

# AN ERA ENDS

WHEN I JOINED the staff 23 years ago, the Daily Worker was already a young giant, 11 years of age.

It had many strange and awkward ways but these could not stifle the vitality that sprawled across every page.



One of my first assignments was to help a more experienced reporter cover the May Day parade of 1935. It was one of those wonderful days of Spring in New York and nothing seemed more natural than the streams of red banners pouring along the streets that converged upon Madison Square

Park. This was the assembly point of the parade in which New York unions and New York's proud Communist Party marched together.

On that May 1, Tom Mooney was still behind bars in San Quentin. The Scottsboro Boys still hovered in the shadow of the electric chair. The Social Security Act had not yet been placed upon the books. The CIO had not yet been born and the mass production industries for the most part were open-shop jungles. In all these causes, no party fought as did the Communist Party; no newspaper crusaded as did the Daily Worker.

OF ALL the newspapers that rolled off the presses in America in the past several decades, none

did more to change the face of America for the better than the 'Daily.' I would not have missed a day of it and I shall always be grateful to the readers who made possible the paper, and to the paper which made it possible for me to be a newspaperman for almost a quarter of a century in a cause of noble aims.

Yes, the 'Daily' helped change America. Our tragedy was that we were unable to change ourselves. We could not keep up with the vast changes in the country, especially in the movements of labor and the Negro people, which we had done so much to help usher in. We could not adjust ourselves to the obvious fact that these movements were now the leaders of America's working people.

Each attempt to change ourselves succeeded only briefly—

then it founded on the rocks of dogmatism. In the latest try, the 'Daily' itself has gone down—to the very real anguish of most of us regardless of our views on the questions in dispute.

TODAY'S final issue of the 'Daily' marks the end of an era. I believe that even those of us who insist otherwise, know this is true.

As we look backwards into the history of social movements, each chapter appears to have ended at exactly the proper moment, the next seems to have followed naturally, logically and inevitably. This is an optical illusion that comes with looking back over the shoulder. In life itself, one chapter often ends before the outlines of the next are anywhere in sight. This, I be-

By **ALAN MAX**

lieve, is the situation today. It explains why for so many of us this is the saddest day in years.

A new chapter in the long and tortuous march to socialism in America is on the way. Exactly what it will be, remains to be seen. But of the fact that it is coming—a chapter bursting with life, with effort and with triumphs—of this there is not the slightest doubt. For this is the Twentieth Century. It is, as the great Turkish revolutionary poet Nazim Hikmet, writes—

"My wretched century,  
blushing from shame,  
My courageous century,  
great  
and heroic . . . .  
My century whose last days will  
be beautiful  
My century will burst with sunlight. . . ."