

WHAT IT'S LIKE IN BRITAIN *A Cable by JOSEPH NORTH*

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NEW MASSES

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BEHIND THE ROATTA AFFAIR

A few unvarnished truths from "War and the Working Class"

by **S. SLOBODSKOY**

LOUIS ARAGON:

ROMAIN ROLLAND: WARRIOR OF OUR TIMES

A CERTAIN DR. GIDEONSE

by **BELLA V. DODD**

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *William Z. Foster's Fifty Fighting Years, by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; Ganging Up on UNRRA, by Virginia Gardner; Is it Freedom House? by Lewis Merrill; Hollywood Strike, by The Editors; Gropper Looks at Spring.*

BETWEEN OURSELVES

AFTER the liberation of France, when the fog of rumors, lies and guesses obscuring the great anti-fascist names of that country had been dispelled, we rejoiced to learn that Romain Rolland was alive. A. B. Magil, now acting editor, immediately sent him a cablegram asking that he give the people of America a message through our pages. Rolland was never able to send us that message, for two days later he died. It is as though this gallant man after more than half a century of struggle in the name of humanity, tired but far from daunted, maintained his life force until he could witness the ejection of the Nazis from his beloved country. But if he did not send us a message in so many words, we know, from the kind of man he was, what he would have wanted us to think about the future France in a world without fear or brutality. In the light of that knowledge, NEW MASSES has arranged a meeting in tribute to the achievements and spirit of this world-renowned warrior and man of letters. On the program will be his spiritual countrymen. More details of the event can be found on the back cover. I am sure those of us who have read *Jean Christophe* and his other works, and that means literally all of us, will be on hand to guarantee a major gesture of appreciation.

NOT ALL of us are able to achieve international reputations, and yet in a smaller way, achieve results that make of a man locally what the works of our better known leaders make of a man internationally. The following is a note from foreign editor John Stuart about one such man.

"Dear Joe: This is to ask you for a little of your department's space about a big and good man who just died. Both of us at one time or another spent some hours chatting with Herman Chester. Talk was easy for him and the deed too, and now he is gone after a lingering illness and both of us, and hundreds of others, will miss him. Do you remember how Herman used to amble around his place, the Zumburg, with his hat pushed down over his forehead, how he would stop to greet one of his innumerable guests with just the right words, and how good he would make you feel?

"He was an extraordinary talker who let his stories unwind slowly and the end was never what you expected. Last summer I sat out on a porch with him and his daughter. She was, I think, feeling a little low. She had just been married and her husband had gone off to do his share of the fighting. Herman spoke to her quietly, spinning what seemed to be, in the beginning, a fantastic yarn about soldiers. He talked about fighters with and without uniforms.

He said, in that drawing, ambling way of his that a good half of a good fighter could be found in the girl he loved. He interspersed his talk with a delicious humor. Well, when he had finished, she was gay and peppy again, and I was touched by the way this man, sick as he was, could instill zest and spirit in others.

"But all this was only part of Herman Chester. His money went to many a good cause. For a man who loved to talk, he never talked about these things. He fought hard for the kind of world where the grass would always be as green as it was up at his summer place in the Catskills."

LEST you think that the absence of appeals in the pages of the magazine means that the fund drive is ended, I hasten to assure you that such is not the case. We are still in the thick of our campaign, still a long, long way from the tapering off point—many a dollar short of our objective. All the reasons that we have set down for asking your cooperation in the raising of our 1945 goal of fifty thousand

dollars still obtain, only more so, since time is passing and our new circulation and editorial projects must be put into effect. (To date we have received \$12,608.) See the coupon on page 25 for further action.

WITH this issue Dr. Frederic Ewen, whose book reviews have often appeared in our pages, becomes NM's music critic. He succeeds John Kitton, whose work has been much appreciated. Music, it seems, was Dr. Ewen's first love, and though he later turned his attention to literature, he continued to follow developments in the world of music.

J. F.

The deadline for the Art Young Memorial Award of \$100 for the best poem to be submitted to New Masses is extended from March 15 to April 15, 1945. Readers are reminded that manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced and on one side of the paper. There is no limit to the number of poems any contestant may submit. All poetry submitted or published in New Masses since the announcement of the awards, May 16, 1944, is eligible.

NEW MASSES ESTABLISHED 1911

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American soldiers in Italy at rest, by Corp. Milton Wynne

BEHIND THE ROATTA AFFAIR

By S. SLOBODSKOY

The following article, published here in abridged form, is taken from issue number five (1945) of "The War and the Working Class." It was obviously written shortly before General Roatta's escape from a hospital while he was on trial for fascist crimes. Nevertheless, Mr. Slobodskoy provides invaluable background material revealing the extensive conspiracies of fascists and pro-fascists in the liberated areas of Italy. The Roatta affair stirred the widest protest and resulted in government action to strengthen its purge laws. One immediate effect has been the order removing all officials who held similar jobs under the fascist regime even if they were not members of the fascist party.—The Editors.

Moscow (by wireless).

THE programs of all Italian parties and organizations which have rallied to the banner of progress demand that fascism be extirpated. However, thus far the purge in liberated Italy has consisted mainly of the dismissal of minor officials from certain administrative bodies and of the stripping of certain groups of prominent fascists—most of whom are at present beyond reach of Italian authorities—of their titles and honors. Only in recent months have the courts taken up the cases of war criminals and highly-placed traitors. The list of persons brought to trial is ridiculously

small compared with the number of fascist criminals and their accomplices who live in liberated territory and who hold responsible posts in the army, in the police force, in government bodies.

It was over a year after the signing of the armistice that Gen. Mario Roatta, the fascist super-spy and butcher of the Slovenian people, was put in the prisoner's dock. As chief of the intelligence service of the fascist army, Roatta together with the ministry of foreign affairs and other fascist organs organized espionage, sabotage, political assassinations and other fascist activity in a number of countries—principally in Republican Spain and France.

Even before the conclusion of the Italo-German military alliance, Roatta established close contact with the German intelligence service and supplied it with valuable information. The list of crimes involving Roatta and the former deputy minister of foreign affairs, Fulvio Suvich, as well as other prominent fascists who have been brought to trial with him, is very long. [Suvich was last week sentenced to twenty-four years imprisonment.—The Editors.] In this list can be included the assassination in Marseilles in 1934 of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and the French foreign minister, Barthou; and the assassination in 1937 by French Cagoullards, on orders from Rome, of the Roselli brothers,

leaders in the Italian anti-fascist "Justice and Liberty" organization.

During the war Roatta commanded the Second Italian Army of Occupation in Yugoslavia. There he distinguished himself by his extreme brutality toward Partisans and civilians. He was included in the Yugoslav government's list of war criminals long ago; but while his record in Yugoslavia has long been universally known, this did not prevent him from acting as chief of staff of the army of liberated Italy until April 1944.

Taddeo Orlando, another prominent Italian general and formerly a commander of a Sardinian division which gained notoriety by the frightful atrocities it committed in Slovenia, is also accused of war crimes by Yugoslav patriots. In spite of this he served as Italian war minister until June, 1944. At present he is the commander of the Carabinieri police corps. In this post he addressed a circular to his subordinates calling their attention to "the alarming lack of discipline and the dangerous spirit of sedition" among the masses. He ordered the Carabinieri to act against the people "resolutely and without hesitation." [Orlando was removed from office after the demonstrations in Rome in protest against Roatta's escape.—The Editors.]

Only very recently have proceedings been undertaken against the traitor gen-

erals who surrendered their positions to the Germans without a fight and who hindered the efforts of the Italian patriots to organize resistance against the occupation forces. One of these generals, Basso, gave Naples to the Nazis. After that he was appointed commander of the armed forces on the island of Sardinia and was then given another post.

Only in November 1944, did the authorities make up their minds to confiscate the property of Dino Grandi and other high fascist leaders. The big landowners, industrialists and financiers known to have been actively implicated in fascist terror and in Mussolini's military adventures have in the main been left unmolested. The tolerance displayed toward fascist accomplices in liberated Italy was strikingly shown by the sending of the financier, Luigi Podesta—who for a long time was a prominent Mussolini agent in America—to the United States on a "technical" mission.

The failure of the authorities to fight energetically for the extirpation of fascism has aroused deep dissatisfaction among the masses and the protest of sincere patriots. The existing purge law, the procedure it lays down, and above all the fact that the directors of the purge have no real powers, afford the widest opportunity for sabotage and the shielding of criminals, who have no lack of highly placed protectors both inside and outside the country.

IT CANNOT be denied that the course and character of the purge are influenced by the fact that a number of provinces near the war zone are still under the direct control of the Allied military administration and that generally freedom of action by the Italian government is severely circumscribed by the armistice terms. It would be wrong, however, to attribute to external causes the extreme laxity with which the fight against fascism is being waged in Italy. The demand for the eradication of fascism, the punishment of fascist criminals, and the speeding up of the democratization of the country is encountering fierce resistance first and foremost from the pro-fascist forces in Italy, who are prepared to go to all lengths to save the remnants of fascism. It is on the preservation of these remnants that their privileges and their immunity from punishment for their war crimes depend. In their fight against the complete elimination of fascism and the creation of a free, democratic Italy, reactionary forces lean for support on the Vatican and on the clerics who take their orders from it. *Quotidiano*, organ of Catholic Action,

pleads for mercy toward the fascist criminals and demands that they be tried in accordance with the ordinary rules of judicial procedure. "It shouldn't be forgotten," *Quotidiano* preaches, "that even the worst criminal is a human being—all the more so since neglect of human beings is at the bottom of the totalitarian dementia."

Leaders of the Italian Liberal Party profess to favor an "objective" and "unbiased" purge. But actually they are doing their utmost to hinder it, and attempt to belittle the danger represented by those cutthroats who are still active in the country. The *Risorgimento Liberale*, organ of the Liberal Party, publishes articles under the heading "Fascism Is Dead" in which it avers that all fears of the "revival of fascist underground activities" are groundless and that the possibility of the old regime rallying and reappearing as a political force "must be definitely rejected." Besides their benevolent and "charitable" attitude toward fascist criminals, liberal and clerical circles are showing great consideration for the police and the gendarmes, who act in the spirit of General Taddeo Orlando's instructions cited above.

Last October the police brutally attacked a demonstration of civil servants in Palermo, who came out into the streets demanding increased salaries. About a score of the demonstrators were killed and one hundred were injured. The *Osservatore Romano*, official Vatican daily, deemed it necessary to lend moral support to the police, whose behavior roused a storm of protest in the country and rendered valuable service to the Sicilian separatists. Contradicting the newspaper which wrote that "under a democratic regime the people aren't fired upon and arms are used against enemies of the people," the Vatican organ adduced a superb argument in justification of the conduct of the police. It said that "gendarmes and police are also part of the people."

The resistance of the reactionary forces is not confined to opposing the extirpation of fascism. As a rule all measures designed to democratize the political system, to reduce profiteering and the black market, to enlist the efforts of the people in raising the country from its economic prostration and to reorganize and purge the army—encounter the stubborn opposition of reactionary forces. Characteristic of the pace at which the process of democratization is moving in Italy is the fact that the decision adopted by the Badoglio cabinet to create a more or less authoritative "consultative assembly" to function with

the government has not been put into effect to this day. On the other hand the Senate, whose members were appointed by the king and selected from among the most conservative and reactionary elements, has been resuscitated with the object of using it as a counterpoise to the Committee of National Liberation.

EVEN more significant are the frenzied efforts of the pro-fascist forces to preserve the bankrupt and discredited general staff of the army which in September 1943, did everything in its power to undermine Italy's defenses against the Hitler invasion. This staff has become utterly corrupt and as General Berardo, its former chief, declared, it is a nest of "careerism and speculation." (About the political complexion of the staff the general thought it wise to say nothing.) The existence of such a staff has long been a serious hindrance to the rehabilitation of the Italian army. Only in November 1944, when the question of creating a morally and politically sound and militarily efficient army became exceptionally acute did the government venture to adopt the decision to disband and reorganize the general staff. But it is still uncertain whether the authorities will be strong-minded enough to carry out this reform in all its implications.

It is not surprising that the activities of the reactionaries assumed an unusually virulent and organized character after the arrest of Roatta and the decision to reorganize the general staff. The immediate purpose of these activities, which led to the government crisis at the end of last November, was to split the Committee of National Liberation, to destroy its political influence, to oust the Communists and other left parties from the government and to set up a new cabinet of rightists. It is to be presumed that the reactionaries were not averse to provoking the masses to violent action in the hope of thus bringing about foreign intervention in their own favor. The enlistment of the Italian people themselves in the fight against Hitler is no part of the plans of the Italian reactionaries and their protectors among the pro-fascist circles in democratic countries. They fear and hate the Partisan movement—a movement that is a mass school of genuine patriotism and democracy.

The provocative plans of the reactionaries were defeated because the democratic forces, especially the Communists, saw through the intrigue and prevented the disintegration of the Committee of National Liberation. The committee continues to be the big factor in rallying

the Italian people in the struggle against fascism on the external and internal fronts. The action of the Italian Communists, prompted by their political responsibility, prevented the rise of a situation which would have been fraught with serious dangers to Italy's participation in the war and to her future welfare.

THE reactionary forces have found particularly favorable soil in Sicily, where practically nothing has been done to purge government and municipal bodies. Here the privileges of the big landowners remain intact to this day. The agents of Hitler and Mussolini are regularly smuggled into Sicily, where there is an exceptionally large "fifth column" represented by fascist and pro-fascist officials. In many parts of Sicily (as in other parts of southern Italy) there have been attacks on the headquarters and leaders of left parties and trade unions. There have been arrest and torture of active anti-fascists. The poverty of the mass of Sicilians, their political backwardness, and the anger that has been accumulating for decades against the brutal oppression of the parasitic classes are being exploited by Mussolini's agents and by the agents of the feudal landowners. They foster separatist tendencies on the island and instigate anti-government and anti-national activities.

In recent months these activities have assumed rather serious character. The notorious criminal Mafia organization is being revived under the slogan of separatism. One would think that it would be the task of the authorities to render the reactionaries harmless and win over the population by introducing essential political and social reforms, relying upon the local democratic anti-fascist forces for help. Actually, however, the authorities are inclined to lean more on unreliable representatives of the old official

classes and on the police, who are badly contaminated with fascist elements.

This state of affairs is favorable to the growth of all sorts of shady and criminal organizations which engage in banditry and blackmail under the guise of "political activity." Some of these organizations have armed detachments which, as was the case with the fascist *squadristi* bands which made the "march

rested in the "Hunchback" case—had extensive and highly ramified connections. He was connected with a prominent Hitlerite general, with fascist big businessmen, and with Sicilian separatists. He was received after the liberation of Rome by Prince Umberto. He worked for the release of Roatta and hatched plans to deliver him from jail. This provocateur tried to make a career of combatting Socialists and Communists and conspired to compromise and kidnap their leaders.

Italian patriots are trying to put an end to this state of paralysis in which the political, social and economic rehabilitation of the country finds itself. They quite rightly hold that the decisive task, on the successful accomplishment of which the internal and international position of Italy will largely depend, is to secure the fullest possible participation of both the liberated and occupied parts of the country in the fight against Hitlerism.

The authorities have recently moved to create a big national army by calling up for military service large contingents of youth and by incorporating the former Partisans into the army. A ministry dealing with the affairs of occupied Italy has been set up to strengthen contacts with the Partisan movement. But the policy of yielding to the fascist and pro-fascist forces in the rear scarcely tallies with the move to mobilize the masses of liberated and occupied Italy for the defeat of the Nazi occupants and Mussolini's bands. It will be difficult to develop an effective war effort demanding fresh sacrifices from the people if fascist criminals go unpunished.

How dangerous and pernicious is the policy of concessions to reaction may be gathered from the recent fascist-organized outbreaks against the calling up of the youth into the army: a series of violent armed demonstrations in Sicily, in the course of which nineteen policemen and nineteen demonstrators were killed; an armed attack on a meeting called by patriots in connection with recruiting in Cagliari, the chief town in Sardinia; an attempt to organize a demonstration against recruiting in Naples.

Italy's official decision to take a serious part in the war against Hitlerism presupposes a firm policy of calling the fascist criminals to book, and of curbing the pro-fascist reactionaries. Friends of Italy will judge the true political complexion of the various political groups and leaders who have rallied to the banner of democracy by their attitude toward the task of purging the country of all remnants of fascism.



Corsican women at the cemetery in Bastia which was blown up by the Nazis. Pen and ink sketch, also by Cpl. Wynne.

on Rome" in 1922, enjoy support of the military, of financiers and of highly placed reactionaries.

In January 1945, in the course of rounding up the chief of one of these bands, a certain Albano, nicknamed the "Hunchback," was killed. He was betrayed to the police by his accomplices. Investigation of the "Hunchback" case revealed that he was connected with a gang calling itself the "Party of Proletarian Unity." Around it a number of other suspicious organizations were grouped. A "congress" held by these organizations was attended by, among others, a former fascist minister, several big profiteers who used to finance Mussolini and, it is rumored, by the present director of the Bank of Italy.

It transpired that the leader of "Proletarian Unity," one Salvatorezza—an adventurer and blackmailer who was ar-

WHAT IT'S LIKE IN BRITAIN

By JOSEPH NORTH

London (by cable).

NO AMERICAN can be quite the same after a journey around wartime Britain. He must, as I did, come to this conclusion: we Americans do not know the British. Bernard Shaw was short of accuracy when he said we have a common language that keeps us apart: three thousand miles of ocean, routine journalism and archaic prejudices have much to do with it. And I list the latter first.

I am convinced America doesn't know the extent of the British war effort, doesn't know what these people have undergone since '39, doesn't know their aspirations. We have accented what we consider Britain's errors and few here would deny that she has made her share of them. But one can, even from here, discern a few faint blots upon our own escutcheon. The job that needs doing isn't that of picking out flaws in each other's record; we must recognize the common contribution, the common needs and operate from that recognition as a base. I should like to sketch here what I have seen, but my full account must wait upon my return home, for neither time nor cable limitations permit an exhaustive account now. I cannot, however, refrain from a few pertinent comments now in view of contemporary events at home, some inkling of which I've gathered in the necessarily skeletonized press of this wartime island.

First: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff and Glasgow have shown me a people monolithically engaged in warfare. From the forest of masts on the Clydeside to the coal tipples in the Welsh valleys, the air rings with the clatter of machines turning out material to annihilate Hitler's resistance and to pursue the Far Eastern war to a successful close.

Second: They have streamlined their war effort; labor, management and government cooperate well and loyally. Considering the vast amounts of imports they require to keep the wheels turning and their people fed they have done a bang-up job—and under difficulties our bomb-spared land can scarcely realize.

Third: Their morale is inspiring. Remember that Hitler's hordes stood across the ribbon of water at the Channel and that he continues to send calling cards daily. Fascism's meaning is the property of all classes (with the exception of cer-

tain notorious individuals). This understanding has resulted in a high degree of national unity and understandable pride in their achievement—and let nobody tell you this country has lost confidence in itself. As a Birmingham machinist told me, "We have not lost the skill which made our country 'the workshop of the world.' We need conditions to utilize that skill at maximum."

Fourth: They realize that those "conditions" rest upon a base of international relations. Nobody can tell an Englishman what would have happened had the coalition against Hitler disintegrated, and they realize its significance in terms of politics and economics when the war ends. The body of anti-Soviet prejudice has been buried; only the palest ghost of it remains and no one believes the body can be resurrected. There is a keen appreciation of America's part in the war and they aim to maintain and strengthen the bond. I have found the realization common that Anglo-American cooperation is imperative to realize the Crimean accord. Yalta is very real to Britain, almost as real as the Magna Carta.

Fifth: Realizing that there can be no solution of their domestic problems, nor ours, without world cooperation, they are ready to compromise, to go half way to make Crimea a full reality. There is less caviling here against Dumbarton Oaks than there is on the other side of the water: and despite the arguments you hear from certain individuals opposing Bretton Woods, Britain will, it is the consensus of the opinion I have gathered, work with us. "There are no Anglo-American differences that cannot be resolved amicably," Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the *Economist*, told me. Quintin Hogg, a Member of Parliament and a Tory leader, said to me in discussing Bretton Woods, "The agreement itself should be adopted because the prospects for the world, even on the basis of cooperation on an inadequate plan, are better than on a basis of noncooperation on any plan, which is the alternative." And R. Palme Dutt, Communist leader, put it this way: "The Bretton Woods agreement represents a practical, initial approach to establish an agreed basis for a policy of international economic cooperation. It is only the first step which establishes machinery for such cooperation; and the success of its functioning when put into practice will depend on

further measures being carried through to promote agreed schemes of expansion of productive resources and standards of living throughout the world. But early ratification of the Bretton Woods agreement and the establishment of the Bank for Reconstruction are developments of decisive importance in order to provide a basis for such a policy."

These are but samplings of opinion I have gathered but they are fairly representative. My opinion is this: all groups are eager to establish forms of international cooperation, hoping and confidently expecting that differences about details will be ironed out in time. As one put it, adapting an old proverb, "The appetite for international cooperation will grow with eating."

I have reached these conclusions in my stay here and each point would require reams in telling. I shall limit myself in this cable to the effort to give the reality of the Britain of today and I am especially grateful to the Ministry of Information for its generous aid in helping me get about in this land.

BRTAIN is still in the front line. Go anywhere on the Island and the streets are filled with soldiers of all Allied nations with their country's emblems proudly emblazoned on their sleeves. You see lads on crutches and one-legged men and not infrequently one-legged civilians—men, women and children. (The dreadful sight of one-legged children!) This is rockbottom reality. From all this comes the overwhelming drive for international cooperation: it must never happen again. As a sturdy Welsh miner told me, "For ten of thirty years we have stood on the battlefields. Enough!"

Who better than the Briton knows the meaning of war, and knows that mankind must render the process of settling differences by war as obsolete as the Roman spear? Listen. Recently I watched a winged bomb on its way, with that deadly whirr sounding like motorboats that you've heard on the Hudson a thousand times; but this thing flies in the air uncannily and dives anywhere. It so happened I saw a group of school children en route to class and watched them as they pressed against the building. Have you ever seen the eyes of children watching death? They follow that monster in the skies and nobody

**SPRING
IS
HERE**

1945 A.D.



**IN EUROPE HITLER IS ENJOYING
SPRING WEATHER -**

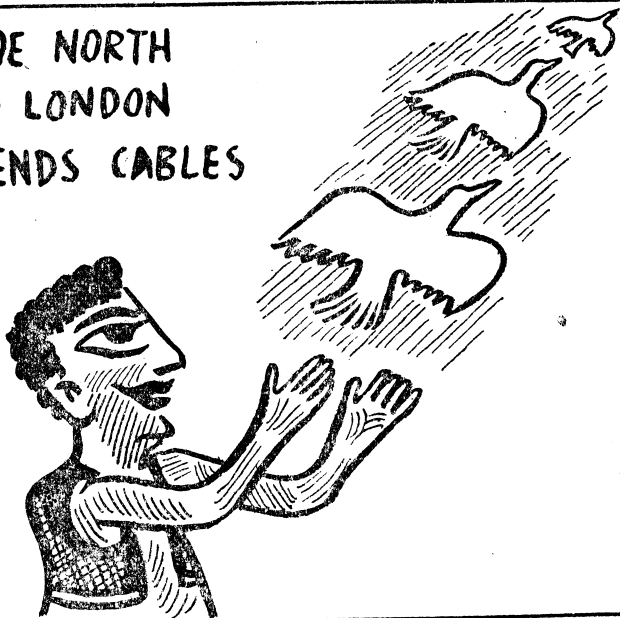


**IN THE
PACIFIC
HIROHITO
IS HAVING
A
SPRING
SHOWER**



**JOHN L.
LEWIS
IS ON HIS
SPRING-
BOARD
AGAIN**

**JOE NORTH
IN LONDON
SENDS CABLES**



**BUT FOR GROPPER -
THERE AINT NO
SPRING!**



knows whether it will go on or cut suddenly and come diving down where you stand. Can you imagine what it feels like to know a thousand pounds of dynamite are flying over your head and there is nothing you can do about it, that only chance will spare you and that the margin of chance that spares your life will take your neighbor's? I hastened to the site where the bomb landed, with its all-too-familiar results. Tumbled houses, rescuers, grim men and women and children standing helplessly when they cannot aid, waiting to see who remains alive in their families. Here I met a child who had just gone off to school, and hearing the smash, had turned around to see her home cascade into nothing. A few minutes before her mother had given her twopence for her glass of milk in school. Her elder brothers were serving in Holland, and her father worked in a war plant at the other side of the town. Multiply that a thousand times ten thousand. Make that your way of life and you will begin to understand how the people of Britain have lived this past half decade.

TAKE people you know at random: D. N. Pritt, M.P., an old friend of NM. His home has been bombed twice. Claude Cockburn, editor of *The Week*, bombed, Laski bombed. It is so common they don't mention it. When I walk through the streets in southeastern London, for example, and look at the yawning spaces where homes used to be and try to reconstruct what happened in that cradle, in that kitchen, in that bedroom when the bomb crashed, I want to take every Britisher's hand and say this will never happen again, never! Though southeastern England has suffered most, the rest of the land has not gone unscathed, by any means. Their sons are at the fronts; practically every family has had one of its menfolk away for two, three, four and even five years. Women have been conscripted, too, for services or industry and they have equalled the sacrifices and contributions of their brothers. This has been a splendid job of resistance and their war organization could have taught us much. They have seen to it, for example, that their children got the first call on whatever good was on hand and I can testify that the children of this Island appear to be the healthiest people here. They are bright-eyed and energetic, despite all their trials. Most of them get milk in schools at a nominal fee, and all necessities for the child's health such as orange juice and codliver oil are accessible anywhere in the country.

In general Britain's people enjoy a high wartime standard of health. Despite the ravages of bombings all necessary facilities have been maintained. This is all the more remarkable when you examine the statistics. Of thirteen million houses in the United Kingdom, the Government's White Paper of last November tells us, four and a half million homes have been damaged by the enemy. This horrifyingly high figure means an unprecedented congestion, yet the people have forestalled epidemics. Remember there has been an almost complete ban since 1939 on the construction of new houses, and that facilities for repair or maintenance work have been greatly curtailed, and you begin to get an idea of the magnitude of the problem. It is the most acute domestic issue, and will continue to be so for some time to come. You hear severe criticism of governmental authority on this score, and from what a stranger can gather, much of it is merited, even though war requirements necessarily take precedence. Prefabricated houses could have eased the pressure, but they are still mainly in a discussion stage although orders have been given to firms in the United States and Sweden for rapid delivery.

The question of feeding the forty-five millions in this Island is a great one and it has, by and large, been tackled with remarkable success. Domestic agriculture rose to the test and increased its yield by intensive cultivation and the volunteer aid of tens of thousands of youth and women. Fare may be plain and monotonous, as you have read (ours is sumptuous by contrast), but in the main Britain has been able to supply the people with the energy needed to work fifty or sixty hours a week and to have enough sparkle left to crowd the theaters, movies, boxing matches, pubs and—last but

not least—the halls where political and economic discussions go full tilt.

Despite the stringent measures adopted and the selfless efforts of Britain's rural community, the Island of itself could never supply the vital necessities of the people. Remember, Britain before the war had only 17,000 arable square miles to our half million. Imports are imperative: our Spam, not the most palatable of dishes has, however, helped supply fat when that energy-producing ingredient would otherwise have been practically absent from the war workers' diet. And yesterday's headlines here that the United States may cut the supply of meats would have spelled serious hardship for this hard working, hard fighting ally.

SOLVING the food supply question necessitated considerable changes in the pattern of civilian food consumption. Meat, bacon, butter, margarine, cooking fats, cheese, tea, sugar and preserves are rationed; the distribution of eggs and milk is controlled so that preferential supplies can go to children, nursing mothers and wounded; canned goods and many other foods, such as dried fruit, breakfast cereals, rice and biscuits are rationed on a points system; fish, though rationed, is scarce; fruits dropped by more than half. It is rare to see an apple, orange or lemon. Potatoes and other vegetables and bread are the only staple foodstuffs in unrestricted supply; and generally speaking, the average Britisher is eating more of the bulky and starchy foods and less meats, fats and sugar. But in reality the total consumption of milk and cheese has increased. Actually the nutritive value of the country's total food supplies has fallen slightly between 1938 and 1943, but rationing and other measures have tended to reduce inequalities of food consumption that existed before the war.

An uneasy note in the food situation, however, is nervously highlighted in the press this weekend, with the threat of a cut in imports from the USA (due to a shipping shortage). As well as Britain has been able to handle the situation on the basis of previous arrangements, should they be revised downward it would have a calamitous effect and those in the United States making suggestions toward this end must bear that in mind. Colonel Llewellyn in the Ministry of Food denied inspired reports of the existence of big stockpiles today: "We've made a substantial amount available in liberated areas. In nearly every instance we are almost down to the minimum for proper distribution."



Catherine Vagnoni

The successful solution of the food question enabled the British people to achieve a remarkable increase in industrial production—over forty percent since the war—despite bombing and despite blackouts and despite the decrease of imports by forty percent. Output per manhour, the real test of efficiency, has increased by fifteen percent since 1939, which is nearly a sixth; and munitions by twice and more. The rate of increase in wartime is over double that of peacetime.

This is due to wartime teamwork: government planning, assisted by workers and employers. It has been achieved by full employment, hard work and longer hours, the carrying out of proposals made by workers in joint production committees, improved technical organization of production, the streamlining of equipment, the applying of more up-to-date methods of production and by greater incentive by means of the piecework system.

Needless to say, these lessons will not be lost upon the people in coming days. It is clear that those who cry "abandon government controls" won't have the support of the decisive majority of the capitalist class. Unlike ours, they don't confuse government intervention with socialism. A good measure of the war controls are here to stay and only the blindest Colonel Blimps fail to recognize that. The issue may be raised as an election slogan, but few really take it seriously. After all the strict observance of rationing has kept the black market in check, strict controls have kept the Island from runaway inflation, have equalized the good and the bad for the great majority.

The picture would be incomplete without an additional factor: to quote Churchill, "The high degree of mobilization achieved in this war has been largely due to the contribution made by women." By the middle of 1944, out of 16,000,000 women between the ages of fourteen to fifty-nine, 7,100,000 were either in full-time civil defense or industry; the remainder were girls at school or married women keeping house for men, and women engaged directly in the war effort. A large number of married women are members of the Women's Voluntary Services and many give forty-eight hours a month to fire-guard duties, in addition to industrial work.

IN BRIEF, I find these people lively, resilient, confident. Despite the infinite tragedy of wartime, the many dead and wounded, the hazards of daily life, there



is a sparkle and optimism. "It will be a better life after the war than ever before." And the Island is discussing the means of guaranteeing that life. I found it so when invited by the management of a factory in northern England to address the workers at mealtime, and to answer their questions on America. It was so in the coal valleys of Wales where the miners gathered around me and wanted to know how we across the seas looked at the future. When I told them of America's desire for world cooperation and assured them that our country will march with theirs and all the United Nations in the postwar world, they gave me a reception that I shall never forget; they sang their inimitable Welsh songs and toasted America with pints of ale and made me feel the 3,000 miles of ocean between us was a mighty small gap.

The questioning in the air, the search for answers, the confidence that the continuance of the international coalition is the answer is perhaps the most inspiring thing here. Of course, as I have indicated previously, Britain has its quota of wilfully blind: those conservatives and laborites who cling to the past and resist the advances of today and the imperatives of tomorrow. To ignore them may be folly; but I believe most foresighted groups have their eye on them. Blind political partisanship, however, will play into the opposition's hands; that is the dangerous reef that must be avoided. For the anti-Crimeans seek allies and they will do their best to enlist those who are confused or those who are terrified at the scope of the problems before this nation—and the scope is undeniably large. A tremendous military and political effort is required to end the war successfully in Europe, and afterward in Asia. Repetitions of Greece and AMG

must be avoided; the efforts of some cartelists, corresponding to the DuPonts back home, to win leniency for German industrialists must be scotched; and the perspective for full democracy for the colonies must be won. On the other side of the medal, many Laborites must overcome their old habits of thought, their anachronistic lumping of all conservatives into one undifferentiated black mass. The cooperation of all groups is required to solve Britain's contemporary and postwar problems; and fortunately for mankind, Yalta affords that perspective. The people's impulse toward Crimea is powerful. It needs to be riveted down and the total connotation of those agreements made unmistakable. The evidence is at hand that it will happen here. Everywhere you go you see advertisements for what they call the "brain trust"—symposia on the most urgent questions of the day, an institution which has become most popular since the war. You can hear every shade of democratic opinion from Bill Rust, editor of the *Daily Worker*, to Quintin Hogg, prominent Tory, from the same platform. Indeed, the democratic process has been strengthened in the war's course and one can expect, I believe, the major issues of our times to be settled by frank discussion on the platform, radio, and press; but mostly education will come in the union halls, in the working class press, pamphlets and meetings.

Indeed, education is a question close to the people's hearts—this is a highly cultured nation and there is an insatiable demand for more knowledge. I have before me a copy of this afternoon's paper, *The Star*, which headlines a story: "University Students to get £175 Grants." The story begins, "The London County Council's education committee, at its next meeting, is expected to give a lead to the whole of the home counties on the income scales under which clever boys and girls will be assisted to go to public schools and universities, whether their parents are rich or poor."

I cannot forget how in Scotland the Scottish authorities give each traveler a copy of Robert Burns' songs along with the statistics of the Scotch war effort. I cannot resist quoting a passage from the book which I have before me. I feel these lines of the lyrical Scotsman sum things up for the vast majority of the Britishers: "Then let us pray that come it may (as come it will for a' that) . . . that man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that."

From what I've seen Britain's people are doing more than praying for it.

THE WARRIOR OF VEZELAY

By LOUIS ARAGON

Paris (by mail).

I SHALL not speak of his work. It is too soon and many others will take up that task. I shall speak only of the fact that Romain Rolland, who wrote *Jean Christophe*, who was the man of *Above the Battle*, only later to become the man who, with Henri Barbusse, at Amsterdam* was the first to call us to the battle against war and fascism; I shall speak only of the fact that Rolland is dead.

In truth, he was for a long time a dying man, almost no longer of this world. He lived far from the centers of intellectual change in our country. He had already almost withdrawn into silence. But nevertheless he was alive. One could go to Vezelay where, in the shadow of the Romanesque basilica, in that long medieval house with its rose arbor overlooking the Burgundian countryside, the great old man still breathed; one could still ask him questions. He was a memory, a conscience, a witness to a whole part of the history of the human spirit.

He could say: "Tolstoy said to me . . . Charles Peguy thought. . . ." He was a great bird of the heights who had brushed wings with all the eagles of the closing century and who could fathom the depths of the abyss on the edge of which all Europe reeled for almost a century. Europe and Asia, India—Rabindranath Tagore, or Gandhi—like Nietzsche or Gorky. And now he is dead with the terrible year that has just ended.

Only later will we realize the void left by his departure. Only later will we realize what we have lost. Without doubt he was humanly the loftiest figure in our literature and the dean of French intellectual life. On the long road of history it will be by him (more than by writers or artists who have exercised a greater influence than he on the art of writing or thinking in our country)—it will be by him that the centuries will judge where we stood, in the midst of this tortured period which has been called tragically the period of wars and revolutions.

I see him again as he was about a month ago in his little apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse where I visited

* This is a reference to the World Congress against war and fascism held in Amsterdam in 1932.

him several times during his last stay in Paris, once with my friend (he permits me to call him respectfully: my friend) Jacques Duclos [one of the leaders of the French Communist Party]. Rolland gave the impression that, in spite of his perfectly clear mind, he might at any moment die before our very eyes. What dominated all his thoughts was the desire to finish what he had undertaken, and as I listened to him I recalled with emotion that when Maxim Gorky, who was his friend, died, Rolland said in an article which he gave me: "In the last letter he wrote me, where one felt that in the blossoming Crimean springtime he knew he was about to die, he expressed concern only for his work.

"'I fear only one thing,' Gorky said, 'that my heart will stop beating before I have time to finish my novel. In general, I have been afraid of nothing, and I find that when one has lived for sixty-six years, it is ridiculous to be afraid of anything whatsoever.'"

At that time Rolland's own work was the book on Peguy, which he was able to finish, a new work on Beethoven and some memoirs. In the last letter he wrote me from Vezelay, on the twelfth of December, he was, quite properly, concerned about the works of Gorky, saying that we ought to consider the publication of his *Complete Works*. "There are only scattered publications in French, and the



This sketch of Romain Rolland by Bernard Milleret, made at his last press interview, was the last portrait to be made of Rolland.

public does not know the better part of his work." A short time before he asked me through his wife for a bibliography of Gorky in order to write a preface to *Mother*.

INDEED, his thoughts often turned toward Russia. During our conversations on the Boulevard Montparnasse in November, it was to Russia that he always came back: to his admiration for the extraordinary people to whom we owe so much, to the Red Army, in which his step-son, the son of Mme. Rolland, is serving as an officer. Before his death he at least saw the Franco-Soviet rapprochement, of which he was one of the living architects and a precious incarnation.

And I am carried back even further, to Vezelay, where I went to see him before the war, and much earlier to Switzerland, when he was living in Villeneuve at the end of Lake Geneva, where I was several times his guest. Little by little the image of the old man straightens and takes on once more the imposing aspect one sees in the striking portrait by the painter, Frans Masereel, who once illustrated his book *Lilluli . . . "Tel qu'en lui-meme enfin l'eternite le change. . . ."* ("As he is when eternity finally changes him into himself.") . . . Eternity restores him to us just as he was not so long ago, that tireless examiner of the human conscience, that restless watchman of history, who first saw from his lookout the still distant menace of the typhoon which was about to fall upon humanity. For how can we speak of Romain Rolland without speaking first and above all of him who was the first, with Henri Barbusse, to cry out that fascism meant war? Of him who with Henri Barbusse called to Amsterdam in 1932 the generous spirits of all countries, those who believed in the sacredness of liberty and peace? He died without seeing the monster crushed. But at least he saw it stagger, he saw France liberated, he saw the Hitlerite soldiery flee from the Burgundy where he lived in the hours of our martyrdom under the watchful eye of those who spoke in the name of Germany—and who never remembered that this old man, in whom they saw an irreconcilable enemy, was the man who, before Germany dis-

* First line from Mallarme's *Le Tombeau d'Edgar Poe* (Tomb of Edgar Poe).

honored herself, had made the most sincere effort to understand their country.

One day several months ago, somewhere in France, I was speaking with some men of the Maquis. One of those who derailed trains and attacked the enemy's convoys said to me: "No one knows what's become of Romain Rolland. Can it be that they are leaving him alone?" For if, perhaps, many contemporary writers had forgotten the great old man, the people who fought

always associated with their struggle the one who first spoke of the necessity of that struggle.

That man he will remain above all. In prison, in the Maquis, in exile, behind the barbed wire of Germany, men dreamed of him. And those who survive, our comrades, who have not always agreed with him, with the sharp turns of his thought, the scruples natural to a man who, isolated in spite of everything on the heights of a meditation which

reached out beyond immediate events, but who finally found him at their side in the fundamental struggle against the enemy of humanity, our comrades and all Frenchmen who have learned that Romain Rolland is dead will remember before rereading *Jean Christophe* or *Colas Breugnon* that this man of France is the man who said to the world—he the pacifist, the friend of Gandhi—"Arm yourselves against fascism and fight!"

GANGING UP ON UNRRA

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

IN RECENT months, with Italians and Greeks starving and mounting shortages in France, Yugoslavia and elsewhere, attention has been focused on the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. This agency of forty-four nations has been heaped with blame—most of it unjust—which its director general, the large-visioned Herbert H. Lehman, has borne for the most part in silence—some thought in too much silence.

But now former Governor Lehman, a man of immense popularity in his native New York State, has spoken out, aiming his statement at counteracting headline-beefing at food shortages here. Lehman said he welcomed the creation of the new inter-agency export control committee created by Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion, but added: "I am concerned about the interpretation placed by some on certain of the phrases in Justice Byrnes' statement to the effect that the already seriously inadequate supplies for liberated areas may be further reduced."

UNRRA is not represented on the new committee, which is headed by Leo T. Crowley, chief of the Foreign Economic Administration. UNRRA is not an American agency, but operates under a central committee here with representatives from the US, the United Kingdom, the USSR and China, whose decisions are subject to later reconsideration by a council made up of representatives of all forty-four nations which meets at least twice a year.

Lehman did not claim UNRRA had a right to be represented in the new agency but he did ask for reconsideration of the distribution of available resources, saying UNRRA could not do its job without adequate allotments of shipping and supplies. "The tragic con-

sequences of failure" to provide them "have become abundantly clear in the territories already liberated," he said.

The next day in the House, John M. Vorys (R., O.) attacked UNRRA and warned that an amendment writing into the lend-lease act a ban on its use for postwar relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction "is not airtight, . . . not even machine-tool tight." Vorys gave expression to the new and menacing line of certain GOP politicians which links UNRRA, lend-lease, the proposed Bretton Woods legislation and the Export-Import Bank and implies, "Now, which do you want? We don't need them all."

UNRRA will have to be coming to Congress one of these days for the \$550,000,000 which is as yet unappropriated, out of the total of \$1,325,000,000 which the US provides for UNRRA (two-thirds of its full quota, one-third being supplied by other countries). It is believed that isolationists will try to block all or part of the appropriation, or else use it as a reason for opposing other postwar international economic measures.

In the Senate, Lehman's statement brought a blast from the super-reactionary, labor-baiting white supremacist, James O. Eastland (D., Miss.), who declared that if Crowley's new committee did not dam the flow of food abroad, he would introduce legislation to see that America is fed first. Virtually all of the salt meat supply has been going to Russia, he said, and none is available in the South, "where one of the main staples of the farm worker's diet is salt meat." (Of course it was Senators and Representatives like Eastland, and the big cotton interests, who prevented the War Food Administration from employing a successful campaign to reduce cot-

ton acreage in the South and encourage the growth of food.)

Republican isolationists quickly came to Eastland's aid. Sen. Styles Bridges (R., N.H.) said the meat shortage "is not only prevalent in the South" but that "there is a great shortage in New England." Minority whip Kenneth Wherry (Neb.) warned that the nation faces a record pork shortage.

From UNRRA I obtained the Department of Agriculture figures on the minimum number of calories available daily for each US citizen in recent years, and those of suffering nations.

Before the war, ours was 3,236. In 1943 this rose to 3,342, and in 1944, to 3,367. In Yugoslavia, caloric consumption was 2,300 a day before the war, and 1,900 in 1944.

In Greece, it was 2,200 before the war, and 700 in indigenous food products in 1944. In France, consumption was 2,970 before the war, and 2,230 in 1943-44. And a comparison of our fats and oils to those of other countries shows even more startling discrepancies.

FOR sixteen months UNRRA has been preparing for the gigantic tasks which it is now just commencing. It is true that it has shipped very little to date to alleviate the distress of battle-scarred countries. One shipment of 5,000 tons of UNRRA supplies—foodstuffs, medical supplies, used clothing and trucks—has been sent to Italy from the US. Scheduled for shipment within the next few weeks is about 25,000 more tons.

Another ship containing supplies for Poland and Czechoslovakia will sail within the immediate future to a Black Sea port made available by the USSR. On January 19 UNRRA issued a press release saying that the USSR had informed the agency of the avail-

ability of the port facilities and inland transport for the supplies. But UNRRA has a No. 3 priority with the combined raw materials and combined production and resources boards, and must compete for shipping space allocated by the Combined Shipping Board against the armed forces, lend-lease and the liberated "paying nations."

An information specialist at the UNRRA offices said, "We always were supposed to operate in the postwar period. We don't have the necessary authority and priorities now, and an international service agency is not going to be given priorities in a war period." Originally UNRRA was to get considerable shipping space three months after D-day. But that was predicated on Germany's defeat. As Germany continued to fight, shipping space became, of course, more scarce.

It is not widely understood that UNRRA always works with the civilian governments of the various countries. Negotiations with the Italian government still are proceeding, and the agency is getting under way there. In the meantime relief has been handled by the Army, as it is in France. On April 1 UNRRA takes over relief in Greece. An agreement is to be signed soon in Yugoslavia, and was recently signed by the Czechoslovakian government in London. In Germany UNRRA will work under the military completely. Meantime it has successfully operated camps in the Middle East for 50,000 Greeks and Yugoslavs.

"When the Army supplies relief it gives enough to keep the population from rioting," said my informant. "We have an entirely different approach. For one thing we will encourage in every way possible the civilian population's providing food for themselves. In Italy they have been making fishnets and we will provide them with fish hooks, for instance."

FROM other sources it was learned that this is one of the major reasons why the Army has failed in its relief-supplying tasks: there has been little effort to get local agricultures on a functioning basis. North Africa, formerly a rich food basket from which wheat was exported, now is suffering near famine, and can neither support itself nor help to feed the hungry Mediterranean countries. In Italy the AMG (American Military Government) has been so unsuccessful in running the civilian economy that farmers, faced with an inadequate price for products in

the inflated economy, have refused to plant the crops they ordinarily raise.

In France, the Army in two months used up its six-months' quota of supplies for soldiers and supplementary civilian feeding, so that it had to draw on its stocks allotted for the ensuing six months. Meanwhile, on February 26 UNRRA's central committee authorized the provision of limited emergency relief supplies and aid to particularly devastated districts of France, Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and Norway. Previously these countries, financially able to care for their own needs, had determined, at the 1943 Atlantic City conference when UNRRA was formed, to care for their own needs. Each, however, found that it could not do so, in view of shortages in supplies and ships—though the US has built 4,635 cargo ships—and lack of authority.

When the Army turns relief in France over to UNRRA, the latter is going to find a bad supply situation. When President Roosevelt intervened in the Italian situation and the allotment to Italians was increased to 300 grams of bread a day, the Army is reported to have dipped into stocks earmarked for Holland. With Holland's liberation, therefore, we may expect new strains to develop on the dwindling supplies of food for the world.

The Army is reported to have had several plans drawn up for relief in France. One of these, Plan A, estimated that the French in the first six months after D-Day would need imports of 2,000,000 tons of relief supplies, including 900,000 tons of coal. But with setbacks at St. Lo and the counter-offensive in the Ardennes, ships were used for other purposes. And only 262,000 tons of food—and no coal—were sent to France.

UNRRA will not stockpile anything in short supply, I was informed. In Greece and Yugoslavia the agency will take over the Army pipeline—liaisons and transportation—and the flow of supplies now going into those countries will continue uninterrupted. The cost of existing supplies would be charged to FEA. One terrible handicap everywhere is lack of transportation, so that UNRRA when it ships in food will have to send in trucks as well.

UNRRA people are used to unfounded charges. The *Washington News* charged that Tito would not allow UNRRA representatives into Yugoslavia to observe relief there. This is incorrect, I was told. "We never negotiated with Tito until recently, in the

last month or two. Our technicians are there now, but under the military. Soon they will take over."

Much has been written about delays in Soviet authorization of UNRRA operations in eastern Europe, chiefly Poland, and a United Press story of January 11 attributed Russia's failure to pay \$1,300,000 owed to the 1944 administrative fund of UNRRA to the Polish-Russian boundary dispute. It is true that Russia has not yet paid its complete quota to the administrative budget, "but on the basis of Yalta I don't feel that there is any problem with the USSR on any matter," said a spokesman. At the moment UNRRA is waiting for Soviet transit visas for technicians and relief workers to go to Czechoslovakia and Poland. Each mission will be headed by a Russian—the Polish by a Mr. Sergeichik, the Czech, by Mr. Alekseev.

THERE are reports floating around Washington that when the Red Army liberates a country, a force of technicians follows on its heels, with whatever statistics were available about that country's production, and that minute surveys then are made of factories: what machines need repairing, what equipment the Nazis have wrecked needs replacing; and requisitions are placed at once so that the factories may begin full production. Contrasts are drawn with regard to our own Army's operations in Italy and France, where supposedly the Army took the position that any such replacements would benefit the postwar economy and therefore were ruled out by Congress for Army expenditures. When FEA ordered them, shipping space was not forthcoming.

At any rate, under UNRRA there are no such prohibitions. Tractors, locomotives, farm tools, anything needed to replace equipment that was there prior to the Nazi destruction, may be sent in. Manufacturers and UNRRA technicians are preparing instructions in French and English on the use of farm equipment and industrial and utility facilities to be provided by the US, Canada and Britain. Other countries will prepare translations.

The President last week again insisted that it was a matter of common decency to feed people abroad who might otherwise starve. This is entirely in keeping with the national interest which he spoke about before a joint session of Congress when he returned from Yalta. After fighting to liberate oppressed people, it would be the pinnacle of hypocrisy to let them become the victims of hunger and disease.

A CERTAIN DR. GIDEONSE

By **BELLA V. DODD**

THE City of New York, besides her skyscrapers and Broadway, has much to be proud of. Among her achievements she counts her excellent educational system and her four institutions of higher learning, where many young New Yorkers achieve an education that fortune would not otherwise have permitted. In one of these last February, however, a scandal blew wide open that commanded the headlines of the press for day after shocking day. The institution was Brooklyn College, presided over by the darling speaker of so many public meetings, a self-professed "liberal" whose name is conspicuously displayed on the lists of many a sponsoring committee: Dr. Harry D. Gideonse. The scandal involved the exposure that the Brooklyn College basketball team had accepted bribes for throwing games for the benefit of tipsters. That a city institution had been caught in the meshes of professional gamblers was sufficient to command a prompt investigation of the state of affairs behind the mess.

After the investigation and the dismissal of the guilty players the matter did not end, and Mayor LaGuardia in one of his Sunday radio talks began a story which disclosed that one of the culprits of the basketball scandal was not even a registered student at the college, that the college records proved that he had not been, and that college officials from the bottom up had done nothing about it. Moreover, further inquiries indicate that this is no matter of delinquency in an interested department, and that Dr. Gideonse himself at the time of the initial investigation withheld from the knowledge of the investigating committee that Larry Pearlstein, the player in question, had no credits in the institution and was not on record for any classes. Dr. Gideonse' testimony around the case and that of his dean, Frederick W. Maroney, reveal a bankruptcy of executive responsibility that would be intolerable in any public institution.

Is this the kind of mess in which a harassed, well meaning public executive finds himself entangled in trying to run an institution of 11,000 students in a wicked city? The history of Dr. Harry Gideonse over the whole period of his incumbency answers that question firmly in the negative, for this case at least.

It is worth rehearsing to explain how such things happen and to point up what should be done.

A few years ago Gideonse was a little known professor of economics at the University of Chicago and later at Barnard College, with a reputation as a "pink." In 1939 the Board of Higher Education of the City of New York snatched him from obscurity and bestowed upon him the presidency of Brooklyn College—the largest liberal arts college in the country. Since then Dr. Gideonse' nimble fingers have been in a great many pies. To the editorship of the Public Policy Pamphlets, membership on the Chicago and New York Council on Foreign Relations, the vice-presidency of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy, he has now added the presidency of the influential Freedom House. He was guest of the British Ministry of Information on a tour arranged for a survey of wartime and postwar education in Great Britain. He appears frequently as speaker, on the radio, at round-table discussions, and on Town Hall forums. Last, and certainly not least, he has recently become a contributing editor to the *New Leader*, a weekly published by a sect of professional Russia-haters called the Social Democratic Federation. How completely his heart is with that publication he reveals in a letter soliciting new subscribers which bears his signature. The letter reads: "We [the various contributors signing the letter] write for the *New Leader* because it most closely approximates our ideal of the kind of journal most needed in America at this moment."

PERHAPS neither Mr. David Dubinsky (of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union) nor Mr. Alex Rose, with whom he is closely associated in the Liberal Party of New York, knows much about Gideonse's ideas on labor. Perhaps they do. In either case many other people will find them illuminating. Mr. Gideonse has no use for idle talk about "abundant living" and desire for "security"—and he once characterized such talk as "sentimental mush." He has severely condemned the Roosevelt administration for "coddling" labor. "The Roosevelt administration," the *New York Times* reports him as saying in 1937 (March 1), "through

its policy of encouraging increasing organization of labor, is poisoning the well-springs of American freedom." The New Deal was, he charged, paving the way for fascism by abetting the demands of organized minorities like the AFL and the CIO. He pleaded for the restoration of "free opportunity." What did he mean? Well, labor unions keep young men and women from getting jobs. There are, he stated, "trade union rules, collective bargaining restrictions, and other regulations designed to discourage newcomers." A serious obstacle to employment is the minimum wage law. He therefore recommended lower wages for youngsters than for adults.

IN 1940 (before Pearl Harbor and the no-strike pledge) Dr. Gideonse revealed an interesting attitude toward picket lines. Early that year the employees of a restaurant close to Brooklyn College were out on strike. Dr. Gideonse crossed the picket line for lunch. And when the students of the college protested, Gideonse is reported to have said: "Strikers have a right to quit their jobs whenever they please and I have a right to eat wherever I please." Under the fire that this produced he further stated that according to American tradition, an individual "is free to do as he pleases when he acts in his individual, as over his official, capacity."

Gideonse has long been a master at Red-baiting and Soviet-baiting. In this respect he is very much at home in the *New Leader* and in the Liberal Party. Some readers may recall that a few years ago an impostor who called himself "General" Krivitsky was receiving widespread attention and considerable remuneration for his "inside" stories on the Soviet Union. A "Committee for Cultural Freedom" organized a meeting in October 1939, at which Sidney Hook, Willi Schlamm, Frances Winwar, George Hartmann (currently the leader of the "Peace Now" movement) and Krivitsky spoke. Gideonse was also one of the speakers.

At Brooklyn College, Gideonse displays on the presidential bulletin board exclusive tid-bits, clippings and communications which he believes will edify the students. Abuse of the Soviet Union from the pages of the *New Leader* is among his favorite displays. In the spirit of "impartiality" for which he frequent-

ly exhibits great concern, he presented a full account of the trial and execution of the Trotskyite fifth column in the USSR from the defendants' point of view. The "other side" of the picture, apparently, needed no publicity. With the outbreak of Nazi-Russian hostilities in 1941, Gideonse stuck to his guns. Even after Prime Minister Churchill's pledge to the Soviet Union of Britain's aid and collaboration in the war against Nazism, Gideonse stated that what he would do at Brooklyn College did "not depend upon whether Hitler and Stalin decide to doublecross the rest of the world together, or whether they wish to vary the theme and doublecross one another." His singleness of purpose persisted through what he must have found a disheartening rise in the fervor of anti-fascism and pro-Soviet sentiment throughout the country.

The Alter-Ehrlich episode, involving the execution in the USSR of two Polish Social Democrats for espionage in behalf of the Nazis, gave him additional opportunities for slandering our Russian ally. But the appearance of the film, *Mission to Moscow*, brought him to unprecedented heights in public attacks on his main enemy. The Social Democratic assault on the movie began with a letter to the *New York Times*, signed by Suzanne LaFollette and John Dewey. The *New Leader* rallied to the cause by organizing a symposium with Max Eastman, Sidney Hook, Edmund Wilson, James Burnham—and Harry Gideonse. The contribution of the head of Brooklyn College was to dub the film "pure fiction in the best Hollywood style." He wrote, "If it had been written and staged under GPU direction it would not have been different except for certain Hollywood naivetes. I felt a deep sense of shame that such trash should be presented as a historical document based on official government documents. . . . The movie is not even in accord with Mr. Davies' book, which is itself a work of fiction." A clipping of this statement was conspicuously displayed on the Brooklyn College bulletin board.

Dr. Gideonse' crowning achievement in his war against the United Nations and the Soviet Union was a public letter asking the American government to intercede with the Soviet Union in behalf of the London Poles for their boundary demands, the whole accompanied by a delicate concern over the future of American-Soviet relations, and warning that "unilateral" action might result in sending Americans back to their old isolationism.

Recently he took part in a Town Hall Meeting of the Air which asked: "Is Communism a threat to the American way of life?" sponsored by *Reader's Digest*. He shared the microphone with such other "impartial" specialists as Henry J. Taylor, William Henry Chamberlin and Roger Baldwin. Gideonse spoke in his usual "liberal" role. Stalinism was not a menace. But "Stalinists" were—perhaps—at times "irritating," and everybody knows they have no integrity. And to find out what they really have in mind all you have to do is to find out "where a Russian and American interest conflicts." The Russian regime is not a democracy, and he went on record as most decidedly not liking "what Stalin is doing in Poland or the Balkans."

AT BROOKLYN COLLEGE President Gideonse has distinguished himself primarily by his attacks on student and faculty democracy, taking care to avoid head-on collision by using such devices as "legalistic" procedures, subservient henchmen, committees and personal supporters. Early in his presidency he undertook the task of seeing that student elections went the way he wished. He convoked large student meetings and openly campaigned for and against student candidates. The American Student Union and progressive student political parties received his special attention, and on May 27, 1940 he scored a resounding victory: the faculty-student committee on student activities suspended the ASU for "disrupting classwork" during a peace demonstration, this despite the fact that another noteworthy disruption of classroom work in celebration of a football victory (led by Dean Bridgeman) had gone unchallenged.

The Evening Sessions, whose student body is highly independent and conscious of its rights, was his next target. He succeeded in seeing to it that seven heads of large student organizations were removed from office, and the student newspaper, the *Beacon*, suspended. Finally, on June 29, 1941 the ASU was barred from the campus altogether for an indefinite period, this time over a protest against an action of Gideonse' denying a student her diploma on commencement day for an alleged failure to "cooperate" with the notorious Rapp-Coudert committee investigating "un-American" activities in state-supported schools. How the student body in general felt about all this was prettily illustrated during an address by the distinguished Czech statesman, Jan Ma-

syryk. Masyryk opened his remarks by observing that Hitler's first act in his campaign for world conquest was to suppress the student unions. The student audience howled, and Dr. Gideonse squirmed.

THE pressure of war needs and the unification of the student body around the tasks that have taken so many of their fellow students overseas have not changed this situation. The American Youth for Democracy, although expressly entitled to recognition on the city college campuses by the McGoldrick resolution, is still denied the right to organize at Brooklyn College through all sorts of legalisms and technical devices.

NEW MASSES readers will not need to be reminded of the part played by the president of Brooklyn College in the investigations of the Rapp-Coudert committee, as a result of which more than forty of the best teachers in City and Brooklyn Colleges were ousted, and one of the best loved and most uncompromising anti-fascists, Morris U. Schappes, sent to jail. Gideonse was the only one of the four college presidents to appear publicly at the hearings, adding many Red-baiting inches to the testimony. He incidentally used the hearings as a forum to attack the tenure system in the college. In all this, the only faculty member on trial to receive his support was one who had been charged by the Board of Higher Education of engaging in unsavory business ventures to the detriment of the student body. Gideonse served as a character witness.

Recently provisions were made for a notable democratization in the administration of the city colleges in New York, a milestone in the history of American higher education. Much of the administrative and elective machinery of the colleges as well as policy making have been placed in the hands of the staff through new bylaws. These have made President Gideonse uncomfortable, and he has spent considerable effort to get them modified, if not nullified. Through amendments giving the president the right to override the elective choices of the faculty, especially in the matter of choosing department heads, faculty self-government has been whittled away. Gideonse has been using his veto power with deadly effect. If a department head is elected who does not meet with his requirements, Dr. Gideonse has been known to call the department together and in no uncertain terms try to "persuade" them to a candidate of his choice.

On one such occasion he was met with a prolonged silence on the part of the department members who insisted on their democratic rights. Unfortunately he has been successful in getting the Board of Education to sustain him in this authoritarianism.

WITH such a history no one can be surprised that President Gideonse has permitted, either directly or indirectly, the appearance on the Brooklyn College campus of appeasers, "peace now" protagonists, or even outright fascists. He himself has chaired meetings at which Norman Thomas was the principal speaker, and Lawrence Dennis, the self-acknowledged fascist and one of the defendants in the recent trial of the accused seditionists, was once permitted to address a student club and discuss his fascist ideas. Earl Browder, of course, has been barred from the campus, along with Paul Robeson and the famous Soviet girl sniper Liudmila Pavlichenko.

Dr. Gideonse's testimony in the recent basketball scandal, both informally before the inquiries of the public press and more officially, indicates the grave dangers that lie in permitting men of such a political pattern to hold public office. His current weaseling and squirming before the public eye reveal a character in keeping with that of a person whose acts and statements chime in such harmony with those of America's worst enemies. Because Larry Pearlstein was a veteran, honorably discharged, of the present war, Gideonse has made slurring statements about veterans and the college's policy toward veterans. He moreover professes not to understand why there should be such a fuss kicked up over a "boy who lied and lied and lied and fooled a few overworked professors." Neither he nor his administration has yet explained how it took a year to check on the eligibility of players for games that were of great importance to the school, and his excuses for concealing Pearlstein's status from the investigating committee are too vague to convince the most innocent listener. Mayor LaGuardia's charge that this "indicates a laxity, indifference and negligence on the part of the college faculty that borders on the unpardonable," is mild. There is only one remedy for such irresponsibility: such an administration should go.

Dr. Dodd, former legislative representative of the Teachers Union, is now legislative representative of the Communist Political Association in New York State.

FIFTY YEARS FOR THE PEOPLE

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN



Hugo Gellert
William Z. Foster

FIFTY years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, a boy of fourteen—tall for his age and thin from undernourishment—was baptized in the American labor movement. He had been an actual wage worker for four years, quitting school under the lash of poverty and the needs of a large family. A bitterly-fought strike of the Philadelphia streetcar men in which he participated, though it lasted but a week, fixed the purpose of his life—to organize the workers. William Z. Foster has kept that faith during the past half century, a period of tremendous achievement and progress in which he has contributed leadership and inspiration to the American labor movement.

Bill Foster, as he is affectionately known to multitudes of workers, was born in Taunton, Mass., of Irish-English-Scotch ancestry. His father was an ardent Irish nationalist, a Fenian, who fled to America as a political immigrant. "During my boyhood my political meat and drink at home was militant Irish nationalism," Bill remarks. He was a youthful student of history and very proud that the first flag of the American revolution had floated over the Taunton green in 1776—and it was a red flag,

at that! His boyish dream to free Ireland faded and a determination grew instead to fight for real freedom in the land of his birth. His mother's tragic life of hardship, excessive childbearing and drudgery stirred him profoundly. "Her life was one long struggle against the sea of poverty in which we nearly always lived," he says in the brief biographical chapter in his book, *From Bryan to Stalin*. His serious searching mind sought to understand why the rich could be idle yet live in luxurious comfort, while poverty was the lot of the toilers. His Irish ancestry conditioned him to be a fighter and he grew to manhood in a period of bitter labor struggles. "Molly Maguires" sought refuge in his home. Haymarket, Homestead, Pullman, Coxey's army were known in every worker's household in the eighties and nineties. The eight-hour day struggle led to the legal lynching of Albert Parsons and his four comrades in Chicago; steelworkers died in pitched battle with Pinkerton thugs at the Homestead plant; Eugene V. Debs went to prison trying to organize railroad workers in the Midwest. The Western Federation of Miners was born in an Idaho jail in 1893: Cripple Creek, Leadville and the Coeur d'Alenes were bloody milestones on its stormy path. Bill Haywood was one of its young leaders. Coal and hard ore miners, railroad and steelworkers were the heroes of Bill Foster's young days. The arrests of workers' leaders were personal tragedies to this class-conscious youth. The defeat of Bryan (whose famous oration "They shall not crucify labor on a cross of gold!") stirred the poor of the land) was a blow to young Bill.

His education proceeded, as labor fought for its basic rights against law-breaking, predatory employers, who used thugs, violence, frame-ups, blacklists, wage-cuts, injunctions, to smash labor unions. The right of workers to organize, to make demands, to have unions of their own choosing and to bargain collectively all seems a matter of course

to workers and employers of today. But at what price were these rights won—in suffering and sacrifice, blood and tears, jails and gallows, in the strong hearts, hungry stomachs and iron wills of simple workers pitted against scabs, troops, judges, employers, press, prejudiced public opinion—our present generation can hardly realize. Foster insistently reminds organized workers today of the great struggles of yesterday's pioneers, of those whose magnificent and unsung heroism made it possible for their children and grandchildren to exercise their union rights and to have them written into the law of the land. We who have experienced strikes of long duration, involving thousands of workers, are never nostalgic for the past, nor do we romanticize about it. Neither do wise employers. We recall it so that labor will safeguard its rights lest we be hurled back into a repetition of those days. Yesterday labor fought to have rights. Today a new generation is learning to exercise them, in partnership with government and patriotic employers. The best of the past is when it's over, never to return.

WHEN Bill Foster was nineteen, he came of age politically, as a result of hearing a Socialist street speaker at Broad and Tenth Streets in Philadelphia. He listened eagerly, bought a couple of pamphlets, and in his own words, "I began to count myself from that time on a Socialist. That street meeting indeed marked a great turning point of my life." This may sound very simple in the modern world of movies, radios, microphones, giant mass meetings, commentators, columnists and whatnot that inundate you with opinions and impressions. None of these existed in 1900. But the agitator on the street corner, leather-lunged, sharp-witted, sarcastic and scornful, pugnacious and profound, had one main purpose—"He stirreth up the people." He had to be good to hold his audience and win their sympathy. Thousands of these evangels of a better day brought hope and light at the turn of the century to countless eager boys and girls. It was at such a street corner meeting that I heard Tom Lewis when I was fifteen, and became a Socialist. The young Earl Browder went to a Socialist meeting with his father in a Kansas town at about the same time, and his heart and mind were enlisted. No meeting was too small or obscure but that seeds planted there might grow to mighty trees.

Came 1905—and the organization of the IWW (Industrial Workers of the

World), followed by the arrest and trials of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone in Idaho. They were the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners, the backbone of the IWW. The center of the American class struggle shifted to the West; the fight for these men resulted in their acquittal in 1907. By then Bill Foster had pulled up stakes in the East and become a fullfledged Western migratory worker, like thousands of other young Americans of that day. He worked as a sailor, railroad worker, building laborer, miner, sawmill hand; he homesteaded on land and labored back and forth across the country.

I first met Bill in 1909 in Spokane, Washington, during a free-speech fight in which we were both arrested with several hundred other IWW members. Jack Johnstone, Frank Little and George Speed were among them. Foster was in jail for two months and on the committee that won a victory from the city officials. In 1919, during the great steel strike, he was arrested in ten Eastern steel towns for attempting to hold meetings. As presidential candidate for the Communist Party in 1932 he was arrested when three meetings were broken up. Altogether he has been arrested eighteen times fighting for free speech, which indicates the fierceness of the struggle for the constitutional rights of speech and assemblage that blazed a trail. There is no right that organized labor enjoys today that Bill Foster has not fought for for half a century.

The IWW took over the "one big union" tradition of the Knights of Labor of a generation before. It bitterly attacked the AFL and sky-rocketed to fame in many large strikes, in which unorganized, unskilled and immigrant or migratory workers predominated—such as McKees Rock steel strike in 1909; the Lawrence textile strike of 1912; the Paterson silk strike and Akron rubber strike of 1913; lumber strikes in Louisiana and the Northwest; the Mesabe Iron Range strike in 1916; the eight-hour struggle in copper and lumber in 1917, and many others. But Foster took a different path in 1912, when he joined an AFL railroad union of his craft.

His difference with the IWW was a tactical one. During a trip to Europe he had studied French, Italian and German left-wing syndicalist organizations and became convinced that dual unionism was incorrect, and that active militants should work inside existing AFL unions. This policy was dubbed "boring from within" and Foster's proposal that

we dissolve our IWW dual unions in mining, building, metal and printing was rejected. His plan was that the IWW concentrate on organizing the unorganized—anticipating by twenty-five years the dynamic slogan of the CIO. From the vantage point of today, I can see that the IWW might have weathered the storms of its militant career and clarified its attitude to other unions, to political action, and to the Soviet Union—in fact might have been able to develop into just such an organization as the CIO—if it had been less dogmatic and unyielding and more ready to try such proposals as Foster then made. The IWW had many fiery agitators but few good organizers (Vincent St. John was the best), and it lost one of the outstanding labor organizers of our time when William Z. Foster left it. In a few years he revealed his superb ability, organizing the packinghouse and steel workers and forcing Samuel Gompers and other AFL leaders to give at least lip-service to organization.

On July 11, 1917, working twelve hours a day—seven days a week—inspecting freight cars in a Chicago yard, frustrated, unable to attend union meetings, feeling helplessly the futile passage of time, Foster made a decision to quit his job and map out a plan to organize the packinghouses. By March 30, 1918 the Federal Administrator of the packing industry granted the demands of 200,000 organized workers for a wage increase, an eight-hour day, etc. The award was retroactive and 125,000 workers received over \$6,000,000 in back pay. Thus did "the plan" of Bill Foster, the railroader, come to victorious fruition—without a strike—and the big packers were brought to terms by a worker who couldn't afford an overcoat when he worked for Swift & Co. in 1915.

In June 1918, Bill Foster started the attack on the citadel of reactionary power with a plan to organize 500,000 steelworkers. On Sept. 22, 1919 the US Steel Corporation refused to meet with the union, and 365,000 steelworkers, threatened with the smashing of their union, struck in fifty cities. (Eighteen years later US Steel signed on the dotted line with the CIO.) Nothing that Foster saw or heard in his youth equaled the reign of terror let loose on the steelworkers. Twenty-two were killed, including Fanny Sellins, a woman organizer, hundreds were slugged or shot, several thousand were arrested, and over a million and a half men, women, children starved and suffered. After three

(Continued on page 30)

MATTER OF FACT . . . by LEWIS MERRILL

IS IT FREEDOM HOUSE?

FREEDOM HOUSE, which has been organizing the Wendell Willkie Memorial Building Fund, saw fit last week to reject a gift of \$5,000 by the Communist Political Association. In so doing they asserted that the gift had "political implications" and proceeded in highly unctuous phrasing to protest their friendship for the Soviet Union despite their hostility to American Communists.

I agree with Freedom House. The gift has its political implications even though the CPA had no other purpose in mind than to join in honoring an outstanding American patriot. The rejection of the gift also has political implications, serious ones, so serious that it can be said that the policy of Americans on the question it raises will help decide the effectiveness of the United States in achieving its national program.

Freedom House is asserting that it is possible to have national unity without the Communists. If their concept of national unity were accepted and made the guide to practical action, the base on which our war effort is founded, the political structure of our peacetime arrangements and our integrity as a nation would be seriously weakened.

There are only two groups in the United States today. There are those who are for the Roosevelt program and there are those who are against it. The realization of the Roosevelt program, on which our own national future and the future of the world depends, demands the broadest working national unity.

As a trade unionist, I am suspicious of those who for any reason weaken national unity and consequently hazard or delay the execution of the Roosevelt program for the war and for the peace. I am concerned with the welfare of my fellow workers. The positive economic and social betterment of the workers of this country can come only with victory over Germany and Japan, with the peace arrangements worked out at Yalta, and Dumbarton Oaks, and Bretton Woods. Only then will it be possible to realize the 60,000,000 job program and the policy of high wages to raise the living standards of the American people. For these purposes we will continue to need working national unity. It is national unity that makes it possible, in a world freed of fascism, for a nation at war and at work to become a nation at work and at peace. There are going to be difficulties

galore in working out our plans, particularly in the face of determined efforts by defeatist and reactionary forces to prevent the execution of Roosevelt's program. Personally, I have no patience with those who add to the difficulties. It is we in labor first who will have to pay the piper. I don't like the tune even though it is but the beeping whistle of thirteen "liberals" on the Board of Directors of Freedom House.

THERE are, to be sure, political implications in the rejection of the gift!

The directors of Freedom House must know this is so, otherwise they would not feel compelled to assert their devotion to our ally, the Soviet Union, with whom, we now recognize, the national interests of the United States demand the closest working relations.

There was a time when the Soviet Union wasn't quite so popular. American Communists fought then to create public understanding of the fact that our country for all of its enterprises needed the friendship of the Soviet Union. Because they did so Communists were branded "foreign agents," but they persisted in the face of every kind of persecution.

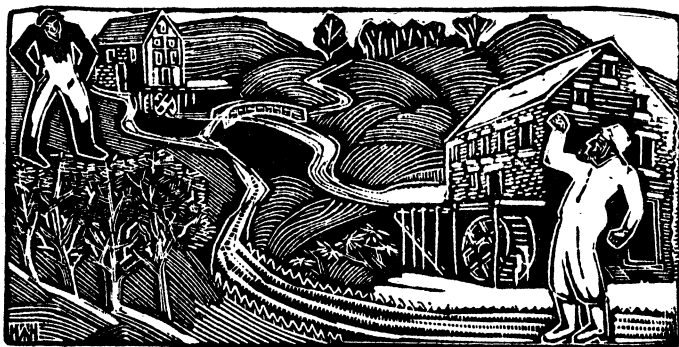
They thus made it possible for the United States to draw on a well of understanding of the true character and role of the Soviet Union when the stark needs of the nation demanded a reversal of our policy. All Americans, including Freedom House Americans, owe a debt of gratitude to American Communists. They did for our country what no one else was able or willing to do.

Maj. Gen. Clayton Bissell, the head of G2, Army Intelligence, in testifying before the House Military Affairs Committee in support of a number of officers who were described as Communists, said: "These officers have shown by their deeds that they are upholding the United States by force and violence."

The test of patriotism is not what was said yesterday but what is done today. And for that matter the test of the anti-fascist is not the score he made yesterday, but how accurate he is today when dealing with the enemies of the people.

The time has come to recognize anti-Communist sentiment for what it is in fact: a remnant of the fascist effort to dominate the world by creating division and discord. No one is asking the anti-Communists to become pro-Communists. But to deny Communists the same rights as all other Americans is to reject our nation's war aims and consequently its war effort.

We've made a lot of sacrifices to achieve a new kind of world. The horizons of democracy have widened. The new political currents in our own and every other country are too powerful and too conscious to be diverted by the monkey-shines of those who profess to be Wendell Willkie's friends. I knew Willkie well. I spent a great deal of time with him. He helped my own union in countless ways and on countless occasions. He wouldn't like the kind of a memorial Freedom House is trying to erect—not the author of *One World*. He'd shrug his powerful shoulders at their feeble Americanism and keep on going about his country's business.



"The Miller's Quarrels," woodcut by Helen West Heller.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Chapultepec and Argentina

As we have indicated in our last two issues we feel that the results of the Mexico City Conference were a positive contribution to the world security system. The policies recorded in the Act of Chapultepec, in the Economic Charter and in the resolution on Argentina will, however, avail us nothing unless we see to it that they are carried out in actual practice. This, of course, is a truism of all international agreements: they are proved by the deed rather than the word. It is especially important that we should remind ourselves of this point in connection with the Mexico City decisions for they contain the very serious weakness of leaving the door open to the forces of appeasement. The task is not only to prevent the enemy from entering but also to resolve those difficulties which permitted that door to remain open at all.

The danger lies in the question of the Argentine fascist government and in issues which the conference evaded. As we indicated last week the wording of the resolution on Argentina calls for a democratic change which will eliminate the fascists. Doubts about the resolution arise not from its wording so much as from fear that these standards will not be fully applied. That fear, in turn, arises from the conference's failure to strike courageously against Franco Spain and his fifth column in this hemisphere. On this point Mexico City made a concession to the appeasers.

It is well known that our State Department has taken and today maintains a strong position against the Argentine government. It was not necessary to formulate the Argentine resolution in a way that leaves the door open to those very forces which we are fighting. Behind this, we believe, lies the fact that the State Department has failed to cope with the central issue which it faces in Latin America today, namely, the issue of Anglo-American commercial rivalry. In the absence of any solution of this conflict Great Britain is backing many reactionary political tendencies south of the Rio Grande, including the Farrell-Peron government. Our position at Mexico City was further weakened by our tragic neglect of Puerto Rico. American public opinion must press for the

rapid solution of all these problems; meanwhile we must be alert to any one's entering the door left open to the forces supporting Argentina's present government.

Bugaboos and Bucharest

AFFAIRS in Bucharest are presumably not running as smoothly as they should be, but that is a far cry from alarmist (and perhaps wishful) reports that the leading Allies are at swords point over the matter. They are consulting each other and to see this application of a Crimean decision as anything but a joint effort to arrive at solutions is to invent bugaboos.

From Mr. Eden's statement of last week it is not exactly clear what complaints the British Foreign Office has. Apparently its representatives in Bucharest think well enough of ex-premier Radescu to give him refuge in the British embassy despite the fact that Radescu failed to fulfill the armistice agreement, punish war criminals, or to take measures assuring the safety of the Red Army's supply lines. Perhaps the British mission thinks these are minor matters, but Rumanians do not think so and their public demonstrations a few weeks ago (violently repulsed by Radescu's police) put them firmly on record as opposed to

Radescu's corrupt administration. Even so cautious a commentator as Pertinax wrote in the *New York Times* (March 16) that Radescu's government "could not be described as very competent." Not only was Radescu incompetent but he was associated with Liberal and Peasant Party leaders who have no more devotion to genuine democracy than the ousted King Carol. They fought the National Democratic Front, comparable to the French or Greek resistance movements, and failed to launch industrial or agrarian reforms without which the country's regained independence has no content.

Moscow's anxiety over the Radescu regime has been no different from the anxiety any Ally would feel if its communications lines were constantly menaced by an unreliable government through whose territory these lines pass. Under the Crimea agreement the Big Three are to "assist the people in any European liberated state or former Axis satellite state in Europe . . . to establish conditions of internal peace" and "to form interim governmental authorities broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population. . . ." However, it was the Rumanian people who overthrew the Radescu regime. Since last August, when Rumania surrendered, until February of this year, hardly any steps have been taken to try even the sixty-five war criminals whom the Council of Ministers listed. Such leniency displayed by Radescu and his predecessors is enough to make anyone wonder how they held on to their jobs as long as they did.

The Aluminum Trust

THE unanimous decision of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals in the anti-trust case against the Aluminum Corporation of America was, all things considered, a significant advance in the battle against monopolistic evils. Because of the absence of a quorum of six qualified Supreme Court justices, special legislation was required which made the Circuit Court's decision final.

The Court, headed by one of the country's ablest jurists, Learned Hand, reversed a district court judgment which had exonerated Alcoa of the charge that it was monopolizing interstate and for-



E. Karlin
Eugene Karlin.

eign commerce. It held that Alcoa was a monopoly, that a related corporation, the Aluminum Company, Ltd., of Canada, had also violated our anti-trust laws, and that Alcoa had engaged in a price squeeze to raise the price of aluminum. It might be added that the harmful effects on the national interest of these practices were sharply revealed when the country launched its defense program in 1940 and found itself face to face with a serious aluminum shortage, with practically all productive capacity in the hands of what has been called the most complete monopoly in the world.

The Court adopted an unusual—but eminently sensible—procedure with re-

spect to the necessary remedy. It, of course, enjoined resumption of the “price squeeze” and Aluminum, Ltd.’s, entrance into a cartel governing imports into the United States. At the same time it did not direct immediate dissolution of Alcoa because of the changes that have taken place during the war. The Court cited figures of the Truman (now Mead) committee investigating the national defense program which show that of the total American production of more than 2,300,000,000 pounds, Alcoa’s plants now manufacture only about one-third, or 828,000,000 pounds. Government plants leased to Alcoa produce 1,293,000,000 pounds, while two inde-

pendents, the Reynolds and Olin plants, account for 202,000,000. Since, the Court pointed out, “it is impossible to say what will be Alcoa’s position in the industry after the war,” it decided to defer remedial action till the conclusion of hostilities. The Court was also moved by the fact that there is a federal agency created under the Surplus Property Act of 1944 to dispose of surplus aluminum plants and facilities owned by the government. The Court suggested the propriety of awaiting the possible establishment by that agency of “some comprehensive model which shall so far as practicable reestablish ‘free independent private enterprise’ . . .”

Scenario by John L. Lewis

A STRIKE which has disabled one of the nation’s largest industries is still unsettled as we go to press. Nearly two weeks ago, thousands of motion picture workers in Hollywood were called out as the result of a jurisdictional dispute involving some seventy-odd set decorators over whether their representative union was to be Painters Local 1421 of the Conference of Studio Unions or Local 44 affiliated with the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees. Both are AFL and both claim the workers in question. Finally, after many complications and delays, the case was referred to arbitration.

The set decorators had voted for affiliation with 1421, and Thomas Tongue of the War Labor Board, acting as arbiter, handed down a decision naming that union as legitimate bargaining agent. He said, moreover, that such decision was to hold until “a final determination of the controversy.” Which meant until and unless the National Labor Relations Board decided otherwise. Producers refused to recognize the decision, claiming that IATSE threatened to strike if they did so. The CSU, comprising nine of the most powerful locals in the industry, insisted that the arbiter’s ruling be complied with and that negotiations with 1421 begin immediately. The result was a deadlock and the CSU went on strike.

The so-called talent guilds—actors, writers, and directors—offered their services in an attempt to help settle the strike and a committee from the three locals was appointed to suggest mediation plans. The writers’ and directors’ organizations have issued a statement with which we completely agree, insisting that everybody go back to work and that “there are no halos over the heads of any of the contestants.” The Screen Actors Guild has so far made no definitive statement pending a membership meeting and early vote. Its members have continued to work.

President William Green of the AFL has wired Herbert Sorrell, president of the CSU, disavowing the strike and insisting that the workers involved go back

and immediately make plans to see that the problem is settled by responsible government agencies. Sorrell answered that “the strike continues.” Meanwhile members of the Screen Publicists Guild and the Screen Office and Employees Guild, both affiliated with the Conference, have returned to their jobs.

The organizational mechanism is complicated and its various factors will be discussed at length soon in a *NEW MASSES* article. Meanwhile the situation briefly is somewhat as follows: The producers are far from the lambs caught between two wolf packs, they profess to be. Had they recognized the authority of an arbiter selected by a government board, which was certainly their obligation, and negotiated with the designated union, the problem would never have reached its present proportions. That their action was a challenge to organized labor there is no doubt. But the two powerful organizations, which control between them strategic AFL locals in the industry bound by wartime no-strike pledges, have used this opportunity in a grapple for strength. This is particularly true of certain top leaders of the IATSE, who have lost no time in attempting to gain jurisdictional ground in Hollywood and in encouraging inter-union disputes.

Meanwhile, the nation watches John L. Lewis as he approaches his March 28 deadline of “peace” for the coal miners. The strike in the film industry, as it stands today, is all that he could ask. It has also played into the hands of labor-baiters everywhere, of those who call Hollywood crackpot, irresponsible, and who have hindered every progressive move made in the movie colony.

It is up to the producers to pledge themselves to respect and concur in the decision of whatever government agency may handle the dispute. Above all, it is up to the strikers, under the leadership of Herbert Sorrell, to agree to do the same and to get back to work at once so that such an agency can give the matter a full hearing. The film industry is playing an important role in the war and no strikes can be tolerated.



"Does sixty million jobs mean we'll have to go to work too?"

For New York's Schools

Governor Dewey's special Committee on State Education has finally made public its findings and recommendations. At the time of the budget hearings in February, it had not yet indicated what its proposal would be; and since, unlike the Ives Anti-Discrimination Commission, it held no hearings of its own, those proposals have now gone before the state legislature, in the last days of the session, without having been subjected to public examination and amendment.

There are a number of welcome recommendations in the report. For example, there is the earmarking of specific sums for the purpose of reducing class size in the New York City schools, where overcrowding has long been a public scandal and a threat to health and educational standards. Also, the appropriation of funds for summer and evening schools and adult education will keep these services from being the sole responsibility of the local communities, which for the most part have provided them only inadequately or not at all.

On the other hand, there are serious shortcomings to be noted. Unless the appropriations just mentioned, for instance, are clearly designated as meant to *supplement*, and not to replace local funds, the services involved will not have benefited greatly from the change. By limiting increases in state aid to twenty percent of the previous year's total, the committee has also placed unnecessary obstacles in the development of *new* services, where they may be altogether lacking. Finally, it is left with the state commissioner to decide what procedure to employ should the revised appropriations actually *fall below* the earlier figures.

The greatest weaknesses in the report are to be seen in its handling of higher and adult education and teacher salaries. No provision is made for funds for the municipal colleges, which in contrast with upstate teacher-training institutes, must continue to function on local sources alone. Although the last legislature had already approved the creation of Institutes of Applied Arts and Sciences, now when returning veterans make such institutes an immediate neces-

sity, the report merely proposes a commission to "determine their location." Finally, by failing to make any reference whatsoever to teacher salaries, the committee has thrust the long-overdue question of a cost-of-living adjustment back into the communities to take care of however they can. It is evident that New York State still needs a real program of state aid for education.

Report That Backfired

W. L. WHITE's infamous *Report on the Russians* is receiving a bad press. Even the bitterly anti-Soviet Francis Hackett of the *New York Times* calls it a "smear" and says that White "rolls ammunition for fascism." Meanwhile sixteen American and British Moscow correspondents jointly indict its "fundamental dishonesty." And Eric Johnston, in whose party White made the trip, expresses disagreement with White's conclusions in a statement concluding: "Each nation should strive to avoid unfair and destructive criticism."

So far there has been only one dissenter, Edmund Wilson, who regularly sacrifices literary values to his anti-Soviet frenzy, sacrifices remaining human values in an attempt to palm off White on the *New Yorker* readers. We have the revealing spectacle of a Trotskyite hand clasping the hand that "rolls ammunition for fascism."

Here and There

HOUSE BANKING AND CURRENCY COMMITTEE hearings on the Spence bill incorporating the Bretton Woods proposals have revealed Hoover Republicans and a few Southern Democrats desperately seeking to prevent adoption of the Bretton Woods program before the opening of the San Francisco United Nations conference on April 25. These tactics are designed to weaken the entire structure of world security outlined at Teheran and Crimea. The Bretton Woods proposals for an international stabilization fund and a bank for reconstruction and development represent a departure towards economic cooperation and security as the indispensable foundation to political security contained in the Dumbarton Oaks plan.

It is gratifying to see several hundred leading citizens reaffirming their faith in the Bill of Rights by endorsing the Army's order lifting the ban on Communists for officers commissions and making loyalty and service to the nation the decisive test.

The Chicago *Tribune* cited ten Army officers as "Communists," to which Major General Clayton Bissell, head of Army Intelligence, retorted in testifying before the House Military Affairs Committee: "These officers have shown by deeds that they are upholding the United States by force and violence."

The liberated people of Bulgaria know that a new day has dawned and that democracy is on the march. Their own George Dimitrov, internationally renowned fighter against fascism, is home again after many years of exile. In the dark days following the Nazi-ignited Reichstag fire Dimitroff stood up in the fascist court at Leipzig and flung the charge of incendiarism at Hermann Goering and his accomplices. Dimitrov has now been chosen as one of four Communist members of the National Committee of the Bulgarian Fatherland Front. . . .

The political currents in the country are steadily flowing toward international cooperation. Last week Virginia Gardner in an article in *NEW MASSES* revealed that ninety-seven percent of the letters being received by the State Department on the Dumbarton Oaks plan are favorable. Now this preponderant sentiment is further expressed through town hall democracy in New Hampshire. By an act of its state legislature the people voted at town hall meetings last week on Dumbarton Oaks. The result was 13,847 for—and 751 against. . . . The Gallup poll, in answer to the question, "Do you think Russia can be trusted to cooperate with us after the war?" found that fifty-five percent answered yes, thirty-one percent no, with fourteen percent undecided. This is a rise of eight percent over December 1944 in favor of "trusting" Russia. It might be added that the formulation of

this question is one-sided, tending to encourage negative replies.

The *Fortune* poll reveals 62.4 percent in favor of using German labor to rebuild the devastated areas of Europe at rates usually paid prisoners of war. The same poll shows 86.5 percent in favor of Germany somehow or other making up for the destruction perpetrated by its fascist armies. Those who have raised the cry of "slave labor" at any proposals to make Germans rebuild part of what they have destroyed have evidently not consulted the American people.

Senator Harley Kilgore (D., W. Va.), in a speech last week urged that German labor be used to rebuild devastated Europe and proposed that the Nazi generals who ordered the wrecking be included in the labor battalions. The generals probably will not get off so lightly.



FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE FINAL BLOWS

COBLENZ in Rhenish Prussia and Kolberg in Pomerania fell to Allied arms on two successive dates (March 17 and 18). These two fortresses were thorns in the right flank of the main Allied grouping on the Western Front and in the right flank of the Soviet grouping facing Berlin. Their capture is an important preliminary to the concerted grand assault which will certainly develop simultaneously against the Ruhr and the Berlin fortified area.

The enemy bridgehead at Coblenz presented a measure of threat to the American Third Army which is engaged along with the American Seventh Army in a lightning battle against the German industrial Saarland. They are also fighting to eliminate the German fortified area centering around the fortress of Kaiserlautern and guarding the approaches to the corridor which leads between the Taunus and the Odenwald Mountains from Mainz, via Frankfurt-am-Main and Fulda into the valley of the Fulda and the Weser Rivers. In a little while our troops will hold the entire western bank of the Rhine from Huningen on the Swiss border to Emmerich on the Dutch border—a distance of 350 miles. As a result the Saarland

industrial and mining area will be lost to Germany.

After that a large-scale three-pronged drive from, say, Emmerich, Remagen and Mainz, will begin. Its object will be to encircle the Ruhr by means of the first two prongs and to isolate Prussia from the mountain region in the south by means of the latter. In other words, the double purpose would be to lop Bavaria off Prussia and to tear the Ruhr away from Prussia. This, of course, will have to be coordinated with lopping off Czechoslovakia and eastern Bavaria from Prussia and the tearing out of the Berlin fortified area, this being the job of the Red Army.

ON THE Eastern Front, the fall of Kolberg removes the last threat to Marshal Zhukov's right flank facing Stettin and reduces the German pockets to six (Latvia, Koenigsberg, Braunsberg, Danzig, Glogau and Breslau). The first four such pockets are so far behind the front lines—between 150 and 300 miles—that they are only of nuisance value inasmuch as they immobilize probably half a hundred Soviet divisions, facing as many remnants of German divisions. On the other hand they keep a quarter

of a million or more German troops from taking part in the defense of the Oder-Neisse front. So the nuisance is mostly on the German side.

However, the fact that the Germans still hold the ports of Windau, Libau, Pillau, Danzig and Gdynia permits them to interfere with Soviet communications by sea between the Gulf of Finland and the Gulf of Pomerania and this slows up supplying the northern wing of the Red Army on the lower Oder, which is destined to deliver the punch north of the Berlin fortified area along the Stettin-Hamburg direction.

Now, the Germans in Glogau and especially in the huge fortress of Breslau are a great impediment to Marshal Konev on the southern wing of the main front. These strongholds are very close to the front lines (no more than 25-40 miles) and enemy counteraction from them or toward them is still entirely possible. It would be quite essential to eliminate them before the grand push on the Oder-Neisse line begins.

To complete the picture of the Eastern Front, it is necessary to point out that the two-week German counteroffensive between Lake Balaton and the Danube has petered out. The Germans

have lost 20,000 men killed and 600 tanks—no less than in the whole Belgian Bulge counteroffensive and subsequent retreat. When the smoke clears around Lake Balaton we will find that Soviet lines have been pushed back somewhat, but that the Germans have not achieved their main purpose which was to reestablish their defense along the Danube between Budapest and Apatin where the Danube flows due south. The Germans have been bled white by Malinovsky and Tolbukhin who will probably soon resume their advance up the Danube.

Thus the perspective of the coming operations is about as follows: Montgomery and Bradley will tear out the Ruhr while Zhukov, opposite them, tears out the Berlin fortified area. Devers (with Patton and Patch) will thrust toward Fulda while their opposite number, Konev, will march on Leipzig. It is also not excluded that the French reinforced by American units will be given the task of forcing the Rhine and the Black Forest so as to reach the headwaters of the Danube and march down that river to meet Malinovsky and Tolbukhin coming up the Danube via Bratislava and Vienna.

Montgomery might meet Zhukov somewhere on the Hamburg-Brunswick line; Bradley might meet Zhukov and Konev somewhere in the mountains of the Harz; Devers might meet Konev in the Thuringer Wald; finally, the French might join hands with Malinovsky and Tolbukhin near Munich. However, the latter development is highly problematical, our right wing being too weak for the present to cope with the Rhine and the Black Forest; on the other hand, our Italian Front being what it is, it is difficult to expect a meeting between the Malinovsky-Tolbukhin team with any Allied troops west of Vienna. This means that the mountain retreat of the Nazis will probably be besieged along its periphery before being cut in half by a Danube thrust all the way through from Budapest to Donaueschingen.

The coming grand slam thus bids fair to liquidate the German hold north of the Odenwald, the Franconian Jura, the Fichtel Gebirge and the Erz Gebirge, with Czechoslovakia being freed, perhaps simultaneously with the above operation, by the Konev-Petrov-Malinovsky arc.

Please note, however, that I am setting *no time limit* for this plan which might well take us into the summer. The answer depends entirely on how stultified the Germans are.

READERS' FORUM

Can You Help?

TO NEW MASSES: Because of the Nazi invasion, many Soviet citizens have been evacuated into the interior of the country or have fled into the woods to hide and become guerrilla fighters, and have lost contact with their families and friends in the United States. It was primarily for the purpose of reestablishing contact between these people that the Union of Russian Jews was organized about three and one-half years ago.

This organization works in close cooperation with the Moscow Jewish Community, which in turn was established for the purpose of reuniting families separated by the war. Notwithstanding conditions of extreme difficulty in tracing people in the Soviet Union, the Union of Russian Jews has successfully reestablished contact with over 6,000 families to date. Needless to add that among these families there were people of all faiths.

Conversely, the Union of Russian Jews receives many requests from the Soviet Union to trace people in the United States. Unfortunately these requests often contain no inkling of an address of any kind. It is therefore necessary to appeal to organizations and publications through whose mediums these names may be publicized.

We hope that some of your readers may know of, or aid us in locating, the people we have listed below, which is only a small portion of our list:

Brammeister, Chava (maiden name Chornaya)
—Message from Bronia Brein, Moscow
Bro, Jacob—Message from mother, Etia Bro
Gooz, Herman, Naum—Message from sister,
Anna Wetman
Hess, Simon—Message from Adam Bakman
Palei, Ada (maiden name) literature teacher
—Message from cousin, Nechome Tripper-
man
Pickope, Boris, Kessnet, Bessie—Message
from David Krestinsky
Petri (maiden name Batkin)—Message from
Geda Lamm

For further information, please inquire at our office, 55 West 42nd Street, Suite 952-954; telephone Longacre 5-1364.

New York. MARIANNE GOLD.

The Artist Protests

TO NEW MASSES: My good friend Moses Soyev skirts the borders of scandal when he hints in his review of my exhibition [NEW MASSES, March 20] that there is something Greek and classical in my present painting while my early political cartooning seemed

fathered by Robert Minor. Permit me to add at least one other name to make my artistic parentage more obscure. Robert Henri through the years has been linked with my beginnings. So if I hark me back to the mythological regions on occasion it must be because of my love for a suspected Greek matriarch of a mother who dominated a few acres of Elysia.

But the blood of those two war horses, the two Roberts, if no others, that courses through my artistic arteries—far, far from hardened—should guarantee against my losing myself too long picking posies. Whoever followed the Battle for Roosevelt in your pages and in the Jewish *Freiheit*, who saw the "Tribute to Roosevelt" exhibition, sponsored by the Independent Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, will understand that my "terse, virile indictments" against social evils need only opportunity and space for utterance.

If you knew that one of my paintings in the exhibition was a First Avenue market scene, another of a Pennsylvania backyard, it would be easy to realize that the two elements in the makeup of a modern, classical class-conscious artist—the career and the fighter—are not mutually exclusive. That it is precisely because one cares that one fights.

New York.

MAURICE BECKER.

Black Markets

TO NEW MASSES: While spending three weeks in Virginia recently I ran into an interesting sidelight on how OPA is being licked. A farmer drives a truckload of turkeys into Richmond to the stall market. Buyers rapidly appear and offer \$5 bills, no change, for medium size birds, and \$10 bills for the larger ones. The first comers get their turkeys, the farmer disappears with more cash than he's seen in a long time, and the price ceiling goes with him.

When one goes down the list of all the commodities in which the black market operates isn't something happening to national morale that is more serious than the results of prohibition in the last war? So many more people and types of people involved, one way or another.

All of which means that I am asking if this situation doesn't call for a series by someone of Spivak caliber, if there is such a person, digging up all the ramifications of the black market from gas and tires to liquor and food, from gangsters to unthinking consumers. This is not to get more cracking down that can't be enforced but to arouse that democratic cooperation without which we cannot handle the postwar job.

Palisade, N. J.

DR. HARRY F. WARD.



RECENT BOOKS

RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE, by Edmund Stevens. Greenberg. \$3.

THE publication of this book simultaneously with W. L. White's *Report on the Russians* is fortunate. It should go far to counteract that piece of American Goebbellese. Where White spoke from the flimsy warrant of a five-week banquet-and-Pullman tour, Stevens speaks with the authority of a five-year residence in the Soviet Union, in addition to his wartime months as a correspondent. Mr. Stevens married a Soviet girl, had children and a family life under Soviet conditions.

It is a pity that Mr. Stevens did not make more of this asset of first-hand experience. Instead he has chosen to do another correspondent book, thereby leaving himself open to disadvantageous comparison with writers like Edgar Snow, Alexander Werth, Maurice Hindus and Leland Stowe. The journalistic "color" material with which the book is padded is merely trivial, and the background sketching is hasty and superficial and confuses more than it clarifies.

Nevertheless, because of its timing, the book has considerable value. One might single out the chapters on the American air bases and their lessons in the potentialities of American-Soviet friendship; the Soviet attitudes to Teheran; on the Finns in this war, a chapter which may be taken as atonement for Mr. Stevens' previous reporting from behind the Finnish lines in the first Finnish-Soviet war; the sensible chapters on Soviet war and peace objectives, "Russia Wants Good Neighbors" and "Nazism *Delenda Est*"; and the concluding chapters "Russia and America" and "Friendship or Else?" in the latter of which Mr. Stevens has a caustic note on the reliability and significance of Mr. W. L. White's report.

But above all, the timely material on the anti-Soviet Poles is sufficient in itself to give the book value. It is on the Polish issue that all the forces hostile to the Soviet Union and to the new prospects of international agreement are concentrating as their arsenal. To begin with, we have revealing lights on the role of the sinister General Anders, who withdrew the Polish army which had been organized to fight Germany on

Soviet soil—thereby deserting not only the Russia that was then his country's ally, but his own country, which might have been liberated appreciably earlier had his divisions been in the battlelines. Now that other Polish troops marching with the Red Army have freed Poland, Anders demands the right to enter at the head of his army to inflict on his tragic country the further horror of civil war. And watch how the reactionaries, the masked fascists and the plain fools will howl that the demands of the deserter be granted!

We have other significant portraits—the Polish Red Cross officials who stole American relief flour and then succeeded in having a protesting American official removed for "anti-Polish sentiments," the Polish propaganda official who, when Stevens remarked on the health and good spirits of Poles recently evacuated from the Soviet Union, offered to fix him up with photographs that could go with anti-Soviet atrocity stories; of an American Pole who had been thus fixed up and who gloated to Stevens how the photographs would "burn up" the folks back home.

"From the standpoint of these anti-Soviet Poles," notes Mr. Stevens, "publicity in America for the alleged piteous plight of the refugees and their inhuman treatment by the Russians served a two-fold purpose. First, it ensured that the generous, and to them profitable, flow of American Red Cross supplies would be maintained. Second, it tended to align American public opinion against Russia."

When Polish Red Cross officials in the Soviet Union were arrested for espionage: "The Teheran Poles," writes Mr. Stevens, "were violently indignant over the latest 'affront' to their national pride and publicly protested that this would leave hundreds of thousands of

Polish women and children to perish by starvation and exposure. I discussed the pros and cons of the case with a senior British liaison officer attached to the Polish army, whose bias if anything was pro-Polish.

"The trouble is," he said, "that our Polish friends are so confoundedly inept—it's a deuce of a mess about those delegates. But there's nothing we can do about it. The Russians have definite proof of the charges, you see."

"In Teheran there was a sizable group of old-school Polish officers and former government officials who openly declared that war with the Soviet Union was not only inevitable, but desirable."

It would be well if many Americans and particularly Americans of Polish descent could read this first-hand testimony from an observer who was in Wendell Willkie's party in the tour on which he based his book *One World*. They will realize what a moral debris are the groups around Anders—whose own staff officers are breaking from him—and the disintegrating London Polish "government." They will realize what a folly it is to join world reaction in backing these groups against the new Poland that is rebuilding itself from ruins, and that has at last set out on the path that alone offers a secure future for Poland and for peace in Europe: the path of friendship with its Soviet neighbor.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

On Freedom Road

THE SELECTED WORKS OF TOM PAINE, by Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.50.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, by Julian P. Boyd. Princeton University Press. \$3.50.

HOWARD FAST sets a good precedent in this presentation of Paine's history-shaping philosophy. In addition to a brilliant *Citizen Paine* style of introduction and a concluding appraisal of Paine's contribution to popular liberties, each of the component works has its own preface and concluding remarks, making clear its dynamic role in the given moment of history.

Tom Paine, like all other eminent philosophers and revolutionists of the eighteenth century, sought not only to



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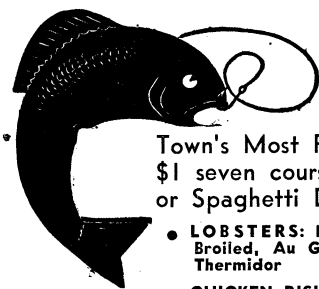
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understand but to alter the world. Fast's method and purpose in preparing this book is beautifully formulated in the concluding sentences of his introduction: "The prophet of the common man stepped into the land and era of common man. The fine gears of history, so often haphazard, now purposefully meshed." And that wise observation contains an important element of the science of history explaining the role of great men in revolutionary crises. We can only grasp the full meaning of the immense role and enduring influence of men like Jefferson and Paine when we understand the climactic period in which they lived and labored and which shaped them, as they in turn shaped the future. Two great revolutions (American and French) and a score of lesser ones marked the epoch of their time. The old world was changing, the ice age of feudalism was receding and democracy was being born. They served as history's midwives to the emerging new world.

Americans owe a debt of gratitude to Howard Fast. He has not only rescued a great American from a cloud of slander and obscurity but makes Paine's profound wisdom and philosophy usable to us when we need its guidance most. Paine's writings have a timeless value second only to those of Jefferson. Having been designed as revolutionary weapons for the common soldiers of our revolution, they have a popular style and homely simplicity that make them even more useful.

Paine's two greatest works, *Common Sense* and *The Rights of Man* (included in this volume together with *The Crisis*, *The Age of Reason* and *Letter to Washington*) contain the substance of eighteenth century humanist philosophy. The first was not only a justification and a clarion call for independence; it also contains the chief elements of what we now call Jeffersonian democracy. It sounded warnings of dangers that were to face America after the Revolution. In 1776, he already foresaw the ideological sources of Federalist reaction, writing, in *Common Sense*, of "a certain set of moderate men [among those who favored reconciliation with England before the war began] who think better of the European world than it deserves; and his last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three." And after independence was achieved this "set of moderate men" did seek to introduce the prevailing British way of life in the new republic.

The Age of Reason could have well been left out of this collection. It served

no useful historic purpose and was written under unhappy circumstances when Paine should have been writing new *Crisis* papers for the revolutionary armies of France then fighting a desperate war of national survival of comparable world-historic significance to the anti-fascist war today. In France Tom Paine missed his rendezvous with destiny, even though his *Rights of Man* contains the best defense of the first stage of the French Revolution ever written in the English language.

"THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE" is a handsomely wrought commemorative work with reproductions of the original manuscripts in Jefferson's handwriting. Its fifty-odd pages of comment deal chiefly with the disputed history of the various alterations to the original text, none of which are of significant importance save the omission of the paragraph denouncing slavery. A few pages are devoted to the literary genealogy of various political terms like "the pursuit of happiness." While this is a fine defense of Jefferson against early Federalist efforts to belittle the great Virginian, it does not integrate the historic meaning of the great document and its political substance with the profound social developments of the time.

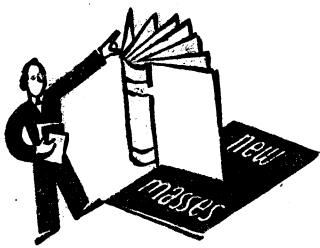
RALPH BOWMAN.

Death—With Dignity

WARSAW GHETTO, a diary by Mary Berg. Edited by S. L. Schneiderman. Fischer. \$2.75.
NO TRAVELER RETURNS, by Henry Shoskes. Edited by Curt Riess. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

THESE are the first attempts to set down the tragic history of the Warsaw Ghetto. Other more complete pictures will follow, from eyewitnesses, reporters and creative writers, for this is one of the great epics of human tragedy and of a human fight for a life—or at least a death—of dignity.

Mary Berg was sixteen years old when her family was forced to move into the walled ghetto of Warsaw. Her mother was an American citizen, her father a wealthy art dealer. She thus belonged to a small privileged group of inhabitants of the ghetto who were spared the cruelest humiliations of the majority and who had the good fortune to escape death by being exchanged for Nazis held in America. Her youth and her privileged position necessarily limited her experiences and her report on them. Even so, her diary presents us with very valuable documentary material, and the tragic power of the happenings which



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she reports is, in itself, enough to stir the heart of the reader. One of the most interesting aspects of the diary is its report on the cultural activities carried on under the most difficult conditions by people who were starving and forced into slave labor and threatened with death every hour of the day.

“NO TRAVELER RETURNS” is a compilation of various notes, documents and reports from Polish and Yiddish sources gathered by a former director of the Central Cooperative Bank at Warsaw and edited (and that’s where the trouble starts) by Curt Riess, the expert in turning out “inside” books about occupied Europe, the Nazis, espionage, etc. With the experienced hand of a cheap serial writer, Mr. Riess has interspersed authentic reports of the life and death of the Warsaw Ghetto with lurid scenes of life among the Nazi big-wigs. Mr. Riess knows exactly what Heinrich Himmler told the Elite Guard commander in charge of the ghetto when the latter’s extermination measures proved to be too slow; he knows the thoughts and feelings of the Nazi generals from A to Z. But even his literary makeup does not entirely obliterate the tragic dignity of the reality; and *No Traveler Returns* retains enough to convey a vivid sense of what life and struggle and death in the Warsaw Ghetto were like. J. PONKOWSKI.

Worth Noting

THE Constance Lindsay Skinner medal, which is awarded annually to a woman in the book industry “in recognition of meritorious work in her chosen field,” was conferred this year on Lillian Smith, author of *Strange Fruit*.

FOR “the best manuscript, novel, biography, play, poem, essay, collection of photographs, historical or scientific work that will promote racial or religious tolerance in America” the publishers Julian Messner, Inc., offer a prize of \$3,000.

ART is rapidly becoming no stranger to trade union centers in New York. Currently on exhibition in the middle of the lounge—the “blue lounge”—of the State, County and Municipal Workers of America-CIO are watercolors and oils by Maurice Becker straight from the purlieus of 57th St., lent by the MacBeth Galleries. This is an open announcement to artists and their galleries that there are many hungry eyes outside the strict environs of mid-Manhattan.

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ON AND OFF BROADWAY

By MATT WAYNE

FOOLISH NOTION," Philip Barry's new play which the Theater Guild is currently offering at the Martin Beck, is by all odds the most finished play this writer has seen in a long, long time. As a whole it represents a final and successful synthesis of Barry's life-long attempt to bring imagination and its hidden poetry into harmony with the demands of our overwhelmingly naturalistic theater.

Tallulah Bankhead plays the part of an actress whose husband, Henry Hull, has been missing overseas in warring Europe. She has had him declared legally dead, and is about to go off and marry her leading man, played by Donald Cook, when word comes that Mr. Hull is arriving at the house at nine-thirty that evening. The body of the play details the underlying hopes and fears in the anticipations of the missing man's wife, her suitor, her adopted little daughter and her aged father, of the scene that will transpire when Mr. Hull does arrive. To accomplish this psychological unveiling, Mr. Barry has simply turned down the lights, focussed the imagining character in a rose-blue light, called up music from the wings, raised the lights and brought on the missing Mr. Hull. Mr. Hull enters four times—called in, as it were, by the four people imagining how it will be when he does really come home.

Naturally, since Mr. Barry has endowed each character with an individuality and a consistent point of view, Mr. Hull, in his imaginary entrances and ensuing scenes, takes on a different character for each. Finally, in the third act, he actually arrives, and the hopes and fears of each character regarding him are resolved in the conflicts of reality.

From this resume it is not quite possible, I fear, to indicate how incisively Mr. Barry has accomplished what he set out to do. Certain reviewers to the contrary notwithstanding, there is not a single example of either mysticism, symbolism or anything confusing in *Foolish Notion*. The play is often brilliantly written, its dialogue running over

with that elegantly common wit so often affected by theater people, and the production is impressive but in fine taste.

There is perhaps but one fault to find, and that is the coldness of the play. Yet this is not a fault. The characters themselves are theater people who would, in life, sooner be found dead than in a cliché, people who work every evening at simulating emotions and dare not allow their true selves to be unmasked. If the play does not draw a tear, it was not meant to. In the audience's enjoyment of its flashing edges of wit the play creates the proper heat. It is a comedy that is funny, superbly so; it is the most intelligent and theatrically successful work on the boards today. To Mr. Barry must go the laurels: his is the surest hand in our theater. No one else now writing could have carried off the second act of *Foolish Notion* as Barry does, without repeating a nuance or an emotion. There are dead spots here and there, but what play ever lived that had none?

In terms of ideas the play is not very significant. Its moral, or thesis, is simply that if we could see others as they are and not as they seem to be it would save us many a foolish notion. By the legitimate and skillful use of the theater Mr. Barry has telescoped this usually difficult psychological process into three delightful acts. I seriously suspect that the charge of obfuscation was leveled against this play because at certain moments the lights go down, leaving only the imagining character in blue. When the critics see blue light they begin to get nervous, it seems, for here, usually, comes art. To their everlasting embarrassment, it really came to the Martin Beck.

By the way, Tallulah Bankhead is the same as ever, and that's pretty good. She does too many "takes" for my taste but her command is still supreme. The cast is excellent and they are always listening to each other. The little girl, Joan Shepard, was somewhat mannered, as are most stage children, but she never annoyed. In short, *Foolish Notion* comes off.

THE one noteworthy thing about Sheridan Gibney's play, *Calico Wedding*, is its air of age. It is fairly certain that it mellowed in Mr. Gibney's drawer a space of time before Lester Meyer and Richard Meyers resurrected it for the National Theater. This need not disqualify a play, of course; it merely illustrates how different theater attitudes are today as compared to 1937, which is the year in which the play is set.

The characters are in the advertising-man, candy-striped-furniture class, and the hero is trying hard to please his boss, Mr. Abercrombie. Maybe it's his fear of losing his job that seems so strange today, and maybe it is that everybody on the stage was so utterly immersed in his own petty affairs, but for one reason or another the shadow of the world never fell near *Calico Wedding*. Today, few plays unroll three acts without at least taxes being mentioned. But this one didn't even take a peek out of the bedroom.

Grete Mosheim, formerly of Germany, gave a bright performance as the young ad man's petite wife. She will be a hit when she gets the right comedy. The cast will probably be dispersed by the time this appears, so let their standard characterizations follow this play into that crowded oblivion where sleep the comedies that didn't make 'em laugh.

THE Jewish Theater Ensemble of the IWO is giving Saturday evening performances of *The Downfall of Haman*, a Purim play, at the Fraternal Clubhouse, at 110 W. 48th St. An amateur group, sprinkled with veterans of the old Artef, directed by Benjamin Zemach, it created a lively folk atmosphere which made everybody in the audience feel good. King Ahasuerus, played with really comical adeptness by Leib Freilich, stole the show. He, along with several of the other heavily made-up actors, reminded me of some of the puppets in the Soviet picture, *The New Gulliver*. They joshed the hoary tale in good humor and yet managed to create scenes of dignified sadness when occa-

sion demanded. Nathaniel Buchwald's adaptation of the play by Chaim Sloves dances along without ever falling on its face. For those like myself who have no Yiddish, the program supplies a summary of the proceedings and the total argument can be followed without strain. There was some lilting music by Maurice Rauch and Chaim Sloves. The King, though, is alone worth your evening. If Alfonso of Spain could have seen him he would never have dared show his face in public again.

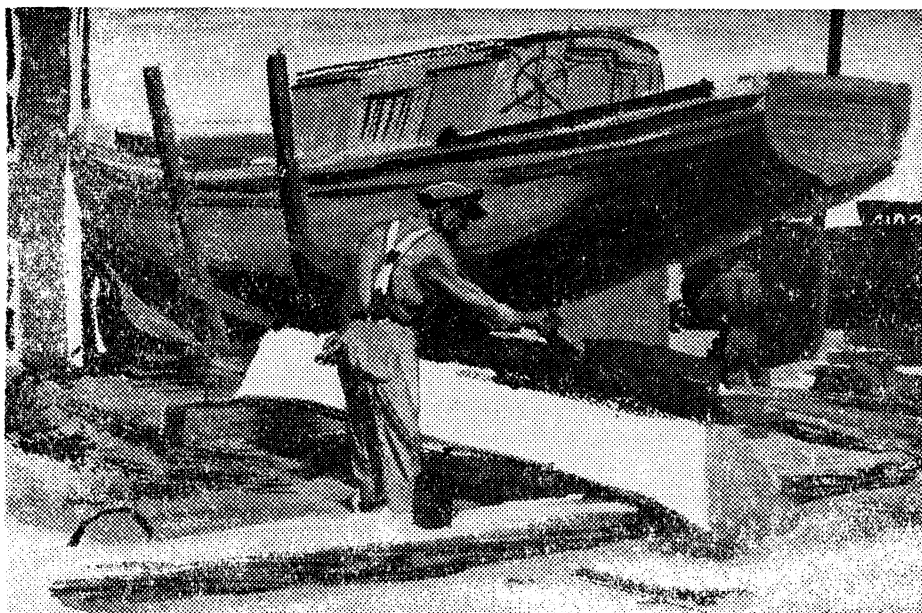
"IT'S A GIFT," is a comedy by Curt Goetz and Dorian Otvos. Mr. Goetz, who plays the lead, is a fairly successful European playwright. This one is the story of a preposterously moral professor who sent his sister out in the cold for bearing an illegitimate child, and now twenty years later has been left a fortune in her will. He can collect, however, only if one of his family suffers the same sort of accident. He does everything within and beyond reason to bring said accident upon his daughter and in the end discovers that he is not legally married to his own wife, and gets the gold mine.

The first and second acts had some sharp continental humor. The third revealed how cooked-up the play was. I confess I laughed through a lot of it. The professor (Mr. Goetz) is an accomplished comedian. The trouble with the play was that it was contrived in the European fashion, with the plot pushing everybody around. In America we contrive differently, with less plot and more gags. The sets by Samuel Leve were gorgeous.

Recent Films

LATELY, murder mystery films have reached achievements in movie-making of which the rest of the industry might well be jealous—and imitative. I refer to the bowing acquaintance (at least) that the gore-and-intrigue-boys establish between the story and the style of its telling. To make a story of murder and violence cinematically plausible requires bold and imaginative direction, fresh narrative techniques and a close relation between the plot and its exposition. When you get all the above the result is a film that is interesting far beyond its content or importance. This is demonstrably true of *Murder, My Sweet* (Palace), despite the handicaps of an overburdened story line and some questionable casting.

The Raymond Chandler novel,



"Painting the Dory," gouache by Charles Keller. At Artist Associates through March 31.

Farewell, My Lovely, on which the movie is based, provides some tough, evil, beautifully drawn characters, and hard, authentic underworld dialogue that is a pleasure to the ear. But the main credit for its fast-moving, deft technique belongs to Edward Dmytryk, the director, and possibly to screenwriter John Paxton. The sure touch of Dmytryk is evident from the very beginning. Dick Powell, a private eye (private detective to the initiate), is sitting at his desk late at night when his attention is suddenly attracted to the image of a face high on his window. To the audience it looks like a dramatic but unreal reflection, but Powell whirls in his chair, startled, to confront a giant of a man—who wants him to find an old girl friend. Thus is introduced, obliquely, a story of hard-boiled characters, violence, double dealings and sudden death.

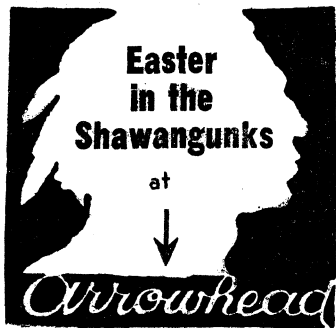
The film is so well handled that even its overloaded story, which would be fatal for a routine film, cannot detract from its virtues. It prevents *Murder, My Sweet* from making *The Maltese Falcon* class, but that is no fault of the director. Even Dick Powell, who is no Humphrey Bogart or even an Alan Ladd, gets by in a particularized role, helped neither by his looks nor his voice, only because he is nicely fitted into the over-all pattern of the film.

"TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT" (Radio City Music Hall) is the movie version of a slight English play, *The Heart of a City*, that was shown early in the war. Like its progenitor, the movie wraps itself in the slogan that the war must be fought every single

night so long as it lasts, and that theater entertainers are important soldiers on the home front. This is certainly a laudable theme, but as the movie unwinds it turns out that its immediate concern is not the war, but a couple of cliché love duels among its four principals. Not unmindful of the dramatic effects of bomb noises, sirens, uniforms and the other stage paraphernalia of modern war, the producers introduce these effects from time to time in order to help the personal stuff along.

Rita Hayworth is an accomplished singer and dancer as the star of the show that is supposed not to miss a single performance come rain or buzzbomb. She is ably abetted by Janet Blair, who has trimmed herself down to proper contract dimensions. The technicolor is pleasantly quiet and used throughout the film in good taste, except where it is made to light up the interior of a taxi during the blackout. But the good taste ends there. No one conversant with the Hollywood musical would look for any realism within it, but the lavish sets, luxuriant decor and costumes for a revue supposed to be playing bombed-out London is too much even for the fantastic standards of this type of picture.

ONE of the really exciting newsreels of the war is the one of the battle of Iwo Jima, recorded by the cameramen of the Coast Guard, Navy and Marine Corps. Filmed directly under fire, it makes it plain why the capture of this tiny spot of land in the Pacific has thus far proved to be the costliest battle in Marine history. From the heights commanding the beachheads the Japanese



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pour a murderous fire on our men as they swarm ashore. There is such a thunder of noise from all the types of guns going off at once that you feel a sharp physical sense of participation in the battle. This sense of participation is further heightened by the shots of actual battle as our troops advance upon the airfields. Many of the scenes are taken by a cameraman within a tank, and from this vantage point you are moved up close enough to see Japanese flushed from their positions and caught in deadly crossfire.

The greatest impact of the film comes from the dramatization of the amount of organization necessary before the foot soldier can get into position to fire his gun. To land some 60,000 fighting men, 800 ships were necessary. The amount of equipment and supplies brought to the beach was really staggering; and this engagement was relatively minor in scope, if not in importance. If you could rub the noses of strike-happy labor leaders in the awareness of these facts, the no-strike pledge would be a cinch.

THE current *This Is America* edition is an editorial by the FBI urging Americans to be on guard against the infiltration of enemy agents. It traces the capture of Colepaugh and Gimpel in a dramatic manner that reveals the department's methods of combating espionage. The high spot of the picture was the use of concealed cameras in the capture of Fritz Duquesne, Nazi spy leader, by FBI men acting as German agents. NEW MASSES readers will remember this gent as one of the first exposed in our pages by John Spivak as far back as 1934. The rest of the film shows the Bund camps, the Madison Square Garden rallies, the Nazi military organization, the training of the young in the methods of the swastika, etc. It is incredible to think that all that was being permitted in our country a scant year before Pearl Harbor.

THE gun totin', hard ridin', did he go thisa way, no he went thata way boys get their innings in a Western by the name of *Utah* now at the Criterion. If you like your Westerns neat, as I do, you will object to the sweet singing squeezed into the concoction. In other respects the picture proceeds according to plan.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

The Dance

TWO of the "new" works presented by the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe at the City Center this current season

(until March 25) were really not new and certainly at opposite ends of the pole. "Ballet Imperial" (Balanchine choreography to Tchaikovsky's Second Piano Concerto) paid homage to the noble classic Russian tradition. "Frankie and Johnny" (Ruth Page choreography to music by Jerome Moross) picked up the American folk song and kicked it around like nobody's business.

The Ruth Page work originally trod the boards in 1938 and we've gone a long way since then (e.g., "Rodeo," "Folksay," "Fancy Free"). But if the revival of this particular work has caused sufficient stir to warrant its retention in the repertoire, let me devoutly hope that no rash of the Frankie-and-Johnny complexion will infect the growing body of ballet Americana.

In "Frankie and Johnny" the original ballad's earthy, lusty ingredients are peppered up into a "hot" dish for the indiscriminating. Its striving for sensationalism produces neither style nor originality. The most effective spot is not the love scene, played sultry and tense by the always competent Frederic Franklin and Ruthanna Boris, but the pathologic character dance by the semi-imbecile bartender (Nikita Talin). The characterizations, however, are specious and outmoded: the Salvation Army lassies do "bumps"; the hip-swinging chassiss of a prostitute writhes in love agonies; the handsome, two-timing pimp gets his . . . all of it angling for embarrassed gasps from the audience.

This is no Grundy cackling out against immorality and/or sex on the stage—only against such an unimaginative and insensitive use of these deservedly popular themes. Antony Tudor also treats of passion (and I'm not asking Frankie and Johnny to metamorphose into Romeo and Juliet, nor even to achieve the sensual fervor of one of the scenes in "Pillar of Fire"), but the essential vulgarity of the Ruth Page ballet lies not in its theme, but in its obvious concepts and patterns of movement.

If the Monte Carlo company wants Americana and won't commission any new works along that line, why doesn't it give Sophie Maslow's "Folksay" a run? There's more to glorify in our folkways than barrooms and brothels.

BALANCHINE's "Ballet Imperial" was originally performed several years ago by the American Ballet company. Since then, Balanchine has created the even more effective "Danses Concertantes" and the more charming "Waltz Academy" (both reviewed in NM, Nov. 14, 1944). This is one of the oc-

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casions when this choreographer's uniquely outstanding gift for invention and design fails to conceal certain easy solutions to artistic problems and a certain barrenness of purpose. Nevertheless, while not a major work, "Ballet Imperial" contains some typical Balanchine passages which are terrifically effective. Mary Ellen Moylan danced beautifully on this program.

Balanchine's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," to Richard Strauss' suite, was presumably tossed off with not too much choreographic exertion on his part. It is a spirited, albeit conventional series of dance divertissements framed against the background "plot" of deceiving that bulbous old codger of a French bourgeois into giving away his daughter's hand to an ordinary guy instead of a royal bigshot. FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Notes on Music

IT WAS an excellent idea that Norman Studer and Camp Woodland had of organizing a conference on Folklore in a Democracy, several weeks ago, and inviting a group of specialists and the general public to the discussions. The meetings were important not merely because they brought the problems of folklore out of the library and the research room to the public, but especially because the emphasis was laid chiefly on the creative part that folklore and folksong can play in breaking down racial and group barriers and in cementing sound cultural understanding. Ben A. Botkin, Charles Seeger, Harold Thompson and George Herzog were among those who participated in the lively discussions.

The conference ended with an engaging evening of music. George Edwards of Roscoe, N. Y., sang some old Adirondack ballads, among them the beautiful "I Walk the Road Again." The Jefferson Chorus under Horace Grenell sang old and new folk music, among which Haufrecht's arrangement of "Wild Amerikay" and Earl Robinson's "The Lonesome Train" stood out as musically most distinguished. Sonny Terry did some amazing things with his harmonica. An original "American Suite for Cello and Piano," by Norman Cazdan, performed by Oliver Edel and Lillian Lefkovsky, was simple and unpretentious.

That there is room for such a conference and an eager following for it, was, I believe, sufficiently demonstrated. Let us hope the idea of continuing this project next year, on an even more extended scale, will bear fruit.

I HADN'T heard Andres Segovia for years, and the prospect of spending two hours listening to the guitar was not at first a very exciting one. Segovia hasn't changed much. He is still the most exquisite master of an exquisite, but very limited instrument. For delicacy, for musical understanding, for brilliant and subtle technical dexterity, he has few equals on this instrument. In the Bach numbers, in some of the transcriptions of older music—especially that designed for the lute—he was at his best. The older qualities of restrained dignity and subtle interpretation which these numbers demand he possesses in plenty. But at this recital at least (and in some of his previous ones) I had the feeling that the repertoire was somewhat limited by over-refinement, and tended toward a one-sidedness of tone and mood. There is a rich store of Spanish and Latin American folk music which has sweep and power as well as dignity and musical value, which could be played in transcription. It was somewhat surprising, however, that the last portion of the program, devoted to more recent compositions, was by far the least interesting both musically and emotionally. At the same time, one will not soon forget the wonders he displayed in the Scarlatti sonata, or in the transcription of a Bach fugue.

WHAT to hear: March 23 and 24, at Temple Emanu-El, American Choral Music of the Twentieth Century. . . . March 24: Joseph Hoffman at Carnegie Hall. . . . April 1, Town Hall: Richard Dyer-Bennet. . . . April 29, Metropolitan Opera House: Marian Anderson. FREDERIC EWEN.

Wm. Z. Foster

(Continued from page 16)

and one-half months the strike was called off; but later as a direct result of the struggle, the twelve-hour day was abolished and many other gains were registered. In reactionary labor circles Foster was attacked as "the chief of the Reds" trying to take over the labor movement, while in ultra-leftist circles he was accused of becoming "a tool of Gompers." But to millions of workers new to unionism he had demonstrated that it was possible to band together, regardless of creed, color, national origin, skill or language, and to march forward together to achieve their demands. An awareness of their inalienable rights, as American workers, of their vast strength, and of the absolute necessity of organization were the lessons Foster

hammered home to the steelworkers. Today they know those lessons well in the United Steel Workers of America-CIO, led by Philip Murray.

IN 1921, after he visited the Soviet Union, Foster definitely broke with the Syndicalists, not only over the issue of "dual unionism" but also over their opposition to political action and their fixed anti-Soviet attitude. On his return he joined the American Communist Party. He speaks of "my failure in 1909 to return to the Socialist Party" as "the greatest political mistake of my career," a mistake that sent him "wandering for a dozen years in the arid desert of Syndicalism." But he surely made that desert blossom with some hardy plants while he was there. His detour was a result partly of the shortcomings of the old Socialist Party, and partly of the fact that large sections of the population including women, non-naturalized immigrants and migratory workers could not vote, which led us to put our emphasis on economic power.

As a Communist, Bill Foster continued his staunch advocacy of industrial unionism through the medium of the Trade Union Educational League. Earl Browder was editor of its official organ, *The Labor Herald*. To recount the activities of the League in this desperate period—the era of the Palmer raids, deportation deliriums, outlaw railroad strikes, struggle to legalize the Communist movement; the Mooney and Sacco-Vanzetti frameup, the fight to amalgamate all unions in their respective industries—would be to record in detail the history of militant American labor.

The TUEL was the hub of myriad activities. Following a period of expulsions of individuals and groups from AFL unions, similar to the later expulsion of the CIO, independent unions were, perforce, set up. Struggles of the first magnitude were carried on in coal, mining and textile (Passaic, New Bedford, Gastonia)—under the newly-organized Trade Union Unity League, of which Foster was secretary. The panic of 1929 sent the country into a tailspin of depression. By 1933, when President Roosevelt was elected, 17,000,000 were unemployed. Foster was among those who rallied the unemployed in vast demonstrations in the Hoover days and he was arrested in 1930 as one of the leaders of a huge meeting in Union Square. The bonus march of war veterans in 1932, the hunger marches of '31 and '32, were all supported by the Communists and

the TUUL. Following the advent of the New Deal, and to enforce its promises, strikes in coal, textile, mining, marine continued unabated from 1933 to the consolidation and firm organization of the CIO in 1936. A new chapter of labor history began with its advent, the realization of many years of struggle by pioneers like Bill Foster to organize the unorganized into industrial unions. The labor movement is today on the even keel of balanced economic and political power which we long ago envisaged.

It's a grand thing to see our dreams come true! Foster dreamed of and worked for a labor movement which would be strong economically and politically. We have it today. He dreamed of and worked for a strong international organization of labor. We have it today. He dreamed of and worked for the end of poverty, of injustice, of war. We see this on tomorrow's horizon, in our day and generation. Our task is to complete the dream of Bill Foster. He is still on the job. I recently heard him characterize the AFL Executive Board in his simple strong language as "a stubborn lot of old fools," because of their opposition to the International Labor Conference. He continues to emphasize, as I heard him do in 1911 at the IWW convention, that "we must not neglect work within the ranks of those who are members of the AFL." He is convinced that if those members had had a chance to be counted they would have sent delegates to London. Faith in the people is, and has ever been, his guiding star.

Did a man like William Z. Foster walk a strait and narrow path, stick to one purpose and one basic idea through all these years? Did he lead a simple, austere personal life, with neither security, rest nor peace? Did he never own property, take a vacation (until he collapsed), enjoy a hobby? Are his habits frugal, his ways plain, his wants few? Yes. Out of the lives—the days and nights—of such as Bill Foster—out of their thoughts, their work, their dreams, their deeds, have come the broad highways, the shining lights, the smoother paths to the free future, the marching brotherhood of labor. We salute him, millions of us—in affectionate admiration, on his fiftieth anniversary.

William Z. Foster's fiftieth anniversary in the labor movement is being celebrated at a dinner in his honor in New York City. Both he and Miss Flynn are vice presidents of the Communist Political Association.

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