anglo-American rivalry (Washington's air pact with Spain is another symptom of it) to which London is reacting in characteristic fashion by taking protective measures against what it considers, and in fact really are, American attempts at commercial domination. Pending a fair settlement of this harassing dispute, the British Foreign Office will interfere everywhere and support with bayonets those political forces which it feels have a special tenderness for British interests even when those forces are hurting the coalition and making harder the final tasks of liberation that face it.

The big and supposedly devastating argument which those who endorse British policy in Belgium are using is that for the sake of order behind Allied lines such governments as that of Pierlot must be sustained at all cost. The *New York Times*, for example, is among those who press this point of view. But the bitter irony of this policy is that it is the source of disorder and a constant menace both to Allied lines of communication and the whole of Allied strategy. Somewhere in the "order" supposition is the idea that the war ends with the ousting of the Germans from a given country. The only catch here is that the resistance movements believe, and with entire justification, that the war will be over only when every vestige of fascism is extirpated and fascism's native leaders are removed from the scene, punished, and put away where they can never do harm again. This is the core of the quarrel and it takes on one form or another in Belgium, Greece, and Italy.

To destroy fascism physically is to do but half the job. To destroy the sources of its ideology and its power is to do the other half and complete the job. This is the immense task of the resistance movements and any government which fails to see eye to eye with that objective or will not compromise on a course of action is heading, first, for real trouble, and then, eventually, for oblivion. Pierlot will go; it will take time, but he will go because he cannot continue sitting on British bayonets—at best an uncomfortable position. He will go because Europe belongs to the men and women who free it, whether they be in or out of uniform. To stand in their way is to create instability and disorder on the continent; to impose unpopular governments on them is to prolong the war (yes, even pave the way for an-

other one) and injure the successes along the battle-lines, to emasculate the resistance forces by breaking them up, or by incorporating them piecemeal into armies under reactionary leadership; it is to destroy the best guarantee that the Allies have of a peaceful rear in which collaborators, quislings, and spies do not have an opportunity for dirty work.

This is not the first time in this war that the British have interfered by impressing their will on sovereign peoples. They developed that technique in Italy, they refined it again with Mr. Eden's warning on Count Sforza. Very obviously British representatives abroad are becoming quite adept at injuring their own cause by arousing democratic opinion against them. Their moral responsibility (which America will also have to share) for the death of several demonstrators in the streets of Athens feeds the blindest anti-British prejudices everywhere and makes infinitely more difficult the work of those who are trying to eliminate that prejudice. It is high time, as we have said on other occasions, that this country take the initiative towards coming to some political and economic settlement with London—because until there is such an understanding British officials will pursue those reprehensible tactics which no amount of editorial condemnation can change.

IN EUROPE, we are on the last lap. Shall we permit the Pierlots to make it costlier than it need be? Shall we allow every tweedy pipe-smoker from the British Foreign Office to continue playing ball with the gentlemen who sat in comfortable London offices, who plotted with them to restore a new kind of Munichism in their native lands while millions of unknown men and women fought and died? This is the problem that faces Europe now. It must be solved. Otherwise none of the great plans laid at Dumbarton Oaks will ever become practical reality with the continent torn asunder by the efforts of the reactionary cartelists to lift themselves to power. There will be no peace in Europe—let that be very clear—unless the people come into their own through representative governments, unless the resistance movements are given a place in determining the destinies of Europe—a place in keeping with what they have done to aid us in destroying the Nazis.

For all Americans who want peace and security, who want to see Europe thrive because we ourselves cannot thrive without a stable and prosperous continent, there is an immediate job to be done. All of us—as individuals, as members of trade unions and of community organizations—must ask our government to do everything possible to stop the criminal policies that are hurting the Allied cause. This is your job now—a job as urgent as anything you have done heretofore to make victory possible.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Mr. Hull and Mr. Stettinius

CORDELL HULL's resignation from the post of Secretary of State at this vital stage of completion of the Dumbarton Oaks compact for world security is a heavy loss to our country and to the peoples of the United Nations. Mr. Hull symbolized and led the transition of our foreign policy from the ambiguous gropings of the pre-war days to its present clear-cut aim of constructive world collaboration, with the two-fold objective of winning the war and preserving future world peace and economic well-being. Mr. Hull also is the symbol of the progressive changes in outlook among men, classes, and nations taking place before our eyes in these truly epochal days of world conflict and reconstruction.



President Roosevelt displayed good judgment in selecting Edward R. Stettinius to the vacated post of Secretary of State. Mr. Stettinius has already demonstrated his capacity and broad understanding of the problems facing the nation and the world. His record as administrator of lend-lease and his close collaboration with Mr. Hull as Under-secretary of State, especially at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, is ample evidence that the basic foreign policy forged by Mr. Hull and the President and approved by the people at the elections will be carried on. Some liberals are disturbed over the appointment of Mr. Stettinius as they were unduly upset by the secondary divergences from the main line of Mr. Hull's policy. They have shown more concern over the irregularities in the general development than in the main direction of our foreign policy. Their lack of faith in the basic agreements reached at Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran causes them to measure present-day events by pre-war standards.

The objections to Mr. Stettinius arise from his former association with the US Steel Corp. Presumably these liberals would exclude representatives of large corporations from participating in the

government or in sharing responsibility and direction of our foreign policy. They may welcome progressive views from capitalists like C. E. Wilson, Henry Kaiser, Andrew Higgins, Thomas Lamont, and others but display a hopelessly sectarian and pessimistic outlook on the possibility of uniting all classes on a truly progressive and constructive program of world peace and mutually profitable international economic collaboration projected in the concord of Teheran.

Blocking Progress

THE obvious will of the seven million in the American Federation of Labor failed to manifest itself at their annual convention in New Orleans. One could only wonder if the top leaders knew what their members had voted for November 7. That delegates would reiterate their pledge against strikes was practically a foregone conclusion, and was, of course, much to the good. Likewise their position on revamping the Little Steel formula, and extending the provisions of social security and unemployment insurance. But under the circumstances, these were positive aspects of a minimal nature; the times required a much bolder, more imaginative and more constructive initiative. And that was missing.

One can only regret that Daniel Tobin, of the Teamsters, and others like him, who understood the urgencies of the election campaign, failed to assert themselves after November 7. They ceded entirely too much to the anti-Roosevelt bloc at the convention. The Commander-in-Chief's name, as a matter of fact, was mentioned only in order to cavil at his policies. And there was a great deal of warmth evidenced for the chief labor enemy of the President's policies, John L. Lewis; whose return to the AFL was recommended. Unity with the CIO was a slogan that belonged in the category of lipservice; and as for international trade union unity, the convention recorded a policy totally at odds with the requirements of world cooperation. Instead of agreement to attend the global conference called for January in

London, the moribund International Federation of Trade Unions was invoked. And refusal to cooperate with the British, Soviet and other American labor setups resulted. Soviet baiting was thinly concealed; only the Wilhelmstrasse will get comfort from the convention's plea for a "soft" peace. And racism's advocates here will welcome the fact that a strong resolution urging imprisonment for anti-Semitism was tabled for a general statement on discrimination. And the Federation failed to go to bat against certain affiliates that practice Jim Crowism.

America as a whole, and the rank-and-file of the AFL, can only come to some necessary conclusions as they observe the tremendous difference between CIO proceedings at Chicago and those of New Orleans. Those conclusions will not be to the advantage of William Green and those who seem to hold him in escrow.

Fair Employment

IT CANNOT be repeated too often that the progressive nature of this war manifests itself in the steady breakdown of old prejudices and discriminatory practices against the long-abused social minority groups in our country. We are simultaneously destroying fascism abroad and its evil seeds at home. John Brown and his Abolitionist friends would be impatient with the long delay but also gratified at the measure of equal rights and opportunities achieved for the Negro people in the last few years. The President's Fair Employment Practices Committee is only one of the positive gains. Both the CIO and the AFL conventions have endorsed the principle of a permanent FEPC, the latter, however, with a grave reservation to exempt the AFL unions from its provisions. In Albany and New York City hearings are being held to determine an effective state FEPC. Wholesome fruits of this trend are seen in the entrance of many Negro workers into jobs hitherto forbidden to them by the unwritten code of race prejudice. One of the latest examples is the action of the New York Telephone Co. in hiring for the first time, twenty-six Negro girls as operators following pressure from the FEPC and such organizations as the Urban League.

Uppermost in all this is the incalculable gain made by the entire American people in eradicating or curbing practices that undermine national unity and cripple the democratic rights of us all. The CIO has won a position of national leadership in the successful efforts to wipe out these vestiges of slavery. The struggle for equal rights for Negroes is an inseparable part of the greater effort to achieve the 60,000,000 jobs and the Economic Bill of Rights outlined by our President.

Last week the Packard local of the United Automobile Workers-CIO in Detroit scored a notable victory in this field when it solved a long-festering problem of discrimination against Negroes in its plant. The members of the local unanimously elected one of their Negro fellow-workers as vice-president of the local. Further they agreed that in future they will enforce seniority in the plant "regardless of race or sex." This is real progress. But like all forward movements in society it contains a contradiction that must be understood if national unity is to be preserved. Seniority rights are an important gain of the labor movement. But if applied mechanically "regardless of race or sex" in the coming days of reconversion cut-backs and lay-offs, the first to lose their jobs will be the Negroes. This is a delicate problem illustrating the complexity of the struggle for equal rights, national unity, and general progress. Organized labor needs to take the initiative in making arrangements which, while preserving the principle of seniority, would apply it in such a way as to maintain Negro employment at a ratio commensurate to that which exists in industry today. Otherwise the wholesale elimination of Negroes from jobs will enable unscrupulous employers, by playing off unemployed Negroes against employed whites, to break down the standards of all workers.

Challenge to Science

IN A LETTER to Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, President Roosevelt recently issued a call for America's scientific and technical people to put their minds and organizations to work for the future. "New frontiers of the mind," he wrote, "are before us, and if they are pioneered with the same vision, boldness, and drive with which we have waged this war, we can create a fuller and more fruitful employment and a fuller and more fruitful life." The President requested the OSRD to make

public as far as is compatible with military security the remarkable scientific achievements of this office during the war, "to stimulate new enterprise, provide jobs for our returning servicemen and other workers" and to improve the national well-being. He urged plans for a new war against disease on a national scale, invited proposals for government action "now and in the future to aid research activities by public and private organization," and finally, looking ahead, he sought a plan to train and develop scientific talent in young Americans. This recognition that the fullest use of our trained intelligence is required to design the new America of 60,000,000 jobs is an open invitation and a challenge to America's professionals. As President Roosevelt indicates a great portion of the task of discovering how best to use our immense technical reserves falls to the federal government, but there is also full recognition that we also need the greatest possible exercise of private initiative. Mobilizing America's technical resources for reconversion requires the utmost speed. Real initiative on the part of America's great professional societies in studying their own potential role for the postwar in an expanding industrial world is demanded. Dr. Harry Grundfest, of the American Association of Scientific Workers ably outlined the perspectives for science in two articles in *NEW MASSES*, "Will America Put Science to Work?" (September 26 and October 3). The AAScW has broken some ground toward this end, and the National Council of Scientific, Professional, Art, and White Collar Organizations has set up convenient machinery for such undertakings. But the real work has hardly begun. If America's intellectuals truly understand the capacities of this moment in history they will roll up their sleeves and get to work with a will.



Canada's Tory Plot

(Continued from page 17)

Canadian troops overseas might be left without reinforcements. In consequence, they attacked the government even more viciously. Their only chance of success depends on even yet splitting the Liberal ranks and forcing an election. Prime Minister King has demanded a vote of confidence. As I write, it looks as though the Tories will go down, that King will win his vote of confidence in the House of Commons and will unite Canada in this last lap of the war.

Prime Minister King has said that "some day" the whole story will be told. It were better that he had told it now, because if the present conspiracy is successfully overcome, it will not yet mean that the danger will be removed for the future. And the Tories must be smashed for the good of Canada.

In the meantime, a new phenomenon is appearing in Canadian politics, strengthened as a result of the present crisis. The LPP has for nearly a year fought for a policy of Liberal-Labor democratic coalition to prevent Tory reaction. This policy has begun to permeate the ranks of the 800,000 trade unionists, against the Norman Thomas line of the CCF, and has begun to influence Mr. King and the Liberal Party. In both Quebec and Ontario there is a rapprochement of Liberal and labor forces. Since the beginning of the current crisis, the LPP has consistently attacked the Tory conspirators. And at its height, the French- and English-speaking trade unionists, rallied by the LPP, held mass meetings and sent telegrams of support to King and McNaughton. The two LPP Members of Parliament tore the mask off the Tory plot and became the spokesmen in the House of Commons for the labor movement. The Liberal-Labor coalition is putting on flesh and bone and blood.

The government will emerge the stronger from this crisis (as indications at the time of writing are that it will) and its new strength will flow from partnership with the powerful and politically awakening labor movement. And when the general elections do come in 1945, the stage will be set for the formation of a government which will be capable and willing to guide Canada rapidly on the road to postwar progress—a government of a Liberal-Labor coalition.

Mr. Weir is the editor of the "Canadian Tribune."



CHILDREN'S BOOKS GROW UP

By CLARA OSTROWSKY and ELIZABETH M. MORROW

Now that Christmas is upon us, parents, uncles, aunts, and other admirers of children find themselves standing delighted but bewildered at gay counters of children's books, wondering what their darling would like and what would be good for him. To resolve this common, if not unpleasant, dilemma, it is of interest to look into some past and present developments in the field of children's books.

The luncheon which opened Children's Book Week this year was an event unprecedented in the annals of that twenty-five-year-old institution. Never before had such a variety of interested groups gathered to talk about children's reading, and never before was the talk so aware of the responsibilities of children's books in a democracy.

Children's Book Week was founded immediately after World War I by a group of booksellers and librarians who carried on a vigorous campaign for higher literary and artistic standards in the generally shoddy children's books of that day. Today the book counters in any department store testify to their success. Yet it sometimes seemed during the past twenty years as though progress had stopped there. The books were beautiful; they were well written; but for the most part, instead of providing children with new light on a changing world, they offered escape into a series of never-never lands.

Things are changing in 1944. This year the Children's Book Week slogan, "United Through Books," was in itself a sign that the editors and booksellers and writers and librarians are taking seriously their part in building a united nation and a united world. As a concrete demonstration of this broader concern, this year's celebration brought together not only editors, writers, and other book people but also representatives from the Child Study Association of America, the Women's Committee of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, the Book Committee of the Women's Council for Postwar Europe, "Books Across the Sea," the US Office of Education, and other government agencies. And for the first

time too, Book Week was celebrated on an international basis with the presentation of token collections of American children's books to the children of the Soviet Union and of the devastated countries.

The ivory towers of former years came tumbling down when John R. Tunis, author of *All American* and *The Keystone Kids* and pioneer in social writing for young people, made a brilliant speech attacking race prejudice and Red-baiting, and with a passion that startled his audience urged them to carry on a militant fight against intolerance and disunity.

Book Week, 1944, constituted the first official recognition by a widely representative group of a new point of view toward children's books. This changed attitude is a reflection of what has been happening in actual practice in schools and libraries all over the country.

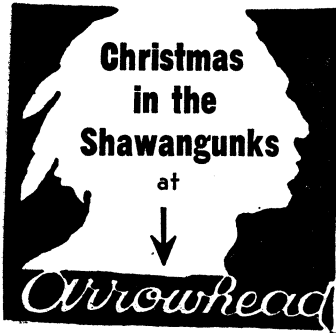
Among a group of youngsters of twelve to fourteen, hitherto uninterested in reading, the Southside Branch of the Chicago Public Library, located in the heart of the steel district, has found a real hunger for books about the immediate events reported by newspaper and radio. The boys are captured by anything that touches the war and read avidly, often crossing the line into adult books like *Guadalcanal Diary*, *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, and *We're in This With Russia*. Though not so intensely interested in "war books" as such, the girls want stories about careers in nursing or problems the war has introduced into our living. The parents, too, have become interested in the books their children read and hold monthly meetings devoted to the psychology of the adolescent and his reading habits.

In the Jefferson School Library, in New York City, which since last February has been conducting Saturday story hours for children of three-and-a-half to eleven years, there is a constant hearty response to books firmly rooted in the realities of a child's own world. The children under six lean to very simple stories which match their everyday experiences. They like vivid pictures of

things and scenes they know and often plot their own stories from the illustrations. With six and seven-year-olds, animal stories—especially the funny ones filled with some of the children's own foibles—are favorites. Their other preferences include stories of commonplaces like swapping toys and keeping pets, or descriptions of the workings of familiar machinery like snow shovels or trains. Interest in stories about children of other countries comes later when notions of geography are clearer. From eight up, the child's variety of interests and curiosities makes him eager for material touching almost everything under the sun. Books about folk heroes like Johnny Appleseed, science, the resources of the earth, stories of our early history and that of peoples the world around meeting willing ears. The daughter of a migratory worker (*Blue Willow*), the son of a Negro farmer in the South (*Tobe*), a Jewish patriot of Revolutionary times (*Haym Salomon*), Soviet children who found their places in the war effort (*Timur and His Gang*), and a Negro messman (*Submarine Sailor*) are joining the children's favorite heroes and heroines of the past.

THE picture is not all sweetness and light, however. Each year still brings its inevitable little group of calumnies about the North's part in the Civil War and 'sentimental tales of a *Gone with the Wind* South. To date, there are no stories that accept labor unions as a normal part of American life, and many viciously anti-labor textbooks are in use in schools throughout the country. Only loud and continued protest from a large group of alert parents can completely eliminate these threats to national unity.

The average family cannot afford a large, well-stocked library of children's books, since prices range normally from one to three dollars a title. These books are expensive because they are usually produced in small quantities (a sale of 10,000 makes a best seller) for a limited audience. Today there is an unlimited audience for children's books in the United States, if ways can be found to



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reach it. Simon and Schuster, with their "Little Golden Books" which sell at a quarter in drug and candy stores as well as bookshops, have made a start in supplying these millions of potential readers. These books are attractive looking as well as inexpensive, but their content is very banal.

Labor unions with cultural and child care programs should realize that children's books are part of family culture and an important element in child care. When the United Automobile Workers of America-CIO started a Labor Book Club, they recognized the need for books with better social content. What they do with children's books in the future may point a way for similar projects elsewhere. When parents with a labor background start buying books for their children and discussing library stocks with the local children's librarian, they will be in a position to call for more books with better social content. They must then form a staunch alliance with forward-looking writers, publishers, artists, and librarians to insure that children's books keep on growing into a vigorous new literature and a potent force for democratic development.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN THREE TO SIX

- Bishop & Wiese: *The Five Chinese Brothers*. Coward-McCann. \$1.50.
Brown, M. W.: *Noisy Books (City, Country, Indoor, Noisy Bird)* Scott. \$1.25 each.
Burton, V. L.: *Mike Mulligan and His Steamshovel*. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.75.
Carr & Parrott: *Now Daddy's in the Army*. Morrow. \$1.
Clymer, E.: *Here Comes Pete*. McBride. \$2.
Flack, M.: *Story About Ping*. Viking. \$1.
Gag, Wanda: *Wanda Gag's Story Book*. Coward-McCann. \$2.75.
Green, M. M.: *Everybody Has a House*. Scott. \$1.
Hall, William: *Watch the Pony Grow*. Crowell. \$1.25.
Huntington, H. E.: *Let's Go Outdoors*. Doubleday. \$2.
Kunhardt, Dorothy: *Pat the Bunny*. Simon & Schuster. \$1.
Milius, W.: *Here Comes Daddy*. Scott. \$1.
Sharpe, S. G.: *Tobe*. University of North Carolina Press. \$1.50.
Webber, I. E.: *Travelers All: How Plants Go Places*. Scott. \$1.25.
Wright, Ethel: *Saturday Flight, Saturday Ride, Saturday Walk*. Scott. \$1 each.
- FOR CHILDREN SEVEN TO TEN
- Buck, Pearl: *Dragon Fish*. Day. \$1.50.
Daugherty, J. H.: *Andy and the Lion*. Viking. \$1.50.
D'Aulaire, I. & E. Parin: *Wings for Per*. Doubleday. \$2.50.
Edmonds, W. D.: *The Matchlock Gun*. Dodd. \$2.
Elting & Weaver: *Soldiers, Sailors, Fliers and Marines*. Doubleday. \$2.

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Henius, Frank: *Stories from the Americas*. Scribner's. \$2.

Ilin & Segal: *A Ring and a Riddle*. Lippincott. \$2.

Law, B. A.: *Fighting Planes of the World*. Random House. \$1.

Manning-Landers, R.: *Mystery at Penmarth*. McBride. \$2.

Milhous, Katherine: *Herodia, the Lovely Puppet*. Scribner's. \$2.

Parker, B. M.: *Animals of Yesterday*. And others. Row, Peterson. 32¢ each.

Siegmeister, Elie, ed.: *Work and Sing*. Scott. \$2.50.

Stevenson, Augusta: *George Carver, Boy Scientist*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

Story of Alaska, The Mississippi, New England, Great Plains, etc. Harper. \$1.50 each.

Streafeld, Noel: *Circus Shoes*. Random House. \$2.

Travers, P. L.: *Mary Poppins and Mary Poppins Comes Back*. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$1.98.

Turngren, A.: *Flaxen Braids*. Nelson. \$1.50.

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Allen, Adam: *New Broome Experiment*. Lippincott. \$2.

Benedict, R., & Weltfish, G.: *The Races of Mankind*. Public Affairs Committee. 10¢.

Baker, N. B.: *Garibaldi; Juarez; Simon Bolivar*. Vanguard. \$2.50 each.

Blair, W.: *Tall Tale America*. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

Britton, Katharine: *What Makes It Tick?* Houghton. \$2.50.

Corey, Paul: *The Red Tractor*. Morrow. \$2.

Curie, Eve: *Madame Curie*. Garden City. \$1.

Daugherty, James: *Abraham Lincoln; Daniel Boone*. Viking. \$3.50 & \$2.50 respectively.

Davis, L. R.: *Americans Every One*. Doubleday. \$1.50.

Elting & Weaver: *Battles—How They Are Won*. Doubleday. \$2.

Fast, Howard: *Citizen Tom Paine*. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.75.

Felsen, Gregor: *Some Follow the Sea*. Dutton. \$2.50.

Forbes: *Johnny Tremaine*. Houghton. \$2.50.

Foster, Genevieve: *Abraham Lincoln's World; George Washington's World*. Scribner's. \$3. each.

Gray, E. J.: *Adam of the Road*. Viking. \$2.

Huberman, Leo: *Man's Wordly Goods*. Harper. \$2.75.

Ilin, M.: *Black on White*. And others. Lippincott. \$1.60.

Johnson, Hewlett: *Secret of Soviet Strength*. International Publishers. 35¢.

Lenski, Lois: *Bayou Suzette*. Lippincott. \$2.

Mitchell & Goshal: *Twentieth Century India*. Also others in this series. Webster. 40¢.

Parton, Ethel: *Lost Locket; Penelope Ellen and Her Friends; Tabitha Mary*, etc. Viking. \$2 each.

Read, W. M.: *Earth for Sam; Sea for Sam; Stars for Sam*. Harcourt. \$2.75 each.

Shapiro, I.: *Yankee Thunder*. Messner. \$2.50.

Strong, A. L.: *Wild River*. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

Tunis, J. R.: *All American: Keystone Kids; Yea! Wildcats*, etc. Harcourt. \$2 each.

White, A. T.: *Lost Worlds*. Random House. \$2.50.

Zim, Herbert: *Parachutes*. Harcourt. \$2.50.

Key to Victory

(Continued from page 6)

Eric Johnston, Winthrop Aldrich, and Henry Luce. The British are fully aware of the terrific superiority which American capitalism has gained during the course of the war. They know that in a free-for-all struggle American capitalism could and would swamp them.

British capitalists and tory statesmen, moreover, see little or no indication that the views of progressive industrialists in the United States, such as Henry Kaiser, are prevailing in the Chambers of Commerce and like bodies in the United States. Granted that Bretton Woods represents a momentous attempt to control postwar commercial relationships, the British see little practical application of such high-minded principles in day-to-day actions. Neither Mr. Berle's leadership at the Civil Aviation Conference nor Mr. Aldrich's at the International Business Conference at Rye fill British hearts with confidence. Nor in the desperate political struggle which is now going on between the United States and Great Britain over the fascist government of Argentina do the British see any demonstration of high statesmanship on our part with respect to their vital commercial interests in that country. No, they are deeply suspicious of American capitalism and they are turning desperately in whatever direction will bolster their competitive position—regardless of political consequences. One of these directions is the maintenance of the traditional colonial system.

It is clear that so long as American imperialist ambitions produce British insistence on retaining the old colonial system, coalition warfare in the Far East will be hampered. The war and the postwar security system will suffer, the latter perhaps irreparably. It is on this point, therefore, that the longest and most difficult road still has to be travelled. The way is still largely uncharted. The cardinal and immediate need is for American business and government leadership to grasp the importance of the problem, to get right to work on it, and in the spirit of compromise to work out some solution with Great Britain and the other colonial powers whereby coalition warfare against Japan may no longer be crippled by the colonial problem.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

IN THE WORLD OF ART

By MOSES SOYER

RECENTLY, browsing in a second-hand book store, I happened to pick up a French volume published about 1875: that is, at the time when Daumier, Courbet, Corot, Delacroix, Diaz, Millet, and other artists of such caliber were producing their best work. The name of the book was *Les Grands Peintres d'Aujourd'hui*. It consisted of short biographies and expensively produced plates by the subjects of the biographies. Strangely enough (or rather, as one should have expected) none of the artists mentioned above, those who have played such an important role in the development of European art, appear in the book. The artists represented are the stylish painters of the day, popular in society circles—the painters of pretty women, sentimental landscapes, and involved allegorical compositions. These “*grands artistes*” of yesterday are practically forgotten today. The art authorities of the big museums have relegated their work to the oblivion of their spacious basements, and only the diligent student could still find them hung on the walls of provincial museums.

This little story came to my mind as I was making my monthly round of exhibitions, mentally hazarding a guess as to which of the artists whose work I saw would occupy as prominent a place in the world of art twenty-five years, say, from now when the modes of the moment and the contemporary acclaim of the critics have disappeared and the work is judged purely on its merit. For this week's review I have chosen six artists of varied temperament and personality, reproductions of whose pictures I assure you you will not find, with perhaps one exception, in the mammoth treasures of masterpieces that are published in such abundance during the Christmas season. They are Marc Chagall (the exception), Philip Evergood, Marguerite Zorach, Gerrit Hondius, Ben Shahn, and Joseph Floch.

There is little I could say that has not already been said about Marc Chagall except that his recent exhibition was as delightful as the preceding one. It is difficult to classify Chagall in this age of

artistic isms. The expressionists, the surrealists, the romantic expressionists and others all fervently acclaim him as their own. To me he is a great painter of whimsical folklore and fairy tales for grown-ups, and cannot be pigeonholed into any narrow classification. To those interested in Chagall's development I would recommend a visit to that artistic Dr. Caligari's cabinet which is Peggy Guggenheim's “Art of the Century” galleries—where you will find an early Chagall of the Russian period on exhibition. The contrast is tremendous, and yet the development is logical. Looking at the old painting, so severe and conventional in color, one could hardly foretell the beautiful opalescent blues and pinks and greens of today; yet one could divine the future Chagall in the unorthodox composition and placement of objects. His large painting in his exhibition, “*A Ma Femme*,” is a culmination of all he has long stood for. You will find in it all the objects that have served him as symbols for the past thirty years or more, such as the grandfather clock, the menorah, the naive Semitic angel, the bride and groom, the little old man with his violin, the human cows and goats, and the pale female figure, his ideal of beauty. He found early the perfect way of expressing his world of fantasy and one can look forward confidently to yet more paintings full of wizardry and wisdom.

PHILIP EVERGOOD's recent exhibition consisted of twelve small panels painted especially for a Russian War Relief calendar. They tell the story of American-Russian friendship, beginning as far back as 1871 when Catherine the Great appointed John Paul Jones admiral of the Russian fleet. As in the case of Chagall it is difficult for me to say something new about Evergood, because his progress has been steady and logical. These twelve panels are painted in the lusty, colorful, and, if one may say so, “Evergoodian manner.” They are thoughtfully planned and executed and some of them, like the ones entitled “The Returning of the Compliment,”

illustrating the grateful Russian people receiving food and seed from the Americans, “Listening to Russian Music on Central Park Mall,” the tragic “Supermen on Soviet Soil,” the powerfully designed “Russia Fights Back,” and the stately “Peace on Earth,” a composition of verticals, are among the best things that he has done to date. I am glad that these panels have been acquired by the collector Emil J. Arnold; thus one will always be able to see them as the unit they were meant to be. Too often it happens that a group of paintings of this sort are dispersed, as in the case of Ben Shahn's Sacco and Vanzetti cycle. There is a mural quality in these pictures as if Evergood had in mind, consciously or unconsciously, the idea that some day they might be found greatly enlarged on the walls of a beautiful building dedicated to Soviet-American friendship.

IT IS a pleasure to be able to report on an artistic personality who, after pioneering in her youth, finds herself while still relatively young in the select company of artists whose art, to use a rather trite term, has already withstood the test of time. Such is Marguerite Zorach. I left her recent retrospective exhibition with admiration for her artistic integrity and single-mindedness of purpose. Her work is uniformly good, frankly decorative, and often beautifully composed. Her subject matter deals with her own immediate family: her famous husband, her children, her pet animals, the country home in Maine where she spends her summers. A feeling of intimacy pervades her pictures, a quality that seldom goes with decorative work, and there is also a gentle melancholy that one associates with autumn or the day that is ending. This is due partly to her subdued sense of color and to the autumnal leaves and plants which compose many of her still lifes. It was a richly rewarding show.

I SHOULD like to call Ben Shahn in a complimentary, not a derogatory sense, an adventurer in the arts. He has done everything: photography, mural painting, montage. He has experimented

in realistic and abstract ways of painting and he has championed many theories. He first became known with his "Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti," a series of paintings in gouache of the history of the trial, conviction, and execution of the great labor martyrs. Some years later he gave a repeat performance with the Tom Mooney case. Artistically this was more advanced, yet somehow it did not have the same impact as the Sacco and Vanzetti series. It seemed to me to lack the artistic zeal and passion against injustice of the former cycle and not to reach the same heights of feeling. And now, after years of mural painting, photography, and poster-painting, Shahn holds an exhibition of some seventeen paintings in gouache. As one would expect, it was an unusual show. He has greatly developed artistically and has learned to use gouache better than ever before. With great restraint of means and color he manages to get full and rich orchestrations, and with a simple line that almost borders on niggardliness he gets expressive results. He is one of the few artists who know how to make use of photography in art, making it serve his purpose rather than, like many artists, becoming slave to it. Ben Shahn is one of our best satirists and can be withering in his comments, almost as though he were wielding a pen instead of a brush. However, I question strongly the timeliness and taste of such subject matter as that of "Scabbies Are Welcome" and "India" when we are all striving to achieve freedom for the world through national harmony and international unity. Some of the paintings I liked in the show are the "Red Stairway"; "The Clinic," which makes one laugh even though it is a scathing arraignment of social conditions; the tragic "Italian Landscapes" No. 1 and 2; the nostalgic, young self-portrait representing a sad, lonely child as the sole audience of a street band composed of four middle-aged men against a background of gloomy, empty-windowed houses; the bitter "Fourth of July Orator," and others. Ben Shahn has worked out a technique that is peculiarly his own and completely adequate for what he has to say.

LAST summer I received a letter from Sol Wilson, who was spending his vacation in Rockport, describing the activities of the art colony. I should like to quote the following sentence: "Of all the artists Gerrit Hondius impresses me most with his sincerity, his ability for hard work and his steadiness of purpose." The result of Hondius' summer work can

now be seen at the Marquie Gallery. Hondius is a capable artist of no mean accomplishment. His work is poetic, and for his subject matter he chooses and paints with genuine understanding and sympathy the fishing folk, their wives and children, on the one hand, and trapeze artists, animal trainers, and circus folk on the other. Hondius is a Dutchman and one feels in his work a kinship with the Dutch artists of Rembrandt's time. His Rockport compositions of fishermen and wharves make one think of paintings dealing with similar subjects by Van Ostade, Jan Steen and Rembrandt himself. Although all the paintings are on the same level of excellence I personally like "Fishermen's Shanties," "Equestrienne," "Mending Nets," and "Fishermen's Hangout."

In writing above about some artists whose work never adorns the pages of popular art books it was Hondius whom I had particularly in mind, for here is an artist of attainment whose work has never received the recognition it merits. That his work has not become "popular" is not strange, because simplification of form and somber palette are not qualities that appeal to the general public; but what is strange is that Hondius has never made the "grade" in that he has never been accepted by the juries (often composed of fellow artists) for the national, annual, or biennial shows. Is that not unfair?

JOSEPH FLOCH is one of the many European artists who have found refuge in our country from the Nazis. After the war some will return to the

countries of their birth or adoption, forever grateful to America for the help and hospitality it extended to them in their darkest hour. Others who have grown to love America and "its way of life" more than any other land will remain, partake of our ideas and culture, become American citizens, and in turn enrich our native art with their European heritage. These artists will thus form an important cultural link in the chain of international unity we hope and pray for after this war. Joseph Floch is one of the most gracious and perceptive of these artists.

In New York, Floch has found the terraces and balconies which he had painted so long in Paris, and the highly patinated walls and railing which have somehow escaped the notice of most American artists are recreated in his canvases with a slightly nostalgic air. His landscapes are thoughtful and classic in design and delicate in color. His interiors are spacious, well arranged, and never overcrowded, though one could wish for more strength and virility. Because of the compositional spaciousness of his paintings, one can easily imagine them giving the rooms in which they are hung an extended sense of space. On the whole, the disciplined and somewhat evocative work of Floch will form a valuable addition to our native art.

NOTE: In my last article referring to the people who had done most to make the "Tribute to Roosevelt" show a success I inadvertently omitted the name of Paul Strand, the famous photographer. Most of the research was done under his guidance, and in general he was responsible for the photographic part of the exhibition.

Films of the Week

"AN AMERICAN ROMANCE" does not plot the graph of a kissfool and his glamor girl as the title would imply, but concerns itself with the career of iron ore as it goes from iron to steel to auto to plane. The film is a tribute to America's industrial might, and at the same time it is a recognition of the immigrant's part in the building of the country, his basic contribution to the raw, romantic, crude, virile past that has shaped us into the power we are today. If ever a film breathed life into the slogan, "immigrants all—Americans all," this one does it. In recording the odyssey of iron ore from open pit to freight boat, through blast furnace to stamping machine and as-



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sembly line, *An American Romance* takes cognizance of the part played by the worker, and comes to the conclusion that labor organized is better equipped to pull its weight in a modern world than labor unorganized. As a result it is a vastly superior film—especially considering such current competition as *Something For the Boys*, *Bowery to Broadway*, *Together Again*, and other such gravy stock.

A story line has been provided to humanize and give point to the expositional skeleton of the picture. Steve Dangosbiblichek, Dangos for short, walks from Ellis Island to join a cousin on the Mesabi iron ore range in Minnesota. He follows the ore down the Great Lakes and gets a job in the steel mills around Gary and Chicago. He goes to school, learns the language, marries his first schoolteacher, studies technical books, raises a large family, sacrifices a part of it in the first World War, goes from foreman to inventor to auto tycoon. In short, he is the typical European-American workman (except for the magic Hollywood success finale): sober, awkward and tender in love, diligent, thrifty, and hardworking.

These fictional aspects are soundly linked to the documentary sequences of the film, and yet they are not integrated technically as, say, the studio and factual shots are interwoven in *Wing and a Prayer*. This technique is not new to movie-making. It has been used for many years by the automobile and other industries, in advertising their products, and distributed in showrooms and rural centers as "industrials." These films often glossed over the weaknesses of their product and invariably hid the working conditions and labor relations of their organizations. But they were a variety of documentary film, and in utilizing the form for a major Hollywood feature film, King Vidor, its writer-producer-director, has invested *An American Romance* with genuine technical innovations. The narrative continuity of the film stops when the industrial shots are presented and the narrator talks not about the fictive characters but about the product. These shots are vividly reproduced in the most successful technicolor I have yet witnessed. For once the color is subdued and sober and imparts a feeling that it belongs by nature to the object, instead of being dragged in to make a holiday for a Christmas calendar designer.

A pioneer film, which this is in a sense, will invariably have weaknesses. Its covering of a vast amount of

ground results in certain chronological confusions and historic omissions. It telescopes the fight for union recognition into the arguments for labor-management. As a defect this hardly calls for capital punishment, but it is exaggerated by the fact that although the rise of Steve Dangos is coincident with the period of labor's bloodiest struggles, there is no mention whatsoever of union activities.

The final statement of the film on this subject more than makes up, however, for such shortcomings. As a successful, self-made car manufacturer Steve will have nothing to do with the union. His arguments for rugged individualism are reinforced by his own past. Nobody helped him, and he knows the problem of the worker. No union is going to tell him how to run his business, etc., etc. The stock arguments of the open-shopper are presented in full platitudinous array. The union delegation, headed by his son, refutes these arguments with an eloquence that makes film history. The union, he says, does not want, nor is it necessarily able, to run his business. All its members ask is a guarantee of work, certainty of a stipulated pay-check, and the dignity that comes from being consulted on their own problems. Such consideration must come from a recognition of principle, and not from the benign impulses of a paternal boss.

THE film was made by MGM, which usually is to the film industry what Lucius Beebe is to the bartender at the Ritz. However, it seems that they were a little uncertain about this film, for they all but sank it in the launching. It was never presented in a first-run Broadway house, and without such a showcase introduction, a film is given very little advertising and ballyhoo prestige, a factor that determines its neighborhood fortunes. As a matter of fact, it will probably be playing the bus and subway circuits by the time this is printed: in which case articulate moviegoers can overcome some of these handicaps by helping it achieve resounding local patronage.

King Vidor, by the presentation of *An American Romance*, has confounded his critics, of which I was one. At latest reports, he was listed among the supporters of the reactionary, isolationist, and anti-labor Hollywood Alliance. The King Vidor of this film loves America. There is pride in his regard for the Mesabi Range, largest open-pit mine in the whole wide world. There is love for the steel mills, the auto plants,

the tremendous machines, the herculean and knowing labors of the men who operate these industrial giants. He voices faith in future cooperation between labor and management, and the value of a recognized closed shop. Let us hope that the King Vidor of this film is the real Vidor.

SLIGHT addendum on the critical reception of *The Rainbow*: Now that Farber of the *New Republic* has published his opinions of *Rainbow*, it is not surprising to see *brat* (Russian word for brother and not what you might mistake it to mean) Agee of the *Nation* echo his sentiments. For Agee is the disciple, or perhaps toady, of the *New Republic* Nestor and would never, never express disagreement on so fundamental a matter as the Soviet Union. Both he and his mentor are horrified by the idea of hate, but I'm willing to bet a plugged nickel against a *Nation* movie review that they both hate the Soviet Union bitterly. I have too much respect for the paper shortage to attempt a description of the full page of windy prattle that Agee palms off as detached, cultural observation. He is horrified by the moral and esthetic damage that the film wreaks on simple unsuspecting American audiences. A piece of powerful "agit-prop" is leading you by the nose, he warns. How can you make fair judgments if you cannot stand back and exorcise the Soviet devil?

The Hearst-Patterson class of vermin shrieks that Teheran means the surrender of Roosevelt and Churchill to Stalin. The *Nation* in its general policy rightly opposes such ravings as anti-United Nations. Yet how is Agee's logorhea (looseness of words) any different? McCormack is anxious that we do not fall into the hands of the Kremlin. Agee is equally solicitous.

Agee is the fellow who, after treating *Carmen Jones*, *Othello*, and *Oklahoma* (in *Partisan Review*) as he later treated *Rainbow*, blandly announced that he had not seen *Othello*, *Carmen Jones* or *Oklahoma* because he felt they would be bad. "People who spoke well of these shows reinforced me in this feeling, and have helped give it detail. People who spoke ill of them, I regarded as even more trustworthy." I have seen clowns standing on their noses achieve more dignity.

In case you don't know why the Soviet Union made *Rainbow*, Agee will tell you. It's because the people, tasting victory, have no need for hate, and hence need to be whipped into hating



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clast from Greenwich Village, New York, scales the wall in an attempt to snatch his daughter, Eleanor. Almost single-handed, Apley mans the ramparts against this intrusion; like New England rock, he holds against time and tide and erosion. For a breathless moment, the outer world seems to be on the point of sweeping him away. He is pushed to the verge of admitting that Worcester is in Massachusetts; that New York, regrettably, is in the Western Hemisphere. But at the last moment he masters his momentary weakness, he reasserts his Apley, he repels the invader: and once more Beacon Street is all there is of God's Earth. True, he has not succeeded in saving his daughter from a fate worse than death, for the foolish girl does marry the Yale man. But in the epilogue, twelve years later, we have the awesome satisfaction of observing John, in the exact psychological image of the late George Apley, revelling with a chilled-glass Martini in the desiccated tomb of the Thursday Club.

Mr. Carroll's supporting cast is mostly the top of the cream, as you might expect with Max Gordon presenting, Kaufman directing. The one flaw is David McKay's strenuous playing of John Apley in a poorly written part which calls for more pantomimic art than McKay commands. In contrast, there is the beautiful performance by Margaret Phillips in a part almost equally bare of lines, that of the sadly insignificant girl whom John marries. Janet Beecher portrays George Apley's wife with a skill that fully matches Carroll's portraiture. Percy Waram, as Beacon Street's link to the outer world, turns in a very solid performance. Joan Chandler is the lively bird, lovely to follow, who finally flies the coop. There are good performances also by John Conway, who is Eleanor's guide and who has wormed his way into Harvard to lecture on the Concord Myth; by Margaret Dale, whose characterization of a hard Apley is in interesting contrast to Catherine Proctor's playing of a personality which has been driven into hiding; by Reynolds Evans (for all his having been misdirected into caricature); by Howard St. John, who as the Worcester man returns George Apley to the Apleys; and by Sayre Crawley, who consummately constructs the ancient servitor of three generations of Beacon Street.—An evening of Broadway at its best in the most characteristic of demonstrations: tying a marshmallow with \$50,000 worth of ribbon.

HARRY TAYLOR.

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