

March
1938

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Fight
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

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March 1938, *THE FIGHT*

With the Readers

HENRY MERZ is dead. Everybody in Yorkville knew Henry Merz. Hundreds of people came to the funeral in the old Labor Temple which he helped build more than a half-century ago. They stood guard over his simple casket—old soldier that he was in the ranks of labor—they laid flowers with tender hands, and looked longingly at him for the last time; representatives from a score of organizations paid their respects in German and English; they sang songs that he loved and one old man recited a verse from Walt Whitman. Then the hundreds marched in the wake of the casket through the streets of Yorkville with flags, unfurled, and even the death of "Papa" Merz became a challenge to the black flag with the swastika.

HE was ninety-three years old and more than seventy of those years were spent in the labor movement in Germany and in the U.S.A. He was mentally alert in the last day of his life and physically active in the age of ninety—living by himself, walking around the busy streets of New York, attending meetings, fighting Fascism with an iron energy and a wisdom gained through his experience when the Social Democracy went underground in Binnsark's day.

ONE night only three or four years ago, at the house of a friend, after much prompting Henry Merz told something of his life in Germany seventy years ago. Engels, Liebknecht, Bebel. He saw them all, all the great giants and founders of the modern labor movement. He told of his life in the German army under Binnsark and the struggle of the labor movement when it was forced to go underground. In the life of this one man we could see and hear the rise and decadence of the present-day profit and war system. And during the life of this one man we could see the birth and rise of the new society when war will be no more and Democracy will be triumphant.

WE said "after much prompting" Henry Merz told us of the past. Because, in spite of his ninety years, he did not live in the past. Today? Today he was fighting Hitler, and not only *Der Fuehrer*, he was fighting the Hitlers everywhere.

STILL the young ones wanted to hear. And the stories came. The first May Day in the eighties in New York . . . the unemployed pouring into the great square . . . Henry George . . . the beer halls on Third Avenue where the cigar makers' unions were formed . . . Samuel Gompers . . . the sweat-shops . . . Gene Debs . . . votes for women . . . Robert Ingersoll . . . the rail and steel strikes in the nineties . . . William Jennings Bryan . . . the fight for the eight-hour day. "Enough, enough!" he would cry. "Now tell me, what are you doing for peace and Democracy?"

HIS old and young comrades were taking him through the streets of Yorkville for the last time, streets he knew so well and loved so heartily. The streets still belonged to the people. No Hitler here. The man in the casket was living in the hearts of the men of Yorkville.

THE People of the earth, the family of man, wanted to put up something grand to look at; a tower from the flat land of earth on up through the ceiling into the top of the sky.

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Senator Allen Ellender in his fight against the anti-lynching bill

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MARGARET FORSYTH on the national boards of the Y.W.C.A. and the American League, an associate professor of religious education, Teachers College, Columbia University, attended the Cause and Cure of War conference recently held in Washington.

MARY ELIZABETH PIDGEON, who writes on wages in this number, is director of the Division of Research, Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.

WILLIAM GROPPER, whose drawings have appeared often in these pages and in many other nationally known magazines, will have a "one-man show" of his paintings at the A. C. A. Gallery, New York City, in early March.

KATHERINE BARBOUR is in the Foreign Policy Division, Y.W.C.A., and has recently been elected to the national board of the American League.

KATHRYN COE CORDELL, who makes her initial appearance in these pages, has contributed to the *North American Review*, *Reader's Digest*, *South Atlantic Quarterly*, *New Republic*, *Science Review*, *Survey Graphic*, and is co-author of *The Pulitzer Prize Plays*, *Masters of American Thought*, and *American Points of View*.

H. J. GLINTENKAMP has lived in Spain and at one time was on a twelve-months walking tour there. Mr. Glinten-kamp has contributed to many American and European publications, and is the author of a number of books in woodcuts.

RUSSELL T. LIMBACH is cartoonist, painter, lithographer, and has worked in Cleveland and New York. We are looking forward to his exhibition of paintings.

ANONYMOUS, who writes on women's magazines, is herself a contributor to many of these publications, and her name is withheld for obvious reasons.

HOWARD BAER, in illustrating the article of Anonymous, hit the nail square on the head; for he too contributes to many nationally known publications.

The cover, as usual, is designed by the editors, and the photograph made especially by Rex and Peters. To them our thanks.



The Fight for their Future

YOU MAY KNOW these children. Perhaps you have some like them in your own family. This boy and girl playing on a hillside—we must call them "ignorant." For they have not learned that explosive steel falls from the sky. They have not seen their home in twisted ruins, their parents lying mangled in the street, their playmates in a stiff row with numbered cards hung on their like grisly necklaces. They live in America. They do not know war—yet.

This boy—what a careless life he leads! He wears no handsome brown or black military uniform, just like that of the grown-up soldiers. He has never drilled—or if he has, it was with the Boy Scouts, who lack a plan for conquering and "civilizing" the world. He is not a "young wolf," nor has he been taught that his highest goal is to die for the fatherland and Big Business. No one has told him that his country must subjugate the outrageous Canadians and Mexicans, with bomb, bullet and fire. In school, his map arouses his appetite for learning, not for "national expansion." He lives in America. He does not know Fascism—yet.

And this little girl has not memorized the nursery rhymes of hatred for the Jewish people. No miniature gallows has ever decorated her Christmas tree. She has the possibility of education—with a little luck, she can, if she wishes, grow into a modern woman in the business or professional world. She has not been taught the Fascist theory on woman's place—not yet.

The brothers and sisters of these two in Spain, in China, have learned and are still learning a lesson no child should know. We have seen pictures of them, dug out of the earth after a bomb-

ing, sitting in the street with terrible burns from explosives. We have read of the Spanish child refugees who ran screaming from an airplane, which the children pictured here would point at with delight. Those boys and girls know war. And in Germany, Italy and other lands the children know Fascism. They know it now.

The world can never erase this plight of the children from its conscience. If war and Fascism were put out of existence tomorrow, it would be already too late. But we can say, if we will: "It has gone on long enough!" We can help stop the Nazi, Fascist and Japanese-militarist invasions of peaceful lands. We can see to it that these American children shall never know the horrors of war and of Fascism. Not easily—but it can be done.

It is to this end that THE FIGHT is published. This people's magazine struggles relentlessly for the peace and freedom of the future. Every issue brings you truthful, compact articles and inspiring fiction. Priced for mass appeal (\$1 a year), THE FIGHT belongs in your home. Help the world struggle for peace—and help yourself and your children—by subscribing today!

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March 1938, THE FIGHT

The Fight FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY March, 1938

DURING the World War one of the most popular cartoons was one in which a small boy looks accusingly at his father and asks: "What did you do in the Big War?" As time has gone by, we have found that small boys have been most inquisitive about what their fathers did in the Big War—but peace societies, particularly women's peace societies, find themselves in quite a different position.

In the disillusionment that inevitably followed the War, vast groups of men and women turned to those who had advocated peace and decried them bitterly for not working harder at the business of keeping the United States out of war. And out of that condemnation—unfair though it was—there grew a movement to study war, its causes, and to combat those things which lead a nation to war.

It is unfortunate that so much emphasis was put on the superficial methods of whipping up war-mindedness. Not that exposure of the propaganda was not salutary. The phrase "Save the World for Democracy" was shown up in all its irony, and the real economic cause of the War was told again and again. No serious-minded person now blames one country for being the sole agent of involving the world in war. But because of the exposures a wave of what we call, for lack of a better word, "isolationism" swept the country. We were put in the position of merely resisting war rather than actively working for peace.

We Could End War

Only last summer, just after the outbreak of the hostilities in China, a member of the Far Eastern Division of the U. S. State Department said in conversation that America, acting with other democratic nations, could end the Sino-Japanese War *peacefully and immediately*—were it not for the fact that the people of the United States were so gripped by the idea of isolationism that cooperative international action was practically impossible.

Certainly it is true that those working practically for peace feared the "splendid isolation" attitude would hamper any collective international action toward peace.

That was only six months ago. But either time has moved people rapidly into another camp or the isolation feeling was not so strong as we thought.

During the month of January, in the city of Washington, the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War sat in session for one week. At that convention 901 women were present representing eleven organizations. The eleven organizations, with a combined membership of 14,000,000, were the most important women's organizations in the country from the criterion of scope of influence. They were: the American Association of University Women, Council of Women for Home Missions, Committee on Women's Work of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, General Federation of

These women have studied for a world in falling peace. (Left to right) Dr. Emily Hickman, chairman of the program committee; Josephine Lechin, national chairman; and Corrie Chapinsky Cox, founder of the Committee on the Cause and Cure of War.



A Cure for War

"Coöperation of the United States with other nations to eliminate war"—this was the remedy worked out by the recent Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, where fourteen million women were represented. One who attended the sessions reports encouraging developments for world peace

By Margaret Forsyth

THE FIGHT, March 1938



Women are playing an increasingly active part in the peace movement. Here a group in Boston demonstrate before the Italian consulate

Women's Clubs, National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations, National Council of Jewish Women, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, National League of Women Voters, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, National Women's Conference of American Ethical Union and the National Women's Trade Union League.

Now, there is a different reaction when ideas are being presented for the first time—when there is a new course of action being pushed and the women are not sure of it themselves—when, in short, they are being weaned away from an old position into a new, than when the course of action has already been accepted by the group.

I reached the Conference late—in fact just in time to attend the banquet on the second day. I sat listening to the speeches—two of which were most amazing in the lengths to which they went toward international cooperation to prevent war—and I realized that this group of women had already made up their minds against the old isolation policy and toward some type of cooperative action for peace.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, one of the banquet speakers, pleaded for courage to protect the ideal of Democracy. She tied up the entire concept of peace with the preservation of democratic rights; she touched on the anti-democratic nations who would sweep away those rights. She asked for the people of the United States to cooperate with democratic nations against the anti-democratic nations. The applause was spontaneous. If there were any who disagreed, they were not apparent.

The other speech pleading for cooperation was made by Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Robde. She was

announced to speak on Denmark—a little remote from the main issues of the Conference, one might think. But as she went on, one realized what she had done with her subject. Mrs. Robde started with the description of cooperatives in Denmark. She said that they began as a way of overcoming the poverty and ignorance of the Danish peasants who lived many generations ago. And then she spoke of the poverty and ignorance that threatened every democratic country today, if the democratic nations did not get together on some cooperative peaceful action to stop wars of aggression.

The audience foresaw her conclusion before she came to it. Applause started before she finished.

The Boycott of Japan

Another subject was discussed at the banquet that night. It had not yet assumed such proportions that it was talked from the platform, but it was up for discussion at every table in the hall. That was the subject of the boycott of Japanese goods. Whether the women were for it or against it, there was no one indifferent to it. One woman showed her lisle hose with her evening dress. Another apologized for her silk hose, but said they came from pre-boycott days. A delegate from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union asked how one would go about getting small-town stores to order smart lises. Some of the women who would not come out openly for the boycott were nevertheless practicing it themselves.

The significance of this was that the women were turning toward some practical action in which one could participate as an individual and which would

deprive an aggressor nation of its economic aid. It was a move against the old "isolation" feeling.

The women in the Committee on the Cause and Cure of War represent 14,000,000 women in America. Their influence is great not only with their own membership, but throughout the towns from which they come. Some of the women are connected with large church bodies in which they play leading parts, and where they have voice in church policies. The public influence they can exert is something almost immeasurable.

How did the feeling for international cooperation for peace come about?

It is hard to say that it is due to any one thing.

Although all the women of this Committee have leaned toward collective action, certainly a few months ago there was not the sure conviction that you find today. Of course, the women affiliated to the Committee have been studying the world situation during the year. Study groups are a large part of the Committee's program, and the studies are carefully prepared by women who have international ties of one sort and another.

Then there is the large percentage of church women who are directly interested in missions. One of the first mission fields and one of the largest for the Protestant churches is China. The close link between the China mission field and the Protestant church women have never been isolationist in feeling—the invasion of China is almost, to them, an invasion of their homeland.

The foreign policy of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull has had a great influence on some of the other women's groups.



The League of Women Shoppers is one of the organizations working for a boycott of Japanese goods to halt the militarists

Then there is the influence of James Shotwell. Although the Committee on the Cause and Cure of War is composed exclusively of women, James Shotwell has always stood close to the women who form the year programs. In many of the actions in past years one has seen the influence he has exerted through the Committee's study programs. He has always been a passionate believer in security by means of international cooperation. He further believes in a mass opinion behind the government as a necessary force in bringing about that security.

And finally, greatest of all is of course the time we live in.

I do not believe, contrary to general opinion, that a true peace-group has ever been isolationist in character. Isolationism suggests a nationalism that smacks more of "patriotic" than of peace societies. From the days when women first entered the peace movement, they have thought about methods that could be worked jointly with other nations to stop war. They have not even played so big a part in the conscientious-objection movement as men have in the past. Of course one reason for this is obvious. Women have not been called upon in the past to take their place on the battlefield. The more or less humanitarian part of the war has been left in their hands. They have been more inclined to get action to stop war or prevent war than to sit aside from the war. This is not a reflection on the heroic sacrifices made by the men who refused to go to war in the past. It is simply that women have not worked that way in great numbers.

Nevertheless, there was an undercurrent of feeling at the Conference that there was much more isolationist sympathy than was apparent at the dis-

ussion. There was some nervousness at the time of the presentation of the program that this so-called "bloc of isolation" would appear. The program was presented on the last day of the Conference. It consisted of the recommendation for adoption of measures which "lay major emphasis on the necessity of the cooperation of the United States with other nations to eliminate war and to establish and maintain peace with justice."

The Program Adopted

"The emphasis should be accomplished

"1. Through a program of education.

"2. Through support of measures which will promote the active cooperation with other nations in peaceful means to deal with economic and political problems disturbing to the peace of the world, and to restore and maintain orderly processes in international relations.

"Such measures should include

"1. More adequate appropriations for the Department of State.

"2. Support of the reciprocal trade agreements program.

"3. Adoption of a permanent policy of consultation with other signatory states in the event of the violation of the Pact of Paris.

"4. Provision for cooperation with other nations in financial and economic measures, not including war, designed to withhold aid to a treaty-breaking nation.

"5. Legislation to give effect to the present policy of the United States to withhold recognition of any situation brought about by means contrary to the Kellogg-Briand Pact through

placing conditions upon or prohibiting financial transactions with the violating state."

The last two measures were the ones that might have been expected to call forth opposition. On the withholding aid from a treaty-breaking nation, there were only eighteen nays in the entire conference.

On the prohibition of financial transactions with the violating states there were only four nays.

While the Conference made no official pronouncements concerning Spain or China, the difference between aggressor and victim nations was firmly fixed and the difference in course of action toward each was recognized. The immediate personal question of the boycott was recognized by Dr. Hickman, Chairman of the Program Committee, as a question for serious consideration by every membership group present. It was accepted, thereby, as part of the study for the coming year.

It is hard to give anyone not directly concerned with the Conference, the idea of its importance. It is important as an indication of the practical way the peace movement is turning. It is important as an indication to the government of the stand of the people. It is important because the delegates represented not only the peace movements, but other organizations which have their branches throughout the entire United States. Most of all, it would seem to be a part of a people's demand for the cessation of war through concerted international action.

Perhaps the greatest contribution the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War is making, through its affiliated bodies, is that of taking leadership in a vigorous internationalism that will eventually do away with the nationalism that one has found occasionally even in peace movements.



Spain's Living Daughters

Once backward and illiterate, the women of Spain are responding eagerly to their emancipation by the Republic. They claim liberty not only for themselves but for all humanity

By Sylvia Townsend Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. GLINTENKAMP

IN 1931 Marcelino Domingo founded the *Misioner Pedagogicas*, an educational mission exploring the country districts of Spain. In an account of a visit to a village with the name—grim enough—of La Mujer Muerta: The Dead Woman.

La Puebla de la Mujer Muerta is a small village in the province of Madrid. It is surrounded by mountains, and during a long period of the winter no sunlight reaches the valley. All the women die in black. (Get children look the mountain women with their trailing black skirts. Their hair is drawn tightly back into a knot, their faces are thin and pale, their eyes bagged. Even the smallest girls wear these long skirts. They ran away from us, holding up their trailing petticoats. When they saw us, the women of the village ran to and fro with nervous laughter and cries of fear, one of them, to whom we spoke, made desperate efforts to answer us. She looked at us anxiously, laughed, and hid her face in her hands like a child.)

Scarcely one of these women, it was found, had ever been out of the village. Of its 340 inhabitants, only ten knew how to read and write.

In this village no one had over a wagon, let alone an automobile. No one had heard of electric light or the phonograph. They live by what harvest they can scratch out of the soil, eating potatoes, beans, and sometimes, but only in a good season, bacon. Many of them believe in sorcery; all of them are afraid of evil spirits.

The *Misioner* report what seemed to them especially noteworthy: the percentage of illiterates, the isolation, the survival of a cumbersome costume.

There were other things which they would take for granted but which seem striking to us. Not one of these women of The Dead Woman, it may be assumed, had a pair of shoes. Not one of them had ever had a bad tooth treated. Not one of them had ever had a bar of soap. All of them worked in the fields, behind the shafts of the wooden plough or between the shafts. They dug, reaped (with a sickle, perhaps the most exhausting of all field labor), carried enormous loads on their backs, living illustrations of that passage in a Spanish treatise which condemns the use of women as beasts of burden on the grounds that "even the strongest woman can barely carry one-fourth as much as a donkey."

Birth-Rate and Death-Rate

The birth-rate of this village would seem to us oddly at variance with its population of 340. Ten, 12, 18 children born to a woman, of whom three or five might live to grow up. The Spanish infant-mortality rate was recently over 50 per cent of births. Among the poor it was even higher. In families of over ten children the mortality rate sometimes reaches 75 per cent. "If Spanish women had twice as few children the population of the country would be doubled in a hundred years," writes G. Marañon.

Backward women are not peculiar to the village of *Mujer Muerta*. Such conditions would meet the workers of the *Misioner Pedagogicas* wherever they

went in agricultural Spain; and two-thirds of Spain is agricultural.

In the industrial regions higher wages, less illiteracy, smaller families lighten the lot of the working-class woman. But there is little chance of her going into industry herself. The Seville tobacco workers are a show, but they are not typical. The main employment for the Spanish wage-earning woman is domestic service. Women servants are cheap in Spain. In the cities, wages may be 25 to 40 pesetas (\$5 to \$8) a month. In the provinces they may be 50 per cent less. Length of service does little to augment the wage. Women may work a lifetime for the same employer and still get the wage they got at the beginning, with an occasional *propina*, or an old dress. Supply exceeds demand, there is little inducement to look for a better situation. Moreover, a woman who can neither read nor write, whose knowledge of the world consists of the village where she was born and the way to church and market in the town where she is employed, is not in a good position to better herself.

For the dowried, the religious life offers considerable advantages. At the best, it was until recently the only opportunity for a woman with ambitions to have something like a profession. A Spanish Montessori, a Spanish Florence Nightingale, had to enter a convent in order to fulfill herself. Teresa d'Avila, that eminent woman of action, is characteristic of this aspect of the conventual life.

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At the worst, religious life offers considerable worldly advantages: a secure maintenance, a share in great corporate power, a gratifying social position. The fault most commonly urged against the Spanish nuns is not that of avarice, nor of idleness, though these accusations are made. Arrogance is the quality most bitterly resented. "The Mothers," heard a Catalan working-class woman say—"the Mothers! They are as proud as the Fathers." She could think of no higher degree of comparison.

Property in Women

The Spanish Church in its marriage rite still preserves an acknowledgement that the wife is the property of the husband. Before the blessing of the Church, the husband hands the priest 13 pieces of money, gold for the well-to-do, silver in the case of

convent for a career have trained as teachers. But where ambition has been lacking, or where social snobbery or social position have the say, the tradition of gentry idleness holds fast, and the girl who does not marry must qualify through a life of triviality and religion for the post of companion, aunt, duenna.

The snobbishness of the high bourgeoisie in Spain rises to great heights, displays itself in fantastic pinnales. At Barcelona there was an extremely grand convent, which specialised in educating the daughters of the aristocracy. Its standard of the inward and outward blazon was imposing. No young lady could be admitted who did not bring with her an outfit of a dozen dozen of each article of clothing. (Compare the high-class Prussian brag of the quarterly or half-yearly washing-day.) Officially, a dozen quarters were equally *de rigueur*. But yielding to the



giving a modicum of education to the women within the religious life, has always opposed any liberation of those outside it. It was after the expulsion of the Jesuits that Carlos III founded the first girls' school (1783). During the Nineteenth Century, so remarkable for the number of women in good or middle-class society who were powers either in the realm of good taste or of good works, no such women emerged in Spain. If such women there were, they were in convents. Harnessed either to the production of the regimentation of Christians, the daughters of the Dead Woman lived in the icy shadow of a church which had much use, but no regard, for them. The peasant woman dreamed the

(Continued on page 26)



the poor. The 13 pieces of silver enslave the working-class bride to a life of obedient labor. The gold pieces enslave the more prosperous bride to a life of obedient idleness. Bitter as is the lot of the working-class woman in Spain, her very ability to carry almost a quarter of a donkey's load gives her a value and a voice in the family unit. Her life is bitterly hard, but it is real. In the upper classes, the tyranny of husband is added the weight of social opinion; and social opinion prescribes that a woman who is not obliged to work must stay at home and do nothing. Of that traditional Nordic quadrilateral, *Kinder, Kirche, Kleider, Küche*, the last is lopped away. With such plenty of cheap servants, to cook would be unladylike. Since higher education was opened to women, girls of the middle class who would otherwise have been driven to the

demands of the unquartered—but very wealthy—industrial grandees who wished their daughters to enter society with the *cachet* of an education in this aviary of the high-born, the convent opened its gates to gold without blazoning. It opened its gates; but opened no further. Inside those gates the daughters of the industrial grandees were carefully segregated from the daughters of the high-born. They sat in different classrooms, walked along different passageways. And this was common knowledge. But still the industrialist fathers provided the dozen dozens, and pleaded and strove in order that their daughters might finally be let in for a snubbing.

How heavily the shadow of the Dead Woman hung over the living women of Spain is shown by the fact that the early movements for the emancipation of women came from men. The Church,

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A FEW WEEKS ago Secretary Cordell Hull stated that American missions had a stake in China to the extent of \$40,000,000. But that tells only part of the story of the American stake in China. The money itself is a stake, true enough. It was raised not through big gifts, but in great part by American women through saving pennies in mite boxes, through paying dues for missions (one women's mission society estimates two million members who pay these dues), through cake sales and money-raising affairs, and through doing without things that they could otherwise have. In the giving of the money, the church groups who have supported Chinese missions have come to feel a vital part of China itself. One woman reports that she

The Missions Aid China

By Dr. Stewart Kunkle

feels almost as if the war had come to her own country.

Education begins early for the mission field. As this article is written there lies on the desk a folder prepared for children below the reading age. It is an illustrated folder with a little story about the candy man who forms so colorful a part of the street life of China. It is designed to interest the American Sunday-school children in Chinese children. Direct missionary propaganda will come later.

It is only logical that after seventy years of work in China there are ties between church people and Chinese that cannot be broken. And it is because of the constant interchange of letters from home church people and the missionaries holding their posts on

the foreign field, that we are able to give the picture of devastated China that we give here. No missionary has left his post during the last months unless his health was too poor to stand the rigors of life under war conditions, or unless his furlough was due. Missionaries are brought back for furloughs now because the mission boards see a long struggle ahead, and one that will tax the missionary to the utmost. He must have his vacation and recuperation period to prepare for it.

It was the fashion some years ago to think of the missionary as the advance agent of Big Business. The missionary broke the way and the Standard Oil Company followed. Whatever the sequence of the events may have been, this was never a conscious policy of missions.

The American missionary who has identified himself with China, is seeing bitterness these days. Women teachers report that in certain occupied areas they have seen the text-books seized and all references to China blocked out by the government in power. Little Chinese boys and girls have been requested to write to Japanese children and tell them of the pleasures they feel at the rule of a foreign country in their home land.

The Christian Spirit

It is amazing though, the missionaries write, the spirit of some of the Chinese. One says:

"I cannot close this letter without some tribute to the attitude of the Chinese Christians toward the people of Japan. They pray for them as they do for the Church in China. . . . This is especially noticeable when a Japanese soldier comes to our church (for we are living practically in the midst of an armed camp and from time to time have such a visitor). The words 'I am also a Christian' banish at once the expression and strain from the faces of our people. Last Sunday an English-speaking soldier came, a man who is a graduate of an engineering college in his own country and is teacher of a Sunday-school class—now a private in the transportation corps. 'What a pity! What a waste!' said one of our young teachers when she heard it."

In another letter a missionary wrote of the villages around the section where she worked.

"Fifteen villages, taken within a five-mile radius, contained 1,913 families, an average of 127 families to a village. Each family cultivated an average of fifteen and a half mu. Each village averaged five civilians killed, with men in the very large majority. But there are nine more people from each village who are still missing, with no trace. Men comprise half of this number. And of those who fled at the time of greatest danger—eye-witnesses say that about nine-tenths of the population then abandoned their homes—an average of 163 have not yet dared to come back. Two-thirds of these are women."

A Lifeless Countryside

Another missionary writes to friends back home: "As we sped on toward the front the desolation of war became more apparent. Many of the stations were completely wrecked, and the villages were almost empty of inhabitants. Crops were rotting in the fields unharvested. The whole countryside was lifeless. Apparently, nine-tenths of the population had fled before the invaders. Here and there we passed death's harvest on the battlefield, black swollen corpses lying where they had fallen."

In the reports sent back home there are many facts that have not appeared in the newspapers.

For instance, in Shantung and North Kiangsu there has been a flood, "the most serious within living memory." Four million people are affected.

A leading figure in missionary work writes of the unbreakable ties between American church people and the suffering people of war-desolated China

Two hundred thousand are reported as destitute. At the beginning of winter one hundred died of cold in Shanghai on a single day. In Siao, it was said, most of the refugees and wounded soldiers were still wearing thin cotton clothes on November 21st. "The small children looked particularly pathetic."

The Salvation Army reports that in Peiping "hundreds (all unemployed) have commenced business in a small way, such as selling fruit or peanuts on the streets, but it seems that all are selling and none buying."

"So eager are rickshaw-pullers to secure cash that they will reduce their usual fare by fifty per cent to secure a fare—in normal times their charge is small enough."

"Then there are people who have been cut off from their friends and relatives, such as military officers' wives; the wives of coolies and others who have been impressed as laborers for the Japanese army; men and women who fail to receive their regular remittances from home in other parts of China."

"And too there are some twenty-nine soldiers who cannot show themselves because of fear of death."

To Lessen Suffering

But in addition to having the opportunity of reporting first-hand on conditions in the war area of China, the missionaries have been helping in every way they could to lessen the suffering and to stand by their Chinese friends in the defense of their country.

From one place, which we cannot name, there is a letter telling friends in America that the missionaries are now under Japanese occupation.

"Christmas Eve and Day were characterized by

considerable disorder in the city. The blighting of the main government offices and other buildings and the rapid movement of the Chinese troops east and west and also through the city were part of the events. Japanese planes dropped several bombs in the city—some aimed at the central government offices. . . . Fortunately no great damage was done. . . .

On the morning of Sunday Chinese troops took up their position along the suburb wall, to the south of our property, and negotiations took place between the commanding officer and us as to the occupation of our grounds by military forces. On our giving assurance that we would do our utmost to keep the Japanese from occupying our place, the Chinese commander refrained from entering."

After the refugees began to arrive one woman writes:

"In my last letter I told you we were getting ready for neighborhood women and children. I never dreamed the deluge would be as great as it has been. We finally opened six buildings for them—could have opened more had we been able to manage them. . . . When we had our peak load we think we must have had at least nine thousand or ten thousand people. . . . When we first began to take them in, our ideals were very high, for we assigned rooms and kept a very careful account of numbers, but when they began to pour in, especially in the mornings, we had no way of counting. In those early days we also had some ideals of cleanliness and sanitation, but we have also lost those, or most of them. We try to adhere to a few rules but even those are abandoned at times."

Care For the Wounded

Of the wounded, she writes:

"The lighter cases all demand drinking water. We got boiled water, and the girls divided themselves into groups and started to distribute their share. They did not want to eat and some could not eat. We got eggs and some fruit for them. One man was so grateful that he offered us money. We asked him to keep his money for later needs. Some of them cannot move, so they cannot eat by themselves. We telephoned the hospital and asked them to send us medicine and nurses. They could send us nurses but no medicine. The hospitals were all filled. At last three nurses and one doctor came. The doctor looked over the most serious cases. He said that some were already beyond hope. . . . Five

(Continued on page 29)

Chinese relief workers in action. America's missionaries are helping to care for the war victims



THE BEST friends and severest critics of this page seem about equally divided into warring camps. Half of them think I'm pulling my punches. "Radio programs are 99 and 44-100 per cent pure tripe," they say in effect. "And we can't understand why you don't fire in your wrath and smite them."

The others charge me with being much too destructive in my criticism of the broadcasters. "I picked up a splendid peace program over station WOOF the other night," they protest. "Why didn't you mention it and give credit where credit is due, you misanthrope?"

The truth of the matter is that, with reservations, both of my critics are right. There are many fine programs to be picked up if one lives in the vicinity of New York or a few other large cities which have enterprising independent stations. But God help any person who must depend entirely on network programs or who can listen only during the day.

On a recent Thursday I made up a log of what seemed to be the most interesting "talk" programs of the evening. It ran like this:

- 8:30 p.m.—WJZ—*The Man of the Year*
- 8:45 p.m.—WED—George Barker, "Collective Bargaining in the Baking Industry"
- 9:10 p.m.—WNW—"Did Behind the Headlines"
- 9:45 p.m.—WMA—J. Danneberg, "The Art of the Comment"
- 9:50 p.m.—WJZ—*Assembly, Town Hall Meeting at the Art School, What Does Democracy Mean?* Speakers: Solovick & Alexander, Max Lerner, Dr. Ruth Levine and Clarence Holladay
- 10:30 p.m.—WJZ—*Art Discussion by prominent physicians and leaders of the anti-spying drive*

That makes a solid evening of informative listening, but notice that the only big network station involved is WJZ. WEAf and WABC were devoting themselves to music, light entertainment and Major Bowes' alleged amateurs.

WJZ conducted itself nobly, as is witnessed by the fact that *Town Hall* has a listening audience estimated at 1,500,000. Yet without assistance from local stations the rest of the evening would have been dull indeed.

As for Thursday (or any other) morning and afternoon they are dull anyway. One serial story after another (C.B.S. alone carries twenty of these each day), biased health talks, mournful snatches of chamber and organ music, "poetry" readers and a few news commentators make up the melange which the American housewife is supposed to listen to, and unfortunately does listen to—the stultification of her mind and soul.

Most of those daytime commentators are women, and one of the few worth listening to is Kathryn Craven. There is a great deal of chaff in Miss

RADIO

Craven's chatter, yet she seems honestly concerned about the bad state of world affairs, and sponsors progressive legislation. Her recent reports of interviews with key persons at Washington on the subject of peace have been well done.

Another above-the-average afternoon program is the *American School of the Air*, but this falls far short of perfection. Witness the fact that it recently planned to dramatize the difficulties of the N.L.R.R. at Weirton but changed its mind in a great hurry at the last moment. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that Ernest T. Weir, steel magnate, has been getting a lot of air time recently in which to express his reactionary views.

Another coincidence which highlights the peculiarities of education by radio is that Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, who recently boasted of firing 30,000 employees, has given the University of Chicago about \$40,000 to be used for research looking toward the broadcasting of "economic information."

Boycott Bogs Boake

SEVERAL correspondents who observe that Boake Carter still continues to snarl across the air waves have taken me to task for saying that he had been fired by his sponsor, Philco.

Fortunately I was correct. Carter broadcasts no more for Philco after February 28th, as the result of a boycott instituted against that company's product by unions that didn't like the commentator's rabid attacks on labor.

Of course Boake has found another sponsor. Any slipping radio-personality can do that for a certain length of time. But behind his switch to General Foods there is a story.

Carter recently met with representatives of unions and consumer groups and promised to be good if the boycott were not transferred to his new boss.

"I am in the doghouse," "Boake the Bloke" admitted. "I have tried to be fair in reporting labor issues, but every time I express an opinion on them I find I have put my foot in it. Therefore I have decided to refrain from commenting on labor. I do not feel that I am capable of commenting on this subject."

But Carter refused to put his promise in writing and General Foods did likewise. So when it was

proposed to the Philadelphia C.I.O. Council that the boycott be lifted, the motion was voted down by a tremendous majority. Rumor has it that the food company is worried.

And well it may be, for the listening public is making itself heard with a vengeance these days, as indicated by some recent happenings.

Item: Gen. Hugh Johnson's attack on Ferdinand Lundberg's *America's Sixty Families* raised such a storm that his sponsor gave the author fifteen minutes over WJZ in which to take the would-be dictator apart. And did he do it!

Item: The "Columbia Workshop" was deluged with enthusiastic letters after it presented Alfred Kreyenborg's *The Hour that Jack Dada's Build*, an expose of slum conditions.

Item: C.B.S. got plenty of protests when it recognized Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia despite the fact that the United States has not done so. It happened during a recent broadcast by Emperor Haile Selassie. The monarch was introduced as such from London, but Columbia's New York announcer referred to him repeatedly as the "former emperor."

On the other side of the ledger, Mickey Mouse, that noblest cartoon of them all, delivered a nasty attack on the musicians' union, believe it or not, during his first broadcast over WEAf.

And the United Auto Workers union in Detroit is wondering whether somebody has brought Hitler's radio tactics to the United States and is "jamming" the daily U.A.W. program over station WJKB. Although no definite charge has been made, union officials have informed the Federal Communications Commission that reception of the station is perfect until their program begins. Then "static" makes it almost impossible to hear the broadcast, which has for its purpose the organization of Ford auto workers.

Where Wealth Accumulates

COLUMBIA made a net profit of \$4,297,600 last year on a gross of \$28,000,000. This means \$2.52 per share of stock as against \$2.20 in 1936.

If half of this money had been divided equally among C.B.S. employees, it would have meant a \$40-per-week raise for each of them.

The fact is, however, that raises were few and far between at Columbia and National this year. Although both networks made more money than ever before, executives explained that the recession might affect the industry in time—and therefore they were preparing to weather the storm, if any.

All of which may account for the rapid growth of the American Communications Association at both networks.

—GEORGE SCOTT



"Who Will Buy My Wares?"

By William Gropper

IT IS NOT very often that the government of the United States turns its hand toward large-scale motion-picture production. It does turn out an annual quota of short educational films, of course, directed principally toward farmers and agriculturists, taking such dramatic topics as the boll weevil, the hoof-and-mouth disease and the clunch bug, and what to do about them. But in the main its course has been to let the movie industry alone, insofar as actual competition is concerned, letting the big, vital topics of the day go to Warner Brothers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Paramount, or whatever other studio saw fit to attack them.

Last year, however, the government suddenly took an active interest in such matters itself, and with a good deal of fanfare and dignified looks from opposition elements, turned out *The Plow That Breaks the Plains*, a documentary film detailing the history, the workings, and the eventual reclamation of the vast prairie lands of the Middle West. *The Plow That Breaks the Plains* was sent out to theater owners free of charge, played houses throughout the country, received some critical accord in the press, and more important than anything else, stirred up high hopes for similar activities in the future.

These hopes have now been realized. In its second documentary film, *The River*, the government has now given us a rich, entrancing panorama of the history, the function in the life of the country, and the possibilities of the Mississippi Valley. Produced under the supervision of Pate Lorentz and the Farm Security Administration, photographed with stunning beauty by Stacy Woodward, Floyd Crosby and Willard Van Dyke, and narrated with vast dramatic effectiveness by Thomas Chalmers, *The River* stands in a class by itself.

Story of "The River"

FOR A brief recapitulation of what it is about, I can quote you no better authority than the United States government itself, as disclosed in the press book accompanying the picture's release. I give you the government:

"The story told in *The River* is a chronicle of settlement, progress, cultivation and devastation of broad acres in the Great Basin.

"The river and its consequences and its influence on life in the Great Valley is the real 'hero' of the picture. Adhering faithfully to the record of the river as shown in actual location scenes, many of which have never before been filmed, the producers of *The River* have achieved an amazing reality in portraying the significance of the Missis-



Try saving! An everyday scene in *Hollerland*, reconstructed by the *March of Time*.



The March of Time shows a mother's World War souvenirs in *Inside Nazi Germany*, 1938.

MOVIES

In which a movie made by the government stars the Father of Waters and planning for people

issippi in the lives of those in the Great Basin. "Beginning with superb photographic scenes in the upper reaches of the Mississippi, *The River* quickly traces the great expanse of the Father of Waters from Lake Itasca in Minnesota to its mouth at New Orleans.

"Up the river again, the building of the long dike is shown—the levee that for generations has saved many cities and fertile acres. And then comes cotton. The planters come from east of the Alleghenies into the Deep South, into the lower river valley. The whole saga of cotton is shown from picking, to ginning, to shipping down the river and out to sea for the spindles of foreign looms. Cotton culture that brought wealth to the South while impoverishing tenants and sharecroppers is portrayed with objective realism. The misery of sharecrop families as well as the ruins of great plantation houses, vestiges of ante-bellum prosperity, are shown.

"But after the cotton sequences are shown scenes of impoverishment on another front—over-cutting for timber in the North. The carefree gaiety of the lumber-cutting prosperity is accented by background music playing a theme based on 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' as logs rush down the river to the sea.

"In past generations America has not only tamed the soil with over-cultivation of corn and cotton, but she has ruined many of her great forests. Scenes showing America cutting the top off the land to build great cities and towns in the valley are filmed with broad panoramic views of these cities in the Great Valley. The once-mighty forest monarchs—spruce, fir, cedar, oak and hickory—are shown in dynamically stark transition to the devastation of cut-over and burned-over land similar in appearance only to a war-torn battlefield.

The sharp contrast in music from the light gay airs to dirge-like thematic strains deepens the photographic effect.

The Great Floods

"BUT FORESTS cannot be cut from hillsides, and gullies cannot be allowed to engulf fields in the upper reaches of the river and its tributaries, without resulting in disaster. Thus are shown disastrous floods rushing with increasing severity year after year and culminating in a climax with the flood of 1937. Both the fury of the flood and the heroism and fortitude of flood-fighters are captured with graphic effect.

"The terrors of rising waters, of weakening levees, of diminishing food and medicine supplies are all shown in *The River* in powerful location scenes taken in the Ohio-Mississippi valley. The courageous work of the U. S. Coast Guard, the Army Engineers, the C.C.C., relief and volunteer flood workers in the 24-hour-a-day fight to save the valley is depicted with accents on actual rescues and evacuations effected by rescue corps.

"In many cases flood scenes were filmed by government cameramen at great personal risk. Scenes were taken from airplanes, Coast Guard boats, trains passing through flooded areas and from small boats in heavily inundated regions. Descriptive music features whistles and bells actually used in flood rescue efforts.

"But after the floods recede, the greater toll of water is shown—a toll that continues year by year in the little waters carrying in their run-off millions of tons of fertile topsoil. But the devastating effect of soil erosion has not continued unchanged in the Great Valley. Man is now waging a scientific fight to save the soil, to help farmers impoverished by this wastage and, most dramatic of all, to harness the power of the Great River. In the Tennessee basin are shown the gigantic flood control and power dams of the T.V.A., and the co-operating efforts of federal agencies to achieve a balance in agriculture and a conservation of resources. With this note of making the river work for man instead of against him, *The River* crashes to a finale of photographic excellence and thrilling musical crescendo."

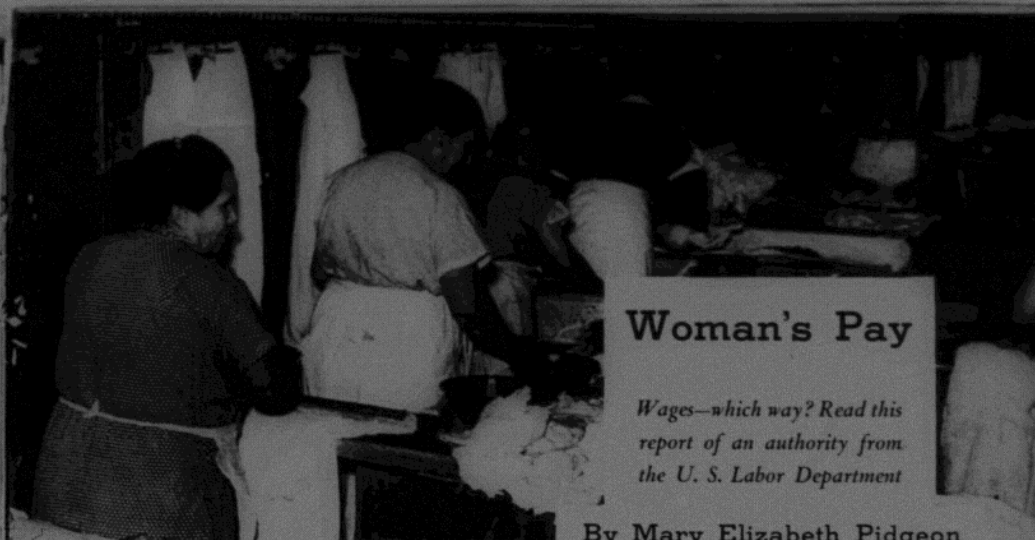
And there you have it. No other motion picture released during the past month has come anywhere near this government production for sheer drama, for force, for almost overwhelming magnificence. The government of the United States has turned out a picture that ranks with the best.

—ROBERT SHAW



Inside Nazi Germany shows religious persecution, and the church opposition to Hitler.

March 1938, THE FIGHT



Woman's Pay

Wages—which way? Read this report of an authority from the U. S. Labor Department

By Mary Elizabeth Pidgeon

THE AVAILABLE indications show that in general women's wages in 1937 were above those in 1936, and of course well above those of the depression low. Thus it would appear that the consistent efforts to raise the low level of women's wages are beginning to bear some fruit. The two most prominent of these have been the impetus in this direction given by the N.R.A., with the resulting spread in knowledge and understanding of the low status of women's wages; and the growth in State minimum-wage action, which has been especially marked in 1937. In certain important woman-emplying industries, however, women's wages still are at a very low level, when compared either with their necessary expenditures for livelihood or with the corresponding levels of men's wages. At the risk of repeating what may be rather commonly known, a few paragraphs may be devoted to a statement of some of the complex factors that influence women's wages, and the effect of these on the general wage-level.

A low wage-scale for women acts as one of the influences tending to depress wage levels in general, and has a marked effect on the standards for men. This is especially true in those industries where many women work, even though their exact occupations usually differ from those of men.

Sweat-Shop Industries

The kinds of industries in which women are most largely employed are often the very ones in which the worst sweat-shop conditions are likely to be found. Thus it may be safely said that in all drives to eliminate sweat-shop conditions of labor, large proportions of the workers affected are likely to be women.

Some of the more important woman-emplying industries are among those that show the greatest fluctuation in employment from month to month or from one period in the year to another. This means that while very large numbers may be employed in the peak season, many of these people are laid off at other times in the year. Such, for example, is the

case with many of the food industries that depend upon the time when the raw material matures, as in fruit and vegetable canning, or upon peak markets at certain seasons when the product must be supplied fresh, as candy before Christmas or at Easter.

Others among the great employers of women are industries in which style changes play an important part, as in women's dressmaking or various other clothing industries. Likewise, the peak season in stores before Christmas is well known.

With this seasonal character and considerable temporary employment, a low wage for women is likely to be the rule. In other industries such as the manufacture of certain textiles, or the making of some kinds of clothing or other needle trades, a low wage-scale for women may be said to be based to a considerable extent on the early idea of women's work as concerned with production in the home at no money wage. The weaving of cotton or woolen cloth, for example, was a type of work taken almost bodily from the home, where women performed such work without pay, into the factory.

Union Difficulties

Some of the foregoing factors contribute toward making it a slow business—so, form strong organizations among women themselves to raise their wages through bargaining power. Added to this, there are some organizations of men that do not admit women. And this is the basis for certain instances that exist in which much the same type of work is done in non-union plants by women at lower pay than in the corresponding union plants that employ men who will not admit women to the union. The net results of all these varying factors are that women's wages on the whole are much lower than men's, and in consequence legislative means of raising wages are even more needed for women than for men.

When such means have been attempted, marked advances have been made in women's wages. This was true, for example, under the efforts made by the N.R.A. to raise wages. It also has been the

case in industries covered by minimum wages fixed by State authorities.

An illustration of the fact that woman-emplying industries often pay lower than man-emplying is found by a comparison of the average weekly earnings—as reported monthly by the Bureau of Labor Statistics (for example for October 1937)—of five important industries whose employees are from 57 to 70 per cent women, with six that obviously engage chiefly men. This average wage (for employees of both sexes combined) was less than \$19 in all these important woman-emplying, but it was \$21 or more in all the men's industries and practically \$30 or more in four of them. These figures are as follows:

Industry	Percentage of Women	Average Weekly Earnings (October 1937)
Textile mill	62.0	\$17.91
Apparel	61.0	\$17.91
Food processing	60.0	\$18.33
Chemical	57.0	\$18.02
Auto	57.0	\$18.02
Electrical	57.0	\$21.00
Iron and steel	57.0	\$21.00
Non-metallic mineral products	57.0	\$21.00
Stone, clay and glass products	57.0	\$21.00
Building construction	57.0	\$30.00

Following this discussion of the general status of women's wage levels and the reasons why they are so, it now may be asked: What do the sources of information on women's wages show as to the general level of women's earnings in 1937? How does this compare with earlier years?

Such information, regularly reported and currently available, exists in the reports secured from manufacturing pay-rolls and issued monthly by officials in only two States. However, these are two of the States that employ the largest number of women—New York and Illinois. Outside of these, reliance has to be placed in various special studies.

(Continued on page 29)

THE FIGHT, March 1938

ALREADY the sun is setting, leaving thin shadows of the cotton stalks across the wide and puny fields. You've never been South before? Then come on home with me, if you want. Listen to the seeming stillness of the cotton field and you'll suddenly hear the sad songs of my people. Bend low over the stalks, pick the soft white fiber from a boll, and you've paid homage to the earth. Today you'll see the croppers in the fields, hundreds of them. But they won't be there tomorrow. You can mark my word for it, and I ought to know. I'm just getting back from our union office in Memphis, that being the only place we dat have headquarters. Tomorrow we strike, if the Lord be willing. But let me tell you how all this began.

We got the first picking on our own crops over with last week. They weren't much to crow about, either. Then Mr. Bob—he's the plantation boss—hung out the sign for day pickers for the plantation crop, so we all showed up bright and early Monday morning for the picking. Course the boss didn't tell us at the start what it was they intended to give for picking, and we all knew better than to try and find out before the end of our first day.

Here's where we turn off to the plantation. It's an hour from here. You don't mind if I just talk uninterrupted, do you? Looks like the flowers hereabout just bloom all year in relays. In the bayou yonder those are giant cypress; you can see their swollen old trunks reflected in the water. That's what makes the bayou sluggish-colored. There's no wind to break the surface this time of day; well, now, and then maybe you'll see circles quivering in the water, but that's just one of the kids throwing in or pulling out his line.

BUT HERE I am forgetting what I set about to tell you. I picked yesterday. Matter of fact, everybody was anxious to pick, it being the

first day and all. Me and Lou—that's my wife—and the three oldest boys worked from can-see to can't-see. Course the boys can't pick much yet, but they're learning. Then we got together at the edge of the field where we left the youngest kid in the shade of a tree, sort of pinned in his blanket so nothing wouldn't hurt him. He's been having third-day chills and fever, and Lou likes him near while she's working so's she can look after him.

"The ants have stung him again," Lou says to me, rubbing the red spots with a wet finger. "Spot's not watching the red spots with a wet finger. She whistled for the dog, and here came old Spot, wagging her tail she was so glad to see me, and licking my hand affectionate-like."

"You ought to whip her for running off now. All," Lou kept saying to me. "Don't pet her!"

I didn't say anything, but took the towsack from one of the boys so's Lou could load him with the baby.

"I've got more than 300 pounds if I've a thimbleful, but picking won't hold out so good for long," I vowed as we walked toward the wagon at the end of the field, where Mr. Bob and the clerk from the commissary were waiting to weigh us in. We haven't been getting cash for picking, you see; it's just credit at the commissary. It's not much, but the cornmeal and salt buck we get keep our guts from growling, and some years it's enough to put shoes on the old lady's feet for church and clothes on the kids' backs.

Pretty soon there we were standing in line with our towsacks resting at our feet. We were too tired to do much talking. It was hot as all get-out; I knew it'd rain last night, and sure enough it did. Then all of a sudden word came down the line that they weren't giving but thirty-five cents a hundred. Can you imagine? Thirty-five cents a hundred, and that in credit! And it was either or leave it. That's something you can't be choosy about. There was a wound-up-tight feeling in

most of us, I can tell you. We knew well enough we'd be excited if any of us dropped out of the picking.

"Well, can you beat that!" Lou says to me. "And us working twelve hours a day!" I didn't have a pipe of tobacco to my name, and I was beginning to feel the need of a smoke. It seemed like there'd be no credit to get any on, either. I looked down at Lou's feet, near naked they were. Thirty-five cents a hundred and us with four head of kids, I thought! Jesus, how can a man and his family live?

"WE OUGHTN'T" to put up with it," I said impatiently. I felt like I could hardly stand up any longer on account of this bad leg of mine—it's a souvenir from the War. But by and by our turns came, and we got weighed in.

We were just starting for home when we heard Mr. Bob cussing like a sailor. I didn't want Lou and the boys listening to such talk as that, but I was curious, so I told them to go on home, I'd hang around and be there presently. Then I went back a mite to see what the commotion was all about. Some of the other croppers were standing around too.

"The trouble was over old Gracie Evans' son Tom, the high yellow who'd run away from home once for a couple of years. Tom got weighed in for 270 pounds of cotton, but he was looking over the shoulder of the clerk when he wrote it down in the big black book, and Tom said the clerk didn't give him credit but for 170 pounds. I found out that much from one of the boys that had been standing there from the start.

And I didn't have any call to doubt it. Tom was saying, 'But Mr. Bob, you know I picked more than that. I've got a little sense. It ain't fair not to give me what's coming to me. We're getting little enough as it is for picking the cotton!'

"Who do you think you are?" I heard Mr. Bob

thunder back. "What business have you got looking over someone's shoulder anyway? If you don't like it, you know what you can do. But if you know what's good for you, you'll get to hell out of here!"

I was thinking he'd better get away from there, too, knowing Mr. Bob the way I do. But Tom just stood there, stubborn like a nigger, but meek enough, saying, "Please, Mr. Bob, let me see what he wrote down again. It was 170, wasn't it? It ain't right to do a poor man that way; you know it ain't right."

"I'm going to give you one minute to stir up the dust down that road, you son of a bitch," the boss said to him, "and if you aren't gone then, I'll give you something to speed you up."

Tom got white in the face, but didn't move a white. "Everybody here saw how much I picked, Mr. Bob, and I want credit for it," he kept repeating. "Just because most of these people can't read is no sign I can't."

"Hold your tongue, nigger," Mr. Bob was warning at the same time Tom was talking. The boss already had his hand on his pistol, and some of the other niggers were trying to get Tom to hush up.

"I WON'T be quiet and let you cheat me, I tell you!" Tom shouted, and suddenly we all heard two shots, one right after the other. Then there was Tom falling back against the cotton wagon, groaning, but not loud. There was a hole in his shirt and another in his cheek, and the blood was dripping fast off his face onto the cotton in the wagon.

"Get him away from that cotton!" Mr. Bob ordered, but nobody had to get him away because about that time he just fell limp to the road. A couple of the women started moaning and ran toward him, but Mr. Bob told them to stay back and made some of the men carry him away quick.

"You all can learn something from that," he was

saying to the rest of the niggers, scared wide-eyed, but still waiting to weigh in. "Now crop lively and I returned around to some of the other croppers that had been watching and for a minute we just looked at one another. Pity and fear and sorrow I guess it was. "We can't let him get by with that," I said at last, under my breath. "The sheriff won't lift an eyebrow about Tom, but we can call the strike like we once said we'd do. The union's strong enough to put it over now. They won't get by with killing those of us that demand our rights, no matter what color we are. And we'll demand more than starvation wages this year!"

Most of the croppers were quiet until we got well out of hearing distance of Mr. Bob. Then we made plans for a strike meeting. I decided I'd better beat it in to Memphis first and see what else could be lined up with Mr. Block, who'd helped us organize, so we put the meeting off for a night. I thought I'd do without eating, or clothe him a bit later, to get out of answering Lou's invariable questions, so I sent a kid to tell her what had happened and not to look for me home last night.

Then I hurried on down to Sid Poole's—he was a buddy of mine in the War, and now about the only man hereabouts that gets compensation from the government. He has a brother-in-law who's a lawyer, that's why. Anyway, this Sid Poole has the only car in the county, except those that belong to the plantations, and he owns his own house and all.

Usually he's pretty darned nice about taking people places in his car. Shucks, Sid'd take you to almost anywhere so long as you buy the gas. 'Cause he doesn't have to work or anything like that. Well, I told him about how the boss had shot Tom down in cold blood, and about what they were planning to give a hundred for picking this season, and then I told him what I wanted to do. I offered to give him my credit at the commissary on the day's picking if he'd take me in to Memphis in a hurry. But do you know old Sid wouldn't think of it? He said he wasn't a nigger-lover, and he didn't exactly care what they give for picking so long as he doesn't have to work at it. Sometimes the silver plate in Sid's head gets to bearing too hard on his brain, and I tried to believe that explained the things he was saying. I was sure sure

right, but I didn't let that stop me. I had begun to run, like I told Lou it would. I hired a fat man in the middle of spring plowing. First year me and Lou were married, that was, same Lou who in a family was with our first kid. I was buying the plow deep into that old red dirt when suddenly I heard Lou screaming and down at the lower end of the field. I just left off plowing when I heard the old lady crying out that was and went running across the rows to get to her. I didn't better than to get surprised—nothing like that now, but then I didn't. Lou was all right after a time—she doesn't take so long to have a baby, if you're not poorly—but that old uncle I was plowing with didn't take being loose so calm. Oh, he lit across the field, dragging that plow behind him. I found out later that the boss had to ride him down and over him, but not before he'd cut a deep rut diagonally across those rows that had already been seeded. The boss was waiting for me when I got back from taking Lou home. That man was sure mad. He was a real-looking old cuss, all right. He says to me, "You idiot, you're going to learn a little sense. I'm going to beat it into you, or else you're getting off the plantation."

And I says to him, respectful of course, but firm, "Lou was having a baby and I had to go to her. I didn't mean to leave the mule hitched. I forgot, I was so excited. But no man's going to beat me! The niggers have let you get by with it. Haven't I seen you beat them every day? But they won't put up with it much longer either, if I can do anything about it. I'll get off the plantation, if that's what you've a mind to, but you won't lay a hand on me, sir!" And I meant it.

That was how I came to see Memphis the first

(Continued on page 30)

I Have Some Things To Tell You

A story of struggle for human rights in the South, of the rising unity of Negro and white workers

By Kathryn Coe Cordell

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL T. LIMBACH

ALREADY the sun is setting, leaving thin shadows of the cotton stalks across the wide and puny fields. You've never been South before? Then come on home with me, if you want. Listen to the seeming stillness of the cotton field and you'll suddenly hear the sad songs of my people. Bend low over the stalks, pick the soft white fiber from a boll, and you've paid homage to the earth. Today you'll see the croppers in the fields, hundreds of them. But they won't be there tomorrow. You can mark my word for it, and I ought to know. I'm just getting back from our union office in Memphis, that being the only place we don't have headquarters. Tomorrow we strike, if the Lord be willing. But let me tell you how all this began.

We got the first picking on our own crops over with last week. They weren't much to crow about, either. Then Mr. Bob—his the plantation boss—hung out the sign for day pickers for the plantation crop, so we all showed up bright and early Monday morning for the picking. Course the boss didn't tell us at the start what it was they intended to give for picking, and we all knew better than to try and find out before the end of our first day.

Here's where we turn off to the plantation. It's an hour from here. You don't mind if I just talk uninterrupted, do you? Looks like the flowers hereabout just bloom all year in relays. In the bayou yonder, those ate giant cypress; you can see their swollen old trunks reflected in the water. That's what makes the bayou sluggish-colored. There's no wind to break the surface this time of day; well, now and then maybe you'll see circles quivering in the water, but that's just one of the kids throwing in or pulling out his line.

BUT HERE I am forgetting what I set about to tell you. I picked yesterday. Matter of fact, everybody was anxious to pick, it being the

first day and all. Me and Lou—that's my wife—and the three oldest boys worked from canoe to canoe. Course the boys can't pick much yet, but they're learning. Then we got together at the edge of the field where we left the youngest kid in the shade of a tree, sort of pinned in his blanket so nothing wouldn't hurt him. He's been having third-day chills and fever, and Lou likes him near while she's working so's she can look after him.

The ants have stung him again," Lou says to me, rubbing the red spots with a wet finger. "Spot's not watching him like she ought." She whistled for the dog, and here came old Spot, wagging her tail she was so glad to see me, and licking my hand affectionate-like.

"You ought to whip her for running off now, Ah," Lou kept saying to me. "Don't pet her!"

I didn't say anything, but took the towssack from one of the boys so's Lou could load him with the baby.

"I've got more than 300 pounds if I've a thimbleful, but picking won't hold out so good for long," I vowed as we walked toward the wagon at the end of the field, where Mr. Bob and the clerk from the commissary were waiting to weigh us in. We haven't been getting cash for picking, you see; it's just credit at the commissary. It's not much, but the cornmeal and salt buck we get keep our guts from growling, and some years it's enough to put shoes on the old lady's feet for church and clothes on the kids' backs.

Pretty soon there we were standing in line with our towssacks resting at our feet. We were too tired to do much talking. It was hot as all get-out; I knew it'd rain last night, and sure enough it did. Then all of a sudden word came down the line that they weren't giving but thirty-five cents a hundred. Can you imagine? Thirty-five cents a hundred, and that in credit! And it was take it or leave it. That's something you can't be choosy about. There was a wound-up-tight feeling in

most of us, I can tell you. We knew well enough we'd be evicted if any of us dropped out of the picking.

"Well, can you beat that!" Lou says to me. "And us working twelve hours a day!" I didn't have a pipe of tobacco to my name, and I was beginning to feel the need of a smoke. It seemed like there'd be no credit to get any on, either. I looked down at Lou's feet, near naked they were. Thirty-five cents a hundred and us with four head of kids, I thought! Jesus, how can a man and his family live?

"**WE OUGHTN'T** to put up with it," I said impatiently. I felt like I could hardly stand up any longer on account of this bad leg of mine—it's a souvenir from the War. But by and by our turns came, and we got weighed in.

We were just starting for home when we heard Mr. Bob cussing like a sailor. I didn't want Lou and the boys listening to such talk as that, but I was curious, so I told them to go on home, I'd hang around and be there presently. Then I went back a mile to see what the commotion was all about. Some of the other croppers were standing around too.

The trouble was over old Grace Evans' son Tom, the high yellow who'd run away from home once for a couple of years. Tom got weighed in for 270 pounds of cotton, but he was looking over the shoulder of the clerk when he wrote it down in the big black book, and Tom said the clerk didn't give him credit but for 170 pounds. I found out that much from one of the boys that had been standing there from the start.

And I didn't have any call to doubt it. Tom was saying, "But Mr. Bob, you know I picked more than that. I've got a little sense. It ain't fair not to give me what's coming to me. We're getting little enough as it is for picking the cotton!"

"Who do you think you are?" I heard Mr. Bob

thunder back. "What business have you got lookin' over someone's shoulder anyway? If you don't like it, you know what you can do. But if you know what's good for you, you'll get to hell out of here!"

I was thinking he'd better get away from there, too, knowing Mr. Bob the way I do. But Tom just stood there, stubborn like a nigger, but meek enough, saying, "Please, Mr. Bob, let me see what he wrote down again. It was 170, wasn't it? It ain't right to do a poor man that way; you know it ain't right."

"I'm going to give you one minute to stir up the dust down that road, you son of a bitch," the boss said to him, "and if you aren't gone then, I'll give you something to speed you up."

Tom got white in the face, but didn't move a whit. "Everybody here saw how much I picked, Mr. Bob, and I want credit for it," he kept repeating. "Just because most of these people can't read is no sign I can't."

"Hold your tongue, nigger," Mr. Bob was warning at the same time Tom was talking. The boss already had his hand on his pistol, and some of the other niggers were trying to get Tom to hush up.

"**I WON'T** be quiet and let you cheat me, I tell you!" Tom shouted, and suddenly we all heard two shots, one right after the other. Then there was Tom falling back against the cotton wagon, groaning, but not loud. There was a hole in his shirt and another in his cheek, and the blood was dripping fast off his face onto the cotton in the wagon.

"Get him away from that cotton!" Mr. Bob ordered, but nobody had to get him away because about that time he just fell limp to the road. A couple of the women started moaning and ran toward him, but Mr. Bob told them to stay back and made some of the men carry him away quick.

"You all can learn something from that," he was

saying to the rest of the niggers, scared wide-eyed, but still wanting to weigh in. "Now step lively and let's get this over with."

I turned around to some of the other croppers that had been watching and for a minute we just looked at one another. Fity and freat and serious I guess it was. "We can't let him get by with that," I said at last, under my breath. "The shaz-off won't lift an eyebrow about Tom, but we can call the strike like we once said we'd do. The union's strong enough to put it over now. They won't get by with killing those of us that demand our rights, no matter what color we are. And we'll demand more than starvation wages this year!"

Most of the croppers were quiet until we got well out of hearing distance of Mr. Bob. Then we made plans for a strike meeting. I decided I'd better beat it in to Memphis first and see what else could be lined up with Mr. Black, who'd helped us organize, so we put the meeting off for a night. I thought I'd do without eating or else him a bite later, to get out of answering Lou's invariable questions, so I sent a kid to tell her what had happened and not to look for me home last night.

Then I hurried on down to Sid Poole—he was a buddy of mine in the War, and now about the only man herabouts that gets compensation from the government. He has a brother-in-law who's a lawyer, that's why. Anyway, this Sid Poole has the only car in the county except those that belong to the plantations, and he owns his own house and all.

Usually he's pretty darned nice about taking people places in his car. Shucks, Sid'd take you almost anywhere so long as you buy the gas, 'cause he doesn't have to work or anything like that. Well, I told him about how the boss had shot Tom down in cold blood, and about what they were planning to give a hundred for picking this season, and then I told him what I wanted to do. I offered to give him my credit at the commissary on the day's picking if he'd take me in to Memphis in a hurry. But do you know old Sid wouldn't think of it? He said he wasn't a nigger-lover, and he didn't exactly care what they give for picking so long as he doesn't have to work at it. Sometimes the silver plate in Sid's head gets to bearing too hard on his brain, and I tried to believe that explained the things he was saying. I was sure sur-

posed, but I didn't let that stop me. It had begun to rain, like I told Lou it would. I hiked as far as the road in spite of my bad leg, and then I was lucky enough to catch a ride on in to Memphis. Course I didn't get there until way late last night, but I managed to tell Mr. Black about all that had happened and to get things fixed up all right. Ours ain't the only plantation that's beginning to wake up, I want you to know. The pickers are going to walk out all over this section if they're giving the same on other plantations.

A COUPLE of times before I was in to Memphis. The first time, though, was the year I was evicted from old Jay Culman's place, right in the middle of spring plowing. First year me and Lou were married, that was, 'cause Lou was in a family way with our first kid. I was hurrying the plow deep into that old red dirt when suddenly I heard Lou screaming was down at the lower end of the field. I just left off plowing when I heard the old lady crying out that way, and went running across the rows to get to her. I know better than to get so excited about things like that now, but then I didn't. Lou was all right after a time—it doesn't take so long to have a baby, if you're not poorly—but that old mule I was plowing with didn't take being loose so calm. Out he lit across the field, dragging that plow behind him. I found out later that the boss had to rattle him down and corner him, but not before he'd cut a deep rut diagonally across those rows that had already been seeded. The boss was waiting for me when I got back from taking Lou home. That man was sure mad. He was a three-looking old cuss, all right. He says to me, "You idiot, you're going to learn a little sense. I'm going to beat it into you, or else you're getting off this plantation."

And I says to him, respectful of course, but firm, "Lou was having a baby, and I had to go to her. I didn't mean to leave the mule hitched. I forgot, I was so excited. But no man's going to beat me! The niggers have let you get by with it. Haven't I seen you beat them every day? But they won't put up with it much longer either, if I can do anything about it. I'll get off the plantation, if that's what you've a mind to, but you won't lay a hand on me, sir!" And I meant it.

That was how I came to see Memphis the first

(Continued on page 10)

I Have Some Things To Tell You

A story of struggle for human rights in the South, of the rising unity of Negro and white workers

By Kathryn Coe Cordell

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL T. LIMBACH

Books

What Way Peace?

REVOLT AGAINST WAR, by H. C. Engelbrecht; 353 pages; Dodd, Mead and Company; \$2.50.
THE FINAL CHARGE, by Stephen and Juan Raushenbush; 331 pages; Reynal & Hitchcock; \$2.50.

BOOKS, like movies and furniture, have their styles. The close of the War brought on a series of horror stories, descriptions of the actual fighting. Those were the years when many thought that you could waste war out of the world.

The "horror period" ran into months of expose when munitions investigations, searchings of old state secrets, and revealing biographies shocked millions into doubting whether or all they had learned in 1914-1918 was strictly on the up and up. In this stage the "merchants of death" got all the blame, and many thought that all you had to do was to curb the Du Ponts through a few laws and peace would reign.

But the wars have begun popping with increasing vigor, and now the expose months are slipping into an anguished weeks in which a frantic and desperate world seeks formulas and answers not so much to the last world war but to a new one in the offing. The authors of both these books under consideration contributed to the exposing of the munition makers. In this latest H. C. Engelbrecht goes into all the horrible effects of the World War. The cost in money, in disease, in poverty, in crime, in morality is very ably covered. The thesis is not new, it is merely illustrated further. But the author does that which is of greater value and more in keeping with the anxious moments civilization is going through. He deals with the various excuses being offered for war today under the heading of "have-notism." He does not believe that overpopulation is driving Italy to war, nor that peace would be guaranteed if Germany were supplied with colonial possessions. And these pages are well documented to show the validity of these arguments which are heard so often.

Stephen Raushenbush did the "dirty" work for the Nye Committee. This latest book is a very fine job; very fine if you're willing to swallow the

belief that when Father Time prepared the plans for the Twentieth Century he was in an awful hurry, and stuck a carbon sheet into his typewriter so that 1913-1918 is only a copy of 1909-1914. The advent of Fascism, with its insatiable need of war, seems to have made no difference in the authors' approach to the world.

It is the Raushenbush thesis that war today can be stopped only by granting immediate aid to "have not" Germany, Italy and Japan. They express this more boldly than did the diplomat Van Zeeland in his recent report. They call for outright loans, plus reduction of tariff walls. There is to be a signed contract for twenty-five years between the creditors and the debtors. If a debtor, a Fascist country, violates the agreement and makes war, the other countries are to use an international police force to end the war.

The purpose of this contract, say the authors, "is in the direction of making the economic system called capitalism work, first in the nations under dictatorships and then on a world scale."

One can only observe that it takes a lot of faith to bank the peace of the world on agreements with and subsidies to the set of ever-hungrier Fascist criminals.

The alternatives to the terrible changes such a course would involve are neutrality laws with a referendum on war, or immediate collective action, boycotts, etc. The authors opine somewhat dubiously that the first of these choices "might keep us out of war for two years. By that time the war might be over." But what if it "might" not?

The second alternative, that of collective action for peace? The major part of the book is devoted to the attempt to prove that the democratic powers are not so democratic, that they are imperialistic, that they would lose their Democracy in the process of stopping the Fascists. But unfortunately for this thesis, it does not square with their own more candid observation: "These strivings (of labor) in England and France show that the attempt to hold the dictators in check is more likely to be a movement from below than from on top."

That is what is happening throughout the world. That is the guarantee of the effectiveness of collective action today.

—JAMES LERNER

The Wars of Fortune

BACKGROUND OF WAR, by the Editors of Fortune; 296 pages; Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

FORTUNE is more than a magazine in the ordinary sense of the word. Without sacrificing the requirements of periodical publication, the editors of Fortune have been able to present, time and again, material which fits just as neatly between hard covers. That they have generous resources at their disposal for the comprehensive treatment of subject matter, does not alter the fact that they have been able to accomplish effectively what few periodicals have undertaken at all. Certainly Background of War merits a place beside such earlier reprints as *Arms and the Men* and *Jeet in America*.

It is true that the chromium-plated style of the writing occasionally gages the reader, conclusions do not always follow from the facts presented, and it is said that facts sometimes are withheld altogether. In addition, the

chapters frequently vary in quality, whether due to the information that is available or to the absence of uniformity in the talents of Fortune's writers. Nevertheless, the ability of the magazine to uncover generally reliable information, and the publication of this information, is a public service.

Inevitably, much of Background of War is dated. Certainly the Far Eastern situation would be included in a magazine series under that title today. However, the book is still valuable. The chapters on Britain's foreign policy and the military-Fascist revolt in Spain are excellent and the chapter on France is good; the chapters on Germany and the Soviet Union fall somewhat below the others.

The best-handled material in the book is that concerning the war in Spain. Especially important is the part which brings out the fact that the true liberal, the believer in Democracy, has an issue today which he cannot ignore. It is the issue of Fascism versus Democracy. The people are learning "that the inevitability of the victory of the dictators was no greater than the strength of the dictators' battalions; and that the whole doctrine of the doom of democracy and the predestined triumph of a dictatorship of one sort or another was merely, so much mystical claptrap obscuring a doctrine of conquest by force."

—FRANK B. BLUMENFELD

Washington, Mar. 1—

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS, by Leo C. Rosten; 436 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$3.00.

THIS MAY well become a necessary handbook for any serious newspaper reader. The author is the first to attempt an analysis of the men, the women and the problems behind the Washington date-line.

The Washington Correspondents contains much information that has in the past been only vaguely known, and is therefore revealing in its thoroughness and excellent documentation. Rosten shows clearly how every newspaper man—or indeed every individual writing in some capacity or other for any newspaper—in the last analysis becomes imbued with the policy of

the paper and consciously or unconsciously a spokesman for that policy. A good reporter need not be told what the policy of his paper is. He knows it by looking at its make-up. One correspondent told Rosten:

"Policy orders? I never get them, but I don't need them. The make-up of the paper is a policy order. Suppose I've written a story which, I notice, is shoved back to page 18. No big local story has forced it off the front pages, and the story is worth a big page. But it's shoved back. Well, suppose I secure my 'damn' and that story makes page 1. I follow that line and keep on making pages 1 or 2. I give them what they want, and I can tell what they want by watching the play they give to my stories."

"It is almost impossible to be objective. You read your paper, notice its editorials, get praised for some stories and criticized for others. You 'sense policy' and are psychologically driven to slant your stories accordingly." Rosten made this statement to twenty correspondents, of whom forty-two agreed, twenty-four disagreed and four were uncertain.

The book contains a wealth of revealing statistics and case histories of news coloring that deserves much longer comment than is possible here. It gives valuable analyses and interpretations of the Washington correspondents and their work. The information gathered from discussion with 154 members of the press corps, is one of the more significant commentaries upon the present social scene.

—JOHANNES STEEL

The Problem of Poverty

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY, by James Ford and Katherine Morris; Ford; 291 pages; The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

THE AUTHORS of this work have dealt with poverty not as an isolated phenomenon but as an aspect of our entire social and economic organization. The causes of poverty are traced and catalogued, all the way from heredity to international war.

The best of the studies on unemployment and poverty are carefully summarized in a not too technical manner. These studies indicate that

every individual who is faced with poverty can do little about it through his own efforts. Even when he seeks work his efforts are futile without local, state and federal aid. Some system of economic planning which extends through the entire nation and even between nations seems necessary if effective steps are to be taken to eradicate poverty. The authors view the problem as one of poor economic and social organization in the distribution of goods and services, rather than one of lack of sufficient goods and services. They oppose any scheme which would result in a restriction of production, even



Our problem of poverty is one of ragged children and homeless men

though it might favor certain groups of workers.

After presenting the multiplicity of factors involved in poverty, the authors insist that only a national planning board can take care of them adequately.

It would be representative and valuable to attempt to outline or render the structure, organization and administration of a national economic plan. The abolition of poverty is but one of many objectives. Its primary function is not negative but creative—the facilitation of business and industry for the public welfare. Its structure and organization will be determined by the simplicity of factors which comprise Federal and state constitutions, and their contemporary administrative setups and the traditions behind them and that supple variable which is termed leadership.

The above quotation reveals how complicated the control of poverty is. And the book is recommended for the reasons with which it approaches this problem. But the great omission in the study is a discussion of how apathy toward the abolition of poverty may be overcome. Until some force is set in motion which seeks a solution of the problem, the authors' analysis may seem a bit academic.

—DONALD MCCONNELL

Among Welsh Miners

A TIME TO LAUGH, by Rhys Davies; 395 pages; Stackpole Sons; \$2.50.

THE SETTING of this novel, the Welsh coal-fields, is probably unfamiliar to most Americans. Wales, for some reason, is not often visited by American travellers, but in the southern part of the Principality and in the Clyde-side of Scotland there is today more understanding of the progressive thought of modern America than in any other part of the British Isles.



Settlement Administration Photographs

It is about the gallant, struggling miners of Wales that Rhys Davies has woven his story. The period is the line of victory during the miners' fight for organization, and the greater part of the book is taken up with the series of strikes which that fight entailed. A doctor, Tudor Morris, recognizes the identity of his interest as a professional man with the cause of the miners, and throws in his lot with them.

The theme is, of course, a very timely one. Whether or not a doctor at the end of the last century would have acted as Morris does is not very important—Davies can certainly strive in aid the celebrated case of Dr. Pankhurst—but it is not altogether easy to accept the almost untroubled progression of Morris to the side of the workers. True, he is said to have had a peasant grandmother—a picturesque and earthy old lady of eighty—but on that background had been laid a heavy coating of middle-class education.

This glossing over of what is a real problem, and the pretentious metaphors which frequently disfigure the writing, are the main weaknesses in this novel. Otherwise, there are many good things in it: the description of the Welsh religion, which is both narrow and deep; the bitter poverty of the miners; the violence which the owners use against the workers; and, above all, the undying spirit of defiance that dignifies the grim valleys of Wales—all these are set out plainly and without bravado.

"For all our skinny bellies," Morris tells the miners just after they have been badly beaten up by the police, "our eyes and our black eyes, this is not a time to weep. It's a time to laugh. We can laugh because we're awake and alive and kicking. We're not members of a dying world, we belong to a new young race."

Comparisons may be made between *A Time to Laugh* and A. J. Cronin's *The Stars Look Down*. The latter

book was better written, but Davies' work fortunately lacks the somewhat responsible air which finally overcame *The Stars Look Down*. In a time of National Government a fighting author is matter for celebration.

—LESLIE REINIS

Yesterday's Labor

TOMORROW'S BREAD, by Beatrice Brown; 326 pages; Liveright Publishing Corp.; \$2.50.

THIS BOOK is among other things, important and authentic history of the garment workers. The lank, striding figure of the Chicago labor leader whose life was one vast cyclone of cross-purposes, swept by embroilments in family relations, orthodox religion, women, Hull House liberalism—and not least, the great bandwagon of Communism—is set forth with complete realism and nothing glossed over. But not only is Tomorrows' Bread a valuable record of the mistakes and failures of American labor leadership in the early stages. Its hero's story points the undeviated line of victory; the line we are already beginning to know as organized labor has been able to correct and build on the mistakes of the past.

In Sam Karaski's lifelong and misunderstood fight for the closed shop and for workers' solidarity, we see anticipated by roughly a half-century the militant campaign tactics of the C.I.O. And how like some familiar wolves in sheep's clothing are the affluent, unimagined union leaders, Karaski's opponents, who spurn solidarity and struggle for the arbitration methods preferred by the employers! Finally, the scattering of the social worker liberals after the war, followed by the melancholy disintegration of their leadership, seems accurate forecasting of that later impotence of Nineteenth Century liberalism in America which we are experiencing in the crisis of the world now.

The book has just received the Edwin Wolf prize for the best novel of Jewish life. One is tempted to hazard the opinion that if it could circulate among the membership of the Sons of the Revolution, the Ku Klux Klan, and others of the fraternal and "Christian" organizations committed to discriminating against Jews periodically, the anti-Semitic bugaboo of even those defenders of the faith and the "American way" would be knocked higher than a kite.

From the literary standpoint, I felt that Tomorrows' Bread ought to be a somewhat better book than it actually is. The patches of cliché and frequent undramatic statements besmirching the first quarter of the narrative, carry a tonal amateurishness that may discourage some readers at the start. Certainly they are false to the truly fine work in the subsequent three-quarters.

—LILLIAN GILKES



A short, short war story. Scene in Springfield, Massachusetts

THE FURIOUS Tory onslaught against wages has, for the time being at least, usurped the spotlight in Wall Street from the equally protracted battle for Big Business control of the national government. The reason for the present focus of attention on the wage structure is that the strategists of big capital see in the drastic slump in business activity, and the sharp increase in unemployment, their long-awaited opportunity to cancel out the hard-won wage gains of the American labor movement during the past two years. And, more than this, the Big Business strategists hope that if their wage-busting campaign is successful, the prestige of unionized labor will suffer a mortal blow.

The outcome of this struggle is thus of the most vital importance to every man, woman and child in that great majority of the people who earn their living from wages or small salaries.

To businessives, moreover, it will mean either the skimpy food-budget of the depression years, with no allowance for even minimum comforts, or a reversal of the advance towards decent living conditions for the people as a whole.

In pressing its wage-slashing campaign, Wall Street has been trotting out the same arguments it used to justify the catastrophic wage-cuts during the 1930-1933 period. Suave industrialists like Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors warn that wages which are "too high" cause reduced purchasing power (believe it or not!). Professional economic apologists for Big Business, such as the Brookings Institute, announce that "cost-real-justments" or "cost flexibility" (both being polite synonyms for wage-cuts) are necessary for business revival. Other academic stoges for Wall Street, like Professor Lewis D. Hanes of New York University and Professor Neil Carothers of Lehigh University (controlled by Bethlehem

WALL STREET

Economic royalists and their attack on wages. . . . The rich get richer faster. . . . Please pass the plums

Steel) denounce the "fallacious theory of high wages." All this propaganda, of course, designed to convince the public that increased wages were one of the principal causes, if not the *sole* important cause, for the present industrial collapse. Therefore, to cure the depression, cut wages! Simple as pie, isn't it?

In practice, the wage-busting campaign already has accomplished scattered instances of pay-cuts, notably in certain textile mills and in a few of the smaller auto-parts plants. But the issue will probably be decided in the basic industries, such as steel and motors, where labor made its greatest gains during 1936 and 1937. And the steel industry, as the bell-weather of American industry, undoubtedly is the crucial battlefield. U. S. Steel, the foremost steel-maker, recently cut the salaries of its unorganized white-collar workers. The drive for reductions in steel wages rests on the argument that a reduction in steel prices is essential for industrial recovery, and that price-cuts are impossible without wage-cuts.

Prices and Wages

ROBERT H. JACKSON, now the Solicitor-General of the United States, made the contention in a speech at the year-end that the increase in steel prices had been much larger than would have been necessary in order to cover the increase in steel wage-rates. (This column, as a matter of fact, made the same statement last March at the time of the last steel price-increase.) Jackson's charge drew walls of indignation from Wall Street, as well as categorical denials. But the record establishes conclusively that the steel companies used higher wages as an excuse for fattening their margin of profit at the expense of the general public.

Even the *Wall Street Journal* was forced to admit that the net profits of

\$4,578,000 earned by U. S. Steel in the last three months of 1937, when its operations were at only 41.3 per cent of capacity, were "better than anticipated"—inasmuch as in past periods, Big Steel had lost money whenever its operations dropped below 45 or 50 per cent of capacity.

For the full year 1937, moreover, U. S. Steel's operating profits of \$165,906,000 were 47.3 per cent larger than in 1936—and its net profits of \$99,931,000 were up 96.7 per cent, or almost double 1936. But the total payroll of U. S. Steel increased only 30.7 per cent over 1936, and the average annual earnings of its employees rose only 11.2 per cent—to \$1,695 from \$1,524 in 1936. As further proof that U. S. Steel raised prices much more than was necessary to pay for its wage-increases, its volume of business in the fourth quarter of 1937 was about the same as in the first three quarters of 1935, its tonnage of steel sold being only 5 per cent larger than the average for the 1935 quarters. But Steel's operating profits of \$18,716,000 in the 1937 final quarter were 43 per cent greater than in the first three quarters of 1935, and its profits per ton of steel sold were \$10.02 as against an average of \$7.49 in the 1935 periods, an increase of 34 per cent.

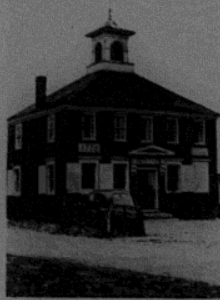
Thus, steel prices should come down, but under no circumstances should steel workers pay for these necessary reductions out of their wages; otherwise, we would be reviving that old "open door for profit" idea of letting wage labor pay for the depression.

There are, of course, many political ramifications of Wall Street's wage-slashing drive. And President Roosevelt's recent declaration for price-cuts but no wage-cuts caused more real consternation in the Street than have any of the recent White House utterances. Here a significant parallel is suggested with the comparable plea against wage-cuts which was issued by President Hoover at the start of the last depression,

and which did not arouse lamentation and angry attacks such as greeted Roosevelt's recent statement. Even Wall Street tycoons will admit privately to the following explanation of this contrast in attitude. When Hoover spoke, Big Business publicly applauded but privately proceeded at once to slash wages, knowing full well that Hoover would do nothing to enforce his position. But when Roosevelt denounces wage-cuts, Wall Street is afraid that he means what he says and, moreover, may actually do something to implement his demand, relying as he does upon the labor vote for a large part of his political power.

More War Profits

LAST month, this column called attention to the big boom in war stocks in Wall Street, notably in aviation shares. With subsequent publication of details of the Administration's vast \$800,000,000 supplemental naval-building program, Wall Street gamblers have spread their favors to include more and more companies which are expected to profit from this huge outlay. The *Wall Street Journal* recently reported that the big shipyards, such as Bethlehem, New York Shipbuilding, Bath Iron Works and United Shipyards, will be booked to capacity for several years to come with warship construction—plus the projected merchant-marine construction program, which also is primarily a military measure. Cataloguing the war stocks has become a favorite pastime in the Street. The Navy's armor-plate business will go to U. S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel and Midvale, boilers will be bought from Babcock & Wilcox and Foster Wheeler, alloys from Vanadium Corp. and Union Carbide, shells as well as gun forgings, propellers and turbines from Midvale and Crucible Steel.



Citizens of Southbury, who vetoed a proposed Nazi camp there, learned their 'K' in this historic school

March 1938, THE FIGHT

Lisle's the Style

Being extracts from the diary of an imaginary boycotter-for-peace who is coming to have more and more counterparts in real life

By Katherine Barbour

DECEMBER 2—The die is cast! Bought two pairs of lisle stockings today and spent the rest of my waking hours justifying my action to friends. As a result I'm well armed with arguments for wearing silk hose the remainder of my life, but I have a few convictions myself which they have not been able to disperse.

December 3—Appeared at work in my lisle stockings today and found that two other girls in the office had taken up the boycott. Tom and Dick began to kid us—said we were off on a wild-goose chase that wouldn't do anything but throw our own hosiery workers out of jobs and crystallize anti-Japanese prejudice. I'm going to do some investigating on these points. It seems to me that those who are boycotting have more sympathy for the people of Japan than most of those who just read the news of the Sino-Japanese conflict and don't bother to find out about the way the military group in Japan is forcing the whole country into an aggressive war. I've looked over all the pro-boycott material in the house and find not one ounce of hatred for the Japanese people in all of it.

Youth Against War

December 6—Persuaded Tom and Dick to go to a boycott party tonight. They brought forth their arguments against our drive, but they left feeling that there were many good reasons for being proud of their lisle-stocked friends. I told them of one club of young people that had decided to admit only girls and fellows who had abandoned silk articles. These young people who had never thought seriously

about world peace and possible international action to stop aggression, are having speakers on international relations come to their meetings. The people of our country have often before felt a responsibility for helping to build respect for international law in the world, and these discussions are leading many to study ways and means of strengthening collective-security machinery.

December 10—Christmas shopping today. . . . Had an interesting experience in the five-and-ten which bolstered my faith in the boycott of Japanese goods. In the center of the store there was a large table attractively arranged with paper flowers and other ornaments. I was about to make a purchase, but first asked where these articles were from. The salesgirl replied "Japan," and I regretfully put away my purse. It was evidently a frequent occurrence because the young lady smiled and said, "This boycott is certainly spreading. We can't get rid of these things even though we have taken such pains to display them prominently. Customer after customer asks what make they are and then proceeds to go to our regular stock of paper decorations. Those are a little more expensive but made in this country. People seem to be willing to stand by their principles on the boycott issue even though it touches their pockets a little."

Now when my dubious friends question the effectiveness of my campaign, I can tell them that if the secret of its success lies in the number supporting it, there is more evidence daily that a new technique for discouraging aggression may have been discovered.



Silken women in a Washington, D.C., boycott style-show

December 15—Soon it will be smart to wear lisle stockings! That sophisticated store B—', actually started its new stock of cotton hose in this morning's paper. Guess I'll do a bit of inquiring of salesgirls to see how their silk sales are progressing.

Lisle's in Style

December 16—Decided to give lisle stockings to some of my "on the fence" friends for Christmas. The clerk in A—'s was not a bit surprised when I asked to see what stock she had, and as she made out the sales-slip she remarked that so many people had been buying cotton and rayon that she had looked into the question of the boycott herself. "What did you decide?" I asked. "Oh, I've joined the boycott too. We must do something to help China and this is the one practical suggestion for action which I have heard."

December 17—I have a friend who has all the sympathy in the world for the boycott but she can't get herself to give up sheer silk hose. She claims that the boys will think she is a fanatic and won't want to be seen with her. Well, since we still live in a man's world, who doesn't some outstanding, handsome he-man organize a campaign among his buddies for only dating lisle

stockings? If woman will be weak, our only hope lies in "strong-minded" men who will make us stand up for our beliefs. I'm enough of a feminist, however, to think that the women can influence the men on this matter if they don't let pride explain away logical conclusions. Even this friend (the one who called forth this soliloquy) admits that she felt a bit ashamed when she bought a \$1.50 pair of evening hose the other day—ones that she will only wear about three times during the year.

December 18—Models have always seemed rather like automatons to me—until today. I had thought of them as Venus de Milo's of the Twentieth Century who earned a living by making people believe a certain gown or coat would give glamour or charm to a perfect 16 or a perfect 44! Well, today I had to cover a big opening in the fashion field and discovered that my conclusions had been all wrong. Every one of those models appeared in lisle stockings! One of them told me afterwards that the boss had raised quite a furor about it, but they belong to the models' union and stood their ground. This reminds me that I must talk with some union people about the

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Wall Street is Fascist-minded, but not Southbury, Connecticut. Eli (left) and Harold Hicock are strong anti-Nazis

Millions of Magazines

By Anonymous

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD BAER

IF PEOPLE are the products of what they read, if we absorb any of our ideas and our ideals from the printed page, then there are some pretty big-scale Pymgalions sitting at walnut desks in New York skyscrapers, each very busy building from two to three million Galatras according to his heart's desire.

But Pymgalion, you will remember, tell in love with the status he had created. And at this point the parallel with editors of modern women's magazines comes to an end. For the sad truth is that the editors are motivated not by love for their readers, but by their publishers' greed for cold, hard cash.

The *Ladies Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *McCall's*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Pictorial Review-Delineator*, with others serving purely rural districts, are "trade magazines" of the woman who is, in the editor's own flatteringly coined word, the "home-maker." She is the mother, the member of the woman's club, of the civic-improvement group, of the parent-teacher association, the church and the bridge club. What she thinks is important, and the propaganda that tells her what is important.

Hidden Propaganda

True, in the women's magazines it sometimes takes a fine lens to detect the propaganda, but it is there. Even the hoary thesis that the clinging vine can get the best death-grip on the sturdy oak is propaganda in favor of the dependent woman and the superior male, and so has its say about the modern woman's progress toward dignity and equality.

The Clinging Vine thesis is the very minimum in ideas on which a story may be based. The fact that it is still tops, holding its own, pursuing its unwavering backward course among forward-looking trends on the pages around it, gives a very important clue to the violent conflict that goes into the production of the woman's magazine. When that conflict is understood, the hodge-podge of contradictory propaganda in the women's publications is no longer amazing and confusing. It makes sense.

You will find the key to the conflict in the "service" section of any woman's magazine. Look into the so-called "editorial" matter that is threaded neatly in and out among the advertising columns of the last three-quarters of the book to get your gauge of the editorial integrity of the magazine. Read the advice to women on their housekeeping problems if you want to know how hot is the advertiser's breath on the back of the editorial neck.

Here is where you will find on the left-hand page an inspirational article telling you that a woman can be a better wife and mother if she saves her energy. How? Simple. Instead of going to all the old-fashioned labor of making soup she has merely to buy, so cheap, the wonderful canned soups now

available. Creative tips are provided for dressing up and combining certain flavors. By a remarkable coincidence there is a full-page advertisement of those same flavors of soup on the right-hand page.

Lying on the table before me is a current magazine open at a page titled "Home-maker's Digest," with a very attractive new kind of layout. Half the page is devoted to a beautiful literary biography of oleomargarine, beginning with its birth during the shortage of "table fat" at the time of the Franco-Prussian War and going on to the modern improvements which apparently brought it to perfection. On the opposite page—but you don't need to be told.

You probably don't need to be told either about the passionately sympathetic letter-answerer who urges her questioners, in a lush, humbly personal tone, to use products which she describes in the advertiser's own words, making the same false promises, smearing outright lies with incredibly strypp assurances of her single-minded devotion to the questioner's welfare.

That is not news. This editorial prostitution has been going on so long that an angry consumer movement has had time to start, to thrive, and to reach a strength which the women's magazines have been compelled to recognize. They are now, after scorn and fury have done no good, putting great literary skill into establishing a sense of sympathy with the angriest consumer, mixing in enough real consumer-information about non-advertised products to hang a halo of honesty around their statements about advertised products.

The editor's job, then, is to make a successful advertising medium. When you look at the contradictory requirements of that job you begin to believe that he is worth all five figures of his salary. For to produce a good advertising medium the editor must offer more than advertising and corroborating editorial columns. He must really please the reader, must lure her to walk regularly to the news-stand and shell out her money.

Some Facts on Fiction

Fiction is tops in lures. For this reason, the ideas that our reader gets out of her fiction stories are worth looking into.

The editor starts his job of luring on the theory that women are most interested in love. So far, so good. It's a cinch to get writers to write about love in a way that will form a line to the news-stand. But here the advertiser steps in with his first taboo. "Look out," he says. "There are some pretty questionable aspects to love. No sensationalism, you understand."

The editor does understand, or he learns to. He learns that the advertiser wishes to think his product is being advertised to an audience of people who, first of all, are respectable. They must be pillars of the community, anchored there with mortgages. The

In the tug-of-war between the advertiser and publisher on the one side, and the reader and writer on the other, the editor of a big women's magazine plays the part of the rope. Whether the "Ladies' Pictorial Companion" is to lead or mislead depends on a lot of factors. A contributor to these publications tells all about it

advertiser is afraid that a woman who is interested in "daring" subjects will not believe her child's emotional problems can be solved by feeding him a physic that tastes like candy.

The editor sighs but does not despair. What are the safe aspects of love? He can find a Jew. Here is where the Clinging Vine formula comes in. It is just what the doctor ordered to please the advertiser. Then there are other formulas, like the pathetic plight of the girl so rich that she cannot get her proud boy-friend to propose. If the editor looks hard, he can find quite a few theses that clever fiction writers can dress up in new and fancy styles. They must stick, of course, to young love—preferably ending with the chaste betrothal kiss—which dodges the really filthy situations.

The Reader's Right

But here the reader steps in and exerts her pull on the editor's other hand. "We're live people," she insists. "We want stories about people who really live today, and suffer and struggle and win and lose. Life doesn't stop when the hero puts the ring on the heroine's finger. What if they are not happy ever after? There's the stuff of human drama!"

The editor responds. He has to. Part of his job is to please the reader. He dares. He prints a story about a marriage that is Menaced. But the little child brings the couple together, far, far this side of the divorce court.

The readers like it. The advertiser has to admit he gets more results from this medium which the readers like. He decides it is O.K. so long as the divorce is always avoided in the end. Many authors discover that the Divorce Avoided formula is almost as sure-fire as the Clinging Vine, that in fact the two can often be combined. The editors bid against

each other for the prolific serials of Kathleen Norris, who develops a specialty of avoiding divorce even in hopeless marriages by killing off the inconvenient partner just in the nick of time.

But in real life people cannot manage this solution so well. Divorce figures keep on going up. Divorce can't be kept out of stories. So, definite taboos crystallize on the handling of divorces in fiction. In the main, these rules still hold good.

Divorce Is Sinful

Divorce must be regarded always as a dark, sinful tragedy. The causes are never found in the society around the couple, the economic cards are never stacked against them. No, the cause is the small personal quirk of sinfulness of one personality. The blame must rest securely on one guilty party, who can never expect anything but tragedy thereafter in his life. One party is always completely innocent and hers is the happy ending. Sex in marriage does not require any thought. The only cause for unhappiness and maladjustment in children is divorce. The word "divorce" in a story still stands for a painted huss.

But these divorces began in real life to represent a large segment of the population. They even married, opening up new markets for linoleum, Lysol sheets, and canned spaghetti. Their feelings began to be worth considering. The year that Kathleen Norris allowed a heroine of hers to be divorced marked a triumph of the reader over the advertiser. Of course, that heroine paid, and paid, and PAID, but since the happy ending had to arrive ultimately, she finally worked her way through her purgatory to some kind of respite.

Now, as I write this, the *Ladies Home Journal* has just burst out with a statistical report on a

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AS TO WOMEN

The chairman of a city Woman's Division tells of some tried methods of work

"THERE is too much talk in the peace movement and not enough action," said a young Toledo worker this summer at Wellesley College. She was one of the many interesting people who come every year in the Wellesley Institute to find out how to solve some of the problems facing American Democracy. Living on the campus, I had an excellent opportunity to talk with these people intimately and at length. What impressed me most was that whether the "student" was an office worker from Ohio, a dean of a woman's college from Kentucky, a social worker from Buffalo, a labor organizer from Rhode Island, a housewife from Kingsport, Tennessee, or a Y.W.C.A. secretary from New York—she was usually open-minded and eager to find a preservative for our democracy.

During one of our group discussions I had an opportunity to speak of how the New York Woman's Division of the American League was helping to concoct that much needed preservative for American Democracy; of how we not only talked, read, thought and met for peace—but acted.

THE steady growth of women's membership in the League in New York we attribute to the methods devised (to be sure, after much trial and error) by the New York City Woman's Committee, and to the activities which it has engendered. Every branch in New York has a Woman's Committee. The chairmen of these committees meet twice monthly. At the first meeting we discuss the activities to be projected during the ensuing month. The second meeting is an informal luncheon where methods of work that have been successful are discussed. These exchanges of experiences have become excellent stimuli for further work, and have developed techniques which spur on the leadership and initiative of the women. At our last meeting the Woman's Committee of one of our newest branches (Ray Parkway) reported that through cooperative effort the women had written a leaflet, a very simple one. "This leaflet helps us in our home-to-home canvassing with THE FIGHT magazine," the chairman

Lisle's the Style

(Continued from page 21)

workers' reactions to this movement. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. have both endorsed it, but the hosiery workers must have some doubts about cutting off the silk imports from Japan.

December 22—Home for Christmas! It's good to be away from the city for a while, but I feel less out of it than usual this year because the family announced during my first hour here that no Nazi or Japanese goods were purchased by them this season. It ought to be a real vacation, now that this extra-curricular work of mine can be put aside for ten days!

December 23—Thought the boycott wouldn't appear again in my diary until the new year but it keeps bobbing up. I drove the old "lizzy" into town just to congratulate our old friend, Miss McCall, on her new job as postmistress. Someone was mailing some packages ahead of me, and I nearly gasped audibly when Miss McCall's voice came to my ears. "Good morning. Do you mind telling me in which countries your gifts were made?" The person looked rather surprised but told her where she thought they came from. Miss McCall seemed satisfied, but asked her if she would like to attend a forum on the Far Eastern question at the Grange Hall on December 27th. You can imagine that Miss McCall and I had some stories to exchange, and she persuaded me to talk for ten minutes at the meeting she had arranged. That town has never been interested in world affairs before, but now it is avid for more information about China and Japan, and we may be able to start an international-relations club. Well—who wants a vacation anyway!

December 26—Opened at least seventy-five Christmas cards this afternoon and have decided to start a "Boycott Register" in which to inscribe the names of people I know who are endorsing the boycott. Was amazed to remember offhand such a group of prominent people—a college president, a retired president of a college who is an illustrious internationalist, the chairman of a respected international-research organization, my executive, and numerous friends from all over the country who mentioned their activities on their cards. There were at least a dozen others who wanted me to answer some of their questions about the boycott. All of which leads me to believe that if there could be more short pamphlets giving the pros and cons of the boycott, it would help to win many more adherents than can possibly be reached by lectures, personal letters, and conversations.

January 2—I can't help but feel a bit sober when face to face with a whole new year. It's probably a hang-over from the solemnity of our old world gatherings on New Year's Day,

There was rather a solemn moment in last night's gala dinner of the paper-box manufacturers, if the morning newspaper is to be believed. Beside each dinner plate there was a fancy cap for the guests to wear. The fatal label "Made in Japan" was discovered, and no one wore a cap at that party.

January 6—Spent the last three hours with a club of business girls here in the city. There was a visitor from Chicago who gave me another illustration of the way in which the boycott is beginning to affect the orders which retail stores are placing. She belongs to a group that was planning an international night, with decorations and costumes of various countries. When they went to buy their Japanese properties they scoured the main stores of Chicago in vain, and finally had to make what they wanted. We spent the whole evening in a discussion of the Far Eastern conflict.

The Hosiery Workers

January 9—Some new light was thrown on the boycott question today in a letter I received from Anne, my silk-hosiery-worker friend in Philadelphia. She has been boycotting from the first, and has had to think pretty clearly about her reasons for supporting something which might displace herself or her fellow-workers. She has been convinced for a long time that some form of economic pressure will have to be used if international aggression is going to be suppressed. She has tried to think of what effect the application of people's economic sanctions against Japan would have upon the countries participating in it. Of course the shift in demand from silk to its substitutes will provide jobs for most of the workers now employed in the silk industries. But some may lose out, and her solution is government subsidy for those who suffer loss of employment. And that certainly would be less costly than sitting back until we find ourselves having to bear the burden of waging a war. I suddenly realized that this was perhaps the "price of peace" which we have so glibly talked of since the World War. We must be prepared to spread any such price over the whole country instead of letting one group bear all of it.

January 11—At last I have evidence that this boycott may accomplish one thing which we have been anticipating. The delegates who attended the recent meeting of the International Peace Campaign have reported that in fourteen countries the boycott movement is growing rapidly. Now that it has been sponsored by this international congress, we can hope that finally a movement of the people of the world may be able to accomplish what the governments of our various countries have been slow to attempt. It may even encourage the democratic nations of the world to join forces in an effort to stop aggression by non-military means.

Schools for Society

We must be taught for life and for progress

A discussion of contemporary problems in women's education

By Willystine Goodsell



AT THE outset of this article emphasis should be placed on the fact that the education of women differs far less from the education of men than has frequently been assumed. The central problem in the education of both women and men is how to develop the innate capacities of each individual so that he may grow in understanding of the complicated, many-sided world he lives in; may adjust himself to the myriad situations of life with increasing success and satisfaction; and, above all, may develop the desire and habit of associating with others in the great work of progressive, enlarging the area of economic security, human well-being and happiness until it may come to embrace all mankind. In this statement the stress falls upon activity; understanding demands active investigation and honest, sustained thinking; adjustment requires trial and error, learning by experience and much experimentation; improving the world men live in demands all forms of activity from intense mental labor to cooperative social action.

Can Women Learn?

Can women be educated to achieve this goal of education? The evidence garnered in a century of secondary education and more than seventy years of collegiate education is all to the

same effect: women have the intellectual capacity to take honors in every branch of university study, to grow in sympathetic imagination and in power to act with others in putting ideas to work for the common good. During the last decade the growth of interest in women's colleges (as in men's) in international affairs and in national and local problems has been commented upon with satisfaction by every educator who has surveyed these higher institutions or administered them. The organization of "League of Nations" sessions, similar to those of Geneva, in which men and women students discuss urgent international problems and formulate tentative programs of action, bears witness to the increasing social interest of women and to their healthy tendency to apply ideas outside the rarefied academic atmosphere of the classroom, even if the application does not go far. Similarly the organization of the American Student Union, with its annual meetings such as the gathering at Vassar last December, in which issues of the utmost concern to the men and women members were vigorously threshed out, affords further evidence of the growing concern of women with the evils of this troubled world. Such urgent questions as the growth of Fascism both here and abroad, of collective effort or isolation

as the best means of preventing war, of the application of a vigorous boycott against aggressive Japan, held women and men students in absorbed discussions until the votes on policy were taken.

Nor is the active interest of women in socio-economic and international problems confined to the students in our colleges and universities. Witness the admirable work of the League of Women Voters the length and breadth of the land, in educating its members to understand and take action on such issues as child labor, minimum wages for women, pan-Americanism, and America's stand in regard to war. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it would be hard to match the social intelligence and active social accomplishments of these women with those of a comparable group of men immersed in "practical affairs."

The Peace Movement

The profound concern of educated women in ending war is too well known to need more than passing mention. Women play an active part in the scores of peace organizations in our country. Every year Washington is the meeting-place of the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, an organization of eleven different associations representing 14,000,000 women

throughout America. Here these women put their education to work in discussion of such timely questions as the peace implications of the Administration's reciprocal-trade-treaty policy; changes in the present neutrality policy of the government; and a program of international cooperation. Not are these meetings mere "talk-fests," for the consensus reached often results in a practical program. It is a far cry from a conference of this sort, entirely engineered by women, back to the meetings called by Catherine Beecher a century ago—in which her pleas for the more generic education of women to fit them to be teachers, were read from the platform by her brother, because women might not speak in a public place!

Yet, notwithstanding the fact that women show an increasing disposition to make return to the community for the educational benefits they have received, it still remains true that an appalling number of women have little or no interest in the problems of our chaotic world. In a recent address before the Association of American Colleges, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes attacked the critics of President Roosevelt's "brain-trusters" on the ground that America needs "more brains and not less brains at the founts of political power. . . . If not our

business, what then are we to devote to the service of the state? The Secretary then went on to criticize collegiate education as too often making students mere budding "men-about-towns" bond-salesmen or engineers with no concern about public affairs. He urged that the colleges teach more politics, first to make Fascism impossible for an enlightened electorate, and secondly to produce politically conscious citizens who will take an active part in government. "Dictatorship cannot thrive with education," said Ickes, "but neither can Democracy thrive without it." Needless to say, the Secretary's remarks apply with equal cogency to women's education.

Although the Secretary's criticism of collegiate education contains a considerable element of truth, yet educators cannot believe that the addition of a course or two in "politics" will accomplish the end of transforming self-centered individualists into enlightened and active citizens. The entire education of boys and girls from the kindergarten through the high school and the university needs to be built around the social studies far more than it is. This means that understanding on the part of students of the kind of social world they live in, its political, social, economic, scientific, and other aspects, should be a paramount aim of education. Such an aim cannot be realized by bookish knowledge alone, but by coming into contact with the community life through group investigations, and cooperative activities beneficial to students and in turn perhaps to the public. A firsthand study of the housing of workers in a town under the aegis of a course in sociology should do much to arouse women to the long train of evils that have their source in bad, unsanitary housing. "Academic" courses in politics or any other subject are not enough; ideas must be associated with action from the beginning.

Are there basic psychological differences between women and men as is so confidently charged? Not, apparently, in capacity to reason objectively, to respond helpfully to the "still, sad music of humanity," to work with others, to initiate, to investigate, to organize, to lead. Women have revealed these capacities in generous degree. But it is quite possible that the fundamental interests of women may differ somewhat from those of men. *Hansen* courageously challenges the attention of most women more than riddles of astro-physics or finance, although there have been distinguished women astronomers and physicists. On the whole, women are deeply intrigued with problems of living, of how to make this ruthless world yield richer returns in economic security, in beauty and happiness to the mass of men, women and children. This humanitarian interest of women may be due not to biological causes but to social con-

ditioning from babyhood. Centuries ago society set the stamp of its approval on the devoted housewife and mother whose duties were circumscribed by family needs, and whose interests were narrowly personal. Even today women are continuously influenced by social suggestion and social pressure to make the family their world. In consequence it is hardly a matter for wonder that so many educated women still talk trivial personalities and limit their interest and vision to their home, their social circle and their own personal satisfactions. This is not to say that the concern of women with human beings and their welfare may not have a genetic source. Women are the mothers of the race and their physiological make-up may to some extent determine their humanitarian interest. But there can be no doubt that social conditioning has played a major rôle in shaping the concerns of women, and in the end society should gain greatly from their humanistic interest.

A Man's World

Despite the fact that almost every educational and professional door is open to American women, it remains true that the climate of public opinion is not favorable to their fuller participation in political affairs, in research, in the more responsible and policy-framing activities of industry, of commerce and of finance. Even in the field of education, where an overwhelming majority of the teachers at the elementary and secondary levels are women, the administrative posts are largely in the hands of men. And university education is almost exclusively a happy hunting-ground for men. Some years ago the writer made an investigation of the positions on university faculties held by women in this country and discovered that about four per cent fell to their lot. If the women instructors in the departments of home economics and physical education were eliminated the percentage fell to three! A shrewd observer of this discrimination against educated women recently remarked: "Women must not only be the equals of men, but distinctly their superiors if they are to achieve positions of influence and leadership."

At the Centenary of Mount Holyoke College last spring, Margery Corbett Ashby, president of the International Council of Women, who received an honorary degree, delivered a ringing address, protesting the unjust weighting of the scales against women which exists in every walk of life. She said in part:

"Any one of us (women), however timid and soft, can be educated, the lower ranks of employment at lower rates of pay are open to us; there is social and personal freedom, but this has its disadvantages. Because school and college are rare, because the young girl is welcomed for her cheapness in office,

factory and workshop, we believe we have equality and freedom, and can gain the goal of leadership or wealth equally with men. This is a delusion; we generally discover after ten years of work that we are passed over for promotion, and that the difference between men's and women's salaries and opportunities yawns more widely. We still need the loyalty and comradeship among women that was the world of today. We must break the vicious circle which denies us posts of leadership and responsibility, because we have not had the experience which others have denied us. (Italics mine.)"

Today the world is menaced with the twin evils of war and Fascism. Perhaps because of their creative and nurturing functions, nearly all women profoundly fear and hate the destructive holocaust of war. Much depends on the firm, clear-sighted courage of women in fighting every move of governments in the direction of international conflict. Equally with men, also, women are concerned to protect our American heritage of freedom and Democracy. Yet, more often than not, they are denied chances to develop inherent qualities of initiative and leadership of the utmost value in our troubled society. The world is wasting nearly half of the talents essential to its protection and progress because it disinherits women from full participation in the struggles, aspirations, achievements and rewards of life.

But this is not the only harmful result of the widespread discrimination against women in posts of influence. The prevalent psycho-social atmosphere of polite distrust of women's judgment, women's intellectual power, women's gifts of leadership and administration is felt by every sensitive and intelligent woman. Like the air about us it is breathed in by girls and women during all the formative years of education and life. In consequence women unconsciously acquire a feeling of inferiority to men, which expresses itself in deferring to men's opinions, in hesitating to defend their own views, however carefully thought out, in accepting as a matter of course the minor positions in any organizations—minor in influence, not in work. Recently President W. A. Neilson of Smith College, addressing 800 women students and alumnae of Packer Collegiate Institute, advised them to put more faith in the mental capacity of their own sex, and in the process of education to combat the tendency of women to be intellectually browbeaten by men.

Two reforms in the academic and social education of women seem urgently necessary. First, their education in school and college must be socialized so that a larger proportion of graduates enter adult life equipped with the knowledge and power to promote the common good. Second, the existing bars of prejudice and distrust of women's capacities must be lowered to the end that the education of women may continue in the broader school of social experience.

Spain's Daughters

(Continued from page 9)

sojourners and the evil spirits; the woman of the upper classes dreaded the bogey of social opinion; but both alike feared Holy Church.

The liberal movement in Spain has always included measures for the emancipation of women. How heavy, how difficult the task, could always be seen. But not till the outbreak of the Civil War can it have been realized, even by those working for the emancipation of women, how deeply those women themselves had imbibed the strange, the heretical idea of liberty. It is not only to the figures of such women as Margarita Nelken, María Teresa León, Pasoinaria, that we should turn for proof of this. We do not understand these great heroines if we allow them to dwarf the importance of the ordinary women of Spain who have in such numbers, and with such passion, brought their powers to the aid of a government pledged to their social liberation. In many cases these powers were unsuspected even by the women.

In Catalonia the departure of the religious orders left unstaffed many hospitals, orphanages, institutions for the aged or the infirm. (Not all the people in religion have left Republican territory. Under the Madrid Women's Anti-Fascist Committee is a group of nuns who, in a workshop of their own, are making clothing and hospital supplies.) Work in such places involves much that is arduous and even repugnant, but volunteers flocked to meet the need, and women of all classes worked side by side, bringing their various talents of training or simple compassion. In the first days women joined the fighting forces—and there is no need to expatiate on the heroism of the *militianas*; but there was an equal heroism, when women were disbanded from the army, in going on to the less brilliant battlefield of work in the rear-guard, and this heroism too has been sustained.

War, it has been said, weighs most heavily upon those who do not fight. This is certainly the belief of the Fascist command in Spain, with its policy of terrorism, its air attacks on markets and schools and the working-class quarters, its use of starvation as a means of conquest. If the women of Spain had yielded, the war in Spain would have already been lost. But from the Dead Woman have come living daughters. Long-hoarded, long-repressed, the feeling for liberty has expressed itself in action, and shows itself at its purest. The Spanish woman today claims liberty, not for herself in a man-made world, but for mankind against the tyranny of Fascism. Such phrases as "a man-made world" would fall on uncomprehending ears if spoken to her. She sees only a world ill made, and worse menaced, and the need to recuse and remake it.

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Paul Reid

THE Membership Drive is on! Already there is a noticeable increase in the stream of new memberships coming into the National Office. With some time spent in local and national preparations for the Drive, the intensive campaign is really just getting under way. And new members have meant new subscribers to our magazine—THE FIGHT. In a period of four weeks, 423 new membership subs rolled in. As was to be expected, New York City led the list; then came Pittsburgh with twenty-seven, Chicago and Philadelphia with eighteen each, San Francisco with twelve, Cleveland with eleven and Los Angeles with ten. Total new memberships and renewals began to rise right after the Pittsburgh Congress. Here's the record: November, 740; December, 816; January, 1,315! These figures will be doubled and multiplied as the Drive gains momentum all over the country. Cleveland and Los Angeles have each set themselves a goal of one thousand members by May 1st, while Seattle is out for four hundred members. New branches are springing up on every hand. Since November 1st the National Office has had forty-three requests for help from communities

where people wanted to organize League groups. Already ten of these places have developed active and functioning branches. Membership gains in the older League organizations are coming in conjunction with busy work on the Japanese-boycott campaign. People are joining because they are deeply concerned about the Far Eastern war, want to do something about it, and find through the American League plenty of significant things to do. Central and local labor bodies, community clubs and consumers' groups, farm and fraternal organizations at many points in the country are also affiliating with the League. These bodies have been stirred and attracted by the tremendous success and significance of the Pittsburgh Congress of the League, and feel the need of allying themselves with a national organization in order to do the most for Democracy and peace. In the labor field, the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers is our latest supporter, its executive board having endorsed the American League. The matter of affiliation to the League is pending before the executive bodies of several labor and other organizations.

PENNSYLVANIA stands next to New York State in number of League members. With Philadelphia and Pittsburgh out in front as leaders and with many smaller communities forging ahead, this state promises to run New York a good race in the Drive. Having been host to the Fourth Congress of the League, Pittsburgh is developing its influence and power over a large surrounding area. Nine central and local labor bodies in the region have voted affiliation with the League. During the past few weeks the League has really become a service body for trade unions, having received over thirty requests for speakers at labor meetings. The Pittsburgh League recently held a mass meeting on the Japanese-goods boycott, with Representative John M. Coffey of Washington as the principal speaker. Arrangements were made for him to speak over the radio in the afternoon and many people heard his excellent address. The beginnings of a regional council of the League in this area were developed at a meeting on February 6th, with delegates present from many organizations of varying kinds. March 4th is the date for a

Women's Peace Week meeting in Pittsburgh, and plans are being made for an impressive gathering with a national speaker on the program. The excellent work of the Citizens Anti-Nazi Committee of the Philadelphia League has attracted the attention of labor and other groups in the city. All activities are being coordinated in the Membership Drive and the whole League organization is being geared for intensive work. Last spring, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia ran a neck-and-neck race in a membership campaign, and we are looking forward to some more exciting rivalry of this nature.

NEW ENGLAND now has a League branch at Manchester, New Hampshire. Due to the good work of a determined group of individuals, this new branch is rapidly becoming a recognized and valuable community organization dedicated to peace and Democracy. The branch at Stamford, Connecticut, is taking on new life and gaining wider support in that city. Samuel Sverdlloff was a recent speaker at one of its meetings. Brookline, Massachusetts, is also developing another strong branch of the League. They recently presented Representative John T. Bernard as one of the speakers at a public meeting in Whitney Hall, Orville Poland of the Civil Liberties Union spoke on the labor-spy racket in Massachusetts, while Representative Bernard discussed how to preserve Democracy. Over two hundred people attended this stirring meeting. Fall River, Massachusetts, heard the Rev. Donald G. Lothrop of the Boston Community Church at an open meeting. His speech on the Far Eastern war situation and the boycott as a method of aiding the Chinese people was well received. The Rev. Chester Ham of the Brayton Methodist Church was chairman of the meeting. A musical program was presented by the Granoff sisters, Ralph Earl, the delegate to the Pittsburgh Congress, made his formal report on this occasion. Arthur Kaplan, the League secretary, reports definite plans for a membership campaign in the community and prospects for rapid extension.

CALIFORNIA and the West were greatly stimulated by the recent tour of Dr. Harry F. Ward, national chair-

man of the League. Dr. Ward met with League officers in each city visited, and enabled them to take steps toward expanding the membership and work of the League. A new executive committee was established in Denver and a batch of new members secured at once. In Los Angeles, Dr. Ward addressed a mass meeting of nearly two thousand people, and was rendered a reception sponsored by a number of public leaders. With Bert Leach, state organizer, making his headquarters in the city for a time, the League is building a stable organization and expanding rapidly. The members are determined to reach the one-thousand mark by April 1st, a whole month before the end of the first phase of the national Membership Drive. A recent secretaries' conference of sixty active workers carefully developed plans for each step of the Drive. Every branch and committee was assigned to secure thirty per cent of its quota by February 18th. Each branch also planned to conduct a "Fight Sunday," wherein each member would go out with copies of the magazine and sell at least three to his friends and acquaintances. Dr. Ward reported on his return that Southern California threatened to push New York City as the leading League division of the whole country! Los Angeles is also pushing the campaign to boycott Japanese goods. With other community groups, they succeeded in persuading the mayor to veto a dangerous anti-picketing ordinance. Dr. Ward also met with League groups in Seattle, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Milwaukee.

OHIO, like Pennsylvania, has its two principal League cities located at opposite ends of the state. Cleveland and Cincinnati promise to develop some trendy competition as the Membership Drive rolls along. At Cincinnati Carl Levy, League secretary, recently addressed one of the sessions of the General Assembly of the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds. He also was major speaker at a forum at the Jewish Center and spoke on the subject, "Fascism in America." The local League is supporting this series of forums run by the Center. Cleveland's bi-weekly "Roundtable" is gaining considerable attention in the community. The third



Steve Nelson, who has joined the American League's executive staff, is directing the Membership Drive

session brought an attendance of over a hundred. Cleveland is also planning a conference on the boycott of Japanese goods. Septimus Craig is the chairman of the League's China Aid Council. The League recently held a forum and social with the Rev. Charles Weber, field secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, its guest speaker.

IN NEW YORK STATE the most significant happening of the month for the League was a very successful Boycott Conference organized by the New York City division. Nearly five hundred delegates, representing some four hundred organizations in greater New York with a combined membership of 600,000, attended this Conference, held at the New School for Social Research. Margaret Forsyth was chairman of sessions. Representative John M. Coffey of Washington made the principal address, a stirring appeal to stop Japan by refusing to buy her products. The Conference adopted a forceful boycott declaration, ending with the statement: "We are determined that the people in our neighborhoods, in our unions and other groups, shall be aroused and united in this course of action. We hereby pledge ourselves and our families to refuse to buy Japanese goods until the armed forces of Japan are withdrawn from the soil of China."

Organizational actions adopted by the Conference called for the establishment of a city-wide China Aid Council and also of neighborhood China Aid Councils to carry further the work of arousing the people of the city for participation in the boycott campaign. On February 9th, the New York City division held a series of ten mass meetings in four boroughs of Greater New York. Nationally known speakers and community leaders addressed these assemblies, and the campaign to aid China was greatly extended. The Mohagan Colony Branch of the League held a reunion recently in the form of a seven-course dinner at a Chinatown restaurant. Bern Dibner, recently returned from a tour of Europe, and Paul Reid were the speakers of the evening. As a result of this affair, the branch sent a contribution of \$100 to the National Office. We hope this splendid pattern of reunions and Chinese dinners may be followed in other League cities! Up at Utica, New York, the League folks organized a district boycott conference on February 11th and had William E. Dodd, Jr., as their speaker. Delegates attended from several surrounding communities. Kingston has been growing in membership and power in the community. Recent meetings have had for their speakers LeRoy Bowman, Dorothy McConnell and at the last William E. Dodd, Jr., and Jack Chen. Several local organizations are considering affiliation with the League. Middletown will not be left behind in the general upward trend

of the League. New members are being signed up regularly and a series of interesting meetings is attracting the attention of the community. The Rev. William T. Griffiths and Eva H. Mamber are chairman and secretary respectively of this thriving branch. League activities at New Rochelle are being revived under the leadership of several earnest workers in the community. An afternoon house meeting with Mrs. Olive Lieberman and William E. Dodd, Jr., as speakers started the ball rolling. On February 23rd Eleanor Brannan addressed a large group, and a thorough discussion of the League program was the chief item of business. A course of educational sessions is also being considered as a part of the League's community work.

ILLINOIS activities of the League have centered in Chicago and Champaign during the past few weeks. In the latter city, our branch leads in the campaign to boycott Japanese goods. The members also supported the rights of laundry workers in a strike situation. Plans are laid for a women's luncheon during Women's Peace Week, Chicago sent Gilbert Roche, League secretary, down to Westville, Illinois, to investigate a local pro-Fascist organization and support the democratic rights of several labor and youth organizers who were victims of repressive and anti-democratic groups. He found that the "American Patriotic Club" was related to this un-American situation, and even that accredited attorneys were not permitted to appear in the court case. Both the Chicago and National offices of the League protested this situation to local authorities. Considerable progress has been made in Chicago toward the formation of three new League branches. On February 8th the Loop Branch was launched at a Founders' Dinner with Prof. Robert Morris Lovett as speaker. The League is also sponsoring an exhibition presented by the Chicago Artists Group on the subject of peace and Democracy.

NEW JERSEY reports activity of League branches on both local and national issues. Plainfield is centering attention on the O'Connell Peace Act. Newark and Jersey City are both deeply concerned with the anti-labor situation in Hudson County. New Brunswick held a Spanish-aid meeting.

HERE and there, we note that Salt Lake City is working on the boycott and gaining an impressive list of members; that a very healthy organization for peace and Democracy is busy in St. Joseph County, Indiana (South Bend); that a new branch has been established at St. Petersburg, Florida; that St. Louis is holding a League conference, and that Great Falls, Montana, has ordered five hundred membership applications in preparation for a whirlwind drive.



By James Lerner

YOUTH NOTES

WHEN they attend Youth's Pilgrimage for Jobs and Education, which takes place on March 10th, 11th and 12th in Washington, the young people from the American League will pay particular attention to lobbying for peace measures. These include our old friends the Nye-Kvale Bill and the Bernard C.C.C. Bill. The American Youth Congress, organizer of the Pilgrimage, informs us that thirty-five national organizations have put their seal of approval on this demonstration. Alphabetically speaking, the first on the list is the American Baptist Publication Society, Young People's Division, and the last the Younger Democrats of the United States. In between we find the United Mine Workers, steel workers, auto workers and other unions.

SPEAKING at the Model Youth Legislature in New York, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt criticized those who defend an attempt at neutrality and isolation for America. With overwhelming support, the gathering adopted a program similar to that of the American League. Among the casualties was the Oxford Pledge. American youth are demanding a practical program for today, rather than an oath for the future.

JOSEPH CADDEN, who told of conditions in Cuba in THE FIGHT for February, went back there to attend the Congress of the Brotherhood of Cuban Youth. The Congress had been banned once by the Batista government. In spite of the terror and attempts at intimidation, five hundred delegates representing 150,000 young people assembled. The gathering was too large for Batista to suppress, so he welcomed it instead, and warned that it should go in the right direction, without foreign domination. Since representatives of Mexican and U. S. democratic groups were present, we can understand his fear.

For the first time in the Cuban youth movement, a resolution on peace was adopted. And the delegates went at it from the angle of securing Democracy as a prerequisite for peace. The flight of "Killer" Mussolini, Jr., to Brazil, with its implications of Fascist influence in America, was the

cornerstone of discussion in the peace session. The importance of this gathering cannot be stressed too greatly. It was the first legal assembly of its sort in a long time. The Cuban upsurge is particularly encouraging at this time, when other neighbors of ours are dangling in the Fascist noose.

THE World Student Association, which is actively supporting the Japanese boycott and aid for China, received a letter from the students at a Tokyo university which included the following: "We are fully conscious of our world responsibility to defend and fight for the essential conditions of cultural development and we know and respect the activity carried out by the members of the World Student Association." Considering the military dictatorship, pretty clear words.

IN LONDON a few weeks ago the youth organizations of France and England signed a "Pact of Friendship and Aid for Republican Spain." It is to run for three months. Twenty-five organizations signed the Pact.

ON FEBRUARY 14TH the Peace Council of the University of Pittsburgh started its Japanese-boycott campaign. Buttons and boycott lists are making their appearance in the cathedral of learning set up by Mellon's millions. This activity preceded by one week the inter-collegiate peace conference at the same university. A whole series of such conferences is being held throughout the country. The general theme of these student gatherings is "Make the United States a Force for Peace," and the national sponsor is the United Student Peace Committee.

THIS month's prize stipend: At a recent meeting of the National Youth Administration advisory board, Bernarr ("Muscle") Macfadden presented his latest cure for the "youth problem." Simply get all unemployed young people to take mass calisthenic drills at government air-fields. He will offer the prizes. This would eliminate the need for youth aid, and make St. Bernarr what he's long dreamed of being, a *Fuehrer* of a youth movement. The other advisers just laughed.

Woman's Pay

(Continued from page 13)

Women's Bureau in the U. S. Department of Labor is continually making such studies direct from pay-rolls, either for particular industries or for samples of occupations in a particular State.

A number of States have considered the laundry industry early in the process of fixing a minimum wage, since this is one of the service industries the control of which obviously is likely to rest with the individual State, involving less of an interstate problem than is the case with many of the manufacturing industries. Moreover, a low wage-scale often was found in this industry, and employers' organizations, concerned with considerable undercutting through depressed wages, urged the minimum-wage authorities to act on their industry. In several surveys of laundry pay-rolls in 1937, it was found that well over three-fourths of the women were receiving less than \$15 a week and from a fifth to a third of them were paid less than \$10.

For manufacturing industries, the available data (those from New York and Illinois) show the average weekly earnings of women in 1937 were, respectively, 22 and 32 per cent higher than in 1932. They were at least 8 per cent higher in 1937 than in 1936. The figures for September over a series of years are as follows:

	1929	1931	1934	1936	1937
Illinois	\$12.12	\$12.09	\$13.70	\$14.85	\$16.02
New York	18.73	15.96	14.96	15.29	17.04

These figures do not afford data on distribution of women at the lowest or the highest rates. Special studies must be relied upon for such information. Those made this year of the laundry industry have already been cited. During 1937, studies also have been made of the candy industry in two States. These reported that of the women doing this work, half or more were paid less than \$10 a week, though the reports from New York and Illinois showed the average pay of such women in a busy season to be about \$15 or \$16.

The regular Illinois and New York figures and those from a special survey in Indiana made by the State Employment Service show women in textile, clothing and shoe factories often averaging less than \$15 a week; those in electrical-manufacturing and meat-packing received somewhat more, though still usually averaging under \$20. These data are as follows:

	Illinois (Sept.)	Indiana (Sept.)	New York (Sept.)
Textiles	\$14.36	\$16.13	\$14.46
Clothing	13.32	13.08	18.11
Shoes	12.05	10.88	13.05
Electrical	20.30	19.47	18.02
Meat-packing	19.70	18.75	15.79
Candy	17.09	14.52	15.33

In New York State, for office workers—a group second only to domestic and personal service in woman employ-

ment—earnings are reported once a year. However, this report covers only workers in factory offices. For women in 1937 these averaged \$22.41 a week in October, the month when the earnings of women manufacturing employees averaged \$16.90. How adequate such earnings were to meet what it cost these women for a minimum scale of healthful life, can be seen from a cost-of-living survey made recently by the Division of Women in Industry and Minimum Wage Division of the State Department of Labor. According to this report a woman should receive something over \$100 a month for minimum adequate support, unless she lives at home with the family supplying some of her accommodation. In the latter case, the present average for clerical workers is slightly above minimum sufficiency. But what about all those clerical workers who are paid less than the average, and what about the factory workers whose average is still lower? Some of these must go to make up the large number of employed women who must receive public relief.

To Live in New York

A few further words should be said about this cost-of-living survey, since it represents for this State a pioneering effort to make a "careful, extensive, and objective" study, no official agency formerly having been charged with such a duty. "The findings, computations and conclusions" show that "for adequate maintenance and protection of health" a New York woman needs to earn approximately \$1,216 in the year (or somewhat more than \$100 a month), unless she lives with her family, in which case this minimum amount may be reduced to \$1,079 in the year (or about \$90 a month). In making up this estimate careful study was given to needs for housing, food, clothing, personal care, medical care, recreation, transportation, and other living essentials. The Industrial Commissioner of the State said of it:

We have spent seven months in careful, exhaustive work covering published material, and conferring with experts in each of the fields in which the budget deals, in order to establish this standard of adequacy.

The most encouraging things that have taken place in 1937 in the women's-wage situation have been the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court last March upholding minimum-wage legislation, and the rapid advances that immediately followed this decision—advances in the enactment of new minimum-wage laws, the revival of earlier laws, the making available of appropriations to enable procedure under such provisions, and the establishment of new wage orders in various industries. As a result, nearly half the States have minimum-wage laws operative, almost all of these now being actively put into effect.

With the revival of minimum-wage

activity that took place under a new type of legislation in 1933 or shortly after, eight States had newly enacted such laws: Connecticut, Illinois, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island and Utah. Earlier laws had for years existed, some of them actively enforced, others in less effective or general operation, in California, Colorado, Massachusetts, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Utah. After the 1937 decision, new laws were enacted in Arizona, Nevada, Pennsylvania and Oklahoma. Earlier legislation that had become inoperative after the District of Columbia law was declared unconstitutional in 1923, was now revived in the District and in Arkansas, Minnesota and Puerto Rico.

Funds for more effective operation now were provided in Colorado, Utah, and New Jersey. Amendments or re-enactments to meet the new dictum of the Court were made in 1937 in Colorado, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and Wisconsin.

It is not possible to list here the details of all the orders that authorities in many of the states named have issued in 1937 under their minimum-wage laws. (A complete list of the industries in the various States that were covered by orders in 1937, with the minimum wages fixed, can be obtained by writing the Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.) The orders show substantial progress in the fixing of a minimum wage, and cover a wide range of woman-employing industries, some of them with low wage-levels in the past. They include, in various States, women in laundries, retail stores, beauty parlors, telephone and other offices, restaurants, fruit and vegetable canneries, and factories making hosiery and knit goods, wearing apparel, jewelry, and many other products. Usually the rates have been fixed only after careful study of wage conditions within the industry, and sometimes of living costs as well. The minimum frequently has been fixed at 30 or 35 cents an hour, in some cases with the stipulation that a 44-hour week shall apply, in some cases with provision for added pay for overtime hours or for marked undertime, and sometimes with a weekly as well as an hourly minimum fixed.

Progress and Prospect

Thus the general situation as to women's wages for 1937 is an encouraging one, both in the upward progress indicated and in the active moves that are being undertaken to insure to employed women the facilities for more healthful living. But while minimum-wage organization now exists in most of the great manufacturing States, there still are certain very large woman-employing industries, such as cotton textiles, which are concentrated to a considerable extent in States not yet having minimum-wage provisions.

Missions Aid China

(Continued from page 13)

did that night. Some of them died of neglect rather than wounds. The misery in that building that night, the imploring eyes, the heart-piercing moans and the heroic help of our girls made a deep impression on my mind. The need is great and we are helpless."

The mission schools are looking toward the future and preparing for a long struggle. Some are offering courses in First Aid and Public Health in War Times, Gas Defense, War Economics, International Law in War Times, Food Production and Conservation.

One of the things that has made it hard for all religious bodies working in the occupied section of China is the strict prohibition of intercommunication between Christian bodies in the occupied territory and the unoccupied. Even the National Christian Council in Manchukuo is not permitted to have communications with the National Christian Council in the occupied section of China. But the missionaries have not been mislead in their belief work and in their day-to-day work. For that reason it is perhaps easier for them than for other relief groups to work for the sufferers of China.

Investment in Lives

Yes, the American stake in China is greater than the actual investment of dollars and cents. It is easy to see by these letters that the missionaries look upon the struggle in China as their struggle. Thousands of people in the United States follow their reports and feel it is also their struggle. There is an investment in lives in China.

Women missionaries were the first American women to be seen in China, and they had an influence on the conception of American women that has been held by the Chinese to this day. American women missionaries were the first women in China who were teachers, doctors, social and religious workers. They won recognition for their work, and made a place for Chinese women. No one can estimate the part played by the women who have gone out through the years to China from America, in the development of the Chinese woman herself. And, on the other hand, no one can estimate the broadening of American women's lives by such close contact with China.

Even the Chinese who have been most suspicious of foreigners seem to have changed in their feeling, because of the work missionaries are doing. And it may well be that the missionaries have had their part to play in the feeling of sympathy for China that sweeps over all America. There is only one thing to be hoped for further; that this sympathy may be converted into aid for China, so that even a greater work than at present can be carried on for the victims of war.

Millions of Magazines

(Continued from page 17)

survey of women's opinions on divorce. With a careful reportorial tone and many tables of figures the editor admits that the great majority of American women, including Catholics, are in favor of divorce. These women not only believe that a more realistic education about the sexual side of marriage would help, but they also throw the most useful fictional causes for marital rifts right out the window and state flatly that the main causes of trouble between man and wife are economic.

The non-fiction columns having admitted those revolutionary facts, readers can expect the fiction columns to begin reflecting them after a while. One very alert author's agent estimates that there is a time lag of about three years between non-fictional and fictional recognition of the facts of life.

A fictional heroine has never suffered from lack of adequate medical care, yet the February, 1938, *Woman's Home Companion* carries an editorial that is grim in its honesty regarding the number of women who die unnecessarily in childbirth for lack of money to pay a doctor, and places the blame on inadequate government responsibility for health. The December *Ladies Home Journal* quotes a doctor as being troubled by the carelessness of hospital treatment. In the same

magazine Paul de Kruif does not neglect the social causes for the spread of syphilis.

Merch stories fill more and more space in the fiction columns with suspense and mystery achieved by non-controversial means, and never a one of them suggests any such reason for the murder as the *Woman's Home Companion* gives in an editorial on crime which concludes:

The only hope of greatly reducing the tragic prevalence of murder lies in the gradual correction of those large social ills which make people desperate. Less rush and confusion in city life, less bleakness and loneliness in the remote country areas; sane attitudes and laws on marriage and divorce, employment, security for old age, and medical care available to everybody; it is to such broad remedies as these that we must look for the cure of mental and nervous outbreaks that result in murder.

Non-fiction features in most women's magazines take a progressive position on local civic-betterment, cultural improvement of the lives of citizens, education, psychology, and child care.

Money Writies

On broader fronts requiring a national or international point of view, caution must be exercised to avoid coming into conflict with the publisher's and advertiser's stand against taxation for relief, against curbs on any profits including those of the armament manufacturers. The magazines come out squarely for peace to the extent of not permitting any child to play with toy soldiers either in the fiction or non-fiction columns. We see almost no mention of any program for organization against war.

The *Woman's Home Companion* in December took note of the violent growth of wars in 1937 and blamed it on scientists, adding this cryptic note of optimism:

In their bitter evidence of despair it then hidden any renewal of the hope that the monster war may destroy itself by its own fury.

Good Housekeeping reprinted last spring the story by Dr. Norman Bethune about the horrible Fascist bombing of the Loyalist refugees fleeing from Malaga. The editor drew the "lesson" that America must have ever greater and greater armament.

Only the Hearst magazines "dare" to come out squarely against the Japanese boycott and for isolation. The others decline to choose between our present isolationist policy and the one suggested by the President's Chicago speech on quarantining the aggressors.

On Fascism the reader has forced the magazine to take a strong stand. The magazines avoid difficulty by taking the line that Fascism is exclusively a foreign phenomenon, and employ "liberals" like Dorothy Thompson to weave the reader's progressive instincts into a defense of an exaggerated American nationalism.

The editor's job is still further com-

pllicated by the writer being, like the reader, a live human being and historically even more likely to be sensitive to the march of life. For only a few of the authors can the editor build golden penitents and keep them insulated there. But the editor needs lots of stories to fill that monthly maw. He needs emotion that throbs at the magazine will not sell. To give this emotional kick, authors must feel some semblance of it themselves.

Certain authors the reader demands and the editor must buy them and keep on buying them and publishing exactly what they write, whether he wishes to or not.

Paul de Kruif can speak out sharply in the *Ladies Home Journal* about the economic causes of disease because the readers will take no substitute for Paul de Kruif. Dorothy Canfield is able to say more progressive things about progressive education than an unknown, undemanding writer. Though one of the most emotionally gripping stories ever offered by an agent was refused from an obscure writer obviously because it took the Loyalist side in the Spanish War, Dorothy Parker can say what she thinks because the readers want to know what Dorothy Parker thinks. Eleanor Roosevelt can choose her medium for showing a sensitive awareness of social currents affecting women's problems. Pearl Buck can defend a woman divorced for a reason other than a husband's cruelty or infidelity.

But even the less well-known writers present problems to the editor who wishes to keep fiction theses pleasing to the advertiser. When an editor bought a sympathetic light love novel about a girl dress-buyer, we saw the strange sight of a Hearst publication presenting a picture of the unbridled savagery and tragedy of business competition to produce women's low-priced dresses.

In order to publish a compelling story of the resolution of the marriage problems of one doctor's wife, *McCall's* printed in a story by Erika Zastrow an honest picture of a steel-strike situation which showed labor organizers as they are and not as violent thugs.

When *Woman's Home Companion* bought a murder mystery from Sid Ricketts they were also buying an honest presentation of the forward-looking woman scientist winning out against medical prejudice in the South, where ordinarily only romantic loveliness is allowed to exist in fiction.

So goes the modern magazine in its zig-zag progress, pulled backward by the advertiser and forward by the reader and the writer. Undoubtedly the editor has power to influence the ideas of many thousands of his readers to a great degree. But what that influence shall be is no closed question. Women who see clearly where their interests lie can still help to make the women's magazine a weapon against Fascism.

Some Things to Tell

(Continued from page 17)

time. There I was, bareheaded and in old trousers dirty with the red earth, and wearing this same old worn-out brown jacket. I remember standing around in a hungry sort of happiness, looking at the rows of big fine houses without plantations around them, just flower gardens with petunias and zinnias, and wondering how the folks that live in them make out. I tried to figure out, too, how it is that every year as croppers raise too much cotton, or else we raise too little. I haven't ever figured that out. But there was Memphis with its trains blowing into town, and the street cars clanking, and automobiles racing by.

LAST night in Memphis Mr. Block put me up. But I couldn't sleep sound, even after I'd told him everything. I was awake at midnight. I wasn't the only one who couldn't sleep, I guess. I kept hearing his typewriter going strong, and then I got to wondering if the youngest kid, the one with the fever, was all right.

Here's the plantation already. They're just stopping work in the fields. You don't see them quitting until the sun buries itself behind Red Hill yonder at the western edge of the field, and these shadows begin to darken into night.

Beyond the field, huddled there near the bayou on those funny-looking stils, are our shacks. Some folks call the place Wrightsville. They say old man Wright exchanged three blind horses for all this land, but I couldn't say whether it's so or not. That house with the dog underneath it is ours. Old Spot's there sleeping when she knows she ought to be watching the baby. That cotton you see on the porches is what we've picked of our own fields; we keep it there until there's enough for a bale.

It's warm this evening, and quiet. Notice how low the sky hangs? I'll have to drop by the house first and then be getting on to the meeting at the church tonight. I guess they'll be having poor old Tom's funeral before the meeting commences. The bolls of cotton show dull and motionless in the field as the moon comes up. Now and then you hear a breeze stir the leaves like they're mourning, but the night muffles that sighing sound into silence.

Tomorrow our strike begins. Maybe they'll try and use men from the county jail to pick the cotton if we don't, like they once did; I don't know. They just gave them their rats and tents to live in that time, honest.

It won't take a cock's crow to wake us tomorrow. At dawn, when the north wind comes out of the clouds, the voice of my people will begin to sound on the plantation. Tomorrow is the honey to which the bees fly.

March 1938, THE FIGHT



DAVID BUCKE

Building for Peace

WHEN the aggressor nations extended their war-front to the Far East, and China became the battleground of the same military forces which attacked the new-born Republic of Spain, the Fascists were tightening the noose around their own necks by forcing a unity among the divergent democratic-minded nations and peoples. Four hundred and fifty million peaceful Chinese, with a proportionately smaller military and naval establishment than any other nation in the world, were mercilessly attacked by the Japanese militarist government backed by the German and Italian Fascists. After Ethiopia came Spain, After Spain came China. After China, who and what?

The forging of this unity of the democratic-minded people for the preservation of their lives and liberties, is a task far from complete. The channeling of this unity so that the struggle for Democracy and peace shall not have been in vain is now in its initial stages, needing a day-to-day attention for the preservation of our rights, liberties and peace.

How can the people of China be helped? How can peace be preserved? The American League for Peace and Democracy has initiated a campaign to aid the bleeding and destitute men, women and children of China. Physicians sent by the League have already landed in the Far East to nurse the wounds of the Chinese people. But this is only a beginning. Ambulances, bandages, medicine, food, nurses, physicians are required. Millions of Chinese are looking to us in this hour of need. The surest way of keeping the United States out of war is by helping to defeat the Japanese military government in its venture of aggression.

In order to become a more useful and efficient instrument in this great effort to preserve peace, the American League is conducting a three-months drive for fifty thousand new members. These fifty thousand members will be the pioneers in the campaign for China, for peace and Democracy. Hand in hand with this campaign goes the drive for an increased circulation for the League's official publication, THE FIGHT. This is the most serious undertaking in the life of the League.

The people of China and Spain are calling to this great Democracy for assistance. The people of the U. S. A. are for peace, and because they are for peace, they want to see the aggressors stopped. We can help by aiding the victims of this aggression.

THE FIGHT, March 1938

Therefore we must organize to help the millions in China and Spain.

Build the American League and THE FIGHT magazine.—J. P.

A Dead Herring

THE SHEPPARD-HILL Bill made its sudden reappearance in Washington. The sponsors almost caught the opposition unawares. Even some of the progressive-minded Representatives were not cognizant of this last year's dead herring being dragged out of the barrel. But the trade-unions and various peace organizations rallied quickly, and the Bill was shelved. Now Representative May, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, seems to be ready to pull out of his sleeve a substitute—May Bill H.R. 9391—which is almost a duplicate of the Sheppard-Hill Bill. Both bills pretend to limit war profits, but in reality aim to conscript labor. Both bills should be defeated decisively. Democracies can defend themselves successfully only when Labor is not enslaved.—G. D.

Peace Week

FROM March 1st to 7th, the women of America are observing a week for peace propaganda. So often, when Days or Weeks are set aside, it has been the custom to concentrate on that particular time and forget about the rest of the year. It has been encouraging this year to see that the women are setting the Week as the time for starting activities that can be carried on throughout the year. It is also encouraging that a whole new spirit of unity seems to prevail in these groups.

In one section of the country the needs of four peoples are being stressed—those of Spain, China, Ethiopia, and Roumania. In three of these nations women and children are suffering because of war. In the fourth there is a persecution that

follows the same psychological pattern as war. In the very effort for aid for the countries that are suffering, American women reiterate their desire for peace and their indignation at the governments that have plunged millions of people into disaster and sorrow.

The latest letter from China says that in the villages in the war zone, nine-tenths of the population abandoned their homes at the time of the greatest danger. An average of 163 persons in each village have not yet dared to come back. Two-thirds of these are women. This is only a sample of what is happening all over the world, where war rages. American women have always been organized in such a way that their protests are heard. They are making plans during Peace Week for many weeks to come.—D. McC.

Naval Armaments

WE HAVE had many inquiries from our readers as to our position on Naval Armaments. The following statement adopted by the American League's Executive Board is here given in reply to those queries:

"The American League for Peace and Democracy is unalterably opposed to any additions to the armaments of the United States. The regular War and Navy Department budgets are already swollen to dangerous proportions. We are convinced by testimony of such eminent military authorities as Major-Generals Johnston Hagood, Edley D. Butler, William C. Rivers and Majors B. Ernest Dupuy and George Eliot Field that present armful forces are amply adequate to defend our coasts and borders from invasion. We hold that a rise in armaments means gravitation toward war and preparation for conflict far from our shores.

"The American League stands for economic action to prevent the aggressor from getting the means of war from this country. This requires an increase in our Army and Navy. The people's boycott of the goods of the aggressor, legislative embargoes on shipments of war supplies and raw materials, and forbidding of loans and credits constitute a strong economic course of procedure against war. It is imperative that this country cease providing economic support for aggressor nations. Such practices serve to facilitate war and endanger world peace.—G. D.

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