

**new**

JULY 17, 1934

10c

# **Masses**

## **"Shoot to Kill!"**

*Civil War on the Coast*

by IRIS HAMILTON

## **How Chinese Reds Fight**

by GENERAL CHOW EN-LAI

## **Dewey, Russell, Cohen**

*Why They Are Anti-Communist*

by PAUL SALTER and JACK LIBROME

## **When the Storm Troops Get Home**

*An Editorial*

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# new Masses

JULY 17, 1934

“**A**NSWER this question out of the facts of your own life: Have you lost any of your rights or liberty or constitutional freedom of action and choice?”—President Roosevelt in his radio message, June 28th. Just a moment, Mr. President. The static’s fierce. How can you expect the workers of America to hear you above the din of machine-guns and rifles spitting death at them, clubs thudding on their heads, and vomit-gas bombs (two-days’ disability guaranteed) bursting all around them? And really, Mr. Prèsident, the question is an elementary one. In ever-growing thousands, on hundreds of class-war fronts spreading across the length and breadth of the land, workers are acquiring a first-hand education in the meaning of the Bill of Rights—from the shores of San Francisco to the streets of New York, in Seattle, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, New Orleans, in the embattled farm lands of California, Ohio and New Jersey, in coal mines, and steel mills and textile slave shops. As far as it has affected them, the Bill of Rights even in the “best” days meant little more than a document reverently referred to on July 4th and conveniently entombed other days. And in the talons of the Blue Eagle it has been torn to shreds even more completely than ever since it was packed away “for the duration of the war.” Beneath your bland hypocrisy, we can hear the mocking undertones, paraphrasing Judge Taney, that earlier exponent of the virtues you hold dear: “The worker has no right that we are bound to respect.”

“**R**EAD each provision of that Bill of Rights and ask yourself whether you personally have suffered the impairment of a single jot of these great assurances.” Well, how about it, you thousands of class-war prisoners, incarcerated in the prison hell-holes of America, who once believed that the Bill of Rights was more than a mere scrap of paper, who defended at factory gates and in streets your right to petition, to freedom of speech and assemblage, and—most important of all—your right to live! (True, you sharecroppers, steel workers, longshoremen, laborers in factory and on farm, who fell in defense of those rights—you cannot answer now!)



“I’LL BE SEEING YOU!”

Thomas Funk

What is your answer, Angelo Herndon, wasting away in your dungeon in Fulton Tower for having dared to exercise your “right to petition” in behalf of Georgia’s starving unemployed? And you, Scottsboro boys in solitary cells of Kilby Prison, in this third year of fearful tenseness under the shadow of the death chair, don’t you know that the Bill of Rights forbids your being “deprived of life or liberty without due process of law,” including trial by an

partial jury? The President himself has sworn to that. John Howard Lawson, charged with criminal libel by the Ku Klux Klan administration of Alabama for having courageously written the truth, will you read the provision on “freedom of the press”? Sperry and Coundorakis, pickets mowed down by police bullets in San Francisco, don’t you rest more secure in your graves in the knowledge that Roosevelt stands for “constitutional” rights of action and



"I'LL BE SEEING YOU!"



"I'LL BE SEEING YOU!"

choice"? How about it, you workers in Hillsboro jail (doomed to six months' imprisonment before you are even tried, with bail fixed at \$110,000 in bonds, because you peacefully protested against starvation and demanded the right to live), do you feel that your sacred "right to petition, to free speech, to a speedy and public trial, without the requirement of excessive bail," as provided for in the Bill of Rights, has been impaired? You women and children gassed in Bridgeton, you New York relief workers fired and cut off from your only means of subsistence because you exercised the right to organize, you thousands of workers caged behind bars, killed, gassed, clubbed and wounded for defending the rights so solemnly "guaranteed" to you by the Constitution, have you "personally suffered the impairment of a single jot of these great assurances"? You saw to it, Mr. President, that the working-class could give no direct, verbal answer to your cynical piece of effrontery. But even now, their roaring answer comes to you, wherever you are, in a language you will no doubt understand best: "General Strike!"

ON June 25 the Soviets celebrated the 209th anniversary of the Academy of Science. Despite its expressed readiness, in 1918, to undertake any scientific research bearing on the immediate needs of the proletarian state, the Soviet Academy stayed aloof for years, consecrated to the principles of a science that was "pure." Indeed, it was only in 1929 that the Academy began to manifest a distinct trend toward bridging the artificial gap between "pure" and "applied" science. This change was partly stimulated by the Soviet scientists' revolt against the humiliation of learning under disintegrating capitalism. The chief stimulus, however, came from the victorious advance of the first Five Year Plan. The academicians plunged enthusiastically into the immediate tasks of socialist reconstruction. We have not on hand the data for 1933-1934, but the tremendous work of the Academy may be gauged by the immense and variegated scientific studies carried out in 1932; twenty-six important works on ferrous metals; twenty-three on agriculture; twenty-two on chemical subjects; twenty-two on non-ferrous metals; twelve on various forms of energy; eleven on housing; etc. Never in its long history has the Academy functioned so well as the organizational center of all the scientific forces in the country.

Throughout the vast land, in various national republics and autonomous regions, branches of the Academy have been established. Among the younger scientists in the Academy 31 different minority peoples in the Soviet Union are represented, and 80 percent of the 240 young scientists are members of the Communist Party.

WHILE science under capitalism, said the famous Danish novelist, Martin Andersen Nexø, on his recent visit to the U.S.S.R., has been able to weigh with minute precision the most distant stars, it has proved unable to discover sufficient bread for the hungry mouths of the nearest unemployed. Quite the contrary is true of science under the Soviets. There science has been actually and directly engaged not only in eliminating unemployment, but also in steadily raising the living standards of the masses. Characteristically, during the last couple of years the ties between the Soviet scientists and the broadest masses of workers and peasants have been so close as to appear incredible to people in capitalist countries. For the first time in the history of scientific academies, the Soviet Academy periodically reports on its activities before proletarian audiences; not infrequently it holds its sessions in proletarian districts and in new industrial centers. In the academy's recent report on the Ural-Kuzbas session in Siberia, we read: "The grandiose sweep of the construction works, its pathos — the pathos of struggle and triumph, the pathos of man's psyche being transmuted in the process of socialist construction—could not but leave an indelible impression on the participants in the session. To become part of a work of such historical import, to give to it all of one's strength, to dedicate oneself and one's scientific activities to this noblest of goals—this is no sacrifice, it is a great joy." Thus as the material base of Soviet life expands, scientific thought grows more daring, more creative, soaring sunward in the stratosphere, cutting through the polar night on heroic ships, splitting the atom in the laboratory, and persistently, tenaciously, peeling cover after cover from nature's still unsolved mysteries.

AS a result of the efforts of the International Labor Defense, backed by mass pressure, the appeal trial of the sixteen anti-Nazi demonstrators who were arrested in Charlestown, Mass., May 17, when police broke up

a protest meeting against the presence of the Hitler propaganda cruiser *Karlsruhe* in the navy yard, has at last been continued from July 2 until the fall. Originally slated for June 13, the trial had been repeatedly postponed by the prosecution in what was obviously a maneuver to circumvent defense witnesses. In the lower court the cases had been unceremoniously rushed through the mill—Judge Sullivan had allowed counsel less than four days in which to prepare all the defendants' cases. What reason underlay this change of tactics—first rush, then delay? The defense depends largely upon the testimony of more than a score of Harvard and M.I.T. students and faculty members. Almost all of these witnesses are now on vacation. Hence July 2 was an unusually opportune trial date for the prosecution—a date worth jockeying for! Nor is this all. William Wood, a defendant who was granted probation, alleges he was intimidated into leaving the state immediately, so that he would be beyond process of subpoena on the day of trial! But in October Wood must return to his studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and his fellow witnesses will also be on hand—a notable victory for the I.L.D. Actually, the district attorney may decide to forego prosecution altogether. Public interest should not abate in the meanwhile. Protests should continue to rain upon District Attorney Sullivan, Superior Court, Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass., demanding the dropping of all charges against the students and workers involved.

LIMITATIONS imposed by school authorities upon what their teachers may say, do, or hear both in and out of the classroom have just been expanded to include what they may receive through the mails and read. At the College of the City of New York, the administration has seen fit to withhold mail addressed to its faculty by the Communist Party for several days, and, since the incident occurred at the beginning of the summer vacations, practically for the summer. On Tuesday evening, June 19, the Communist Party mailed sealed letters to the entire faculty of C. C. N. Y. Each envelope contained a copy of the Manifesto of the Eighth National Convention of the Party, and an Open Letter to the faculty on the present situation in the colleges. By 10 o'clock on Wednesday, June 20 (Commencement Day) these letters had been distributed to the numerous faculty mail

boxes. Five hours later the authorities had withdrawn them from the mail boxes. Before they were withdrawn, a few were received by faculty members, but about three hundred were successfully intercepted by the administration. (At the 23rd Street Building, all the letters were received by the faculty on Wednesday.) On Thursday, when the faculty came to the college for their salary checks, the mail was still being withheld. The International Labor Defense sent a sharp telegram of protest to President Frederick B. Robinson. The mail was not released until Monday, June 25, when there were very few to receive it. Meanwhile the Communist Party sent out duplicate letters to each member of the faculty, addressed to their homes to insure safe and prompt delivery, and urging them also to protest this infringement on their civil rights. This incident adds a none too delicate aroma to the atmosphere in which students and teachers dwell at the City College. Students are chased with umbrellas and provoked in a way duplicated by no other college administration when they participate in a nation-wide students' anti-war strike. And now the instructors, who have been all too passive while students' rights were being abrogated, find themselves treated in the same manner. Obviously it is time they

organized strongly to fight such oppression both of student and teacher.

**T**HIS case is one of many that have occurred recently. At the James Monroe High School in New York, Principal Hein has charged with "disloyalty" four instructors who protested to the Teachers' Union after Rabbi Rosenthal, a guest speaker at a student forum, had been interrupted by a most loyal faculty advisor. A militant supporting campaign by the rank and file in the Teachers' Union has swung that body to the defense of the four teachers, but Principal Hein, in addition to exerting all efforts to penalize the original four, is also trying to weaken the defense by exiling to annexes all the known supporters in his school. At about the same time, Superintendent of Schools Harold G. Campbell did "not hesitate to say that there is no room in the public schools for any teacher or supervisor who does not give allegiance to the fundamental principles of the Constitution or for any teacher or supervisor who uses his position in the schools to teach to immature children doctrines which are subversive to our form of government." To oppose these threats and acts of persecution, there has recently been added to the militant organizations in the field The Teachers' League for

Academic Freedom, whose primary function "is the financial relief and legal defense of teachers unjustly dismissed." Such an organization should prove invaluable in bolstering the morale of actively struggling teachers. It provides concrete aid such as is offered by no other group. No teacher in public school, high school, or college, who has hitherto been in silent sympathy with the leaders of the fighting rank and file but who has not dared join them, can have any excuse for not joining and contributing liberally to the Teachers' League for Academic Freedom.

**T**WO great powers are struggling for the monopoly of exploiting the minds of the American people; but no battle has ever been so streaked with camouflage as this one. The contestants are the entrenched religions of America and the motion picture industry, which for the last twenty years have been competitors in supplying mental opium to the people. The attack takes the form of a charge of immorality against the films. It is significant that it comes on the heels of reports showing a serious decline in church attendance. The churches have won the first skirmish, due to the incredible cowardice of the film producers. The forces aligned with the church drive, which is a united front of Catholics, Protestants and Jews, are the same forces that have attempted, thus far unsuccessfully, to introduce a national censorship bill. Aside from other dangerous features, this will mean that the movies, already burdened with taboos, will add a few more, restricting its content and its possibilities of providing intelligent entertainment to the American public.

**T**HE special dangers are that censorship will proceed from clothing the female body and keeping it out of adulterous beds to strait-jacketing the American mind and holding it in the familiar safe ruts of capitalist thinking. The "approved" films fall into three categories: wish fulfillment Cinderella stories, innocuous mysteries, and pro-war and pro-Fascist propaganda. They include *Operator 13*, a Civil War spy story which glorified espionage and was directed by the White Guardist Russian spy, Richard Boleslavsky; Will Rogers' subtle propaganda for the virtues of capitalism in *David Harum*; *The House of Rothschild* with its blackening of Jewish life and whitewash of Jewish capitalists, *The World in Revolt*, a newsreel distorting

## new Masses

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CONTENTS

JULY 17, 1934

|                                                        |    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Editorial Comment .....                                | 3  | Dewey, Russell and Cohen<br>Why They Are Anti-Communist<br>Paul Salter and Jack Librome                                                                                                                                                                      | 24 |
| The Week's Papers.....                                 | 6  | Books .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 27 |
| When the Storm Troopers Get Home.....                  | 8  | New Wriggles, by S. Snedden; John<br>and Mike, by Margaret Wright<br>Mather; 'Civilized' Loafing, by Grace<br>Hutchins; Unhappy for Art, by<br>Thomas Boyd; Security Begins with<br>Dr. Rubinow, by David Ramsey; The<br>Rat of Berlin, by Lawrence Gilbert. |    |
| "Shoot to Kill!" on the Coast<br>Iris Hamilton         | 10 | Between Ourselves .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 30 |
| General Johnson, Union-Buster<br>Jeremiah Kelly, Jr.   | 12 | Drawings by<br>Thomas Funk, William Gropper,<br>Johnson, Jacob Burck, Ned Hilton, and<br>Mackey.                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| How the Chinese Red Army Fights<br>General Chow En-Lai | 14 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Milwaukee Is "Besmirched"<br>Paul Romaine              | 18 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Hillsboro, A Symbol.....Percy Shostac                  | 21 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| A Love Poem.....Harry Alan Potamkin                    | 23 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Correspondence .....                                   | 23 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |

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actual events and so presenting scenes of violence as to put all blame on the workers, and to confuse in the public mind Communists with Fascists; and, finally, the outright propaganda of *No Greater Glory* which gives a direct, Fascist presentation of war as something pure and wholesome and glorious. Among the films that are listed "offensive in spots" and that are otherwise approved are:

*Stand Up and Cheer*, ballyhoo for ending the depression by thinking cheerful thoughts, and *Come on Marines*, a pep talk for marine enlistment. The attacks on sex exploitation are doomed to defeat for two reasons: one is that its exploitation is far too good a business for capitalism to give up; and secondly, it has proved far too good an opiate in troubled times to be dispensed with. In this

connection it is significant that business men's contributions to anti-vice societies have dried up in the cynical feeling that maybe it is better for the public to take the dope. Therefore, when the smoke is cleared away, unless this movement is fought down, the country will find itself as naughty as ever, but tied up in new restrictions upon free opinion and expression.

## The Week's Papers

**W**EDNESDAY — National Guard troops ordered out in San Francisco. . . . Senator Borah attacks New Deal in radio speech as fastening "a stranglehold system of bureaucracy" on country. . . . Norman Thomas at Independence Day Socialist rally pleads for "a new democratic revolution." . . . Tuskegee Institute manages to report "only six lynchings" in first six months of this year. . . . Roosevelt says private relief agencies must be maintained at "more than normal strength." . . . William E. Sweet, educator, tells National Education Association convention in Washington the law will have to provide some measure of economic security for workers.

Thursday—Three killed, 105 injured as 1,750 National Guardsmen with guns and vomit-gas bombs attack longshoremen's picket line in San Francisco. . . . New Deal is good because it checks Communism, Donald R. Richberg, Roosevelt's No. 1 man, asserts. . . . Case of Corliss Lamont, arrested for picketing in Jersey City strike, is postponed. . . . Roosevelt publishes order abolishing Darrow Board. . . . U. S. birth rate for 1933 was lowest in 18 years, 16.4 per 1,000 population; infant mortality rate was 58.2 per 1,000 live births. . . . Key West, Fla., once a boom town, goes into hands of Federal Receiver. . . . I. L.D. mass campaign against lynch murder verdict passed on Theodore Jordan forces Governor Meier of Oregon, to commute sentence to life imprisonment. . . . Campaign for Jordan's unconditional release will continue.

Friday—San Francisco workers consider general strike in support of longshoremen. . . . L. Greif and Sons, Baltimore clothing manufacturers, ordered to make restitution of \$100,000 to their workers whom the firm was underpay-

ing even at the starvation N.R.A. wage scales. . . . Mayor LaGuardia bars all unemployed from courts and city buildings. . . . Roosevelt reaches Puerto Rico on his vacation trip. . . . Police attack Seabrook Farms' strikers at Bridgeton, N. J. . . . New York State faces \$62,000,000 deficit during coming fiscal year. . . . John Howard Lawson arrested for third time in Birmingham, Ala.

Saturday—Henry P. Fletcher, chairman of the Republican National Committee, says New Deal tends to "emasculate the Constitution." . . . Irene du Pont, munitions manufacturer, names Third International as causing attacks on armament makers. . . . "Putzy" Hanfstaengl sails for Nazi Germany. . . . American Civil Liberties Union asks Roosevelt to repudiate Gen. Johnson as "enemy of organized labor." . . . Mendel Beiliss, victim of the ritual murder trial in Czarist Russia, dies at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. . . . National Labor Board, of which Senator Wagner was head, reports it handled 4,277 industrial disputes involving 2,000,000 workers in year. . . . Board "mediated" 1,496 strikes involving 1,070,000 workers.

Sunday—Johnson, preparing to tour country to "sell" N.R.A. to people, names five men on board to function during his absence. . . . Senator J. Hamilton Lewis says many large businesses have "lifted prices, robbed the public" under N.R.A. . . . Baking industry ordered under code; prices of bread expected to rise again. . . . Fleet leaves Narragansett Bay for some "tactical maneuvers." . . . N.R.A. deceives the poor man because prices rise faster than wages, and the rich benefit by N.R.A., Dr. Daniel Russell, moderator of the Presbytery of New York, declares. . . . John D. Rockefeller, is 95 years old; birthday stories for once are forced by events to inside

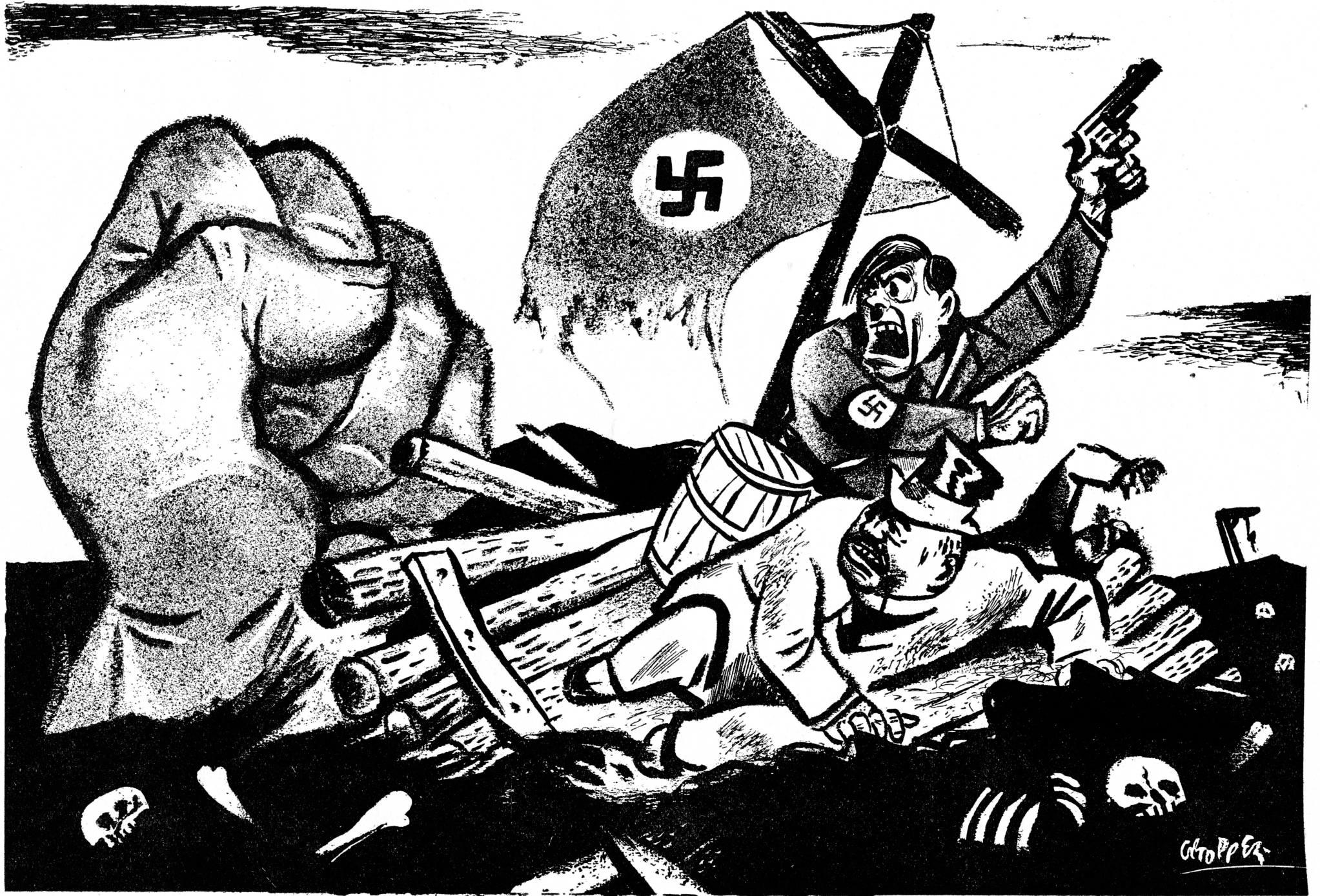
pages. . . . Chicago workers, demonstrating before Nazi consulate to demand freedom for Ernst Thaelmann and other political prisoners, are slugged by police.

Monday—Legion of Decency enlists three important religious groups in its fight against "impure" cinemas. . . . Police with guns and vomit-gas bombs attack farm workers at Bridgeton, N. J. . . . Donald Henderson and his wife arrested there for picketing. . . . San Francisco dock strike enters third month with Federal Labor Board starting public hearings and mass funeral attended by line of 15,000 of two strikers killed in recent police attack. . . . Rehearing in Scottsboro Court. . . . Steel operations drop to 27.5 percent of capacity. . . . Dillinger is still hunted, this time in Wisconsin. . . . Bastrop, La., mob lynches Negro "suspected of an attempt to attack" a white girl. . . . Herbert Schnuch, of the Friends of New Germany, admits at New York Congressional committee hearing that Nazis in America drill under the swastika.

Tuesday—Senate Commission begins munitions industry inquiry in New York. . . . Alabama textile workers plan strike. . . . Bridgeton, N. J. farm workers' militant strike of three weeks ends with partial victory for union after gas attacks and arrests fail to break strikers' ranks. . . . Nikola Tesla celebrates 78th birthday announcing invention of new "death beam" capable of killing entire army from distance. . . . Bronxville, N. Y., Mayor suspends licenses of four cab drivers because they took their coats off while working in 100 degree heat. . . . George Sylvester Viereck, paid Nazi propagandist here, tells Congressional investigators Hitler complained of "persecution" by Jews. . . . Committee calls Earl Browder and James W. Ford to testify at secret session.







# When the Storm Troopers Get Home

**T**HE SHOTS which felled Dr. Klausner, von Schleicher, Roehm and other Nazi notables are reverberating along the numerous underground channels of Germany's anti-Nazi forces. To many camps, poles apart politically, the executions provide a powerful stimulus to intensify the fight against their common enemy: the Hitler regime.

The Nazi victory itself had been made possible only through a coalition of divergent interests animated by a common dread of Communism. But it is now obvious to all of them that Hitler has abysmally failed in his historic task of making Germany safe for capitalism: the Communist Party in Germany today is admittedly stronger and more militant than ever. Having lost faith in Hitler's ability to end Communism, these interests—Catholics, Protestants, Junkers, industrialists, farmers and other middle class groups—are no longer able to reconcile their fundamental contradictions within their Nazi faith and are tearing apart in all directions.

Some of the mass support of Hitler had been won by the demagogic "socialistic" promises of the Nazi platform. Here too Hitler has failed. Not only has he failed to live up to his promises, but, with the exception of the Thyssens, the Krupps, and a few other large armament makers, his policies have actually brought economic ruin on the overwhelming majority of the German people.

Even bourgeois observers admit that the Communists now hold the strategic advantage among the opposition groups, and that the crystallization of anti-Nazi sentiment means millions of recruits to the party which has been most alert and courageous in the battle against Hitler. The recent Nazi murder carnival has not silenced rebellious opinion. On the contrary, it has swelled the ranks of the opposition, making it more determined and resourceful. Otherwise, why should the police chief of Bielefeld consider it necessary, several days after the execution, to issue the following notice:

"Red Front — Heil Moscow — Hitler Perish"—these slogans once again have been hurled into the population by criminal creatures in view of the slightly changed situation.

The laws of the Third Reich must be respected. Whoever cries "Red Front" or "Heil Moscow" is a traitor. Whoever cries "Perish Hitler" must be considered a murderer. According to National Socialist tenets, traitors and murderers are shot at sight.

Wagner, Bavarian Minister of the Interior, recently declared:

So long as bolshevism sits on one side of Germany and democracy on the other, so long as there are still in Germany so many opponents of the rejuvenation of our nation we shall never have peace.

The Storm Troops, symbol of Nazi power, are now the barometer of Nazi dissension. Their numbers are being drastically reduced—only 800,000 out of 3,000,000 will be retained, according to Roehm's successor, Lutze.

Until now the Storm Troops were the cardinal force deterring the populace from venting its dissatisfaction, even in words. It is all changed now. The storm troopers, in civilian clothes, sent back into homes predominantly proletarian (according to Nazi statistics, about 62 percent of the S.A. men are industrial workers and farmers, 19 percent white collar workers) are no longer a symbol of fear. They are fellow sufferers from tyranny, men with many grievances old and new, released to a great extent from the silencing influence of uniforms and clique loyalty. Even their comradeship, their solidarity with their fellow ex-idols are likely to take the form of a common resentment against the regime which murdered their leaders and sent them into what is, for all the protests of Nazi orators, a state of disgrace. Already, despite the ban on meetings, bands of troopers in the workmen's quarters of Berlin have met and shouted for revenge.

Hitler himself boasted long ago that at least 200,000 of the storm troopers were former Communists. It is probable that at least 1,000,000 of the present 3,000,000 are Communists, actually or in their sympathies; that a like number are misguided Socialists and Democrats; and that only a third are really Nazis at heart.

Now these millions are back in their homes, freed from the military-hysterical atmosphere of the S.A. barracks.

They come back to women who have been despised and sidetracked by Fascism. When the storm trooper has poured out his resentment to his family, the folks at home in turn will find a willing ear while they tell of rising prices, oppressive taxes, greater hunger, withdrawn doles, shattered unions. As the resentment grows, the trooper, especially one who formerly had Marxist leanings, will soon be told of the underground fight. And perhaps the same desire for vengeance against Germany's enemies—Junkers, capitalists, militarists and foreign imperialists—which impelled the young man to join the Nazis, will now, balked and betrayed, direct itself against the Fascist regime.

In short, the trooper will soon be back where he was before he joined the brown army. As he continues, a civilian shorn of the dreaded uniform, now a human being airing his grievances, his fellow workers will begin to speak to him more openly. Even when the trooper wore his uniform there were many cases in which he fraternized with Socialists and Communists whom he guarded in concentration camps. Even when he wore his uniform he sometimes participated in mutinies. How much stronger will be his impulse now to fraternize with his fellow workmen and fellow sufferers, to rise against his oppressors, to join with those fighting the Nazi state.

A great many of the troops believed in the Nazis' 25-point program, especially the promised socialization of public utilities and banks, profit sharing for employes in industry, and confiscation of the large landholdings for the common good. These Nazi "radicals" have come to the painful realization that they have been swindled. However callow their socialism has been, however naïve their ideas of obtaining justice from landlords and employers, they now have gained a new, more realistic insight into the class struggle. The only logical path left for them is Communism.

The farmer boys in the S.A. ranks may return home to be confronted with the results of the new Nazi inheritance laws which have taken their birthright away from them. Only the oldest son can now own title to the land. Even the measures taken ostensibly for the farmers' benefit have failed ignominiously.

Prices for farm produce have been raised, it is true, but drought and the complete lack of a domestic market have made conditions infinitely worse than they were under the Republic. The proletarians in the cities, their wages cut, their dole taken away, have no funds with which to buy produce. Business is bad everywhere. The farmers have been forced by the Nazis to take on additional help. They cannot afford to pay even the nominal wages which these unnecessary additions to their payrolls receive. Now, seated in the village beer gardens, the returned trooper will hear tales of woe from both small agrarian employer and employe. He will hear how the big landowners, who could really afford to take on additional help, have been mysteriously free from any such annoyance.

And even the Nazi woman who formerly took a sadistic delight in the tales of how her sons, husband and father attacked and killed Jews, Marxists, and pacifists—will not this sudden outbreak of murder in their own ranks, will not the death or the imprisonment perhaps, of her own loved ones, suddenly pierce the veil of hatred and give her a new sympathy for the women of the opposition? Now she will learn for the first time what it means to be in the ranks of the persecuted and the scorned. Now the tactics of the Third Reich, the true nature of which had been concealed

behind the glamor of victorious hymns, marches and patriotic fervor, will for the first time stand revealed in all its hideous brutality. The condemnation of the entire civilized world was not allowed to reach the eyes or ears of the masses of German people. But the condemnation by their own outraged feelings, by their own bereavement—this even the most grandiloquent propaganda of Goebbels cannot anaesthetize.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of S.A. men have been sent to concentration camps as part of Hitler's bloody purging. Those who have revolted before, and there are many, are still in prison. If formerly the opposition elements in the camps were sometimes able to fraternize with their uniformed guards, one can imagine the degree of understanding they will reach with the men who are now their jailmates. Surely these S. A. men will not be kept in jail forever. Even if Hitler creates special camps for the S.A. prisoners, dissatisfaction is bound to increase.

The illegal fight against Hitlerism has been strengthened in other camps, also, beside that of the Communists. The murder of the Catholic Action Society leader in Berlin, the reported killing of several priests have made a profound impression on those Catholics who had hoped that reconciliation between the Vatican and Nazidom was still possible. The underground fight of the Catholics

has now been swelled considerably, especially in Bavaria, where separatist sentiment grows. No Protestant opponents of the regime have been murdered—as yet—but repressive measures are becoming sterner daily.

Dr. Bost, head of the secret police of the Rhineland, in a confidential report which fell into the hands of the underground movement, only recently declared: "The fight in the Rhineland against critics and grumblers is lost. Never before have so many people gone to the churches. In some places the attendance has trebled. This is not due to increased piety, but to the fact that opposition elements have found the church a relatively safe center for meeting."

Moreover, von Schleicher's murder, the treatment of von Papen, and the inherent contradictions in Hitler's domestic policy have only added to the opposition a powerful and active faction—the monarchists. This group has always fought Communism, so the Communists have no new burdens. But they have gained in the very fact that Hitler must face this additional foe. Besides, many Stalhelm men and former monarchists, horrified by Hitler's latest tactics, are deserting what they regard as an unholy liaison with bloody Fascism. They are moving leftward.

The underground movement among the Nazis themselves came from two sources: Otto Strasser's Black Front and General Ludendorf's Tannenberg Bund. Strasser, "national bolshevist," as Hitler called him, is an exile in Prague. His underground work among the Nazis for a "special" German brand of socialism, divorced from all international connections, has gained a great deal of ground lately. The murder of his brother, a leading Nazi of radical leanings, spurred on Otto's adherents. On the other hand, many of his converts, appalled by what can happen in a "national socialism," are likely to desert to the real Marxists. They will no longer retain their faith in that strictly domestic brand of a socialism which has enslaved the proletariat, ruined the middle-class in a short while and has isolated Germany from the rest of the civilized world.

Thus, from every viewpoint, Hitler has lost much more than he has gained by his most recent outbreak of barbarism. The ranks and the spirit of his enemies have been strengthened. Nazi prestige abroad has suffered irreparably. It is clear now that there is no element of permanence in the Third Reich. Hitler has won a Pyrrhic victory.



"Radiogram, Mr. Morgan. The White House wants to know are you better off than you were last year?"

Johnson



JOHNSON

"Radiogram, Mr. Morgan. The White House wants to know are you better off than you were last year?"

Johnson

# "Shoot to Kill!" on the Coast

IRIS HAMILTON

SAN FRANCISCO.

"ORDERS to militiamen were explicit," said the paper.

"Any man who fires a shot into the air will be courtmartialed," Colonel Mittelstaedt told his men. 'Shoot to kill.'"

This is the stage to which the astonishing unity of the Pacific Coast strike has reduced the shipowners and employers.

On July 5th, the day of the fourteen-hour fighting that killed four men and wounded seventy-one, the Industrial Association rang up I.L.A. headquarters at 3 p.m. and asked: "Now are you ready to arbitrate?" At 3.30, as one stevedore lay dead from a policeman's bullet, and another had his face blown off, and a marine worker both legs torn away by the Catholic mayor's police, the Industrial Association phoned strike headquarters: "Are you ready to arbitrate now?"

For weeks the Industrial Association, led by some of the bitterest open-shop men in San Francisco, has been straining to "Open the Port." The phrase came to have a magic meaning. President Roosevelt's Arbitration Board set up under the new Labor Disputes Act, and composed of Archbishop Hanna, O. K. Cushing, aristocratic and conservative attorney, and Edward McGrady, Miss Perkins' Strikebreaker Extraordinary under the N.R.A. (who sold out the railroad and the auto strikes), pleaded with the Association to delay its action. The employers did, meanwhile exerting pressure on Governor Merriam and Mayor Rossi for the use of police and troops. Both these officials have an election coming up and they didn't know what effect use of troops would have on votes. Finally the Governor, counting on the easy Hitlerization of democratic Americans, decided it was all right. The Association made its gestures—a few trucks guarded by endless files of police and radio cars, flanked by mounted men, blue-uniformed throwers of tear gas, and wielders of night sticks, tootled to and from Pier 38—

And then the pickets let loose. They overturned and burned trucks. A cargo of rice sacks was slit and the rice scattered a block. Tires were slashed, hoods ripped off. Rincon Hill, overlooking the Embarcadero was black with strikers, their sympathizers, and just "people." Crowds had come to see the "Opening." They saw—their City Administration's storm-troops in action. Police shot tear gas, vomit gas and bullets wildly into the crowds; police airplanes dropped vomit gas from the air (*Brisbane: Our air force must be prepared.*) One cop's tear gas gun exploded in his own face and tore his nose away. Cops threw gas bombs into the Seaboard Hotel, where many strikers lived. They shot bullets. As doctors bent over four wounded men in

the I.L.A. headquarters, tear gas fumes came rolling up the stairs, and the doctors had to stop work as their eyes burned and watered; police had hurled them up after the wounded. (Four weeks ago San Francisco's press was up in arms because ambulances said to contain wounded strikebreakers (but which actually carried healthy scabs) were stopped by strikers. The Press did not mention the hurling of tear gas into rooms filled with wounded men.)

I spoke to a cop on Rincon Hill the morning after.

"It was the crowds," he said, "that made our work so difficult. If they would only stay away! Some of them got hurt when it wasn't meant for them." He was a mild-sounding individual, but his pistol stuck out in front of his shabby and frayed uniform, and his black spiraling night stick bristled behind.

The police are tired. Nine weeks of twelve-hour duty, with by no means tender language hurled at them twelve hours a day by the stevedores, their own pay-cut coming up next week, threats from their superiors that if they do not act mercilessly they will lose their jobs. . . .

All day during the clashes frantic cries came over the radio for troops, troops, troops. The State waited—Merriam trying to get Rossi to share responsibility.

When strikers halted Belt Railway, the State railroad that shunts cars along the waterfront, the Governor got his excuse. He sent troops. And now 2,000 (3,000 in reserve) young boys of 16, 17 and 18 years, the militia-boys, the National Guard, patrol the waterfront. Young boys, no down on their faces yet, trot around proudly with fixed glinting bayonets and steel helmets, watching their machine gun nests, ready to shoot to kill the stevedores born and raised in San Francisco.

(But all crews walked off the Belt Line. The railroad runs with scab crews now.)

They went, the stevedores, to their Mayor, in a wild protest. One started: "Mr. Mayor, you are using force against us, born and raised in San Francisco! I am ashamed of you, Mr. Mayor!"

Mayor Rossi lost his temper and had the speaker thrown out. "We gave you your chance at arbitration," he shouted, like Mayor La Guardia, "and you wouldn't take it. So now you can stand the consequences, whether you like it or not!"

Another stevedore shot up: "I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Mayor! Shooting at San Franciscans! I was born and raised in San Francisco—" The Mayor had a cop throw him out, and fumed, and shouted.

Two weeks before this, after the last clashes and police show of violence, there was a meet-

ing at Civic Auditorium. Twenty thousand people filled the vast hall. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the I.L.A. filed in amid tremendous cheering. The Mayor spoke—and was booed till the rafters rang. He mentioned the President of the Chamber of Commerce—and the boos shook the platform. He mentioned arbitration—and was booed. After him spoke Delaney, tall, good-natured, smiling John Delaney Shoemaker, one of the beloved leaders of this strike, and the applause was deafening.

What has unleashed the civil war on the waterfront, the cruelest kind of frantic armed assault on unarmed workers? It is the unbreakable unity of the men. The Stevedores and Seamen have walked as one man in this strike. The employers still refuse to meet any of the strike committees. President Ryan of the I.L.A. made a deal on June 16 that the men would accept joint hiring halls, and next morning the newspapers rang with headlines: STRIKE OVER. By evening Ryan was repudiated up and down the Coast from Vancouver to San Diego by the rank and file. The employers stand on their dignity and say they signed the agreement in good faith, they believe Ryan did too, and therefore they expect the men to stand by it. The employers ignore completely, as Ryan carefully ignored, the fact that the men at the very beginning of their strike passed a resolution that any proposals whatsoever must be brought back to the rank and file to pass on, and that the longshoremen would not go back till the other unions' demands had been met. The Waterfront Employers' Association says it cannot settle the differences of other unions, since it has no quarrel with them; the employers thus deny the strikers the right to a united front, while at the same time calling on all big industry in California to join their (strike-breaking) united front.

I spoke to a reactionary City Editor from one of the big capitalist papers. "The men are unreasonable," he said. "They don't want to go back to work. They don't want to settle the strike! Why should they have power to choose what men the shipping companies should employ? McGrady, Ryan, Larson, Lewis, their own leaders, told them the employers were willing to make concessions which would grant them more than they have won in fifteen years." His voice trembled. He showed me a leaflet put out by the Communist Party to illustrate the awful things they were saying, those Communists, and his eye couldn't find anything awful. His pointing finger trembled. He came to the line, "The lying mouthpiece of big industry—the capitalist press—has maneuvered to break the strike." And his finger stopped pointing and he put the leaflet away.

What has "got" them all—the Chamber of

Commerce, and the Governor, the mediators and arbitrators, the City Administration, the Legion, the Industrial Association—what they can't deal with, is the solidarity of this strike. It is coming to be called the "greatest strike in American history." The men are proud of it, consciously proud of it. "I've never seen anything like it," said a striking seaman, once a Wobbly, now a member of the Marine Workers' Industrial Union. "Only once in twenty years have I seen anything like it, and that was in Hamburg—'way back."

Relief, money, food and clothes are still flowing in. Labor unions send \$1,000 a week to the longshoremen. Ralph Mallen, their publicity man, gets out clear, terse, simple statements that are printed in the papers because their sheer excellence demands it. One hundred and seventy-seven ships are tied up in San Francisco harbor. The docks are cluttered with cargo. Shops, wholesale houses, retailers are running out of goods. Scabs are getting merciless treatment from strikers. In Seattle the men discovered what power they had: Ryan had forced through an agreement to ship food to Alaska. Mayor Smith of Seattle opened one pier and forced loading by scabs under armed police protection. The men repudiated Ryan's agreement next day.

The employers have tried every assault to crack the men's solid determination. Harry Bridges, uncompromising leader of the Longshoremen's Strike Committee and the Joint Marine Strike Committee, is called "communist," "alien" and in one Chronicle editorial, "British agent"! (He is an Australian.) Hundreds of longshoremen are arrested. Every crime and outrage in San Francisco is laid to strikers. Pickets are arrested in their beds. Four girl pickets were jailed, three friends came to visit them and were arrested in the Hall of Justice on vagrancy charges, all seven held under \$1,000 bail. The District Secretaries of the I.L.D. and the M.W.I.U., Joe Wilson and Sam Telford, sent telegrams of protest. Wilson was arrested on a charge of conspiracy to obstruct justice, which carries a possible ten year sentence in San Quentin, and held on \$10,000 bail or \$20,000 bond. Whereupon, the National Committee for the

Defense of Political Prisoners sent a telegram protesting the "infringement of American liberty under the Bill of Rights," and urged Wilson's release and that of the other prisoners; the telegram was signed by Noel Sullivan, Sara Bard Field, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Ella Winter, Langston Hughes, Dorothy Erskine and Lincoln Steffens, National chairman. There were also a dozen other protest telegrams. Municipal Judge Steiger turned them all over to the Crime Prevention Detail and ordered their signers investigated; "and if necessary," said the Judge, "the signers should be brought into court for questioning." Next day the girls and their visitors were released, their cases dismissed. Three days later Wilson was released on his own recognizance. Telford was never apprehended.

The employers still use every classic device of every classic strike. They say the strike is ended when it isn't. They report morale is breaking in the South, in the North, on the moon. They publish false figures. The State Emergency Relief Committee had to admit to a strike committee that when the papers published that relief for longshoremen was costing the city \$70,000 a month these figures were false. \$30,000 was nearer the truth.

False rumors are circulated daily. It was said that the strikers stopped freight cars carrying infantile paralysis serum. (A mild epidemic of this disease is sweeping California.) Next day the rumor was denied by the Superintendent of the Belt Railway; but the troops at the Monterey Presidio, for instance, said they would willingly shoot down any blankety blank strikers who stopped serum.

Another weapon is the red scare, culminating in the week-long anti-Communist drive of the American Legion. For a week they ran around to movies and churches and meetings, and the press was full of their "patriotic" inanities against Communism. The reds met this by appearing at the movie houses and booing the Legionnaires. At many gatherings these American fascists were received in stony silence. A huge anti-fascist meeting was held the same week in Veterans' Hall, at which a Communist Party speaker excited shouts of approval and wild applause. The Legion's "pa-

triotic" drive ended in a gang breaking into the Western Worker office with crowbar, revolvers and clubs. But a defense corps was waiting and the Legionnaire got "the beating of his life," and his comrades ran away fast. The day after, they broke the plate glass windows of the print shop of the Western Worker, and the day after that the insurance company cancelled its insurance.

Hearst's Examiner reported the window-breaking was "an inside Communist job intended to get the sympathy of the public."

(The morning after the strike committee meeting with Mayor Rossi at which he defended police brutality, the windows of a florist's shop of which he was part owner were found broken.)

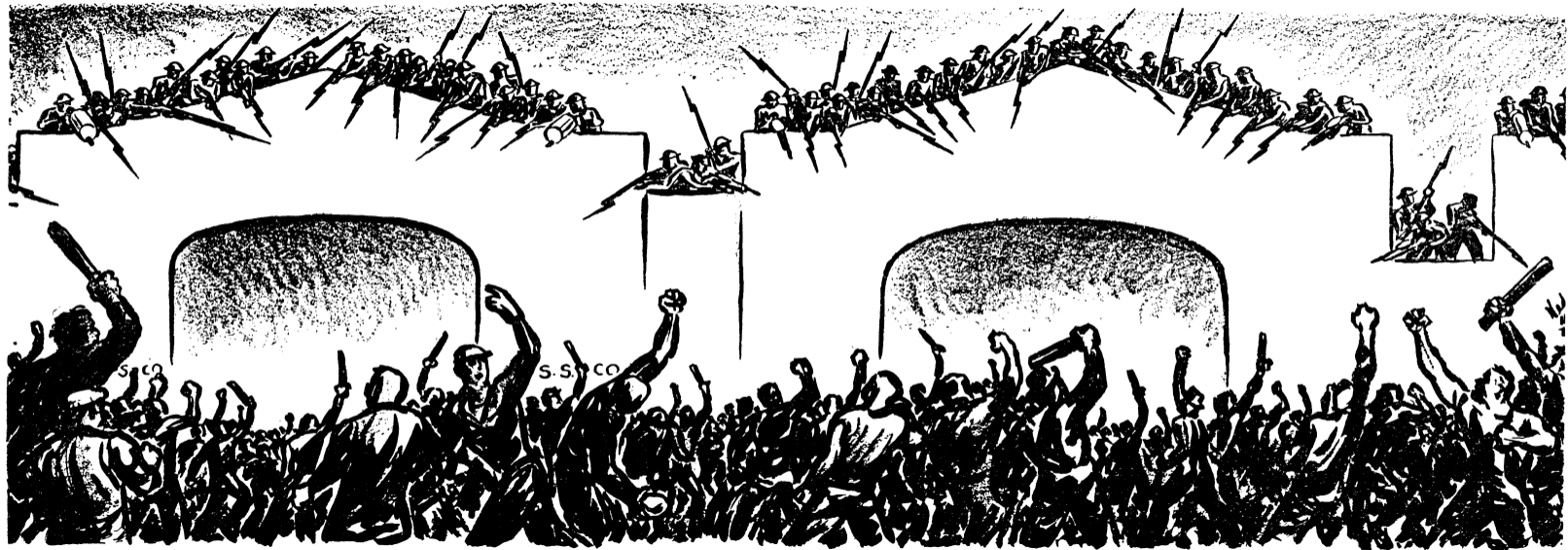
But the employers' best weapon to break the coastwise marine and longshore rank-and-file unity is being brought into play with greater and greater insistence and urgency: the district leaders of the A. F. of L. unions are bending every effort to split up the ranks of labor. July 6th the San Francisco Labor Council under Paul Sharrenberg, a sell-out artist, refused to call a general strike, though many unions had taken secret votes in favor of it. The head of the International Seamen's Union put a resolution through demanding separation of Communist and A. F. of L. seamen. Another A. F. of L. official half promised a general strike if the I.L.A. would separate from the Communists. This resolution was passed. And when the district officials tried to oust the strike committee leaders, the rank and file wouldn't have it. They were willing to grant the district officials a moral victory as long as they did not have to give up one real leader.

District official Lewis ran down Harry Bridges. "He's a Communist!" he cried. The men booed Lewis.

The workers are proud of their solid fight. The rank and file want straight, uncompromising leadership which they can trust.

"We must get our men together," said a fighting Portuguese marine worker, an indefatigable picket leader. "Here we are in five different unions, and the leaders doing their best to create enmity and confusion between









us. It's ridiculous! When we should be out picketing, we have to deal with some new trickery, point out some fresh treachery to our men, ward off another betrayal!" The teamsters had almost a pitched battle with their leader, Michael Casey, who has been against the teamsters' strike from the beginning, is against the general strike now, and is spoken of highly by the press and the employers.

The picture of the A.F. of L. district officials is uglier than that of the student strike-breakers at the beginning of the strike.

"Here's Ryan, the men's leader," said my reactionary City Editor. "Why do they repudiate him?"

"I see he's offering to call out the Atlantic longshoremen in sympathy," I said innocently.

"He won't do that," the editor assured me. "He has to put up some showing for the men of course. He gets a good, fat salary, doesn't he?"

I laughed at him. "If one let's you talk long enough, you answer yourselves, don't you?" I said.

The men have learned tremendous respect for their uncompromising leaders. To talk about arbitration at I.L.A. or Marine Workers' headquarters is like suggesting a debutante wear a 1934 hoop-skirt. "What?" "Who?" they say.

But every day new trick resolutions are brought in by A.F. of L. leaders. Reactionaries are "phonied" up, to use a good new red word, to help defeat rank and file resolutions. Because the I.S.U. "fake" leaders try to keep the seamen from picketing with the M.W. I.U., the I.S.U. seamen are opening up a desk at M.W.I.U. headquarters and issuing joint rank-and-file picket cards. These cards are also some protection to the M.W.I.U. pickets, whom the police have been consistently picking out for special persecution and arrest.

What is happening in San Francisco is happening in all Pacific ports on a smaller scale. San Francisco is the key port. Everywhere the district officials are trying the same betrayals, playing the employers' game; everywhere there is the same line up of money, power and guns, the State and Federal governments, the press and the mediators, the Legion and the Chambers of Commerce — against workers and their solidarity, against the closed shop.

If this strike is won, it will be a victory for organized labor all over the U.S.A. If it is lost, it will widen the wedge of fascism. And if it is lost because of police and gun-terror, the bitterness of the men against the State and Federal governments will equal their present bitterness against the shipowners.

So far the opening of the port is only a gesture. The only thing the employers have opened is the gates of the piers. As long as no ships move out of the harbor, as long as no trucks take goods from the warehouses to their final destination, the port is no more open than it has been for nine weeks.

There is no doubt the employers are making a test of strength. How far can they go? Sentiment in San Francisco was very generally against the use of troops. It has still further strengthened rank-and-file solidarity; organized labor protests to State and Federal authorities. The day after the "riots" on Rincon Hill was a day of unwonted quiet; the workers had retired to bury their dead. A burly stevedore stands on guard outside I.L.A. headquarters where Howard Sperry was shot dead, like a pall-bearer among the wreaths and bunches of gladioli dropped on the pavement by stevedores, where the brown blood-stain still shows and POLICE MURDER is chalked up in great white letters: I.L.A. MAN SHOT HERE. POLICE MUR-

DER. SHOT IN THE BACK. POLICE MURDER. He tells you: "The bodies will lie in state at the I.L.A. hall all day Sunday; Monday there will be a mass funeral." You have visions of that endless line of silent men marching by the body on the docks at Odessa in the film *Potemkin*. The same silence has already begun in San Francisco. Sullen and silent stevedores stand about in groups, silent and sullen on the Embarcadero, ten piers from Pier 38, every street and every cobbled lane blocked by blue and khaki-coated police; longshoremen standing, standing on an Embarcadero that has been turned into an armed camp.

The employers in their desperation, in their inability to break this strike, have called in the militia with machine guns. The employers have had a bloody battle with many killed and wounded. The men's answer to that is general strike, which would really raise the issue: 1905. But there is no certainty they can get a general strike because their leaders are not all "reds."

Whoever you talk to in this strike, whatever you look at, wherever you go, you have an impression: the death of this system is written. The employers themselves must be aware of it. They are clinging now, as does Hitler, with inarticulate fury and the basest of behavior to stool pigeons, lies, hypocrisy, betrayals, the denial of liberty, the buying out of leaders. Whatever they touch crumbles in their hands. There is nothing left but to "shoot to kill."

Feeling is tense. This week-end the general strike votes are to be taken. Crape waves in the breeze over the I.L.A. hall door. None are allowed up. The men's battle lines are forming, but not on the Embarcadero. This week the unions, 120 unions embracing 45,000 men, take their general strike vote. That is their answer to the militia.

# General Johnson, Union-Buster

JEREMIAH KELLY Jr.

**G**ENERAL JOHNSON committed the most stupid blunder of his career; he has framed the head of a union of N.R.A. employes and attempted to disrupt the union itself by underhand means.

John Donovan, president of the Union of N.R.A. employes, code advisor to the Labor Advisory Board, headed a delegation to General Johnson's office to ask for the reinstatement of an employe, who had been dismissed. This employe, a stencil-cutter, had herself led a delegation to her section chief to protest against favoritism, which action cost her her job.

The union delegation headed by Donovan had been given an appointment with the General, but Johnson called up to say he was unable to meet the delegation. "Robbie," his much publicized secretary, was asked by the

union delegation to make a later appointment but she declined on the ground that she could not make appointments for the General. Actually, she had made the first appointment. The delegation decided to wait for the General. Dr. Peck, acting head of the Labor Advisory Board in place of Leo Wolman, was called over to make the delegation leave; he was apparently called because the leaders of the delegation were Labor Advisory Board workers. Still the delegation remained.

Many people regard the General as a paranoiac, and his next moves provided no reason for questioning this judgment. Johnson sent for Mr. Donovan, president of the N.R.A. union. Before entering the General's office, Donovan was told that he was being called in, not about union business, but only about his personal activities in the N.R.A. Dono-

van entered the inner sanctum and found himself confronting the General and Dr. Peck. Peck said: "Mr. Donovan was absent two days without leave; he has been inefficient and insubordinate. I recommend his removal." The General said to Donovan: "You are discharged, not for union activities, but for inefficiency and insubordination." The General then called Babcock, head of the American Federation of Government Employes and told him Donovan was fired on Peck's recommendation, because of inefficiency and insubordination. To prevent Peck from ever denying these words, the General put Peck on the wire and made Peck repeat the charges. The General then told Babcock that the N.R.A. union dissatisfied him, that it was in the hands of radicals, and that Babcock should start another one.

Shortly thereafter Johnson reinstated the stencil-cutter. Neither the General nor Peck has been willing to present any evidence as to Donovan's inefficiency or even insubordination except the two days' absence without leave—last October. Since that time Donovan had received a pay increase and a promotion; and the Labor Advisory Board had made him an alternate to William Green on the Lumber and Timber Code Authority. Green himself admits that Donovan was highly praised for his work in the lumber case. In short, the facts are these:

1. Donovan was fired on the same day that he led a union delegation to the General's office instead of last October when he was A.W.O.L. In fact he was called in while awaiting the General to present the union's grievance.

2. The union protest was admitted to have been well-founded by Johnson since he reinstated the stencil-cutter.

3. Donovan was told that his union activities had nothing to do with his discharge, hence the General cannot use Donovan's refusal to remove his delegation as evidence of insubordination.

4. Johnson's call to Babcock shows that Johnson was actuated by anti-union motives. If he had any real grounds for his hostility to the local union—except that it had disturbed his ego—why didn't he present his charges directly to the union instead of calling Babcock behind its back?

Peck's rubber-stamping of Johnson's union-busting activities show what a low level the Labor Advisory Board has reached. When the Labor Advisory Board was set up, it was made independent of the rest of N.R.A.; it was appointed by Perkins instead of by Johnson. Leo Wolman had sole power to hire and fire; but Peck has apparently thrown independence away and lets the General hire and fire.

The Labor Advisory Board staff elected a delegation to see Dr. Peck and learn his version of the Donovan dismissal. Peck tried to delay seeing them for 54 hours—*i.e.*, until the case was cold and until the Labor Advisory Board had been persuaded to approve his action. The delegation defied his orders and later in the day pushed into his office. Peck said, "I am on trial before the Labor Advisory Board for firing Donovan and not before you." When asked whether he or the General really fired Donovan, he said, "The General." When asked whether he owed no explanation to his staff, Peck said, "No, I am responsible only to the Labor Advisory Board." When asked whether the report was true that union members and others would all be fired under the cloak of a "general N.R.A. reorganization," Peck said, "I have not been told about it." Peck then singled out seven members of the delegation and told them that they were not inefficient. He omitted, conspicuously enough, the names of Joel Berrall, code adviser, and Dr. A. G. Silverman, chief statistician. Silverman asked, "In other words, any one who does not easily serve your interest is inefficient, is he not?" "Yes, or Hillman's purposes," said Peck.

Berrall and Silverman have been active in the fight for Donovan's reinstatement. Hill-

man's role in the battle is believed to be more fundamental than Peck's by most observers. Peck is universally regarded as a pawn of Hillman's; in fact, one version is that Hillman agreed to the General's framing-up of Donovan and forced Peck to approve the action. In fact, Hillman was seen entering the General's office just before Donovan was fired. What favors the General bestowed upon Hillman are not known at present, but the Cotton Garment Code is now up for revision and Hillman is much in evidence.

Of the two, who Peck indicated might be dismissed, Silverman had stepped on Hillman's toes and Berrall had made the General angry. Berrall led a delegation to the General's office to protest against Donovan's dismissal. The General said, "Get out of my office in two minutes, or I'll throw you out." He pointed at Berrall and asked, "What's your name?" When told, he said, "Well, you're on the list for dismissal."

Silverman, like Donovan, had crossed the path of Sidney Hillman, whose interest, they felt, was not in harmony with the interest of American labor as a whole. Both Silverman and Donovan have stood up for unorganized labor. Both opposed Hillman, who was advocating that 10 and 10 (*i.e.*, a 10 percent reduction in hours and a 10 percent increase in hourly rates be written into the codes). The men's clothing industry is in a bad way; unemployment there is chronic; hence Hillman supported this spread-the-work (share unemployment) program. But Silverman and Donovan objected to seeing the whole labor movement tied to the kite of 10 and 10 when organization and collective bargaining was so much more important for labor as a whole. Where labor is unorganized or weak, 10 and 10 could mean little or nothing; only with meaningful collective bargaining could 10 and 10 be realized. (Cf. Silverman's statement.)

Later Silverman did a study on the cotton garment industry. He said he found non-compliance, but neither Peck nor Hillman were interested. Mr. Hunter, Chairman of the Cotton Garment Code Authority, has since admitted the prevalence of non-compliance. Instead of showing what Mr. Hillman and Dr. Peck wanted, Silverman said the facts clearly showed non-compliance. Hence, he is now being charged with inefficiency, even

though five days before Peck called him the "most efficient member" of the Labor Advisory Board staff. Two days before, Peck remarked, "I have great respect for Silverman's ability."

The union leadership of N.R.A. workers handled the case very badly. It allowed itself to be outmanoeuvred by Babcock, after getting off to a good start. They had the dynamite with which to remove Johnson, Peck and Hillman. They protested the General's action to the General and to the press. They called on Tracy who, the General said, would mediate in union matters; and Tracy admitted that he had no power to reinstate Donovan. The union then waited on the Labor Advisory Board, which also said it had no power to reinstate Donovan. A Labor Advisory Board staff delegation also called on the Labor Advisory Board and asked it to recommend that the General reinstate Donovan. William Green replied, "We are merely an Advisory Board, and many of us have found that our advice does not go very far." In short, the Board attempted to dodge any blame for union-busting which Peck and perhaps Hillman have embroiled themselves in, but it would not go on record as even advising Donovan's re-instatement.

The union then turned the case over to Claude Babcock, president of the American Federation of Government Employees, who had been fishing for control over it since it began. The American Federation of Government Employees was set up as a dual union after the National Federation of Federal Employees had left the American Federation of Labor because nothing was being done for them. The A.F.G.E. has still not wrested control from its predecessor. Babcock immediately called up William Green and then the General. Hillman out-manoeuvred Green in the early days of N.R.A., but now the tables are turned.

Babcock had already called up the General to arrange a "settlement." A committee of three is being selected to determine whether or not Donovan was inefficient and insubordinate or whether union activities caused his dismissal. What will happen is apparent. The General and Green will compromise; the General's face will be saved and he will be exonerated of union-busting charges. In return Green will have his power augmented. The fact-finding committee will delay until the case is cold. Donovan probably won't be reinstated; but, even if he is, he will be discharged later in a less crude manner. The leaders in the fight, Berrall, Silverman, Rhine, and others, will be fired sooner or later, though it may be that the Silverman case will be manipulated to distract attention from Johnson and Peck's actions in framing a union.

One must marvel at the union's stupidity in turning over the case to Babcock. Instead of asking for Johnson's resignation, instead of denouncing his union-busting activities, and instead of decrying Peck's rubber-stamping and pussy-footing in the press, the union concentrated on Donovan's re-instatement on the



A BIG NAVY MAN



A BIG NAVY MAN



A BIG NAVY MAN

ground that he is really efficient. These N.R.A. and labor advisory board employes and their leaders who saw what a merry-go-round ride was given to the automobile and steel workers fell into the first trap that came along. They threw their case away politically.

But the main issues will arise again—and soon—and will have to be fought out.

In the meantime, General Johnson has been revealed as duplicating his long anti-union record as a private employer in his attitude, as the chief of the N.R.A., toward the organ-

ized employees of N.R.A. The choice of Johnson by President Roosevelt for the chief of the N.R.A. administrative apparatus, in the light of the Donovan incident, is also revealing as to the sincerity of the Roosevelt protestations of "friendship for labor."

# How the Chinese Red Army Fights

GENERAL CHOW EN-LAI

*With the beginning of the counter-revolution in 1927, which gave birth to the Nanking Government, the workers and peasants throughout south and central China went into revolt. Peasants formed partisan bands and fought against the feudal landlords and militarist troops sent against them. Workers, particularly railway men and miners, revolted and formed other partisan bands, fighting over all hills and valleys of central China. Some of the soldiers—former workers from Canton and Hongkong—in the nationalist army revolted under the leadership of their commanders, and fought. Their chief commanders were the Communist officers Yeh Ting, Ho Lung, Chu Teh and Mau Tse-tung.*

*As the months and years passed, these partisan and soldier groups amalgamated and formed Red Armies; in 1928 they united and became the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. The Chinese Communist Party was, and remains, the highest commanding organ of the Red Army.*

*Wherever the Red Army fought, the workers and peasants, rising to fight with them, formed their own mass organizations, such as Trade Unions, Peasant Leagues, Women's Unions, or similar organizations. At first Revolutionary Committees were formed from these; then these became transformed into Soviets, or Councils of workers, peasants, and soldiers. The Red Army became the defender of the revolutionary masses, the defender of the Soviets which spread until they today control a territory as large as Germany, with a*

*population of about eighty millions. Within this territory feudal agrarian conditions—which included serfdom and often slavery—have been completely eliminated. All elements upon which imperialism depended for its control of China, have also been eradicated. The masses exercise full and free democratic rights, control the entire economic, social and cultural life within all Soviet territory. They have introduced sweeping reforms in all branches of their life.*

*The Red Army is the armed force of the struggling workers and peasants, linked body and soul with the masses who mobilize all their forces to support it in all battles against the reactionary Kuomintang-imperialist armies sent against it. Because it is the armed power of the masses, it has grown from small partisan bands in 1927 to a powerful, iron-disciplined army of more than 350,000 today, and with irregulars—Red Guards, Youth Vanguard, Partisans, etc.—totaling about 600,000. It is armed with the weapons captured in battle from the Kuomintang-imperialist troops sent against. Guarding the firmly-established territory of the Chinese Soviet Republic, established in November, 1931, its strength represents the strength of the mighty Chinese workers and peasants.*

*Six great campaigns have been waged against it, and the following article relates from the inside the story of the 5th campaign. The Kuomintang troops are armed with the best weapons the foreign imperialist powers can furnish.*

—THE EDITORS.

**F**OLLOWING the tragic defeat of the 4th drive, Chiang resolved to train new cadres, placing emphasis on the tactics of mountain climbing, searching, reconnoitring, defending, etc. The forts as a defense against the Red Army were also stressed. The new cadres are more clever and cautious than the old, who always suffered successive crushing defeats. The primitive forts afforded a certain measure of protection to the Kuomintang troops. Menaced by a defeat from the Red Army, the Kuomintang troops may withdraw into the forts immediately. In spite of these improvements, however, the Kuomintang will suffer inevitable reverses during the 6th drive.

Chiang also obtained financial aid from the forces of imperialism (e.g., the \$50,000,000

cotton and wheat loan from the U. S.) as well as from Chinese bankers, who bought Chiang's bonds or gave him ready cash whenever he called for it. Besides buying large quantities of arms and ammunitions from imperialist countries, Chiang ordered the arsenals at Kankow and Hangchow to work day and night for supplies to the Kiangsi front against the Soviets.

Chiang put the vast army of 100,000 men in a tiny place, but he cannot secure enough food with which to feed it. The blockade enforced by the Red Army is quite effective in cutting off the rice supply. Chiang must import rice from abroad. The coolies used by Chiang for carrying rice always eat up one-third of what they carry on their shoulders. And here is another disadvantage for

Chiang—he is forced to organize a large number of carriers for the regular army, to carry things for the soldiers. One-fifth of the army is composed of carriers. Out of 15,000 men of a full division, 3,000 are carriers. Another weak point is the lack of road facilities. A rice carrier from Shaowan, Kwangtung, may finish the rice at the end of his journey in Tayu, Kiangsi. Hence the construction of more roads which, as a rule, are built up by the peasants without pay and provision of food. The soldiers must take part in road construction in addition to fighting.

The enemy makes use of both old-fashioned and modern tactics. Chen Chen, one of Chiang's lieutenants, has summarized the tactics of the enemy in one word. He said that fish cannot be caught unless the pond is drained and dry. The enemy wants to starve us by blockade. He also organizes counter-revolutionary activities in Soviet territory.

The above are the preparations of the Kuomintang for a prolonged war under the direction of imperialism.

Relying on the economic blockade to strangle us, on the mines and arsenals to turn out more arms and ammunitions, on the control of the transportation system, on the domination of sea ports, on the use of imperialism to isolate us from the world revolutionary movement, on a news blockade to shut off all victories of the Red Army and isolate us from the national revolutionary movement in China, the Kuomintang has made preparations to carry on a protracted war. While recognizing, to a certain extent, the harmful effects of these factors upon us, we should not forget that the mighty force of the people and the powerful Red Army have grown up out of the anti-imperialist land revolution. They are, indeed, so powerful that we believe they will break through the restrictions imposed by imperialism and the Kuomintang sooner or later. They will link with the world and the Chinese revolutionary forces. Here is a factor beyond the vague and meagre perceptions of the enemy. Our workers and peasants are imbued with the supreme militancy and creative power of the new classes, in sharp contrast to the landlords and the bourgeoisie, who, feeble and corrupted, are sinking down every day. Depending on the mighty strength of the masses and the Red Army, we will win the

protracted war. Under this condition, our enemy will suffer his final defeat.

What successes have we scored in the past five and a half months of sustained struggle?

In the first place, to the surprise of the Kuomintang, our Red Army, though fighting at the front all the time, has never weakened as the enemy expected. On the contrary, the Red Army has grown stronger and expanded tremendously, to the Kuomintang's great disappointment. The Red Army refrained from the usual practice of sending a part of its forces to the rear for rest after a victory. The discontinuance is rendered desirable by the ceaseless onslaught of the enemy. Besides, the Red Army has improved its military training and political level.

As to the expansion of the Red Army, it may be stated that the army is now one and a half times larger than it was last May. The extension does not include the reserves, training corps and independent regiments which have also increased in numbers. The Red Army has reached the greatest numbers ever recorded in the central Soviet territory. The shock movement for the expansion of the Red Army has been crowned with startling success. The quota of new red recruits for February has exceeded the original plan in Kiangsi. The Red Army in Kang Tung Pei has doubled while that in North Fukien has been enlarged by 50 percent. All the neighboring Soviet districts have shown expansion of the Red Army at greater or lesser speed.

The recruits enlisted from the village do not need much time in learning the art of fighting, for in the process they prove as efficient as the old fighters. This rapidity is made possible through the political class condition. After less than one month, the newly formed Young Communist division has wiped out the units of Chow Tse-chun, by walking 80 li a day. The glorious 45th regiment has for two months successfully resisted the attack of an enemy three times greater than itself. The Juikin division, composed of new recruits, bravely fought against five divisions of the enemy at Lichau. Even with such conditions, the Red Army has always won the stubborn fight.

For training and educating the Red Armies, four military schools were added to the sole one already in existence, with the attendance of the students doubled. The cadets, mostly of the worker and peasant class, are candidates for the positions of higher and middle officers. Some of the cadets have been promoted to high positions for the formation of new divisions. The cadres for artillery, engineering, air defense, chemical warfare, etc., have also increased. The wireless sets have been quadrupled, compared with the 4th drive, while there are sufficient wireless students to do the necessary work. Doctors are now more numerous than before. At present we have two doctors for each improvised hospital.

The overwhelming majority of such cadres comes from the worker and peasant class. They master in one year that which takes

five or six years for those who come from the landlord-bourgeois class. These cadres are a sufficient reply to the imperialist-Kuomintang offensive, as well as to the opportunists among our ranks who pin no faith in the promotion of new cadres.

While admitting of difficulties in connection with military supplies on our part, we have been fighting persistently and successfully in surmounting these obstacles. Our finances are placed on a sound footing, capable of raising military funds for the Red Army, which in former times shouldered the main responsibility of filling the red war chest. Now the Red Army takes only a secondary part in the collecting of money for military purposes. From last September to January, 1934, our military expenditure for each month has increased by 40 to 45 percent, and is raised by the masses, who pay the land tax, buy the bonds, or increase production.

As to the question of uniforms and blankets, we may say that we have succeeded in procuring enough for our red fighters. Formerly this question could not be solved until after the victory of the Red Army. Now we have overcome this difficulty. Last December, new red fighters increased by 25 percent and thus upset the original plan, but we handled it all right. Spring and summer uniforms will be secured with an 80 percent certainty. The Red Army is assured of a six month's rice supply and does not have to worry about the spring famine. Owing to the fact that the masses have brought rice to the Red Army in large quantities, we do not have to be anxious about the rice supply for the red fighters. One red regiment in the vicinity of Chienning collected 20,000 catty of rice in one day, the original plans having been for 10,000 only.

Despite the enemy forts, which are used to obstruct us from seizing its arms, our guns and rifles have increased ceaselessly. Compared with last July, the rifles in the Red Army's principal units have been increased by 30 percent. The ammunition output is considerably enlarged, especially since February. We turned out 100 percent more ammunition (for rifles) in February than in January, but the increase will be 150 percent in March. The production of hand grenades increased 100 percent as compared with January, but the increase in March will be 1,000 percent and in April 1,200 percent.

Our manufactured medicines are even better than the imported foreign products.

All such facts signalize the achievements we have made in adding to our war supplies. They will dispel the pessimistic view on the question of supplies.

During the 6th drive of the Kuomintang, we have succeeded in securing a better coordination of the fighting units of the Red Army. We continue to fight the enemy on the main front, but we never give up fighting on minor fronts. The Red forces in west Kiangsi repulsed the enemy from the west route. The Red Army in the east and north Kiangsi holds six divisions of the enemy

in check. Even the Soviets in north Fukien have held up three Kuomintang divisions. Red partisans have shown increasing activities in the rear of the enemy. Not only that, but we have built up strong defense areas and forts to cope with the protracted campaign of imperialism and the Kuomintang. The Red units fighting at various fronts have, during hostilities, been better coordinated.

Step by step we have consolidated the organs in the rear. During the 1st, 2nd and 3rd drives of imperialism and the Kuomintang we had, strictly speaking, no stable base in the rear. But now we have a secure base for the storage of war supplies, for the transportation of sick and wounded soldiers, and for the transshipment of war booties. Now we have reserve regiments and a Red Youth Guard, much larger than before. It has been contemplated that during April over 60 percent of the able-bodied youths shall join the Red Youth Guards. We have set up offices for the training of enemy prisoners. We have more hospitals than before. In sanitation the Kuomintang is far behind us. Our success at Sahsien last year enabled us to extend our war industries considerably.

Finally, the transport system both at the front and rear has become quite efficient. We rely on our feet for transportation, but our success in this regard is startling. The couriers set a new record in walking. They cover the distance from Juikin to Sintien (300 li—100 miles) within 40 hours. They walk fast because they know what their tasks mean in relation to the shattering of the 6th campaign.

These enumerated achievements, together with the growing militancy of the workers and peasants, the expansion of the Red Army, the improved education of the cadres, the sufficiency of war supplies, the coordination of the fighting units, etc., will assure our decisive victory in the prolonged war. On the basis of these fundamental factors, our Red Army, fighting all the time and on all fronts, has never shown any signs of weakness, as has been expected by the enemy. It has rather strengthened itself and enlarged itself during the hand to hand struggle with the enemy. It has set at naught the plan of the enemy in the first phase of the war, and has successfully defended the Soviets in Kiangsi. This triumph tells the toilers of the whole world and of all China that the Red Army of the Soviets together with the workers and peasants will certainly smash the 6th campaign, and achieve the victory of the Chinese Soviets on a national scale.

On the other hand, the enemy has suffered many casualties. The 4th division of the Kuomintang has, for example, decreased by 6,000 men; the 10th and 83rd divisions by 1,000 each; the 87th division by 3,000; the 14th division by 3,000; the 59th by 1,600. Thus the crack units of Chiang Kai-shek have received heavy blows. The Red Army has annihilated whole regiments one after the other. In addition the enemy has consumed large quantities of ammunition and money.





# Milwaukee Is "Besmirched"

PAUL ROMAINE

MILWAUKEE.

**I**N MARCH a strike threatened in The Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company (hereafter, T.M.E.R. & L. Co.) because of the dismissal of employes under various pretexts for their activities in organizing A.F. of L. unions. The course of events runs thus: Appeal to National Labor Board for decision. Investigation. N.L.B. orders eight of thirteen employes re-instated. Company refuses. The Eagle is taken away from the company. They have the Employes Mutual Benefit Association (hereafter, E.M.B.A.), company union of 15 years loyal service—what do they care about eagles crying the blues?

The eagles fly back to Washington and do not return. Comes the merry month of June and John D. Moore, federal mediator, to prevent a strike called for June 26th.

The unions put forward very modest demands: 1. An election of workers in the following crafts: Trainmen and busmen, of which there are 1,400 employed; electrical workers, 650 employed; operating engineers, 400 employed. (All are members of the company union, E.M.B.A., but the unions claim they can get a majority vote for the A.F. of L. and demand a secret ballot be taken and they will submit to the results.) 2. The unions demand that E.M.B.A. Bulletin No. 5 be withdrawn. (Bulletin No. 5 threatens that any E.M.B.A. member, which means any employe, that joins an outside labor organization will be expelled, resulting in the loss of his job.) 3. Unions demand the reinstatement of 13 employes who were dismissed for union activity. The company refused to arbitrate these demands.

After the A. F. of L. leadership had given the company about three weeks notice that a strike was to be called on the above date and had sabotaged it from the outset by making practically no preparations, the strike took place on June 26th as scheduled. It was called by Sam Berrong, international board member of the Amalgamated Association of Street & Electric Railway Employes; Ed. McMorrow, Chicago, another international board member of the street car men; E. J. Brown, international representative of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers; Charles Thurber, Business Agent, Local 494, electricians, and Murton Sloat, business agent, Local 311, International Union of Operating Engineers. Pressure from the union rank and file forced this action to a head.

The T.M.E.R. & L. Co. had adequate time to make preparations for the strike and street cars appeared, even before the strike was called, with heavy wire screening completely covering all glass, reinforced by beams. A committee composed of delegates from the Trade Union Unity League, the International

Labor Defence, the John Reed Club, the Women's Council, the Lithuanian Literary Society, the Unemployed Council, immediately presented a verbal protest to Otto Hauser, Mayor Hoan's secretary (Hoan was "out"). They were referred to Max Raskin, the Socialist city attorney. The protest of the committee was based on the fact that such armored cars were a direct provocation on the part of the electric company. Raskin replied that there was nothing he could "legally" do about it. The committee demanded that both his office and the mayor's come out at once with a public statement condemning such action. This was promised. It was not issued until three days later, a point we shall come to later.

Not more than 150 men walked out when the strike was called. The unions were very weak and the electric and bus service continued throughout the first day almost normally. A few pickets assembled at the various car barns but to no effect. A citizens' committee was immediately formed to try and settle the strike in the interest of Big Business. The newspapers pooh-poohed the whole affair and the sentiment of some of the pickets was expressed by, "We've been double-crossed." A dismal pall hung over the entire strike until late in the afternoon. Meanwhile the Communist Party had issued a leaflet headed, "Prepare for General Strike." Therein they pointed out the treacherous leadership the strike was under and called upon the workers of Milwaukee to unite behind the demands of the carmen. Picket lines were strengthened by the T.U.U.L., Steel & Metal Workers' Industrial Union, Unemployed Councils, International Workers Order, the John Reed Club and the Socialist rank and file Workers Committee on Unemployment. Towards evening throngs of workers began filling the streets in the vicinity of the various car barns. A point of concentration the first night was the Kinnickinnic car barns in the heart of the Polish section of Milwaukee.

As the rush hour cars began pulling into the barns, stones began to fly, trolleys were pulled off and the ropes cut. Street car doors were opened and scab drivers pulled out and the cars smashed. The demonstrators at the Kinnickinnic barns grew. One hundred more police were called to help company guards protect T.M.E.R. & L. property. By 8 o'clock 40,000 demonstrators were in the streets, preventing all car and bus traffic. Forty-seven street cars were wrecked. The mass anger of the workers against the corporation, pent up for 38 years, was beginning to express itself. Tear gas bombs were thrown; they were ineffective as thousands came forward to take the place of hundreds who were affected. Many pickets carried American flags and slogans to

bring back the Blue Eagle, but here Lenin's thought comes forward that the spontaneous class struggle of the workers against the capitalists does not yet lead to socialist consciousness, but only to trade union consciousness, which remains subordinate to capitalist ideas.

It was immediately apparent that women were to play a militant rôle in the strike. Thousands were out this first night encouraging the pickets, "Atta boy, keep after 'em, we're for you!" When a squad car was butting its way through one group of pickets, two young girls stuck out their tongues and sneered, "That's what the capitalists do!" They were in the front ranks of all workers blocking cars. Whenever a motorman quit and left his car standing on the tracks, cheers would go up and women reached to shake his hands.

Thousands of boys and girls harassed the police and company guards with invective and slingshots. When police grabbed one boy he fought so valiantly that it took five policemen to drag him away. Workers shouted. Dozens of prisoners were torn from the clutches of the police by their fellow workers and neighbors. For the first time thousands of workers experienced the brutality of the police. Some could hardly believe it. "That's not fair! That's not American!" were statements you could hear right and left.

The first night ended with all transportation stopped; fourteen men and three boys arrested; thirteen injured, including two policemen and a 13-year-old girl. No statement as yet has been issued on the strike by Socialist city officials.

The Communist Party issued another leaflet, "Don't Scab," calling upon the masses not to ride the street cars and to join the picket lines and unite behind the strikers to win their demands. The E.M.B.A. (company union) ran ads in papers, "Public Service AS USUAL—NO STRIKE." Max Raskin had interpreted the law as being against jitney buses, thus aiding the company by forcing people to ride scab cars. Seventy-six bus drivers quit and one line went out of service. The red scare made its appearance. Company officials, union officials, newspapers cried, "The Reds are behind all this!" The utility attempted to run cars and busses again. Picketing was light in the daytime, many cars got out but service was crippled badly. S. B. Way, president of the utility, refused all offers of arbitration.

Evening came. A thousand police and hundreds of company guards were mobilized at all utility properties. Tens of thousands of workers began mobilizing their forces. The barns were stormed. Fond du Lac avenue, Oakland Avenue and West Allis were all centers of street fighting as well as Kinnickinnic. Ten

thousand stood outside the walls at the Fond du Lac barns. Suddenly powerful streams of water from behind the wall drenched them. The workers charged the wall and started to climb it. They were beaten down with clubs and in retreating were further beaten from behind by police. Mass anger rose. Women pushed forward. "Cowards! Get 'em!" Rocks began flying. Every huge window in the company waiting station near-by was smashed. A heavy gas barrage came—many bombs were tossed back by the workers, who in this section of the city are mostly German and Jewish.

In West Allis, where the Finns held forth, 12 cars were wrecked and every window in the barns broken. On the South Side the Poles, South Slavs, Lithuanians again were victorious at the Kinnickinnic battle-front, adding three street cars to the 47 of the previous night and one squad car upside down, with the detective inside.

The second night ended with all transportation again stopped; 61 arrested, including four women; 26 injured, including 14 policemen. No statement yet by Socialist city officials. The Communist Party issued a leaflet, "Why Is Mayor Hoan Silent?" and calling for a strike solidarity mass meeting for Thursday night.

On Thursday Chief of Police Laubenhimer, appointee of the fire and police commission appointed by Mayor Hoan, demanded the maximum penalty for all workers arrested in the mass demonstrations against the electric company. Cars again attempted to move with the few scabs left. Only one car left the Oakland barns, another was smashed and the scab and guard beaten up. Picketing became so powerful by noon throughout the city that all service was completely stopped at one P. M. by orders of the company. A wave of elation and pride swept through the ranks of at least 75,000 workers who had participated in the two and a half days of picketing. "We made the skunks pull 'em in all right and they won't come out again until WE say so! I guess that shows 'em who's BOSS!" And not a car or bus DID come out again.

S. B. Way, company president, has sent letters to Mayor Hoan and also to Mayor Baxter of West Allis, holding them responsible for any further damages, etc., etc., which evokes the first public statement from these "leaders of the working class." Their replies to Way were held "scorching" by liberals and other socialist leaders, but the rank and file of the Socialist Party and the Socialist Unemployment Committee, who have been fighting in the streets for days side by side with Communists, Democrats, Republicans and Progressives, looked upon the letters with scorn. What did we find in Hoan's letter but such statements, "... Now our fair city is besmirched with a record of violent disorder. . . . You impudently refuse to comply with the reasonable request of the representatives of the U. S. government until Uncle Sam himself has been compelled to rebuke the insolence by removing the Blue Eagle. . . . In the name of our city and all that is *fair and decent*, in the interest

of *preserving peace and order*, I urge you to temporarily set aside your pride and arrogance and *co-operate with the federal government in bringing this strike to a speedy end.*" (All my emphasis, P. R.) Fairness, decency, preserving peace and order, cooperation with the government in strike-breaking—here is social-fascism with a vengeance. There was no protest about armed guards of the company, clubbing and gassing workers anywhere in the letter (including, of course, the portions not quoted) nor anything more militant than calling Way another "King George III of England." No statement was issued by Hoan to the workers concerning the brutality of the police force or condemnation of them for protecting the utilities' properties.

Mayor Baxter's reply bewailed the lack of sufficient forces to protect the T.M.E.R. & L. Co. and called for more thugs to be hired by the company. "... You are hereby advised that the City of West Allis will furnish such lawful protection to property and life as it is possible for us to supply. *This protection, however, in my opinion is not adequate for the present emergency. You are therefore further advised to take such steps as are necessary to secure the added protection. . . .*" (My emphasis—P. R.) Thus speaks another great socialist mayor!

The Oakland avenue car barns are located in the silk stocking suburb of Shorewood. Militant picketing had taken place there by workers who came long distances, high school students, domestics, chauffeurs, gardeners, etc. I stopped in a tavern near the barns and asked

the bartender and some of the men lounging about who the Oakland pickets were, commenting that it was not a working-class neighborhood. "Ah, they're only a bunch of bums who've been filled up with food and booze on the south side and sent out here to wreck everything!" I ask a business man between schooners of beer where the pickets and demonstrators throughout the city come from and who they are. He looked at me in amazement, "Why they just sent up today 2,000 communists from Gary, Indiana!" I remind him the transportation would be somewhere around \$5.00 a piece. He winks, smacks his lips, "Moscow gold, my boy, Moscow gold."

The Rev. Father J. Haas, chief conciliator of the national labor board, was rushed to Milwaukee to help break the strike. First time he has been sent out of Washington—there must be a reason. It's a tough strike, of course, involving probably 100,000 active participants at one time or another directly, and three-quarters of a million people indirectly—but there must be another reason for the Big Father's coming. Sure enough: he is a former head of the sociology department at Marquette University, the board of directors of which is composed of the most powerful industrialists in Milwaukee; he is a Wisconsin man, born in Racine; he knows the ground, he knows the big shots—he's God's Man.

New demands were raised by the rank and file and presented. Instead of a craft union vote on the question of the A.F. of L. unions or the company union, they demanded a 100-percent A.F. of L. closed shop and the abolition of the company union, E.M.B.A.; also a 30 percent increase in wages. Publicity was given to all the new demands except the one for wages.

Earl Browder's timely and excellent editorial appeared in the Daily Worker: "Some Vital Questions To Norman Thomas on the Milwaukee Strike," revolving around the silence of Mayor Hoan and other socialist officials and their tactics during the strike—drawing the parallel with identical tactics on the part of the German and Austrian socialist leaders. I gave some copies to unemployed Socialist pickets, "That boy knows what he's talking about—we'll see what Thomas has to say," they told me the next day.

Thursday evening. All transportation had long ago been stopped; nevertheless masses of workers numbering 5,000 here, 10,000 there, gathered at the various barns—slowly they were becoming conscious that it is a class issue they were engaged in, but all their hatred for the bourgeoisie is directed against this one utility and those who protect it. Unorganized, for the far greater majority, their own strength in this mass action had amazed them. They were happy without knowing exactly why. They sang songs, improvised on the spot, against S. B. Way and the utility, for the unions, for victory—words set to famous or popular tunes. The masses cheered these groups, picked up the words. As the crowds increased the police charged—street fighting began again throughout the city. But early



"My life has been one long happy holiday—  
"Full of work and full of play—  
"I dropped the worry on the way—  
"And God has been good to me every day."

—J. D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.



*Mackey.*

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day.”

—J. D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

in the evening, that grapevine which worked so amazingly during the strike, carried the words, "Lakeside Power Plant—tonight."

The Lakeside Power Plant was the key to the strike—stop the power there and all the power in the southern portion of the state is off and 50 percent of the power in Milwaukee and its county. The plant is located on the Chicago highway—outside the city, on the shores of Lake Michigan. The lake guards one side of it and the other side is guarded by heavy steel fences topped by another fence of barbed wire. It is an armed arsenal. Machine guns, powerhouses, bombs—all accompanied by company thugs and deputy sheriffs.

The highway was closed and barricaded. No cars could reach the plant. There was no transportation. The workers walked from all portions of the city, caught auto rides. Pickets were permitted inside the barricades on the highway in front of the plant. Forty pickets grew to a thousand when word was passed that white arm bands let you in. Those who couldn't get them tied handkerchiefs around their arms, or pieces of torn shirts. The picket line grew to two thousand.

The men in the powerhouse had been virtual prisoners for days. Only 22 out of 180 on the three shifts had succeeded in getting out of the grounds. Those within were not permitted to speak to each other or read any newspapers—they knew nothing of what had been going on outside until they saw the huge picket line assemble.

By nine o'clock 5,000 more workers had arrived outside the barricades in support of the pickets. A company light was smashed with a brick. Soon all the lights were smashed and only a full moon revealed the masses of workers surging back and forth. From behind an embankment and through the fence came streams of water. Angered, the workers attacked the fence that had looked impenetrable a few hours before. Back and forth a section swayed—suddenly it gave to the ground for about ten yards. Heavy boots held it down and men, women and children rushed through the opening. A battle began on the half mile front of the picket line.

The advance group inside the fence charged for the guards directing the streams of water. They had to cross a set of tracks. Between the tracks lay freshly cut brush, knee high. Through this Eugene Domagalski, a young 24-year-old worker, was the first to run. He was closely followed by three others. Suddenly a blinding flash pierced the night and all became petrified for an instant. Then came screams of women and children. Four men lay on the ground. Two of them suddenly jumped up and ran. Other workers came forward and found their comrades electrocuted—Domagalski dead and Stanley Polinski, Jr., 21, burned, arms and legs fractured. A high tension wire had been hidden beneath the brush piles. Domagalski was murdered! In fear of electrocution and in front of a barrage of gas bombs the workers retreated. As dawn broke over the lake death and quiet reigned on the battlefield.

Friday, the city was tense. Workers gathered everywhere on front porches and talked of the murder of Domagalski. Six more were in the hospital, 22 were arrested. An attempt was made to burn an interurban bridge. A high tension power pole was dynamited 25 miles south of the city and toppled over the tracks, halting an interurban carrying United States mail and leaving five cities without power. Thirty-five delegates of the building trades unions voted unanimously to call 6,000 of their men out in sympathy with the car men. The offer was made to the strike union leaders and to Joe Padway, silver-tongued attorney for the A.F. of L. who replied: "We do not need any sympathetic strike now." This was echoed by the other union leaders, who were frightened by the rank and file pressure. A mass meeting for the second time was called off last night by union leaders in an effort to sabotage the strike. At the same time thousands attended a hurried mass meeting called by the Communist Party in Red Arrow Park. The Communist analysis of the strike was cheered by hundreds who had never heard a Communist speaker before.

The rank and file pressure grew and the Milwaukee Federated Trades Council representing 60,000 union workers was forced to call for a general strike for 48 hours, beginning the following Monday. A strike breaking proviso was inserted, however, "unless the state public service commission cancels the charter of the Electric Co., and takes over operations of the utility." Herman Seide, the general secretary of the council, is also a member of the local N.R.A. board and so hobnobs with all the open shoppers.

Twenty-five workers at the Lakeside Power Plant succeeded in joining the strikers. Buses roared through the city from Chicago and St. Louis, filled with gangsters. Another crew came all the way from New York. They were dumped at the Lakeside plant. The downtown hotels where they stayed were immediately picketed. The red scare was raised again. Business men demanded that Chief of Police Laubenheimer raid the district office of the Communist Party in the Manhattan Building and all meeting places of Communist organizations. More mediators arrived in Milwaukee, Father Maguire, the "fighting priest" from Kankakee, Ill., member of the Chicago Regional Board, and Carl Steffenson from the same board.

The Milwaukee Leader printed an editorial on the top of the front page, "The Company Must Recede." The first paragraph wailed that, "... the inconvenience to which the city has been put, and the loss of business which the city merchants may suffer, will be almost incalculable." In the next paragraph the whole struggle of the workers against capitalism in this strike was described as caused by nothing more than, "The will of one man—S. B. Way, president of the Electric Co." Next we were again reminded that, "Milwaukee business is suffering because of the absence of transportation." The fourth paragraph was devoted to invectives against S. B. Way. The next paragraph praised the company and its

officials for all exploitation of the workers until the strike was called: "As utility corporations go, Milwaukee has found its electric company ordinarily far fairer than the average. There has been, either because of a general enlightenment of the city in which it operates, or because of a *really superior understanding on the part of its officers*, a friendlier relation between the local corporate utility and the public than is often the case in many another American metropolis. . . ." (My emphasis—P. R.) This was written a few hours after a worker had been murdered by this company, after four days of mass demonstration against the utility by 100,000 people of every type and description! In the last paragraph, to prove how very wrong the company was and what a big bad wolf Mr. Way was: "... "Even the great government of the United States has agreed that the men's demands are just and has signaled it by depriving the corporation of its federal insignia, the Blue Eagle. . . . The company must recede," are the concluding, militant words!

The strike spread to Racine. All transportation there was stopped by mass demonstrations of workers. The mediators and union officials were working furiously to find a way out. Big Business was beginning to wonder whether the union misleaders have turned leaders—both groups were sweating to uphold their good names with their employers—Wall Street.

Evening came. There was an unusual silence hanging over the city. Walking along the street as the sun was setting, a comrade turned to me, "Seems like there's more electricity in the air than ever!" Four hundred armed guards were ready at Lakeside tonight—I knew the workers would return there. I was catching some food and listening to the radio. Suddenly the program stopped, "Stand by—at six o'clock 50 percent of the lights and power will be off in the city and county; Racine and Kenosha and the southern part of the state will be totally without electric power. The remaining 120 men at the Lakeside Power Plant are walking out at six o'clock—stand by."

At 5:30 the men began pulling feeder lines at Lakeside, and lights began to go out in various parts of the city. Here was the key point of the strike, the workers had conquered it—the strike was surely won! The company stated it would not reopen the plant unless the militia was called out. A few seconds before six o'clock—the hour set for the abandonment of the Lakeside plant, Murton J. Sloat, business manager of the Operating Engineers' union, dashed from the Public Service Building, offices of the utility. Major Moore followed him out of the conference room and announced to the reporters, "It's all over boys," and read the announcement made by the union chiefs: "All pickets will cease picketing and depart from the picket lines at once. All members of the Amalgamated Association of Street Car and Bus Operators, of the Electrical Workers' Union and of the Operating Engineers' union will meet at once at the

Elks Club for the purpose of receiving the agreement approved at this conference." As he passed the reporters he smirked, "Remember, this does not mean the end of the strike."

He was followed by Father Haas, who was beaming, "The spirit of good-will in overflowing abundance, prevailed in that conference room. It was a spirit of cooperation . . ." etc., etc. and his eyes turned to the kind Father Above who cares for the 17,000,000 unemployed and all workers with such benevolence.

The agreement had been signed by federal mediators, Father Haas, Maj. John Moore, Julius Heil, Carl Steffensen and Elmer Berliner; union leaders: Herman Seide, executive secretary of the Federated Trades Council, Sam Berrong, business agent of the Street Car Men's Union; Edward McMorrow, International representative of the Amalgamated Association of Street Car and Bus Operators; Atty. Joe Padway, counsel for the Wisconsin State Federation and ex-socialist judge, Charles Thruber, business agent of the Electrical Workers' Union, Edward J. Brown, international representative of the Electrical Workers' Organization, Murton Sloat, business agent of the Operating Engineers' Union, Anton Waukowski, president of the Bus Operators' Union and Herman, chairman of the executive board of the Electrical Workers' Union. S. B. Way and four others signed for the company.

Probably one of the most interesting fea-

tures of the strike is what I am writing the least about. It would necessitate an article in itself to do it justice. Carl Evans has gone into it in some detail in the Daily Worker, supplementing my articles. This refers to the ratification meeting called at the Elks Club where the strikers were to approve the agreement reached. Briefly I may say that the agreement was read by Padway and Brown, and the chairman tried to rush a vote of approval through. The men refused to vote and demanded that Padway re-read the agreement and analyze point by point. This Padway did, and his misinterpretation of the points was done with genius. I sincerely mean this—I never heard anything like it. Their two major demands, for a closed A.F. of L. shop and liquidation of the E.M.B.A. to no more than a fraternal organization and 30 percent wage increase were not granted but Padway made them think they were by arbitration after the agreement.

Therefore the two unions stand side by side—the E.M.B.A. and the A.F. of L. The demands won were: Return of all strikers to the positions they held when the strike became effective, without discrimination. 2. Company will restore the status quo as of June 20th, 1934, no strikebreakers to be retained. 3. All equities and beneficiary features of E.M.B.A. to be preserved for all union men. 4. Immediate withdrawal of Bulletin 5. (All union men were fired under this bulletin.) 5. Company

will negotiate for wages, hours and working conditions according to provisions of Section 7A of the N.R.A. 6. The thirteen men discharged on various pretexts, for union activity will be reinstated and all wages lost paid in full. 7. Selection of collective bargaining agents by groups. The catch here is that these agents are not to be selected by the rank and file but by a committee consisting of Julius Heil, industrialist, head of the local N.R.A. board, John Moore and P. A. Donahue of the national labor board. All collective bargaining with the company is in the sole hands of these appointed "representatives of the union men." All differences not settled by such collective bargaining are to be submitted to the decision of an arbitration board composed of one company representative, one workers' "representative," and a third to be chosen by these two. If they fail to agree on a third party in five days, the Chicago regional labor board will appoint a third party. *And during the arbitration period there can be no strike or lockout!*

With all this the strike cannot be considered lost. Some very important demands were won even though other important ones were lost. This is not the place to analyze these demands, the errors made, etc. It seems fitting to conclude with the words of Stalin at the 17th Party Congress: "The idea of storming the citadels of capitalism is maturing in the minds of the masses."

## Hillsboro, A Symbol

PERCY SHOSTAC

*On June 3rd, in a demonstration similar to the one pictured below, eleven leaders of the Hillsboro Unemployed Council were arrested by Sheriff Saathoff. Among them are John Adams, Frank Prickett, and Gordon Huchins, leading figures in the article. The prisoners are being held without indictment on bail first set at \$8,000 each. The Grand Jury convenes next November and unless mass protest is effective or bail is raised they will remain in jail until then. The men are charged with "conspiracy to overthrow the government" and State's Attorney Hall says that he'll "show the radicals in this country that we have such a thing as law and order."*

*By a six-day hunger strike the prisoners,*

**J**OHN ADAMS and I renewed our acquaintanceship at the Worker's Bookshop in Chicago. Thus came about our pilgrimage to the coal fields of Southern Illinois. We had read in the Daily Worker of Communist election victories in the towns of Benld and Taylor Springs. Armed with a couple of key names and with two brief cases filled with literature, we set out to see of what stuff these victories actually were made.

On a drought-dusty Friday afternoon in

*who had previously been held incommunicado, won better food, permission to see visitors and finally the right to receive their mail—censored, of course. Telegrams and letters of protest from sympathizers as well as mass pressure organized by the wives of the arrested men, the Unemployed Councils, and locals of the P.M.U. have recently reduced the cash bail to \$5,000 each.*

*It is imperative that these protests continue—to State's Attorney George Hall and to Sheriff Saathoff at Hillsboro, and to Governor Horner at Springfield. Also contributions for the defense fund should be sent by registered mail to Mrs. Frank Prickett, R. D. No. 1, Hillsboro, Ill.—THE EDITORS.*

May, in a nurseryman's delivery truck, we drove the flat road from Litchfield toward the tin dome of Hillsboro's courthouse. Hillsboro is the seat of Montgomery County, and Taylor Springs, population 500, lies two miles beyond. Although our obliging horticulturist was going on through Taylor Springs, for the present we were to remain in Hillsboro. For, on rounding the courthouse and turning into Main Street, we found ourselves face to face with the vanguard of a sober parade.

Three abreast, a column of five hundred silent men and women moved toward the court house. Every marching man wore blue overalls. But not one man in overalls stood on the sidewalks of Main Street. Rotarians, realtors, shop keepers, watched the demonstrators in ominous silence.

"Eyes forward!" ordered a marshal as he moved along the line. Straight ahead turned every eye. No smiles. No shouted slogans. Held aloft in the ranks were three crude placards lettered on the backs of corrugated grocery cartons. "Wall Street Speculates in Grain—We Starve," "Abolish the Dietary List," "We Demand Jobs or Relief."

The unemployed demonstrators assembled on the green before the courthouse. The children and some of the women sat on the marble courthouse steps. From the top of these steps the chairman of the Unemployed Council reported that no one was on hand to receive the Council's demands. Mayor, relief administrators, assistants and investigators, they all had just disappeared. In the face of the storm the local government had abdicated; only the sheriff and his deputies were left. "Afraid to face us! Trying to wear us down!" Looking about at these men in blue—tall, determined,

hardened with work in mine or smelter, mostly native Americans—I saw a substantial basis for such a fear.

Meanwhile, Adams and I made inquiries. The two Communist Aldermen of Taylor Springs whose names we had taken with us from Chicago, were quickly found. They and the other three Communist Aldermen of Taylor Springs, along with the district organizer of the C.P., were all right before us on top of the court house steps. The first Communist Town Council in the U. S. was beginning in true Bolshevik style, by leading the demonstration.

Adams spoke to the demonstrators for almost two hours. He told of the relief struggles and victories of the Marine Workers Industrial Union. He outlined methods of organization and mass protest. Boldly, clearly, simply, he carried these assembled workers through the contradictions of capitalism into the logic of socialism.

Adams, however, was interrupted by more than the sharp applause of his listeners. Burly Sheriff Saathoff paced restlessly back and forth behind him near the entrance to the house.

"Young man, I wanta have a little private talk with you." Adams paused, "If you got anything to say to me I guess these folks would be kind of interested to hear it." The crowd shouted approval.

"I just wanta talk with you alone for a little while. The folks can spare you."

"Sorry, but I'm too busy to accommodate you right now. I'm a foreigner, you know—from Chicago (laughter). This is the first chance I've had to talk to these folks and I think I'd better make use of it." (Applause)

"Listen, young feller, I want you to come with me."

"You're probably a very good sheriff. It just happens I don't like sheriffs, the people they protect, and the damnable capitalist laws they enforce." (Shouts and applause.)

Sheriff Saathoff smiled grimly. "These folks here know me. Let me ask you men, ain't I always treated you fair?" For answer he received hoots and catcalls, laughter and shouts.

"You say, sheriff, you treat these men fair. Did you ever arrest a mine superintendent for failing to seal up the used crossways?"\*

The men and women shouted and hooted without restraint. That on top of all Adams should know the details of coal mining! It was too perfect. The sheriff was literally confounded. His jaw dropped.

The meeting was dismissed with orders to reassemble the following morning.

In the meantime, however, Adams and I, at Alderman Prickett's suggestion, were sent off to his house at Taylor Springs.

\* The laws of most mining states require that after a "room" or pocket of coal is exhausted the entrance or "crossway" leading into it must be sealed with cement. This is almost never done by the coal operator, although the unsealed crossways divert the air supply and are largely responsible for "miner's" asthma.

We were shown to our room—the "Bolshevik room." All through the mining district the most militant workers have such a room available for visiting organizers and comrades. We parked our brief cases and rested for a moment, then returned to the kitchen-dining-living room. We washed in a tin basin, the water having been drawn from a well in the yard. Naturally the toilet was an outhouse and the illumination by oil lamp. It's the way these miners live.

At the oil stove Mrs. Prickett was preparing supper. She heated a large can of baked beans. She fried eight or ten pork sausages. When they were ready she took them from the skillet and to the hot fat which was left she added flour and a little canned milk and water, producing a pan full of thick gravy.

It was getting late and Comrade Prickett had not yet arrived. Had he gotten into trouble after all? Mrs. Prickett was worried. But not the kind of worry with which many of us are familiar. It was a shadow that in no way compromised the purpose in hand. These Taylor Springs women want their men to fight.

Prickett brought three guests to dinner—"to save them the walk to the meeting tonight." He was worn out; had eaten nothing since morning. His face was gaunt, even his keen eyes were tired.

It was a dinner I shall remember. Every bit of food was eaten, every scrap of bread, every daub of gravy. That was not important. The social level in this worker's home; the hospitable, easy, naturally good-mannered mores of that group was a revelation.

The men left the table and started for the Taylor Springs Unemployed Council meeting. The women were to follow as soon as they did the dishes.

A drab, bare hall reached by a rickety outside stairway. Raucous splotches of lathing where the plaster had crumbled off the walls. Planks as benches. A large rough table in front of them. In a corner an ancient square piano (how many times had it tinkled out *The Star Spangled Banner*) with a missing leg replaced by a packing case. Hanging kerosene lamps.

At least 350 men, women and children filled every bit of available space in that hall. They sat on the plank benches, on the piano, in the windows, on the floor. For them it was the weekly meeting of the Taylor Springs Unemployed Council. For me, as that hot May evening progressed and my imagination made an easy jump, it was a session of the first Soviet in America.

Prickett, chairman of the Council, opened the meeting. Another Alderman of Taylor Springs sat on either side of him, one acting as secretary. There was never any question of order or discipline. These men were used to meetings; they had had their fill of them at Local 42 of the Progressive Mine Workers, and before that at meetings of the U.M.W.

First were reports to the Grievance Com-

mittee. Immediately a woman of sixty in a gingham mother hubbard got up—a farm woman type with a tight-lipped, puritanical face such as one would expect to see at a church meeting. She had been refused new wicks for her oil stove—so how could she cook, she wanted to know. Another woman arose to say that she needed overalls for her husband and son—there was nothing left to patch on them. The investigator had searched every corner of her house and finally had asked her if she was sure she needed them. "And why do you reckon I'd be having you here investigatin' me if I didn't need them, Miss Thompson?" The recital was salty and the audience was duly entertained, but no overalls had been forthcoming and the secretary made his entry. A genial woman, who in the good days past undoubtedly was proud of her lemon merange pies, now took the floor. (Average relief in Montgomery County is less than \$2.00 per family per week—desserts, fruits and fresh vegetables, except those raised in home gardens, are absolutely out.) She had bought a gallon and a half of gasoline in order to drive her sick child to a doctor. But for a recipient of Illinois relief to drive that relic of better days, his automobile, is verboten, and this woman was now without any support whatever.

The grievances continued. A man had been ordered to take a job running a tractor for a neighboring farmer for 50 cents a day. He had refused such exploitation and was of course cut off from any further relief. A beautiful, delicate young woman told how she, one of a family of nine who had returned home destitute to Taylor Springs after a disastrous attempt to settle in California, had tried to get help from the authorities. One of the administrators had given her to understand that if she made the right kind of a date with him her family would be taken care of. She held out against him and for two weeks these nine people lived on three dollars and twenty-five cents. When she still repulsed him, even these starvation rations were dropped.

Thus the cases were reported to the committee. From all over the hall, men and women told their stories. There was no embarrassment or hesitation. No excuses about inexperience as a speaker.

Grievances were aired for an hour and the committee backed by twenty-five to fifty demonstrators had its work for the next week outlined. Perhaps before the next meeting men and children would have shoes, others food, clothes, oil wicks, maybe one old Latvian would even dare to spend five cents on Saturday night for a glass of beer.

Adams now took the floor and urged those assembled to continue their fight. Then came Gordon Huchins, local C.P. organizer. An Irish-American with reddish hair and a few freckles. He became a Party member only a little more than a year ago and is already proving himself a leader.

With a bitter, homespun eloquence, Huchins exposed Pearsey and Pisac, Illinois leaders of the P.M.W. With a direct simplicity he ex-

pounded the position of the Communist Party. With a clear foresight of approaching difficulties he told of the I.L.D., of what to do when arrested, and of how all present owed such an organization their membership and support. He addressed us as brothers and sisters, but he talked of comrade so and so and comrade so and so.

Frank Prickett, chairman of the Council, now brought the meeting to a close. He urged all to be on hand for the courthouse demonstration the next morning. He sought to weld and consolidate the unemployed against the Relief Administration.

"If they're not in tomorrow, we'll be waiting for them Monday. If we don't see them Monday, we'll see them Tuesday or Wednesday. And we'll get our demands. We'll abolish the dietary list in Montgomery County.

"But don't let's fool ourselves. We'll have other demonstrations and other demands."

The meeting adjourned without the singing of the *Internationale*, without the raising of the closed fist. These men and women would soon enough learn the outer symbols of revolutionary solidarity. Now they were practising its essence.

## A Love Poem

When the red flag sails before and up above us,  
comrade, in the march of May toward stark October,  
you and I, betrothed in promise to the world its hue  
enlivens, bringing forth our child within its wind  
of love, by it encircled, and within its bannerfolds  
the courage of the tattered road becomes triumphant  
for our marriage in the open season after the close.  
Yes, this is a love song I am singing, comrade friend  
sweet of the heart of grain the sickle garners free  
there in paternal pastures of the freshly risen blood  
steeped in the zeal of hard and stringent knowledge,  
there has been and will be struggle till the years are ours  
oh in the course of rivers binding the single flood  
we know as proletarian. Where shall our bed be, yet  
unknown uncertain, wherever we are the moment met and  
pause  
to lie while storms are heaping their winds' debris  
upon us! We shall be wed within the storms and tie  
the knot away from countenances striking the sun amiss.  
Kisses to hammer-beats and arm-embrace to sickle sway,  
passing the eye of dedication in the thousand-eye of conflict  
seeing each arrow that must strike impinge the foe  
tenacious derelict . . . Let us be lovers as we lance the foe  
together!

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.

# Correspondence

## Two New Readers

### TO THE NEW MASSES:

Kindly enter half-year subscriptions for THE NEW MASSES for (1) Hyman Denowitz, Prisoner No. 12714, New York City Reformatory, New Hampton, N. Y.—serving an 18-month sentence; (2) Israel Simon, Prisoner No. 59983, 800 Fordham Road, Bronx, N. Y.—on an indefinite sentence.

Both of these prisoners were framed on charges of assault in connection with union organizational work in the needle trades. They are both very eager to receive THE NEW MASSES, and I hope you will send them copies immediately.

NEEDLE TRADE WORKERS' INDUSTRIAL UNION,  
New York.

## "Suffering Cats"

### TO THE NEW MASSES:

It is my opinion that Robert Forsythe was if anything too charitable in his review of the movie *Of Human Bondage*. Quite a number of the recent Hollywood releases would seem to indicate—if the movie magnates are accurately diagnosing the public wants—a marked sadistic trend on the part of the theatre-goers. Such pictures as *Little Man, What Now, Of Human Bondage* and others too numerous to mention are just one continuous round of human misery, lightened only in the final thousand feet of film by the traditional happy ending. The characters depicted are abnormal unhealthy individuals who obviously belong under observation in some psychopathic ward. The really sad part of it to me is that the audience apparently enjoys every moment of their suffering—and how they do suffer! Isn't it likely that this propensity of our theatre goers is a sign of their unconscious Fascization? Sadism and Fascism go hand in hand as we well know, and perhaps the present instability is bringing out atavistic traits of brutality in the human animal. It is true that in the days of "prosperity" we were given an occasional picture of this type

but then, almost invariably, it was the woman who suffered, usually through a misplaced trust. In our sophisticated era that has ceased to be a sufficient cause for an hour and a half of self-torture. Then Hollywood was forced to acknowledge that there was a depression and suddenly made the discovery that men also are capable of exquisite emotional agony. I fear that we must resign ourselves to many future evenings of observing the soul writhings of social misfits and of suffering with them. Suffering cats!

A. L. HARVEY.

## Picketing in Jersey

### TO THE NEW MASSES:

Corliss Lamont's account of the Jersey City situation is effective and very much to the point. I think, however, there are a few omissions which should be filled in.

1. All the pickets who have come up for trial have been sentenced to thirty days. (The women were given the option of a \$25 fine.)

2. *In no case* were the defendants charged with picketing. This is because the higher Jersey courts recently upheld the right to picket. Defense counsel has in every case endeavored to force the admission that the men were picketing. In no case have they been successful.

3. Two strikes, that of Local No. 362 of the Journeymen Bakers' International Union of America and of Local No. 29, Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers Workmen of North America, both affiliated with the A. F. of L., were called off because the police department informed officers of the unions that "picketing would not be allowed."

The fight resolves itself into a struggle against union-breaking tactics of Mayor Hague and his entire crew including Judge William McGovern who tried all the cases and Frank Hague Eggers, attorney for the Miller Parlor Furniture Co., and nephew of the mayor.

A few days ago the National Labor Board handed down a decision 100 percent in favor of the

union, ordering Miller to take back all the men he had fired. Whether or not this decision will be enforced depends upon the militancy of the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union and its sympathizers.

I might add that I have spent considerable time in Jersey City since my release and have discovered that the city administration is plenty worried. Evidently they expected no opposition.

Chalk one up for the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union and for A. J. Isserman, the attorney who for the past four weeks has worked night and day on these cases.

ALFRED H. HIRSCH, Secretary,  
National Committee for the Defense  
of Political Prisoners.

## Artistic Freedom on the Coast

### TO THE NEW MASSES:

Clifford Wight, one of the more than thirty-five artists engaged to decorate the interior walls of the Coit Memorial Tower, under the auspices of the P.W.A.P., this past spring, has been asked by the Regional Director of the P.W.A.P. and the San Francisco Art Commission to remove his decorations from the wall.

The work is a symbolical painting of the course of social change in contemporary America. The artist has devoted three small spaces over a window to representation of what has been, what is, what may be, in the United States. The third panel contains a Hammer and Sickle, and the slogan, "Workers of the World Unite." In the second one may find a Blue Eagle, and the slogan, "We Do Our Part." Mr. Wight has declared that he used these several devices to illustrate the swiftly moving, turbulent character of our time. He cannot understand why the commercial press may refer to present-day choice between capitalism and Communism, while he is ordered to strike his representation of Communism from the wall. Once again the sharp, clear-cut issue of the artist's freedom to paint what

he sees about him arises to confront the defender of civil rights.

Edward Bruce, of the National Committee of the P.W.A.P., has wired the Regional Director in San Francisco, Dr. Walter Heil, that if the work of Mr. Wight is not removed, the symbols "will jeopardize the chances of San Francisco artists" if any more projects for artists are developed. Mr. Edgar Walter, of the San Francisco Art Commission, informed Mr. Wight that "if you do not wipe out those symbols, we will chisel them out." He was told that he had no right to use government funds for propagandistic purposes. Mr. Wight is not a Communist, but he knows there is an officially recognized Communist Party in the United States which nominates candidates for political office.

In answer to the threats of "chisel them out" a group of artists, from those who worked on the Coit Tower and from the Artists' and Writers' Union, began on July 2, to picket the tower to

prevent disfiguration of the murals and wall decorations. An appeal has been made to local plasterer's unions and painter's unions to refuse to do any work in the tower which would affect in any way or change any single decoration, all of which are completed and ready for public inspection. An appeal has been made to all local elements interested in a free art and a free culture to protest against the threatened defacement of Mr. Wight's work, and a demand has been made to the public press and the Art Commission that the tower be opened to the public, the final judge of the paintings. It has been pointed out to the local press and interested organizations that the tower is still the property of the federal government under the terms of the P.W.A.P. agreement, and has not yet been turned over to the Art Commission to deface.

EDWARD RADENZEL, Educational Director,  
Artists' and Writers' Union.  
San Francisco.

### A Correction

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In my article, *Decay of the Socialist Party*, July 10, in the paragraph dealing with the criticism of the A.F. of L. leadership which was stricken out from the N.R.A. resolution adopted by the Socialist Party Convention in Detroit several pertinent lines were omitted by a typographical error.

It reads: "The paragraph [of criticism] was *stricken out*. Instead, the convention *unanimously* adopted the resolution of the farm problem," etc.

It should have read: "The paragraph was *stricken out*. Instead, the convention *unanimously* adopted the resolution on Trade Union Policy introduced by Louis Waldman. The resolution on the farm problem and other decisions of the convention followed closely the line of the Old Guard resolutions of the New York City S.P. pre-convention conference."

PAUL NOVICK.

# Dewey, Russell and Cohen

## I: Why They are Anti-Communist

PAUL SALTER and JACK LIBROME

IN APRIL appeared three short articles by Bertrand Russell, Morris Cohen, and John Dewey, in which these philosophers gave their reasons for not being Communists. These men are supposedly answered in a long article by Sidney Hook in which he states why he is a Communist. It is our purpose here to analyze the arguments of Russell, Dewey, and Cohen, leaving it for others to take up Hook's distinction between being a Communist and supporting what he calls the "official" Communist Parties of the Third International.

Bertrand Russell, now Earl Russell, a member of the English nobility, sets out expressly to attack the doctrine of the Third International but then goes on to attack Marx himself, apparently not seeing that "gap" between the two that Hook makes so much of. Russell rejects Marx's materialism and finds himself still further removed from the philosophical position Lenin expounds in his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*. It is not, he insists because he is an idealist, but because he is likewise not a materialist. What then is Russell? Students have never been able to make out just where he stands. He is a Platonic Realist, a logical atomist, and a number of other things. At bottom he is a peculiar mixture of Platonism and a Lockean sensationalism. In short, Russell is a philosophical opportunist. He changes color so frequently that no one has been able to follow him. In a most fundamental way, Russell is an idealist. He holds, for example, that the formulae of physics "may perfectly well be applicable to collections of mental events" (*Analysis of Matter*, p. 159), and throughout his writings does what all Marxists have shown can lead only to idealism—starts with *his own sensations*.

Russell goes on to say that he sees no dialectical necessity in historical change and that this belief could be based only on the Hegelian

notion of the supremacy of the Idea. If Russell has read even so much of Marx as the prefaces to the first and second editions of *Capital*, he must have observed that Marx establishes as the basis of the dialectical process the concrete operations of society rather than the Hegelian unfolding of the Idea. Marx shows that "the contradictions inherent in the movement of capitalist society," exemplifying themselves in its periodic crises which become ever more acute and more universal, indicate the negation of that state and "its inevitable breaking up." (*Capital*, pref. to 2nd. ed.) Marx bases his belief in the necessity of historical change, not on an abstract Hegelian Idea but correctly on the actual socio-economic processes of capitalist society.

In one brief paragraph Russell succeeds in "refuting" Marxian economics by misinterpreting it. He misrepresents Marx as teaching "that the exchange value of a commodity is proportional to the labor involved in its production" (something which Marx never taught), and then miraculously discovers that the theory of surplus value rests on Malthus' theory of population. How he arrives at this last deduction we cannot say. Finally, Marx's economic doctrines do not make, for Russell, a "logically coherent whole." Instead of searching through Marx in an effort to discover the unity and coherence of his economic teachings, Russell apparently desires the very thing Marx and Engels so strongly rejected—an axiomatic treatment, a hypothetical-deductive system, a *pure* economics, such as some contemporaries are laboring to develop by eliminating the whole socio-political setting from which economic processes are inseparable.

Russell next attacks the worship of authority as opposed to the scientific spirit, saying: "It is dangerous to regard any one man as infallible." Who regards whom as infallible?

Lenin writes: "Our theory is not a dogma but a manual of *action*, said Marx and Engels." Marxism is a scientific method and has been verified in innumerable predictions. Its predictions are as successful, if not so exact, as those in the physical sciences. What do Communists mean when they express their belief that the theory of Marx is the objective truth? Simply, as Lenin put it, that "Following in the direction of the Marxian theory, we shall draw nearer and nearer to the objective truth (without exhausting it); following another path, we shall arrive at confusion and falsehood." Is this the worship of authority, as Russell calls Communism? It is no more than what any scientist believes concerning his basic principles. Further, it must be noted, Marxism has been growing, developing—it is no longer Marxism, but Marxism-Leninism. It has been undergoing growth just as every living scientific theory.

Russell's next point of attack is that Communism is not democratic. Here he uses the traditional liberal argument against the dictatorship of the proletariat, accusing it of being "in fact the dictatorship of a small minority, who become an oligarchic governing class." And he continues: "All history shows that government is always conducted in the interests of the governing class." Russell still thinks in terms of class society, and uses history to show what always will be in spite of what he said earlier about necessity in history. (His "necessity" differs from that of Marx in its being a mechanical necessity of the future repeating the past.) And he goes on to say that this governing class "can use its power to obtain for itself advantages quite as harmful as those of capitalists." Obviously, Russell has not the slightest inkling of Marxist theory or Soviet practice. In a Communist society there is no governing class and to obtain Com-



munism the working-class itself rules, both for the destruction of the remnants of the old order and the building of the new. The only significant advantage this government of the workers could obtain would be the ownership of productive forces, and that in fact is what it is constituted for—the collectivization or social ownership of all the forces of production. Russell's socialist compatriot, G. D. H. Cole, says that "in spite of the dictatorship, Russia is today, taken all round, a far more democratic country, not merely than Germany or Italy, but even than, say, France or Great Britain." (Student Outlook, Dec., 1933, p. 5.) Cole should, of course, say, "because of the dictatorship," as it is through the dictatorship of the proletariat that the Soviet Union has achieved the democracy it has today and will progressively become more democratic. The dictatorship of the proletariat means democracy for the overwhelming majority, the workers, rather than for the minority, and in building a class-less society is making the good of the workers the *general* good. But it is hardly to be expected that Russell, a scion of English nobility, could conceive a government that will act for the general good because he knows only capitalist governments, and ignoring the fact that the government in a capitalist society must necessarily be an instrument for the aggrandizement of the capitalist class, assumes that a workers' government in a workers' society is going to act likewise. Thus this noble Briton calls "foolish idealism" the notion that a workers' state can exist for the general good of workers.

Next Russell finds that Communism restricts liberty, especially intellectual liberty. And he goes on to say: "Under such a system, progress would soon become impossible, since it is the nature of bureaucrats to object to all change except increase in their own power." This is wishful thinking on Russell's part, and is completely *a priori*. He deduces from his first principles—valid, indeed, for a capitalist society—what the nature of a Communist society must be. Apparently, the Soviet Union is making no progress and can make none. And he fails to see, further, that the features of the dictatorship are dying off as the new order grows and the old decays. At present, for example, the OGPU is being abolished and civil rights restored even to political offenders. Russell ignores the fact that the proletarian dictatorship, in creating a class-less society, is creating the basis for all real liberty. His next statement is too absurd to be taken seriously. "All serious innovation is only rendered possible by some accident enabling unpopular persons to survive." And he gives the examples of Kepler, Darwin, even Marx himself, and argues that such opportunities for survival would be impossible under Communism. Truly, it is a shameful society that makes its serious innovators, the great contributors to scientific progress, live by accident. But the instances given are instances under capitalism. Why were these men unpopular save that they appeared as threats to vested interests? Under Communism scientific innovators can be noth-

ing else than popular. Scientific discoveries are no longer menaces to ruling powers but contributions to general social well-being.

Russell then attacks what he calls the Marxian "undue glorification of manual as against brain workers." Here he shows himself completely ignorant of Marx's thought. In the first place Marx did not "glorify" the proletariat. He saw them to be the most oppressed class and the most numerous class under capitalism, and hence the one with the greatest potentiality for revolutionary action. This theory, according to Russell, antagonizes many brain workers who might otherwise "have seen the necessity of socialism." (Again Russell speaks of historical necessity.) But the implications of his attitude and its causes are highly significant. One suspects that Russell distrusts the working-class, and that he unwittingly leans toward the Christian-Socialist dichotomy of matter and mind. All Marxists agree that without the help of scientists and technicians the building of socialism is impossible, but what Russell seems to want is the continuation of the traditional eulogizing of the "thinker"; one of the things which has occurred under capitalism because of the cultural distance between "thinkers" and workers, and which is disappearing under the workers' rule as the cultural level of the working class rises higher and higher.

In his inimitable way Russell jumps from point to point without the slightest trace of logical relationship. The preaching of class-war, he is afraid, will make it break out at the wrong time, when the forces are evenly balanced or when capitalism is the stronger. But what does not preaching class-war lead to? Austria has given the world a horrible example. And Russell speaks precisely like Otto Bauer: "I think that where democracy exists, socialists should rely upon persuasion, and should only use force to repel an illegal use of force by their opponents." This philosopher of the British nobility shows his true colors here. He is afraid of any triumph of the working-class, and tries to bind the working-class with the fetters of bourgeois legality. Like all Social-fascists he pretends to be a friend of the workers in order to hold their

discontent in harmless channels. He forgets that the class-war is being fought constantly, that in the absence of a militant radical movement can come only imperialist war, that we cannot wait till fascism is upon us to oppose it.

He pretends to fear that this class-war will destroy civilization, forgetting that a new world-war will far sooner produce the destruction of civilization than any possible civil war. Russell writes suspiciously as if he were afraid that *capitalist* civilization will be destroyed. And he never even mentions opposing imperialist war.

Russell is afraid of Communist hate, which, he holds is so great that it cannot establish a regime "affording no outlet for malevolence." Apparently fascists have no hate, the Hitler and Mussolini regimes show no malevolence. At least he fears Communist hate most. Yes, Communists hate, but their hate is an understanding one, directed against the conditions that produce exploitation, rather than against individual exploiters. And if there were more hatred of the misery and brutality of capitalism we would the sooner have a class-less society where hatred would no longer exist. Communists will be malevolent. They will fight their class enemies to the death so that the working-class may destroy all forms of human exploitation.

Finally, Russell argues that Communism and fascism are not the only alternatives. Yet we see country after country going down under brutal fascist rule because men would not believe that fascism is the only alternative to Communism. Social-democracy was destroyed in Germany and Austria because it refused to see this alternative. And it is already getting too late to assert that America, France, and England do not evidence rapidly growing fascist tendencies and movements. But then Russell, betraying the utter sophist that he is, says in effect, well anyway we had fascism before and got over it all right and came back to democracy. And his examples are England under Cromwell and France under Napoleon. All this makes it clear that Earl Russell wants to keep capitalism and will oppose any movement that threatens to destroy it. From this point on there can be no further argument but that of force.

We now turn from an English philosophy and member of the nobility to an eminent American philosopher of a petty-bourgeois background. As different as these men may be philosophically and socially, they are as one in their opposition to Communism. Dewey doubts that he can say anything Russell has not said, and he is largely right. Again two sorts of Communism are distinguished—(1) Communism with a capital C, Communism of the Soviet Union and the Third International; and (2) communism with a small c. What this second communism is he does not say. Its program is left a mystery. But the whole context of these articles makes it relatively clear that it has something to do with the doctrines of another American philosophy teacher, Professor Sidney Hook. Dewey divides his attack into five parts:



"I am not a materialist, though I am even further removed from idealism."

—EARL (BERTRAND) RUSSELL.



*Johnson*

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(1) Communism neglects the specific American factors, (2) Its monistic philosophy of history is objectionable, (3) Class-war is not the way to eliminate class conflicts, (4) The emotional tone of Communist discussions is offensive, (5) Class war, in an industrialized country like America, would end in a blood-bath of the proletariat or the destruction of both sides.

Interestingly, Dewey admits that Communism came to Russia from the outside and then goes on to regard it as a product of specific Russian conditions. Now Russian Communism came from England, France, and Germany. The same tradition that nourished Russian Communism is back of all Communism. It was not Russian Communism in the first place and can in no way be called Russian Communism today. Where, Dewey should be asked, did American democracy come from? It was imported. Every important movement in America was imported. But that, after all, is irrelevant. These movements flourished here because they were relevant to American conditions. The Communist Party exists here and is growing because its program and tactics are relevant to the conditions of American capitalism. Marxism is the analysis of capitalism in its most universal, and hence most basic form, and at the same time takes cognizance of its particular development in each country. It is not to be forgotten that Russian liberals and conservatives used the same argument as Dewey in opposing the Bolsheviks in their own country.

Dewey then goes on to attack the Communist Party of the Soviet Union for its "cult of the infallibility of leadership." It is no secret that Dewey meets frequently with a small group of which Hook is a shining light. Reference to that is necessary to understand some of Dewey's arguments against Communism, especially such as the imposition of dialectical materialism, which, he says, in the Soviet Union "has to undergo frequent re-statement in accordance with the exigencies of party factional controversy." (Is this in keeping with the accusation of "infallibility"?) What the party requires is not any cult of infallibility but of unanimity of action once a decision has been reached. This is nothing but what any group, in serious action, must require of its members in the way of discipline. He also contends that Communism in the Soviet Union, in its cultural aspects, is vitiated by "the absurd attempt to make a single and uniform entity out of the 'proletariat.'" It is hard to believe that this is the same Dewey who returned from Russia six years ago, excited by his experiences there, contrasting the cultural life of the workers with the complete absence of any cultural life of workers in America. What has happened to account for the change? Simply, it appears, that Dewey is now forced to change his mind about the Soviet Union because of the growth of the Communist movement in America and his fear of any violent social upheaval here. It is not possible for long to maintain that conventional liberal view of "Communism is good for Rus-



"As an unalterable opponent of Fascism in every form, I cannot be a Communist."  
—JOHN DEWEY.

sia but it won't work here." If Dewey were honest and still open-minded he would agree that Communism offers the proletariat uniformity of opportunity and privilege as opposed to capitalist uniformity of oppression and degradation.

Dewey's second point is the first one repeated but from a slightly different angle. He objects to the monistic and one-way philosophy of history of "official Communism" (in other words, non-Hookian Communism). And by that he expresses simply once more his fear of revolution, his liberal view that Communism can be reached in different ways in various countries. Now Communism does not deny the existence of these variables that Dewey alleges. It insists, however, because of historical factual analyses, that capitalism has and is following the same basic forms in every country. It is noteworthy that the only differences in American capitalism that Dewey can point out, are such vague and meaningless terms as "religious profession and practice," "national psychology," "historical background," "belief in importance of individuality." Because of these factors in America the policies of official Communism "verge to my mind on political insanity." This nebulosity is pathetic, but Dewey's intervening statements are the last word in political inanity. "Our troubles," he says, "flow from the oppressive exercise of power by financial overlords. . . ." Where would they come from? And the reason is that we have not introduced "new forms of *democratic* [italics his] control in industry and government consonant with the shift from individual to corporate economy." If Dewey has read the *Communist Manifesto* or any of the basic writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, he has seen this point emphasized constantly. He fails utterly to see why these new forms of democratic control have not been introduced, to realize, even, that that is the important question. Politically, Dewey is as naïve at 74 as in his earliest writings on politics and ethics of his late twenties. He turns, following this misunderstood fact, to philanthropists for aid, to "groups working *with* the working-class although, strictly

speaking, not of them." What are these groups, how is this democratic control to be attained under capitalism? Dewey has never answered these fundamental questions. Through and through his is a doctrine of class-collaboration, of N.R.A.'s, of liberal reformers.

Dewey's last point under this head is the "American" belief in individuality. In the first place he fails to note that this American individualism had a particular historical origin in New England transcendentalism (in the midst of which Dewey grew up), and that it is a class-doctrine. Individualism in general is a concept fostered by the capitalist class which had the material basis for individualism and for whom individualism was profitable. What stakes in individualism have the 16 million unemployed in America, or have the unemployed in England who are debated over as to how much food is necessary to keep them alive? What individualism is there for the American Negro, for all industrial workers, for working-class women? What individualism is there even for the American middle-class, which is universally known for its stereotyped character? Furthermore, one can seriously doubt whether this idea of individualism is engrained in the working-class. Admittedly, it is pretty widespread. That is why there are strike-breakers, that is why the organization of white-collar workers is so difficult. But Dewey's statement concerning belief in individuality in America is more a value judgment than a judgment of fact. That it does exist is testified by the backwardness, organizationally, of the American working-class. Dewey's own pragmatic method, however, must lead him, if he is honest, to find the meaning of the concept of individuality in the way it works against the interests of labor and thus to conclude that it must be broken down as rapidly as possible. Again we must reiterate that only under a system of collective ownership and control of industry can the majority of the population be individuals, can it govern and control the society in which it lives, can it develop its fullest potentialities.

Dewey also resorts to the same argument as Russell, that Communism encourages Fascism. He cannot understand how armed insurrection and civil war can be advocated in the light of what happened in Germany and Italy. Conveniently, he does not mention Austria. He is here merely repeating the official Socialist thesis which provides an excuse for doing nothing since any militant action engenders opposition and gives rise to the forces of counter-revolution. "As an unalterable opponent of Fascism in every form, I cannot be a Communist," Dewey concludes. That sounds nice on paper but what does it mean in practice? What is Dewey doing to combat Fascism in America? Is allowing things to drift going to avoid Fascism?

Finally, Dewey objects to the "emotional tone and methods of discussion and dispute which seem to accompany Communism at present." He objects to the way Communists "misrepresent" the views of the liberals. True, Communist controversy does differ in tone



*Johnson*

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from that of professional philosophers. Important things are involved and men do not argue with their intellects alone when questions of life and death are at stake. But when Dewey attacks Communists for "the hysteria of their denunciations," "character assassination of their opponents," "their policy of 'rule or ruin' in their so-called united front activities," and so on, he seems to fall into the very method of argument he professedly attacks. Dewey's tirades, likewise, against Communists in the Teachers' Union only show how thin this veneer of gentlemanly debate is when it is a question of fundamental issues that come close to home. Communists believe with Dewey that fair-play, elementary honesty in the representation of facts and the opinions of

others are something more than "bourgeois virtues.'" But, as in all controversies, they cannot allow their opponents to be fair judges concerning the presence or absence of these virtues. Here Dewey is resorting to a shabby trick. He is pretending to judge Communist disputes with their opponents from the outside, when the context, together with Dewey's activities in recent years, make it clear that he himself is one of these opponents. What Communists insist on is the absence of impartiality and in doing so they are more honest than such opponents as these who mask their attacks behind this flimsy veil.

*The conclusion of this article will appear next week.*

## Books

### New Wriggles

*PROPERTY OR PEACE*, by Henry Noel Brailsford. Covici-Friede. \$3.

IF IT IS not precisely a definition of liberalism, it is at least one of its distinguishing characteristics that, unlike charity, it does not begin at home. By an inversion of the Newtonian law it increases in intensity with the square of distance. As in the North it once agitated for the emancipation of Southern slaves but looked with indifference upon the plight of those in the bonds of wages, so now in New York and London, liberals will support even the violent struggles of colonial rebels while they deprecate a similar response to similar conditions nearer at hand. In 1897 Henry Noel Brailsford enlisted with the Foreign Legion to help Greece throw off the chains of Turkish rule. In 1934 Brailsford's sympathy with the native victims of Britain's rape of India is such that in desperation he casts one furtive, almost appealing glance at Moscow, where alone problems like India's are being solved today.

If such a person himself makes plain that India's problems are fundamentally identical with England's, being hunger, war, anarchy, oppression, and exploitation; if, furthermore, he clearly traces the causes of both back to the very same source, British capitalism; and if, finally, the author proves that the answer has already been found in some third place, and sympathetically describes its operation and achievements there ("the nearest approach to a true working society is to be found in a Russian factory"); does logic permit of more than one conclusion?

Between the premises and the conclusion of the above syllogism there is interposed that fatal flaw of the liberal—his exaggerated farsightedness. Communism does very well for Russia, he is convinced, but it simply isn't English. So, he forgets, the Russian liberal once

spoke of "German" Socialism.

What it is that makes Communism un-English is its disrespect for the traditions of western democracy. This is a subject extensively treated in this book, but, it is to be feared, in a fashion that will leave the reader more bewildered than ever. For nowhere will he find a more ruthlessly ironical exposure of the actual workings of classical British democracy. Nor does the author stop short of the conclusion that the elaborate hocus-pocus he describes so wittily is the thinnest of veils, indeed a clown's mask, for the smoothly functioning, deadly serious dictatorship of British capital. These may be the "traditions of western democracy" but surely they are not democracy, the thing itself! The author agrees: "These conclusions are fatal to any attitude of superstitious veneration for democracy as we enjoy it today"!

It must certainly also enforce the sense of kinship between capitalist "democracy" and Fascism to be told that, as in the cases of Napoleon II and Hitler, the one has a way of transforming itself into the other "by the observance of its own rules." At any rate no one imagines that Communism will come about by a tricky plebiscite. Again, in a jibe at Mussolini, Brailsford says: "Other Great Powers have found Imperialism, a repudiation of pacifism, and a certain indifference to the fatness of the masses perfectly compatible with democracy." They have indeed; these are home-grown products. And finally, among the illusions that Brailsford does not share with other liberals is the one that true democracy is not vitiated by the co-existence of employers and employes, of classes.

By what operation of logic, then, does he group Russia, with many apologies and qualifications, it is true, along with Germany and Italy as an enemy of democracy, while England and America are made out to be its friends? Why, more generally, is the back of this book broken in two by the gulf be-

tween premises and conclusions? Why does so much engaging writing in the first part, by a mind so rich in experience and reading, go for naught in the end?

The answer is to be found in such phenomena as the recent Declaration of Revolutionary Policies by our own Socialist Party, in the avalanche of militant "action plans" now being ground out by the Socialist Parties of Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and the exiled Germans. The spectacle of the parties of the Second International running to catch up with Marxism, that is to say with themselves; the noise of red slogans being shouted above the rumblings of disillusionment in their locals; the shifting of so many weights from the right to the left leg: these also explain Mr. Brailsford's book.

For the point of this book is not entirely the two-thirds of it devoted to a very convincing demolition of the bases of capitalism; it is much more Mr. Brailsford's new plan of "constitutional" action for the British Labor Party. An end to gradualism! That is, to the old, unhurried, haphazard gradualism that waited around, Micawber-like, for opportunities. Mr. Brailsford proposes instead a policy of *planned* opportunism, a somewhat *faster* gradualism. And Roosevelt is occasionally suggested as the model.

Consider if, in view of the reasonable charm and patent good will of most of the book, it is too much to call his detailed conclusion grotesquely inept, fantastically fatuous: As soon as we are elected in a majority, we give fair warning. We shall follow Lenin's advice and boldly take over the Bank of England, reimbursing all shareholders, of course. Then, gradually, as soon as we can afford it, we shall in the same way confiscate railways, coal mines, lands, and other bankrupt industries. It will probably not be advisable for a long time to absorb the chemical or war industries trusts since they are doing quite well under their present ownership, and besides it should not be necessary to antagonize such powerful sections of the "former" ruling class. Our parliament should be sovietized, but at the same time freed from the special influence of either workers or employers in it.

We may expect, naturally, that "virtually the whole daily and Sunday press" will be against us, but "there should be no thought or hint of any interference whatever with the freedom of expression of opponents." Instead we shall make our publicity releases so attractive that the papers will just *have* to take them. Well, we *may* "require" them to do so. For this we have the precedent set by that sterling democrat, Dr. Bruening, when he was governing Germany by decrees.

As to foreign policy, we shall at once grant parity of arms to Germany. True, Germany wants these arms primarily for an attack upon the Soviets, but, as our Tory friend Sir John Simon has pointed out, justice has higher claims than the protection of a country that is anyway "now a conservative influence." Since this statement is not fully explained, we take it that Brailsford means by it the well-

known fact that Russia has a most incomprehensible prejudice against another world war.

A Fascist reaction is quite unthinkable in England. The British dislike colored shirts and violence, whatever Mosley or the private armies of middleclass youth who marched out against the coal strikers of 1912 and against the general strikers of 1926 may indicate to the contrary.

This then is the mouse of socialist thought brought forth by the laboring mountain of criticism. Precisely because, on the negative side, Brailsford is so far in advance of most liberals, it seems to me that this book constitutes an autographed certificate of incompetence for liberalism in general. This comes of yearning for socialism without faith in the masses who alone can bring it about. In this unimaginative and uninspiring Utopia, Brailsford at last achieves the theoretical eminence of an Otto Bauer. S. SNEDDEN.

### John and Mike

*WITH A RECKLESS PREFACE*, two plays by John Howard Lawson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

I fully intended to see both of Lawson's plays when they were produced last March, but, as I remember it, they were closed several days before I knew they had opened. So, when I read Mike Gold's piece in *THE NEW MASSES*, I thought he was probably right. I have always held it up against Lawson that he has never equaled *Processional*. There are a lot of things to be said about that play, but it remains the most exciting thing I ever saw on the stage of a Broadway theater. It convinced me that the man who wrote it was potentially our leading revolutionary dramatist. With this idea in mind I read and wept over *The International* and *Loudspeaker*. And then, just as I was ready to consign John Howard Lawson to hell and Hollywood, along came *Success Story*. At the end of the first act I would have rushed back stage with a wreath if there'd been any laurel growing in the lobby, but the second act was only pretty good, and the third act was lousy. The play had started out to be a fine Marxist portrayal of business, but it ended in just an ordinary bourgeois mess.

My disappointment in *Success Story* lingered so persistently that I thought Mike must be fundamentally right about *The Pure in Heart* and *Gentlewoman*, and Lawson's reply, though theoretically just, didn't alter my opinion. Nor was I wholly shaken by Lawson's subsequent conduct, his going down to Birmingham for the *Daily Worker*. I admired him, of course. Bernhard Stern tells me that the Lummi Indians have a special name for Lawson, which he translates as Big Chief Fellow Traveler Who Can Take It. The way Lawson acted after Mike's attack is exactly the way fellow travelers ought to act, but ordinarily, if any Communist speaks crossly to an intellectual, he goes out in the American Workers' Garden-Party and eats worms. Lawson showed he was a man, but

I continued to doubt if he was—yet—a revolutionary playwright.

Then I read the plays, and what I have to report is that Mike was wrong. He was only partly wrong, but he was a lot more wrong than he had any business to be. Let's look at the evidence.

First, there is the preface. It was stupid to call it a reckless preface; Lawson ought to have got beyond the nose-thumbing stage. But it's an honest job and a useful one. Lawson's point is that the jackasses who review plays for the New York dailies exercise a kind of dictatorship over American drama. He gives a good deal of evidence, and someone ought to do the same thing, in more detail, for the book reviewers. But he doesn't stop there. "I have tried," he says, "to present this problem from the professional Broadway point of view, without emphasis on the Marxian economics which offer the only reasonable explanation of the motives of the critics. . . . The writer, actor or director who wishes to do genuinely creative work cannot function under the Broadway system. The stupid control exercised by the critics is an integral part of that system. The only answer is to turn resolutely to the building of the revolutionary theater." So far, so good!

*The Pure In Heart* is the major piece of evidence on Mike's side, though he didn't make much use of it. It is a semi-fantastic jazz play, in the mood of *Processional*, but not a tenth so good. Like *Processional*, it is full of Sandburgian pseudo-poetry in the pseudo-vernacular. For example, the heroine says, "There's music playing in New York. I want to shuffle off and find that music. I want to go where it's spilling out like a fountain." Lawson has always had the idea of utilizing the lively, lowbrow arts for the purposes of the theater. It sounds like a good idea, but somehow the cheapness and emptiness of vaudeville—inevitable because of their role in current society—get carried over along with the liveliness and the healthy coarseness. *The Pure in Heart* was, I learn from Harold Clurman's introduction, planned in 1928. That explains a lot, but it doesn't explain why Lawson was willing to finish and produce such a pretentious and muddled play in 1934.

But it is *Gentlewoman* that proves Mike wrong. It isn't a masterpiece, but, as Lawson asserted in his reply to Mike, it is a serious attempt to define the problems of those who realize the corruption and hopelessness of the capitalist system, but can't bring themselves to join the ranks of the fighting proletariat. Lawson sees the people for just what they are, explains them pretty thoroughly, and makes it quite clear at the end that nothing can save them but a clean break. His treatment is almost, though not quite, free from the romanticism that is so objectionable in *The Pure in Heart*. To say, as Mike did, that the play was written with an eye on the box-office seems to me ridiculous. I also think it wasn't real bright to fail to see that the play did mark a step in advance because it showed Lawson squarely facing—for the first time so far

as I know—his own problem. Of course it is easy for me to be wise after the event, but I still think Mike might have paid attention to the play instead of occupying himself with his memories of ten years of John Howard Lawson.

So that is that, and now we can sit back and wait for Lawson's new play. I don't think he is going to have an easy time. I suspect he is through with the jazz play, and I certainly hope so. On the other hand, I wonder if he will be satisfied with the kind of middle-class theme that he muffed in the last act of *Success Story* and handled fairly well in *Gentlewoman*. I think he might do a superb job now with that theme, but my guess is that he will go after bigger game. I suspect he is likely to try a serious play on a working-class subject. Personally I hope he does, but I am bracing myself so that I won't be too disappointed if it's a flop. He's still got a lot to learn and even more to unlearn. He may miss his big game on the first shot, or even on the second, but I'm betting that he gets it sooner or later. MARGARET WRIGHT MATHER.

### "Civilized" Loafing

*A GUIDE TO CIVILIZED LOAFING*, By Harry A. Overstreet. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

Upon opening *A Guide to Civilized Loafing*, the reviewer wondered whether Professor Overstreet had in mind the 16,000,000 unemployed and the leisure hours when they are not pounding the streets in an exhausting search for jobs. Or was he thinking of steelworkers in the hot mills and of what they might do in their evening play-time after standing for eight hours exposed to temperatures as high as 220 F., as described in Horace Davis' *Labor and Steel*?

But it is immediately clear that Dr. Overstreet, who is a member of the N.R.A. Committee on Leisure Time in New York, is not thinking of the workers at all. He is gaily of the opinion that "the old world of oppressive toil is passing; and we enter now upon new freedom for ourselves. . . . we can at last begin to call our souls our own." Who "we" are, he reveals in a description of learning to play golf where he says that on the golf links "we" can forget about stocks and bonds, incomes and bad business.

With the family living on relief ranging from \$5 to \$10 a week, the worker will be glad to know that he can buy a bag of golf clubs (priced from \$16 up), pay the carfare to get out to the links or to the private country club, if there is no public course, and enjoy "the keenest kind of pleasure." Or he may buy a canoe and guide its course across a lake. "There is an exquisite pleasure in that. . . . One drifts into a world of singular peace, and one comes to love one's canoe. It is like a part of oneself."

So the professor goes on. He furnishes your inspiration and guide to hobbies, sports, arts, handicrafts, social activities and intellectual pursuits that will make life as interesting, as

complete, and as significant as possible. One chapter discusses "Just Fooling Around." Another describes the joy of traveling in a parlor car where the traveler may "rest back in cushioned ease while the train carries one effortlessly over the miles."

Workers do come in for one section of the book. They are called "the perennial problem," and the middle-class, academic, or leisure-class man or woman who is looking around for something to do with extra hours of time is invited to take up the labor problem "as an area in which he can occupy his free time in ways that offer no mean reward of self-respect and humane satisfaction" to the class that is absorbed in the pleasures of its own leisure.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

### Unhappy for Art

*BREATHE UPON THESE SLAIN*, by Evelyn Scott. Smith and Haas. \$2.50.

Humiliated and embittered by bourgeois society as most intellectuals are, Evelyn Scott nearly twenty years ago retreated into a kind of private literary hospital and began to publish her fever charts. Her attitude toward writing was limited to individual suffering, which she thus apostrophised in *Escapade*: "I am Life. They pay good blood for the poems that live in me. I am Life."

Using this formula — Personal Torment plus Exploitation equals Art — Miss Scott wrote a book of poems, two novels, and a long autobiographical chapter. These books were earnest and skilfully written. They dealt with members of the petty bourgeoisie who, lacking both the freedom of the rich and the enslavement of the toiling masses, grew warped and hateful in their inescapable struggle with society. Scorning the bourgeoisie and repudiating any connection with the masses, Miss Scott and her fictional characters were forced in upon themselves until introspection became an obsession and there was nothing to exalt but pain. Her near-sightedness was so apparent that a reviewer of *The Narrow House* observed, "Anybody can see a sunset, but Evelyn Scott can see a plate of toast."

Though her next three novels were historical, Miss Scott moved her characters with the same unhappy-for-art formula as in the previous books. And there was the same miasma of frustration. But toward the middle of *Eva Gay* she arrived in the contemporary world. The crisis was too great for her to ignore. She found capitalism trying to strangle civilization with its old brutalities; she found Communism offering humanity a new way, a free way, but a way in which the nourishing of private woes becomes ridiculous. And to one who had suffered introspective pains in Kentucky, Brazil, Greenwich Village, and Taos, that was sacrilege to art. She had lived in the narrow house; she knew life and with Hans Haaska in *Eva Gay* she "damned the young, inspired fanatics who would rub his nose in life which they so little understood."

The almost lurid reality that distinguished Evelyn Scott's earlier prose has disappeared

and instead she writes straining, groping sentences that give the effect of struggling to break through a mirage. In her latest novel, *Breathe Upon These Slain*, there is scarcely a vivid paragraph in four hundred pages. The book itself is based on a fantasy:—Miss Scott rented a furnished English country house and decided to spin a tale about the kind of family which, from the pictures on the walls, had lived there. But even behind the thick walls of an old country house there is no firm ground in the widening gap between capitalist and Communist camps. And Miss Scott proves it by being less interested in the characters she has imagined than in making sullen reactionary observations on the present state of the world.

"We hear very often of the conservatism of age," she begins one of those chapters in which she carries moralizing to a degree hardly exceeded by George Eliot, "and almost never of the conservatism of youth. . . . Indeed, in the protest of today against yesterday, very little that is independent in thought or action is involved. Rather there is, paradoxically, the full flowering of an independence already lost." And again, "True, moralizing at all involves the recognition of subjective standards only individuals can maintain, while, from the standpoint of the race, it will never be more than incidentally important that the gang now underneath is on top and the gang previously in control obliterated. Yes, there are some inconsistencies in the slogans urging us to present protest!"

So what? Miss Scott's verbal answer is, "The real problem behind so much contradiction is to be solved by the aesthetician." But her actual answer, implicit in the 1200 pages which make up *Eva Gay* and *Breathe Upon These Slain*, is that the aesthete's solo flying ends in a nose-dive. For now, the plates of toast and all other props for still-life pictures have been knocked away. Tremors of revolution and wars are felt even in Yaddo and Taos. Yet Evelyn Scott fights valiantly to stand up, among the last defenders of the intellectual's inviolable right to suffer every hardship and humiliation solely in the name of Art.

THOMAS BOYD.

### Security Begins with Dr. Rubinow

*THE QUEST FOR SECURITY*, by I. M. Rubinow. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

The New Deal has been like manna from heaven for liberal intellectuals. Economists, social workers, and specialists in all fields from oboe-playing to ghost-writing have gotten fat government jobs. They bask in the glow of an administration that not only solicits social and economic plans, but pays handsomely as well. Scores of them have written books dealing with unemployment and the other important social phenomena of the day. With but a few notable exceptions, like Mary Van Kleeck, they have become the intellectual shock-brigadiers of the Roosevelt regime, preaching (at very, very good salaries) the gospel of the New Deal to all those who are unaware

that it "is a movement and a moving force" (as Dr. Rubinow puts it) that is working for the betterment of our industrial order.

Dr. I. M. Rubinow is among the most distinguished of those who have embraced the New Deal as "a social movement." A pioneer in the field of social insurance, he has been selling his remedies for thirty years to balky manufacturers who persisted in labelling his products with such picturesque titles as "Social Insurance: Constructive-Destructive." But finally he has come into his own. In the era of the New Deal he will as usual draw up social insurance plans, but under the "leadership" of America's combined "Bismarck, Lloyd George and Millerand"—Franklin D. Roosevelt—these plans will be carried out, even over "the inevitable resistance of masses to any change."

Dr. Rubinow and his fellow specialists will see to it that everyone is happy, bosses and workers alike. He ascribes their success to their technique which "gets on the nerves of the young radicals" because of its "sweet reasonableness." It seems that Dr. Rubinow and his friends "advocate, they educate, they preach, they correct, they plead, sometimes they beg; but they seldom threaten." At all times they prove "to the vested interests that the measures they advocate are 'good for everybody,' including the vested interests, to whose more ethically minded representatives they appeal for help."

With such a theoretical approach it is not surprising that Dr. Rubinow's practical contribution to the solution of unemployment is his well-known Ohio plan for unemployment reserves. This is full of that "sweet reasonableness" which endears him so to the capitalist class. His plan forces the employed worker to contribute to the reserve funds, provides for the accumulation of reserves in "good times," makes no provision for workers unemployed today, and limits the maximum benefit to payments (for a period of 16 weeks) up to 50 percent of the worker's weekly wage. This would average from \$7.50 to \$10.00 (up to a maximum of \$15.00) per week. The plan puts the burden on the worker, promises benefits in some distant future, and has no provision whatever for a crisis that may last many times 16 weeks. The present crisis indicates that this is a distinct possibility, and Dr. Rubinow seems aware of it. His answer, however, is simply that the plan "reduces the dimensions of the problem."

That Dr. Rubinow is intentionally blind to the facts of the situation goes without saying. In the face of the complete breakdown of the German and British social insurance systems, he announces that the social insurance movement is "improving" in all capitalist countries. With 700,000 child laborers still being exploited in the United States, Dr. Rubinow finds that the New Deal has "discovered a new and simple way of abolishing or controlling child labor."

The main point of this review is not to show that Dr. Rubinow deals unsatisfactorily with our most important social problems. It is to drive home to everyone interested in the fight

for economic security, and especially to rank-and-file social workers, that Dr. Rubinow is one of the most dangerous enemies of social insurance for workers. He is typical of that class of social workers which refuses to give relief to strikers, whose real function is to help patch up the crumbling social order.

Social workers who look upon Dr. Rubinow as a sincere exponent of social betterment should acquaint themselves with the facts of his behavior at the recent National Conference of Jewish Social Service held at Atlantic City. He was principally instrumental in killing a resolution passed by rank-and-file delegates for the conference to endorse the Lundeen Bill for unemployment insurance (HR7598). He called the bill the worst drawn-up, and the most impractical that he had ever read. It would be an act of professional stupidity, he asserted, to endorse HR7598.

DAVID RAMSEY.

### The Rat of Berlin

*THE BERLIN DIARIES*, edited by Dr. Helmut Klotz. William Morrow. \$2.75.

This book should prove a revelation to all honest Socialists and liberals. If the results of the "lesser evil" policy have not sufficiently convinced them of its criminal stupidity, then perhaps they can learn something from this inside story of how the bourgeois-democratic "opponents" of Nazism stood at the constant beck and call of the ruling class in preparing the way for Hitler and finally in lifting him into the chancellor's seat. On almost every page General "X" makes some half gleeful, half bitter remark about the incredibly silly policies of the Social Democrats, "those bloodless and spineless descendants of Bebel," those "innocent angels" who are "afraid of power, afraid of responsibility, afraid of their own program," whose "policy" actually made the advent of Hitler inevitable.

There will be many speculations as to the identity of the authors—for we learn from the editor that General "X" is a composite personality. Certainly they are (or at least were) insiders, probably a group of army officers and others (Otto Strasser and other Schwarze Front emigrés?) for whom Germany's military glory and the dominance of the military clique were even more important than capitalism's rate of profit. General "X" admits quite frankly that he opposes Hitler because under his regime "the dominating influence of the army would be broken up." He writes of the "devastating transformation" of the army under the dictatorship of a bourgeois party, a dictatorship which "would make permanent the cleavage between the army and the people." He does not want to admit that this "cleavage" is inevitable wherever capitalism rules and is only relatively less sharp and apparent when its rule is masked by democratic forms. But he half suspects it and asks himself doubtfully: "Is it necessary to wait for the onset of the Communistic era before overcoming this German malady?"

A comical predicament for the warlords!

Hold onto the present system and they cannot make war without risking revolution; let it go and war loses its *raison d'être*. What can a general do? General "X" compromises and becomes "in the truest sense socialistic," *i.e.*, he advocates a somewhat more honest and determined reformism than that of the Social Democratic Party. With Schleicher he wants to break up the large estates, form a "cabinet of soldiers and trade unionists," etc. But, alas, capitalism in its last stages will brook no reforms, and so after the conspiracy between Papen and Hitler (which took place in the home of the *Jewish banker*, Schroeder!) "X" and Schleicher find themselves in the sad company of the Social Democrats—on Hitler's rubbish heap. Then at last General "X" recognizes that his chief's role is not very different from that of "the bloodless and spineless descendants of Bebel." "Then [in the July, 1932 "rape of Prussia"] it was Braun and Severing, today it is Schleicher."

Despite the confused viewpoint of its authors, *Berlin Diaries* is certainly one of the most important exposés that have yet appeared of the secret machinations which led to Hitler's bloody regime. And incidentally it shows the extent to which Germany even at that time was secretly armed. General "X" visits one poison gas and munition factory after another and grows ecstatic over the excellent prospects of bacteriological warfare and over a gas "seventeen times as effective" as any known elsewhere, of which "a trifling amount could gas

any large city. And destroy life; that is the main point."

It is impossible in a review to give even a taste of the impression we get from this day by day account of the venality, irresponsibility, and pettiness of the important political figures who ruled and rule Germany—of the atmosphere of degeneracy and corruption that pervades all the activities of these noblemen, diplomats, statesmen, fascist demagogues, and generals, "each out for something or other and determined to out-bribe his rivals." Roehm suspects Goering of having engineered the public exposure of his homosexual relations and in retaliation gives General "X" (an enemy!) documentary proof of Goering's morphinism and insanity. Goebbels, while fulminating against the Papen cabinet, uses his charming wife in an attempt to wangle a portfolio in it. Strasser speaks of Hitler as a "half-sick, half-mad operatic soprano." The Leader himself complains to Schleicher that he can't kick Goering out because "this morphinist certainly won't hold his tongue if he is attacked. Herr Goering knows too many things—!" Hindenburg is first bribed and then blackmailed by a group of East Prussian Junkers, who thus gain complete control over him. Hitler whines like a beaten puppy whenever capitalists' contributions stop rolling in. Schleicher double-crosses Papen; Papen double-crosses Schleicher. And so on. . . . But to see it all in its full disgusting proportions, it is necessary to read the book itself. LAWRENCE GILBERT.

## Between Ourselves

WILLI MUENZENBERG is preparing a series of articles for us, the first of which we expect to publish next week. It is called *After Hitler—What?* Muenzenberg, one of the best known revolutionists of Europe, is general secretary of the Workers' International Relief. He published *The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror* and *The Second Brown Book*. Since 1906, when he entered the labor movement and became active in the German Socialist Youth together with Karl Liebknecht, Muenzenberg's work has been closely identified with the building up of the great Communist Party of Germany. Among the daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies that he published in Germany were AIZ, Berlin am Morgen, Welt am Morgen, Welt am Abend, Der Weg der Frau. From 1924 to 1933 he was a Communist deputy in the Reichstag. Muenzenberg arrived here for a short stay, spoke at the recent Madison Square Garden meeting on the German situation, and is returning to Europe almost immediately.

A year ago this week (July 19) Harry Alan Potamkin, died. The poem in this issue was found among his papers.

Paul Salter and Jack Librome prepared the essay on Dewey, Russell and Cohen, the first part of which appears this week, for the Philosophy Committee of the Pen and Hammer of New York. A study of the financial

control by the moving picture industry, also prepared by the Pen and Hammer, will appear shortly. It is by Gertrude Armstrong and Ben Maddow, of the Arts Committee.

Ned Hilton, whose drawing accompanies Iris Hamilton's report of the longshoremen's strike on the Pacific Coast, is a San Francisco artist who is now living in New York.

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