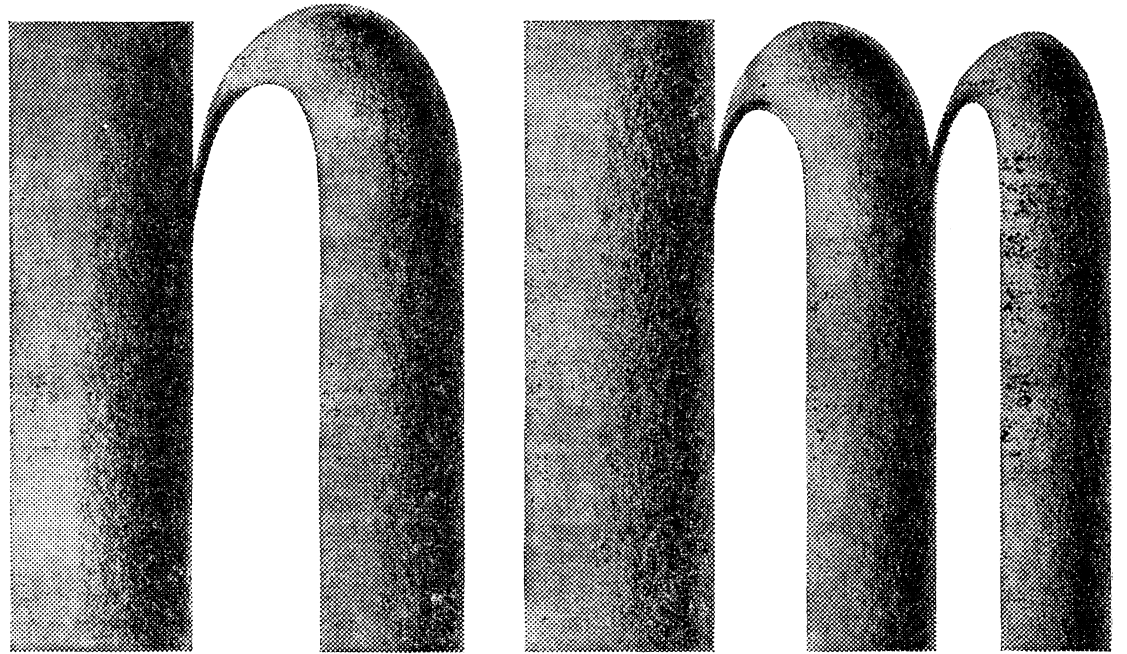


new masses



War This Year?

Richard Goodman Analyzes Hitler's Next Move

Vincent Sheean

What Spain Means Today to All Americans

John L. Spivak

Fascist World Activity: A Map by Ad Reinhardt

Four-fifths of a Nation

The First Article in a Series on America's Health

Robert Forsythe, C. Day Lewis, Theodore Draper,
Paul G. McManus, Ruth McKenney

MARCH 7, 1939 * FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

BETWEEN OURSELVES

AGAIN we should like to direct your attention to statements on our financial drive. See pages 3, 15, and 32.

In shortly forthcoming issues we will present statements by two internationally known German refugee writers, Heinrich, brother of Thomas, Mann and the German proletarian novelist, playwright, and poet, Bertolt Brecht. We are also able to announce that Richard Goodman, our London correspondent (see page 5), is now making a tour of the Continent for us and will shortly send us a series of dispatches on current developments.

Joseph North will speak on "Spain, Frontier of Democracy," at the Brighton Center, Sunday, March 5, at 8:30 p.m.

Ruth McKenney will speak in Philadelphia at the People's Forum, Sunday evening, March 5, and in Washington, D. C., at The Bookshop, Friday, March 17. Her subject at both meetings will be "The Writer in a Changing World."

Bruce Minton addressed a UOPWA audience in Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday, February 26, on "A Progressive Program for 1940."

"The inclusion of photos, maps, and charts," writes Arthur Vogt, a contributor, "gives New MASSES just three extra reasons to claim superiority. If it can bring these features to the level of its cartooning and editorial presentation, it will provide strong competition in every aspect of magazine publishing." Mr. Vogt, whose experience in the magazine field has been long, continues: "American progressives will have only themselves to blame if they let New MASSES go under. The magazine is more needed now than ever, and its staff has shown its readiness to enter the new battle with far heavier armament. You don't exaggerate a bit when you advertise, 'America Needs New MASSES.'"

In a note on William Gropper's



Antonio Machado
The Spanish poet, writer of his land and its people, who died last week in a French concentration camp at the age of sixty-four.

paintings last week, we mentioned John Bunyan as "the legendary figure of the American lumber camps." John Bunyan was, of course, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress* and we had reference to Paul Bunyan.

In keeping with the whole progressive attitude of Mordecai Bauman, his Town Hall debut on March 19 under the auspices of NM will feature several new songs by young American composers. Many of these songs have been written particularly for Bauman's exceptional baritone voice, and will have first performance at this concert. The composers whose songs will be presented are: Lan Adomian, Marc Blitzstein, Norman Dello Joio, Herbert Haufrecht, Goddard Lieberson, Alex North, Earl Robinson, Elie Siegmeister. Besides these, Hans Eisler, famous composer of mass songs, who now makes his home in New York, has promised a new song for the occasion. The rest of the concert will include songs by Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Moussorgsky, and Charles Ives, and the whole testifies to Bauman's versatility and splendid sense of program making. For further details see the ad on page 25.

A record audience packed the Keynote Club last week to hear Maxwell Bodenheim, Joy Davidman, Kenneth Fearing, Alfred Hayes, Willard Maas, James Neugass, Norman Rosten, Muriel Rukeyser, Genevieve Taggard, and David Wolff speak on *Living American Poetry*. Samuel Sillen, NM literary editor, was chairman. The poets read selections from and discussed their own works, and proved effectively that American poetry is alive and doing very well, thank you. As an added feature of the evening the Keynote Players presented a dramatic number, based on Kenneth Fearing's *American Rhapsody*, which brought down the house.

The Keynote Players will appear in their first full performance this Sunday evening, March 5, with a program of new songs, dances, and skits. Among the sketches will be *Quo Vadis Tracy* and *Cliveden Set* by Samuel Locke, and *Times Have Changed*, by John La Touche, with music by Berenice Kazounoff; the songs will include *Down on Downing Street*, with words and music by Sylvia Fine, and *Thank God for the Atlantic and Pacific*, by David Gregory and Berenice Kazounoff.

The *Lost Reels in Movie History* forum, scheduled for March 2, is arousing a lot of interest. Forumites should get their tickets in advance, or else come early, as it looks as though it will be an SRO evening.

For the benefit of the American boys still in Franco's hands, a "Prisoners Ball" is being given this Friday evening, March 3, at the Hotel Center, N. Y., by the Relatives of American Prisoners in Franco Spain, an organization affiliated to the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. There will be a twelve-piece

band, a floor show from Harlem, and several Broadway stars will appear.

Who's Who

RICHARD GOODMAN, a member of the London *Daily Worker* staff, is now NM's London correspondent. . . . Paul G. McManus, who has written many articles on political and economic subjects for NM, is now our correspondent in Washington. . . . Vincent Sheean's speech at the Manhattan Center memorial meeting on Washington's Birthday, for the American boys who died in Spain, was based on his article in this issue. Sheean has recently returned from Spain where he served for many months as an American correspondent. . . . C. Day Lewis, English poet, novelist, and critic, is a regular contributor to NM. . . . Ian Milner is a student of Far Eastern affairs. . . . Karl Anders is an anti-fascist refugee from Nazi Germany. . . . Eleanor Flexner is the author of *American Playwrights: 1918-1938*. She has contributed a number of drama reviews to NM.

Flashbacks

CRISPUS ATTUCKS, Negro, died March 5, 1770, the first American to lose his life in the struggle for this country's freedom. He fell in the Boston Massacre. . . . Dred Scott,

Negro, learned on March 6, 1857, from the U. S. Supreme Court that no matter if his owner took him to territory where slavery was illegal, he himself remained a slave. Of the court's assumption that Negroes were "so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect," Senator Seward had this proposal to make: "The people of the United States never can, and they never will, accept principles so unconstitutional and abhorrent. Never! We shall reorganize the court, and thus reform its political sentiments and practices, and bring them into harmony with the Constitution and the laws of nature." . . . Only four years after the Dred Scott decision, on March 4, 1861, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated. . . . The Communist International began its vigorous life just twenty years ago, March 4, 1919. . . . Hitler began making the world look apprehensively at him the first week in March when the Nazi Party gained absolute control of the Reichstag on the 5th of that month in 1933. . . . On March 7, 1936, Nazi troops occupied the Rhineland in violation of the Versailles Treaty. . . . Hitler, however, was not pleased with events beginning on March 6, 1938, in the Soviet Union. Some of his strongest allies there went on trial that day for sabotage and treason.

This Week

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Cover design by Julian Brazelton. Art work by A. Birnbaum, Phil Stern, Mischa Richter, John Heliker, Martin Vos, Ned Hilton, Barbara Morgan.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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“SUPPRESS NEW MASSES!”

BEFORE you pass this off as the exclusive opinion of Martin Dies, Fritz Kuhn, Father Coughlin, et al—reflect for a minute on whether *you aren't saying exactly the same thing.*

Yes, I'll grant you that the words have never actually passed your lips; but there are more ways than one to skin a cat, and to damn a magazine—such as NEW MASSES.

Regardless of how highly you praise the magazine to friends . . . regardless of how valuable you have found it as an interpreter of events and a guide to political and economic action . . . regardless of how wonderful you think it is that the magazine has been bringing you such writers as Hemingway, Caldwell, Sheean, Haldane . . . regardless of all this or anything else

If, to date, you haven't contributed your bit to NEW MASSES' financial drive, you are helping to realize the wishes of all who hate progress . . . you are helping to condemn NEW MASSES . . . you are saying, like it or not, “SUPPRESS NEW MASSES.”

By what right, you may ask, do I assume this demanding tone? You may say: “Hell, man. I subscribe to the magazine; I'm passing it around to friends; suppose I can't chip in towards the drive?”

If you can't, that's that. (Though even then, how about approaching a sympathetic friend who can?)

But if sending a dollar or more means a little

sacrifice on your part, a movie or two not seen right now; a book not bought right now; then, I feel I am not overstepping my bounds when I ask that sacrifice of you.

I feel that way because I know that it will be a much greater sacrifice to have to do without NEW MASSES. I know that unless the pace of the drive is immediately accelerated, we will come face to face with that situation.

We cannot kid ourselves. I do not want to kid you. The drive to date has been far, far from what we hoped for. The amount of money received has been a mere mite compared to the need. The same pace of contributions for the next few weeks spells disaster.

What else can I tell you?

You have all been grand to us in the past. You have given us courage to continue against 100-1 odds. You have given us courage to go ahead with plans to improve the magazine. You have given whenever we have asked, of time, money, ideas.

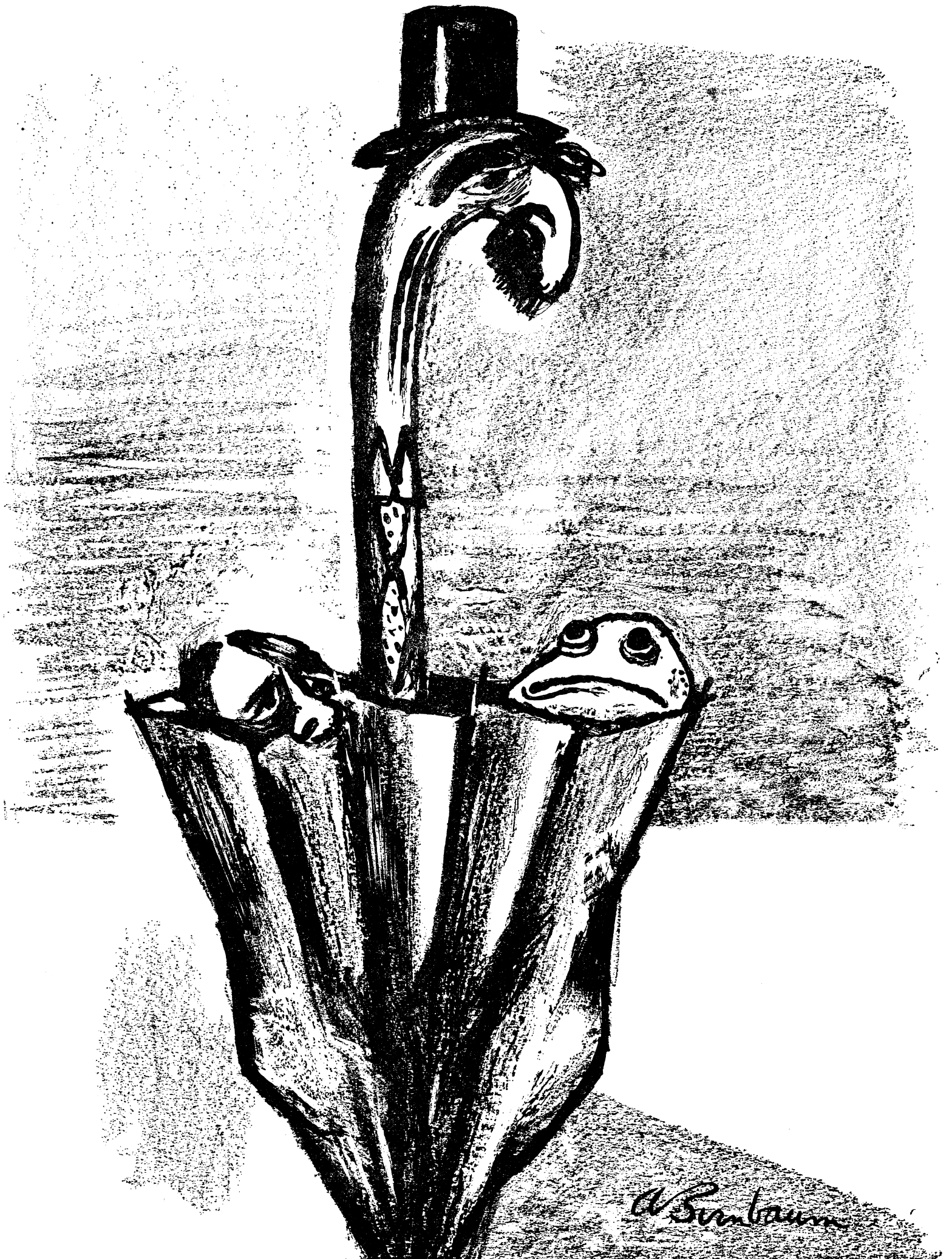
Give again!

Now, before you turn this page, take an envelope. Address it to NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th St., New York City. Inside the envelope put a bill, or your check. Send us that envelope.

Don't let it be thought or said that you said, “*Suppress New Masses.*”



BUSINESS MANAGER.



Hitler's Next Move

Richard Goodman analyzes the misgivings of the fascist powers in the face of a powerful USSR. What the trials did to the "fifth columns" in White Russia and the Ukraine. The intensification of "blitzangriff."

Paris, February 26.

WILL there be war this year in Europe? It is a question which will always be asked while capitalism lasts in the main countries of the world. It is being asked now because the Italo-German occupation of Catalonia and the unseemly haste of the British and French governments to recognize the "caudillo" have invested it with alarming reality.

Since coming to the Continent as your European correspondent I have discussed the position in whole or in part with many people usually considered to be "in the know"—with diplomats, journalists, politicians, and staff officers, with refugees just escaped from Germany and Italy, and with those who live precariously on the many frontiers of the Third Reich, smuggling out those precious scraps of information which, pieced together, give something like the true picture of what is going on under the terror of the swastika's shadow. Some cannot give the answer to our question. Others do not even try. Others reach diametrically opposed conclusions; but all are agreed on one thing—the danger is growing, and growing with alarming rapidity. Sifting the wheat from the chaff, however, one gets approximately the following picture.

NAZIS CHANGE THEIR PLANS

The axis powers have dropped—at least for the moment—their plans for an armed offensive in Eastern Europe. Their agents are still active there, in Hungary, in Czechoslovakia, in Poland, and in Rumania, but their activities are actually geared in with their main preparations—preparations for an offensive on the West.

What has led to this very significant change of emphasis? There are three main reasons, and they are important. In the first place, Nazi Germany cannot yet wage a prolonged war. It is doubtful—for reasons I give below—whether she will ever be able to do so. The strategy of "blitzkrieg" remains the strategy of the Reich armies. Now any drive eastward must sooner or later, and sooner than later, bring the Hitler legions up against the Red Army of the USSR. But today the Red Army and the land of socialism are so formidable that "blitzkrieg" against the Soviet Ukraine or Byelorussia would be suicidal, for apart from any other consideration, for "blitzan-

griff" to be successful there must be ready on the territory of the victim a "fifth column" to act simultaneously with the enemy without. But the USSR has smashed Hitler's fifth column in the Ukraine and in Byelorussia.

And today the real significance of the trials and "purges," which the enemies of democracy have tried so hard to twist for their own propaganda uses, is slowly dawning on some of the more realistic military experts in Europe—the Nazis themselves and the Reichswehr General Staff have never from the first been under any illusion on this point. The result is that today it is being said, though very privately, that when the Soviet commissariat of home affairs discovered and smashed the enemy plot of the bloc of rights and Trotskyites the Third Reich suffered its "biggest defeat to date"—a defeat at least comparable to that suffered by the Japanese at Changkufeng. But that is not all. This is what the French nationalist paper *Ordre* wrote on the twenty-first anniversary of the Red Army:

Today the army and navy of the USSR are powerful factors on which Europe is forced to count. In ten years the technical bases of national defense have been recreated from top to bottom. A powerful industry has been created. Armament and equipment have been brought to a high degree of technical perfection. . . . As for cadres, the Red Army possesses twenty military academies and a network of special schools which have given to the country thousands of officers perfectly trained. More than 3,500 graduates, commissars and soldiers, have been decorated in the space of ten years by the Soviet government.

While Major Schmettel of the Reich Air Ministry, in his book, *Air War Threatens Europe*, published last year, writes:

Russia like no other country is in a position to base its military strength on its air force. . . . Russia is the only European country whose territory is so large that even the combined air forces of several European powers could not conquer her. It can be safely assumed that the output of military planes will reach a total figure of twelve thousand or even fifteen thousand in 1940. This means the strength of the Red Air force will be brought up to at least twenty thousand planes. It is only possible to realize the significance of this if we consider the gigantic increase in output during the Great War. England increased her air force from 272 planes in 1915 to 22,171 in 1918. If such an increase was possible in England, at the birth of its aircraft industry, how much more can be expected from Soviet Russia, which in

peacetime is already producing eight thousand and will soon have an annual output of twelve thousand to fifteen thousand planes?

In the second place, the real meaning of the Munich agreement has not been lost on Poland, Rumania, and Hungary, who were betrayed by the infamous four just as much as was Czechoslovakia. The result has been a significant improvement in Polish relations with the USSR, which was the sole great European power which had nothing to do with that sell-out. That also started, though only very recently, a stiffening anti-Hitler attitude in Hungary and Rumania.

NAZI DIFFICULTIES

But if Munich was a betrayal of the fundamental interests of the small Eastern and Southeastern European countries, it was equally a betrayal of the two Western democracies, England and France. Consequently, and in third place, the Third Reich considers these two countries—and especially France—as more attractive victims who become progressively more attractive with each day that Bonnet and Chamberlain remain in power.

However, here again the warmakers come up against difficulties. Although the Daladier-Bonnet government has freed the Cagouards who were rounded up by Marx Dormoy, and has thereby directly weakened the republican rear; although Bonnet and Chamberlain have allowed German planes and Italian guns and troops to reach the Pyrenees; and although the French Two Hundred Families are attempting systematically to demoralize and split the patriotic anti-fascist popular forces with the assistance of Trotskyites and "integral pacifists" and other defeatist elements, France is still by no means an easy nut to crack. General Gamelin, resolutely anti-Munich—unlike Bonnet's pro-fascist pet, General Georges—believes France could even now meet the fascist "blitzangriff" and hold off the fascist armies until assistance comes. Moreover, a fascist attack would arouse in all its revolutionary strength the French working people, who would fight as the Spanish people have fought and are still fighting—but with infinitely better arms. While finally, despite all Bonnet's (and Chamberlain's) efforts, both the Franco-Soviet and Franco-Polish Pacts exist.

RICHARD GOODMAN.

N. Y., Feb. 20: Storm Troopers Arrive

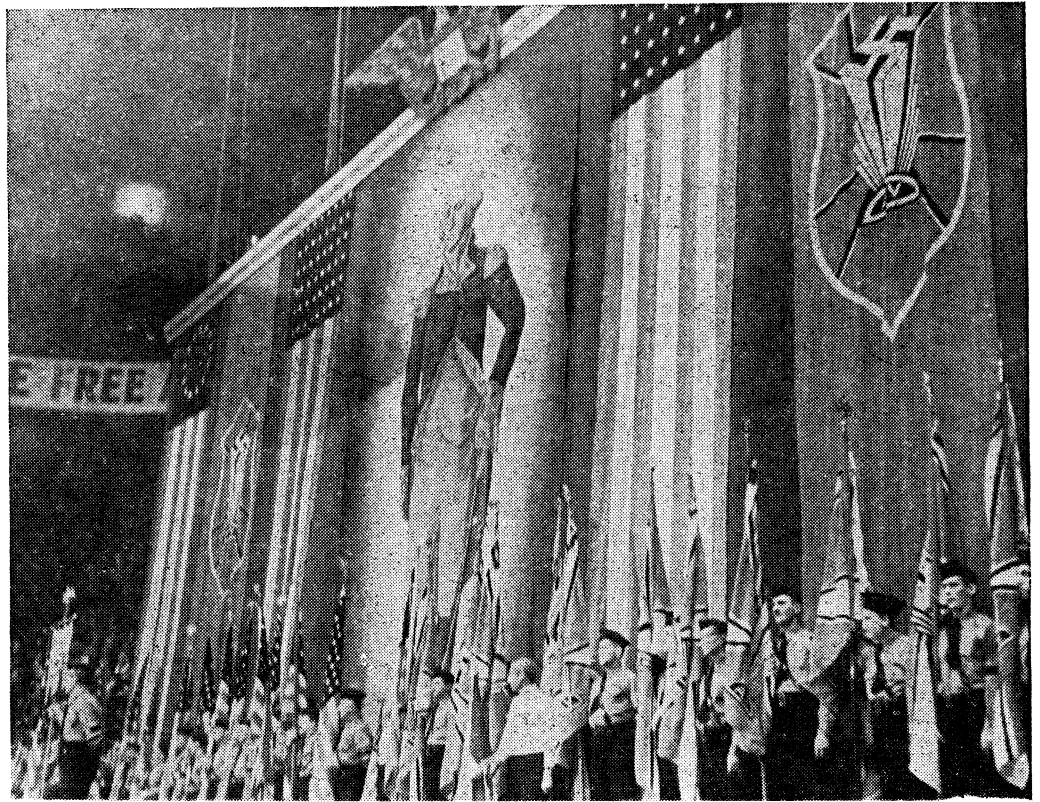
Berlin gives the signal for open action in America. The allies of Hitler are cheered. Typical Henleinist rally. The American "coordination" campaign is launched by the ODs.

"**T**HROW the Jew bastard out!" they yelled. They yelled that way in Vienna in March, Eger in September. The Henleinists used to roar that way in Prague for months before Munich. After their meetings in the Deutsches Haus, which Czech democracy permitted to its regret, bands of Nazis would roam through the main avenue, Vaclavske Namesti, shouting threats, breaking windows, attacking small groups of Czechs returning late. It was the regular thing after midnight. There and everywhere that yell meant: enough words: action—and blood.

I suppose that Dorothy Thompson was just then too busy to hear what they called her. At least two cops were jerking her arms, with more running up, including Storm Troopers. Those who cried out against her near me, directly behind in the first balcony, did not know who she was. They only knew that somebody had laughed and that she was the center of the disturbance which followed. By that time they were restless, having listened to speeches for more than two hours. The Goebbels of the Bund, Gunther Wilhelm Kunze, was shouting in poorly translated German. Said the chairman in introducing Kunze: "He has just returned from a nationwide tour in which he organized eleven new Bund groups, four of them in the state of that patriotic American, Martin Dies."

This Kunze is the most dangerous man in the Bund; he is to Kuhn what Schibikowsky was to Henlein. He was the one who dared to call the President "Rosenfeld" and the secretary of labor "Perkinsinsky." Somewhere in the middle of his speech he said that "white Gentiles" never break the Golden Rule and Dorothy Thompson, standing at the side, giggled audibly. It snapped the tension, which had noticeably increased as Kunze's anti-Semitism grew more violent. So they called her a "Jew bastard" and would have coordinated her had she been within reach of their itching fingers.

The incident on the platform was equally significant. Fritz Kuhn—"Mein Führer" they called him all evening—was speaking. He is hard to understand because his English is abominable. Obviously he has been told to skip words he cannot pronounce so he never utters a full sentence. He stumbles over "disguise" and quickly passes on. He cannot say "represent." It is useless to note more of the unpronounceables, they come so fast. He tends to overact, as though he were too conscious of his role and importance. His facial and physical resemblance to Konrad Henlein is remarkable. As he crosses the platform, the Storm Troopers, called Ordnungs Dienst here, begin to spread out. Five heavy pugs are stationed on both sides of the platform, another row of them immediately in front, others at both sides be-



Phil Stern

WASHINGTON UNDER THE SWASTIKA. *The gigantic Nazi mockery unfolded in Madison Square Garden where "führers" attacked democracy in front of the giant picture of the founder of American democracy.*

neath the platform—these in addition to the long columns of two in each of the three aisles. Suddenly, from the side near the press tables, a short figure bounds onto and across the platform towards Kuhn. The five ODs pounce on him, midway across, and knock him down. Police jump in but the ODs cling to their victim. The fighting lasts about a minute and a half. In that brief time, the Storm Troopers have done a professional job. Of course, they beat him. A more significant sign: they tore his pants off, though they had no more than forty-five seconds to do it. They would not have done him up in quite that way without special training, training à la Dachau and Munich. It is the Nazi street-fighting technique.

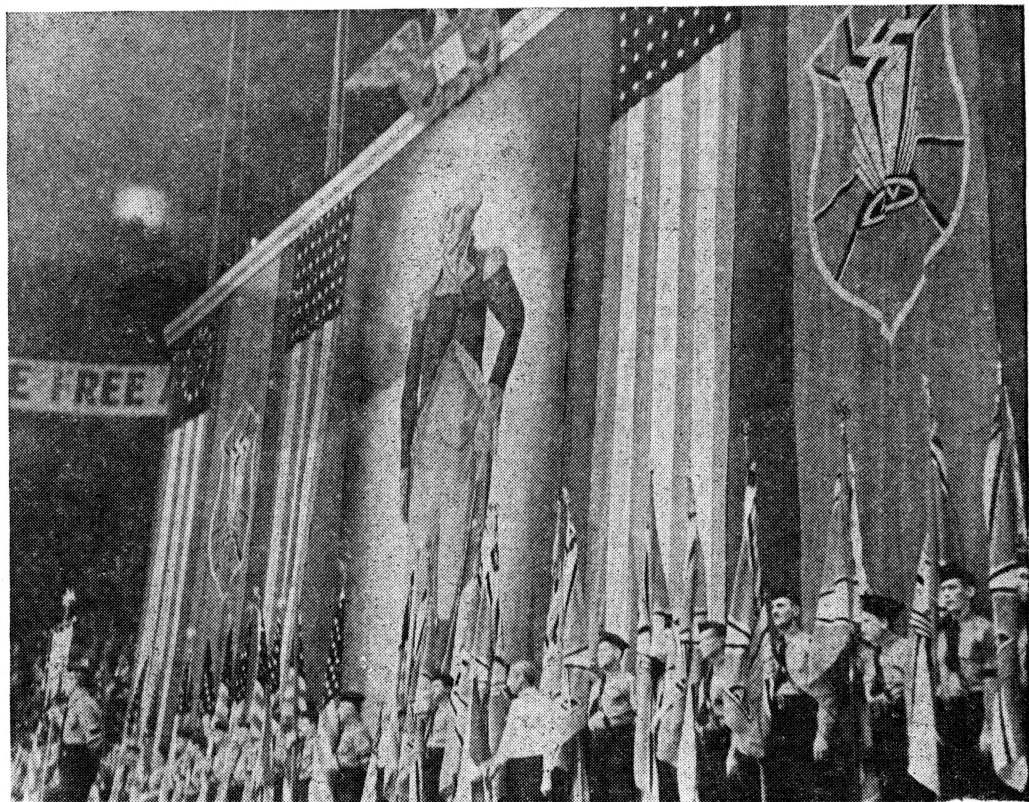
POLICE AND STORM TROOPERS

A third bit of action, in its way as striking as the other two. Dorothy Thompson has come to one of the press tables after her little difficulty. She is still smiling. Her face seems to say: "I have seen this before. Well, how far is it going to go this time?" At once, a mass of ODs begin to advance menacingly towards the press tables, behind which fifty or so more reporters are standing. The ODs push, the reporters fall back. It looks as though the Nazis are trying to encircle the tables but to do that they have to push half of the standing

reporters out of the hall. A police captain hurries up as the tug of war seems about to become something worse. Some of the reporters don't like getting pushed about by toughs in Nazi uniforms. The captain is worried but puzzled. A member of the working press tells him to clear out the ODs and is told that the Nazis are there to "preserve order."

Then emerges one of the strangest spectacles ever witnessed in a public meeting in New York. A dozen or so cops have pushed their way through the ODs and finally surround the press tables, but the Nazis keep their massed position directly behind. The latter still keep pushing and a number of cops have to turn around and glare angrily in order to hold their position. From where I sit, it looks for all the world as though the reporters at the typewriters are a small, besieged garrison, seemingly saved from the silver-shirted swarm at their backs by a thin line of cops. This curious scene lasted for about an hour when the Nazis were finally cleared out of there.

What happened in Madison Square Garden on the night of February 20 at the meeting of the German American Bund to celebrate the birthday of George Washington was a typical Henleinist rally—without the white stockings. It was Henleinist because some, not much,



Phil Stern

WASHINGTON UNDER THE SWASTIKA. *The gigantic Nazi mockery unfolded in Madison Square Garden where "führers" attacked democracy in front of the giant picture of the founder of American democracy.*

camouflage was used. The camouflage was typically Nazi. One speaker, for example, apostrophized "patriotic Americanism" but denounced "democracy." In order to make the two seem to harmonize, he declared that the United States was not a democracy at all but a republic, hence he was for an American republic but against an American democracy. This order of thinking is on the same level as some of the Nazi propaganda against Czechoslovakia. Under certain conditions it can be no less dangerous because the use of myths is a basic principle of Nazi propaganda.

AUP . . . AUP . . . AUP . . .

Then there was the typical Nazi way of barking commands. The sub-sub-führer stands cataleptically rigid and from the pit of his stomach come one-word orders, to prepare, to beat the drums, to march, to stop. The Garden meeting was opened in just that way. A big-bellied Storm Trooper came to the microphone and bellowed: "Aup . . . Aup . . . Aup . . . Aup . . ." The effect is a combination of mock military precision and concentration-camp efficiency.

The Bund's Ordnungs Dienst are the sort of Storm Troopers Hitler had in the early days of National Socialism. Outside Germany, the Nazis call them by another name but they are nonetheless Storm Troopers. Henlein used to call his the Freiwillige Schutzbund or FS. They too wore a semi-military uniform (when it was forbidden, they adopted white stockings as their symbol), emphasized precision drills at rallies, kept strong-arm squads and glorified barking sub-führers. Kuhn's ODs are Storm Troopers of a very early vintage because they are obvious toughs, paid to do the dirty work of the wire-pullers. Everyone had a searchlight, which makes a good club in an emer-

gency. It was ludicrous to see them try to exchange banners on the platform. It was ludicrous and deadly serious.

At the Garden meeting, every speaker began and ended with the typical Nazi salute, the outstretched hand. Before uttering a word, they would stiffen, salute, and cry: "Free America!" When Kuhn finished, the entire crowd chanted that slogan the way similar crowds in Central Europe chant: "Heil . . . Hitler!" The sub-führer at the microphone shouted "Free . . ." and the crowd responded "America!" The word "America" does not lend itself to that kind of barking treatment but the Bundists managed to get the required effect by making no pretense to say it. Instead, what they actually chanted was: "Free . . . Aup! Free . . . Aup! Free . . . Aup!"

In Europe, the Nazis use a modified form of their salute as an ordinary gesture of greeting. The handshake is gone. This was also the vogue at the Garden, though some Bundists still combined the two. As one greeted another in the aisles, the hand went up and the lips said "Heil!"

If these were the superficial signs of the brown network, the speeches left little to the imagination.

About two-thirds of every speech was directed against the Jews. This is evidently the main myth in Nazi propaganda here. Of the four banners hung on the balcony, two read: "Wake Up, America—Smash Jewish Communism" and "Stop Jewish Domination of Christian America." Every mention of Communism and Marxism was linked with anti-Semitism, but the latter received most emphasis. It is unnecessary to repeat the whole repertoire of abuse but some examples will convey the general line. "White" people must have nothing to do with Jews. Jews are "Orientals." The

"white Gentile" must guard his "racial purity" against "Jews, Orientals, and Africans." Some of the insults were crude exhibitions. Kunze once referred to "the hook-nosed element," with appropriate gestures. One of his typical, concrete demands was the expulsion of all Jewish teachers from classrooms attended by a "white Gentile child."

WASHINGTON AND HITLER

Every speaker also dwelt on war and one predicted that a world war was coming. The reason the Bund chose Washington's birthday for their rally was the pretext it gave them to spread the phrase against "entangling alliances." The idea was to smear every American effort to help the democracies of Europe as "acts of war" or "aggressions." One speaker, Rev. S. G. von Bosse, said that there was no middle ground between fascism and Communism, adding that if Washington were alive, he would know how to choose and stand with Adolf Hitler. Some of the historical references were laughable. Kuhn, for example, made much of a quotation from Hitler that Germans had never crossed the ocean to fight against Americans but Americans had tried to choke German "independence" by arms. The führer and his echo forgot the Hessians. Each speaker ardently endorsed "neutrality," hence the stress on "entangling alliances," and it was in this connection that Sens. Hiram Johnson, Borah, and Nye were singled out for special praise. The applause for Nye was extremely vigorous. These senators might profit from the wisdom of old Bebel, when he was praised by his enemies: "What folly have I committed to merit the praises of these cannibals?"

Finally, the Bund is concentrating upon the formation of a fascist bloc. The largest and



Phil Stern

IMPORTED STORM TROOPS. From at least five states, the secret army of Hitler assembled in New York to sing the "Horst Wessel" song of bloodlust.



Acme

AFTER THE ODS, THE COPS. Police drag off the victim of a skilled beating and disrobing by trained Nazi thugs.

longest applause of the evening was lavished on Father Coughlin. When his name was mentioned for the first time, the ovation resembled that at a nominating convention. Next came Martin Dies, Herbert Hoover, Boake Carter, and Gen. Hugh Johnson. Kuhn let slip a significant bit of the larger scheme when he boasted that a solid bloc of German-Americans, even though a minority, "could move mountains." One of the most striking episodes of the evening came when one of the sub-führers asked the meeting to pledge "undivided" allegiance to the flag. He spoke the pledge but no more than a handful of people repeated it with him. The same thing happened when *The Star Spangled Banner* was sung. Nobody sang it with the soprano, whose ability to say the words was only slightly better than führer Kuhn's. George Washington, flanked by two swastikas, looked down at the silent and embarrassed Bundists.

I am convinced that the Garden rally cannot be dismissed as just another Nazi meeting. That would be fatal. It was an event of the first importance in the development of fascism in America. It was the beginning of something we have not yet had.

From what I could see, the bulk of those present were Germans. Many could not speak English at all. There were also Italians (cry-

ing "Viva il Duce!") and some Catholic followers of Father Coughlin. In this sense, the Bund rally was not representative of the population at large. But it did show that the word has gone out from Berlin for a change in tactics. Not otherwise can this undisguised exhibition of Nazism, the savage anti-Semitic incitement, the barking, swastikas, salutes be explained. Fritz Kuhn gave the plot away when he said: "The louder our Jewish friends complain about the Bund, the more people in general want to know what we are fighting for." The meaning is plain. The Nazis intend to provoke louder and louder complaints. If this incitation continues, it will not be long before they take to the streets, as they did in Prague after midnight. As one reporter said to me: "If they had had one real, good fire-eater here who could speak English, this crowd would have gone out hunting and thirsting for real trouble." I think he was right.

The greatest danger comes from the alliance between the Bund, Father Coughlin, Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, Representative Dies, Herbert Hoover, William R. Castle, and all the rest of the homespun führer fraternity. The bundists want to do the strong-arm work for the Hitler-Hoover axis. Whereas a Castle finds it advisable, as yet, only to suggest anti-

Semitism, they howl away at theirs. It would be childish to think that it was Kuhn who decided the time had come to step up Nazi provocations here. The wire-pullers in Berlin did that. Therein lies the menacing significance of this rally, for it foreshadows a more reckless and violent penetration in the United States.

Have we nothing to learn from the fate of Austria and Czechoslovakia? There too, at one time, not very long ago, they said: "The Nazis are clowns and bums. We have laws to protect us. Let them rave. There is plenty of time to worry and take action." But the Nazis had the backing of powerful interests. The press treated their worst outbreaks with the most gentle regret while the big denunciations were reserved for the self-defense efforts of the left. So there came a time when the very people who had plenty of patience were given the opportunity to exercise it in concentration camps.

Do you smile in disbelief? Then you have learned nothing in the last two years.

THEODORE DRAPER.

Twenty Years After

Earl Browder on the aim of American Communists

ONE week after the Nazi Bund openly spread its program of violence and hate in Madison Square Garden, New York, the Communist Party of America held its celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Communist International and the fifteenth anniversary of the *Daily Worker*, the American party's paper. The reasonableness and order of the American Communists' great meeting was commented upon by all New York newspapers, in contrast to the racist and anti-American rioting of the Bund's Storm Troopers seven days before.

The historic function of the American Communists, as explained by Earl Browder, the principal speaker, is "to contribute to bring the United States fully into the world democratic front by making our people world-conscious, by creating a clearer understanding that the national security of our country is most intimately bound up with the fate of world democracy and peace. From the time of Marx and Engels this has been the conscious goal of Communists."

The obvious tactics of those fascist criers for "isolation" can most easily be seen by the successive "isolation" of Austria and Czechoslovakia, and the cooperation of the pro-fascists in Spain and Poland. The very same trends we can see from day to day in the United States—openly and covertly advocated by statesmen in high places. These conscious and unconscious traitors to American peace have had their well-known counterparts in every country where fascist provocation and "isolation" is tried. Browder showed clearly the necessity of all Americans fighting this Nazi-influenced "fifth column."



Mischa Richter (Apologies to an Old Engraver)

The War Which Is Not Yet Ended

Vincent Sheean writes his personal history of the Spanish people's indomitable fight against extinction. A tribute to the men who went overseas.

THEY went to Spain for various reasons and their motives were mixed, but at least they agreed upon one thing, which was that it was worthwhile trying to do something about the mess and the confusion of the world. Why did they go to Spain? Spain seems a long way off and there are plenty of problems of great urgency near at hand. Even so, Spain is not much farther from New York today than Brandywine was in George Washington's time.

Among the young, the strong, and the determined, sympathy and good wishes were not enough and they went to Spain to fight. There is a super-nationality, which plays as great a part in the movements of contemporary thought and feeling as nationality or nationalism did in George Washington's day. Political organizations have sometimes attempted to employ this truth and have not quite succeeded. They have at least evoked the super-patriotism of which these men who died in Spain were exponents. As Lord Acton, one of the greatest of Catholic authorities, said in his essay on nationality, which is to be found in the volume called *The History of Freedom*: "The great sign of true patriotism, the development of selfishness into sacrifice, is the product of political life." The political life which organized and employed the International Brigades was that of the left. The left is that combination of parties which systematically devotes itself to the progress of the masses; without undue insistence on leadership and without appealing to the dark forces of the unconscious and the ancestral past for its sources of power. These dark forces do exist, as Germany and Italy prove to us every day. But the parties of the left at any rate do make an effort to conquer them and ask us to think with our brains, rather than with our blood. The role of the Communist Party in the support of the Spanish republic is one of its chief claims to the gratitude of all the democratic forces.

You all know that the Communist Party of Spain was and is a small minority, just as it is in America. You also probably know that the Spanish working class has been profoundly influenced by anarchism, the main characteristic of which is a refusal to believe in political government. The task of the Communists in rallying the Spanish workers to the support of the liberal bourgeois republic was difficult to the point of impossibility. Nevertheless it was done, and two years and a half ago in Madrid the workers took arms and defended themselves against the combined forces of the fascist alliance. They fought them off and they kept Madrid. For this the Communists must be thanked. This is the immortal blazing glory of Madrid.

The Communists have also deserved the

gratitude of the Spanish republic for their role in the organization of the International Brigades. You know the story of the brigades. The first of them, mostly Germans, appeared at Madrid in November 1936 and many died there in Madrid's defense. The French were next in time and number. The anti-fascist Italians, the Yugoslavs and other Southeastern Europeans (including a good many Czechs), and the British, Americans, and Canadians appeared during the first winter. There were two American battalions to start with and they fought in the campaigns of Jarama and Brunete, for Madrid, in the first Aragon campaign, at Teruel, and then in a second and a disastrous Aragon campaign. I saw them first in that moment of disaster, after three weeks of the most ghastly punishment that overwhelming superiority of aviation and artillery could inflict upon them. They had seen their friends butchered; they had been in such danger that it is a wonder any of them got across the river again; they had been hungry and cold for a long time and their clothes were in tatters. The ones I saw amazed me by their indomitable spirit, their refusal to recognize that this defeat might affect the outcome of the war, their easy, cheerful, and implacable resolution.

VALLEY FORGE

I had been in Pennsylvania only a few weeks before coming to Spain, and had visited Valley Forge on a day of thick white snow when it was easy to imagine what the state of the Continental Army must have been in the winter of 1777-78. There are some words inscribed on the national arch at Valley Forge. I think they occur in a letter from Washington asking for supplies. These are the words: "Naked and starving as they are we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery."

The men at Valley Forge owed this fortitude to their political conviction. The whole Spanish army was political too, and not professional; the system of political commissars was created partly for this reason and partly to make the army even more political, since it was clear from the beginning that the professional soldiers in an overwhelming proportion were partisans of the fascists. The strength of the republic, if it was ever to have a formidable armed strength, had to arise from the political conviction of its men. In the poverty of materials to which the sinister farce of non-intervention and neutrality had condemned the republic, the strength of its cause had to come first of all and sometimes only from the willingness of men to die for it.

In this matter the internationals had already passed through an apprenticeship by enlisting

at all. It was difficult for them to get to Spain. All their own governments discouraged them. Their passports were not valid for Spain. The French were busy trying to keep them from crossing the border. They were promised nothing but hardship and death when they got there. And yet they got there. From China, Mexico, California, Devonshire, Illinois, Texas, and Croatia they crossed the Pyrenees to fight for the republic. In so doing they expressed their conviction that the struggle of the Spanish republic against its rebellious generals and their German and Italian masters was in fact the struggle of common humanity against the black forces which everywhere threatened to overwhelm it. This conviction had sometimes been formalized into membership in the Communist Party as the most militant body of the workers. A large proportion of the Americans there were Communists. But they were by no means all Communists; there was every form of liberal idealism among them. They were nearly all young, products of the age of communication, aware of the whole world as much as of their particular part of it. They were young enough to do what they had to do in high spirits, and whenever possible with a laugh. In the darkest moments of the whole dark year of 1938, even in Prague in September, one could think of the International Brigades in Spain and be sure that courage and generosity still existed somewhere on this planet. In such as these is the hope of the world—I think the only hope.

SENT HOME

They left Barcelona in November. Barcelona's farewell to the internationals was something they are not likely to forget. The internationals had fought in Spain to help save the republic, and now it was clear that the republic could only be saved by some greater help, some extremely improbable assistance from those democratic powers, the French and British governments. The help required was in fact no more than that which would have been given under ordinary international custom to any government: that is, the right to buy arms. But it was this modest right which the French and British refused while Italy and Germany poured in materials to the fascists and time no longer worked for the benefit of the republic. The impulse which had sent the internationals to Spain was a reflex of the conscience of the world, but as against unlimited supplies of planes and guns it was not enough.

Since Teruel the republic had never been able to replace its losses in artillery and aviation. After June 13, when the suicidal mania of the French government closed the Catalanian frontier for good, even the materials which had been bought and paid for were not

delivered. Towards the end of the Ebro offensive the disparity between republican and fascist equipment became so great that the best troops in the world could no longer have remained in position under attack. Dr. Juan Negrín, prime minister of the republic, promised to send the internationals home, and did so. He did this, not because they were no longer needed. Few as they were in number they had always been troops of the first line and among the best. What he hoped, and it was a very forlorn hope, was that France and England might keep their word for a change and demand the withdrawal of the Italian and German effectives on the fascist side.

The withdrawal of the internationals was a movement of chivalry, perhaps of bravado; it was a promise given in a moment of difficulty and fulfilled in a moment of catastrophe. The surviving Americans, British, and Canadians went home in December and January. Their wounded had been leaving since May 1938. They left their dead on the Jarama, at Brunete, at Teruel, and on the Ebro; their dust is mixed with the Spanish earth; their memory is an eternal part of the unconquerable soul of Spain. In an army of half a million men their number was not great; but in the long epic of the war they not only did more than their material share but suffused the total effort with a moral value more precious than their lives, the sense of a world not altogether lost, of peoples not completely stultified by their governments, of a common conscience in which whatever hope there is for any possible future must rise again.

NETWORK OF TREACHERY

In the spring of 1938, while Mr. Neville Chamberlain was negotiating his Mediterranean agreement with Mussolini, the fascist alliance turned the tide of war in Spain. By means of overwhelming supplies from Germany and Italy, especially from Italy, the Spanish puppet generals on the fascist side were able to drive the Republican forces out of Aragon and across the Ebro. In the next phase of the war the republic, blockaded by the tragic hypocrisy of non-intervention and neutrality, cut in two by the fascist army, subjected to an embargo by the United States of America, and suffering cruelly from lack of food, was to fight against immense material force with little to count on except the force of its own spirit. I think it must have been clear to most informed persons in Barcelona last spring that a military victory of the republic could only be possible hereafter if events in the international field obliged Mussolini and Hitler to withdraw their artillery, aviation, infantry, and tanks from Spain. But it was also clear that this people, which had risked everything and dared everything for eighteen months, would not submit to the lash of the conqueror without prolonged resistance, whatever the odds. That was what I got from some occasional and otherwise insignificant visits to the Ebro in the moment of defeat, a sense of the vitality of an idea for which people will die.

The courage and endurance of the Spaniards

were not due to patriotism alone or to the heritage of their race. Spaniards in other times and places have shown themselves to be no more courageous or long-suffering than any other people. But in this tremendous crisis caused by the revolt of black reaction and sustained by the fascist alliance, men who were reluctant to fight for Alfonso XIII have been ready to die for the republic. Even a fascist victory and a fascist terror cannot conquer them and if such a triumph comes to Mussolini and Hitler it will be the least permanent of their achievements. That such a triumph is possible at all is due to the unceasing efforts of those British and French politicians who have labored to make the course of fascism easy. While they were thus engaged either through stupidity, cowardice, or something more infamous, in the network of treachery which constitutes the diplomatic year of 1938, men of a simpler breed were offering their lives for freedom. The Anglo-Italian agreement last spring served its twin in the rignarole of hypocritical mystification under which half of Europe was delivered to the fascists. The Ebro was already a frontier of the human spirit when it was negotiated, and it was signed on a day when the Ebro ran red to the sea.

DEMOCRACY'S BATTLEGROUND

In the war which George Washington fought to such a victorious conclusion there was no Neutrality Act and the French had not yet invented the policy of non-intervention. In March 1778 the French intervened on behalf of the American republic, as did both Spain and Holland, and it was that intervention which determined the result.

If I can indulge in a little rhetoric of my own, I would like to say that the independence of Austria was lost at Teruel and the independence of Czechoslovakia died on the Ebro. We have only to read the daily newspapers to find out what an obscene joke the fascist powers are playing on the so-called democracies. The democracies want treaties and they get treaties. If they still believe in treaties they still have a good many surprises in store for them. They had a treaty in September. They had a whole tangle of treaties. The French had twice solemnly guaranteed the frontiers of Czechoslovakia. The British had allied themselves formally and informally with the French. The Russians had agreed to guarantee the frontiers of Czechoslovakia if the French did so. This was what they call the Franco-Soviet Pact. The French broke their word, the British were too clever to have signed any definite pledge and therefore can still pretend to avoid responsibility. Of the three great powers Soviet Russia alone was willing to honor its pledge. On Friday, September 23, the Czechoslovak government through its minister in Moscow asked: "Does Soviet Russia consider that recent events have canceled the Russo-Czechoslovak pact of mutual assistance or is the Soviet government still prepared to come to Czechoslovakia's assistance if she is attacked by Germany?"

The answer of the Soviet government ran: "If Czechoslovakia is attacked Soviet Russia will fulfill the obligations arising from the French-Czechoslovakia-Soviet pact of mutual assistance." That statement was plain enough. What wasn't so plain was the fancy communication from the French and British ministers on that same day. They informed Beneš, the president of Czechoslovakia, that his promise not to mobilize the army was no longer considered binding. In view of the fact that Beneš had been acting under the orders of the French and British ever since last spring, the merest hint couched in this diplomatic language was enough to make him proclaim the general mobilization. The Czechoslovak army was called out, kept under arms, and then sent home again, as if they had been so many slaves.

THE MEANING OF FASCISM

All this may seem to have nothing to do with Spain. However, it has. Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia are the places in which the earlier phases of a world conflict were manifest during 1938. This conflict has racial and religious complications which keep us all from seeing it quite clearly. In the first place, all Jews are forced into a position of anti-fascism by the attacks made upon them in Hitler's racial philosophy, although the fact is that well-to-do Jews, and bourgeois Jews everywhere are just as conservative as their Gentile neighbors and would be just as likely to go fascist if fascism permitted it. The triumph of fascism inflicts misery upon the large number of people subjected to it. Its philosophy, which is the same in all countries, is reactionary, racial rather than human, and aims at the exaltation of single leaders above the community. The "great man" doctrine of which Napoleon was the chief exponent in another age has its principal adherent today in Benito Mussolini. The mystic and heaven-sent prophetic instinct, which occurs to some extent in all leaders, is carried to an almost insane degree by Adolf Hitler.

"SALUD Y VICTORIA"

The truth is almost impossible to state. We can at least make an effort to state it. It is bound to be inaccurate and misunderstood, but it need not be so inaccurate as the propaganda of the Italians and Germans. Lord Acton's lecture on the study of history concludes:

Modern history touches us so nearly, it is so deep a question of life and death, that we are bound to find our own way through it, and to owe our insight to ourselves. The historians of former ages, unapproachable for us in knowledge and in talent, cannot be our limit. We have the power to be more rigidly impersonal, disinterested, and just than they; and to learn from undisguised and genuine records to look with remorse upon the past, and to the future with assured hope of better things; bearing this in mind, that if we lower our standard in history, we cannot uphold it in church or state.

To those who died in Spain in a war which is not yet ended we can still say, "Salud," and to their living comrades, "Salud y victoria."

VINCENT SHEEAN.

Four-fifths of a Nation—I

Eighty percent of America does not get adequate medical care. Our medical facilities and their shortcomings. The first in a series on the National Health Program by Richard H. Rovere

In subsequent articles I shall deal with the role of the American Medical Association, the numerous voluntary health-insurance plans now in use, and the New Deal's program for a comprehensive system of curative and preventive medicine. In the present article I have tried briefly and simply to state the problem. I have used the statistics issued by the President's Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare Activities. They give the picture of the nation's health as accurately as anything that has ever been attempted and require, I have felt, little editorial comment.—R. H. R.

AS YOU read this, six million Americans are sick enough to stay away from work or school. This is the worst season for illness, and six million disabled is the year's top. On an average summer day four million people are unable to go about their business, and the figure varies between these two extremes throughout the year.

This means that America loses 1,250,000,000 work days in a year. In terms of money lost, illness costs us \$10,000,000,000 annually.

Of the six million, 2,500,000 suffer from chronic diseases, serious ailments of almost permanent duration; 1,500,000 have colds, influenza, or pneumonia; 500,000 are the victims of accidents, industrial or otherwise; 250,000 have acute infectious diseases; the same number suffer from ailments of the stomach, liver, or appendix.

It is impossible to estimate the exact extent to which these figures could be pared by adequate medical attention. Medical statistics that could reasonably be said to apply to the whole country did not exist prior to 1938, when the United States Public Health Service completed a survey involving 2,800,000 people

in eighty-four cities and twenty-three rural areas. Working on a \$4,000,000 WPA grant, the committee did little more than estimate the total disability, and break the figures down into rough classifications according to relative income and types of disease.

What we do know, however, what we have always known, is that the poor are sick more often than the rich, and that the rich, who need it less, receive the greater share of medical treatment. On this the committee's survey is explicit. There are five income groups: families on relief; families not on relief but receiving less than \$1,000 a year; those with incomes between \$1,000 and \$2,000; between \$2,000 and \$3,000; and the group over \$3,000.

The average American on relief is disabled sixteen days a year. The group under \$1,000 fares better, averaging eleven days. From the \$1,000-a-year class to those making \$3,000 or more the figures run 7.5, 7, and 6.5.

But while the frequency is more than twice as high in the low income and relief groups as among the middle and high income brackets, the latter receive 46 percent more medical care than the former.

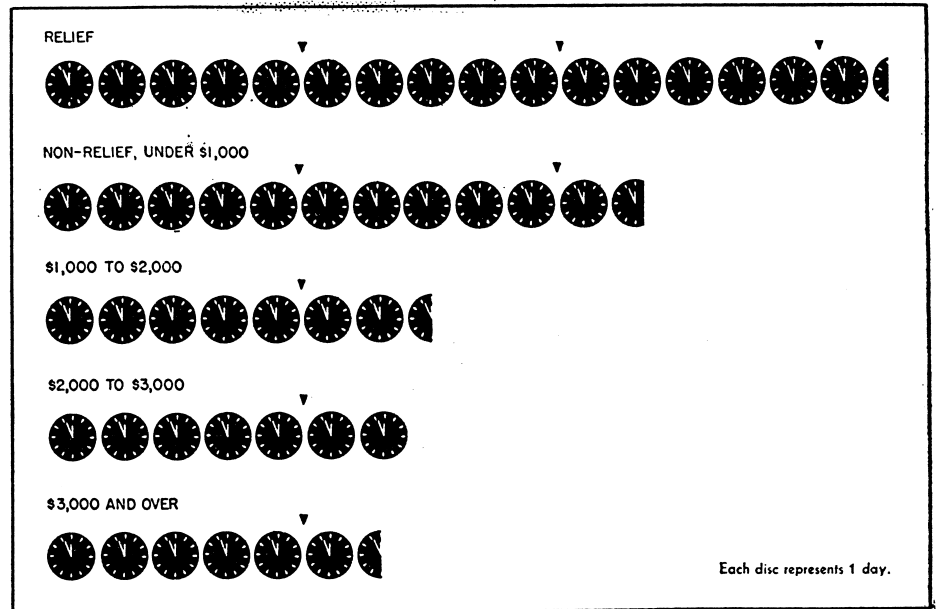
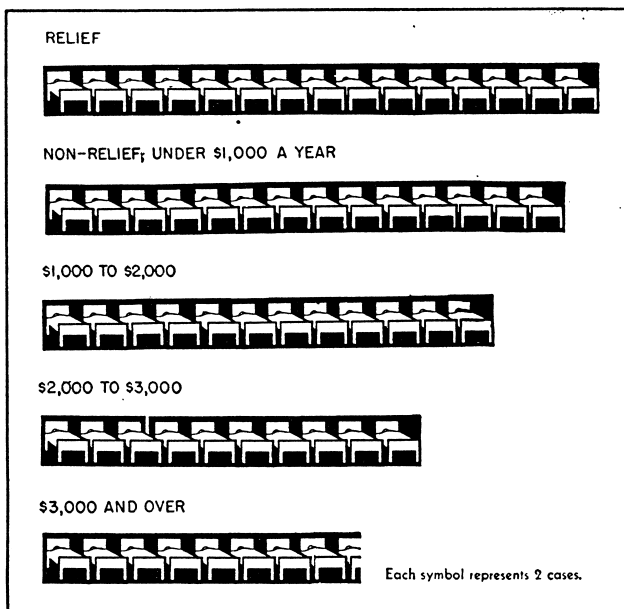
The duration of a chronic disease is 63 percent greater among those on relief incomes; thirty out of one hundred cases of illness among relievers receive no medical care whatsoever; in the second group, twenty-eight out of one hundred are not attended.

There are differences, too, in the extent of disease among people working in different fields. It is common coin, of course, that miners are subject to silicosis, that subway muckers die early of the bends, that bakers,

millhands, and lumber workers are subject to diseases more or less peculiar to their type of work. But quite apart from occupational diseases, the unskilled worker is ill more frequently than the skilled worker, and the latter, in turn, is more susceptible than the professional. Using tuberculosis as an index, we find that for every white-collar worker dying of TB, seven unskilled and three skilled workers die. For every pneumonia death among professionals, there are four deaths among unskilled workers.

HEALTH AND INCOME

There has long been a myth that the very poor and the very rich get equally good medical care and that the middle groups are the real sufferers. This theory was held on the basis that the wealthy could pay for whatever care was needed and the poor received it free. It was the middle class, the people forced to choose either good teeth or good education for their children, who were victimized by the medical setup. It is true that to some extent the very poor in urban centers benefit, on the basis of hospitalization alone, by various charity arrangements, but aside from that health and medical care follow income charts with almost perfect regularity. And when we realize that only those with incomes over \$2,000 per year receive what public health authorities describe as "adequate" care and that only 20 percent of the people fall into that class, we get some picture of the extent of the problem. Had President Roosevelt wished to add those not receiving proper medical treatment to the "ill-clothed, ill-fed, and



NO DOCTOR'S CARE. Out of every hundred cases of disabling illness, these received no doctor's care.

POOR PEOPLE ARE SICK MORE. The average person in these income groups was disabled this number of days in one year by illness.

ill-housed," he would have been forced to make the fraction four-fifths rather than one-third.

The United States does not have the physical facilities to care for its sick. In vast farm areas encompassing eighteen million people and 40 percent of all counties there are no hospitals, private or public. Less than one-third of all American counties, and an even smaller proportion of cities, have full-time health officers. One thousand counties do not have a single public health nurse. In the cities and rural sections where hospitals do exist, they are able to serve less than 50 percent of those for whom they are intended.

Our hospitals have 1,100,000 beds; we need, according to the Public Health Service, another half-million. We have 170,000 accredited doctors (one hundred to every 100,000 people); we need, with proper distribution, twice that many.

CHILDBIRTH

Two million babies are born every year. But 75,000 of these are born dead, and another 69,000 die within a month of their birth. Seventeen thousand women die in pregnancy or childbirth.

Maternity, it may justly be pointed out, means a risk of life even under the best conditions. But in this country the best conditions do not obtain, and it will surprise many to learn that the United States ranks below all but two civilized countries, Chile and Lithuania, on the score of maternal death.

Every year 250,000 American mothers bring babies into the world with no doctors in attendance. In the cities, 39 percent do not go to hospitals; in rural districts the figure is 86 percent. Of the 250,000 having no doctors, fifteen thousand are delivered by friends and relatives and the remainder by midwives, for the most part ignorant and untrained. This group, naturally, loses the highest percentage of children and mothers.

Forty percent of the stillborn babies could come into the world alive if doctors were able to give proper service. Fifty percent of those dying in the first month of life could be saved. Sixty-six percent of the women dying pregnant or at the time of delivery need not die at all. The correlation of poverty with death is strongest just at this point. A survey conducted in Denver, Colo., shows that in the \$3,000 income group thirty out of every thousand children born die within the month. In the relief class the death rate was more than five times as high, 168 per thousand. In other words, the risk of infant death is 400 percent greater for the poor than for the moderately well-to-do.

DEATH RATE

In 1930 the death rate was 11.5 per 100,000 of the population. Compared with 1900, when the death rate was 17.6, that seems like phenomenal progress, representing an increase of twelve years in life expectancy. Actually it does not amount to that. The saving has been made almost entirely among young peo-

ple, and the majority of those in middle and old age can expect to reap very little of the fruits of medical advance. Increased vaccination and the generally improved care given public school attendants accounted for a great deal of the decrease. The death rate from the chronic and degenerative diseases is on the upgrade.

Concentration on tuberculosis cures has brought that disease down from first to seventh place as a primary cause of death, but, in the meantime, death rates from cancer, diabetes, and heart diseases have steadily gone up. The cancer death rate in 1900 was sixty-three per 100,000; in 1936 it had jumped to 111; in 1900 cardiac diseases accounted for 132 per 100,000; in 1936 it accounted for 213. Diabetes has gone from ten to twenty-four per 100,000 in the same period. To some extent, of course, this reflects greater accuracy in diagnostic methods. What can be tagged as cancer today was often left undetermined in 1900. The increase, however, cannot all be accounted for in this way, and according to the medical men consulted by the National Health Survey, there is evidence aplenty to show a real increase in death from these diseases.

The polarization of classes manifests itself in the death rate too. From all causes, the death rate in 1936 was 25 percent higher for skilled workers and 100 percent higher for unskilled workers than for those in the white-collar class.

That, in the broadest terms, in terms of death and birth and illness frequency, is the picture of the nation's health. There have been other random observations and testings that fortify at various points along the line but by no means round out the picture. We know, for example, that eight out of ten Americans have never seen a dentist's chair, that 94 percent of the people need dental care badly. But only a small percentage, far less than the 20 percent who have been to the dentist at least once, get anything approaching

adequacy. There are only fifty-eight dentists to every 100,000 people. As in the case of doctors, there should be twice as many.

The problem of venereal diseases has been tackled, but the results thus far have been more in the nature of propaganda and discussion than of curative and preventive measures, though gains have been made in those directions. We have 1,500,000 new cases of syphilis and gonorrhea coming up for treatment each year. Fifty thousand are dying annually of ailments resulting directly from syphilis; syphilis causes 25,000 babies to be stillborn every year. One in seven new cases of blindness and one in ten new cases of insanity are directly traceable to venereal diseases.

Treatment of the insane has long been accepted as a public function, and the government or states control over 96 percent of the mental institutions. But too many states still treat the insane as criminals and incarcerate them in jails or almshouses. The asylums we do have are pitifully overcrowded.

A sick people, like a hungry and unemployed people, are a prime source of danger to democracy. A sick mind, whether the trouble be purely mental or organic, is fertile ground for fascist demagoguery. No problem, said President Roosevelt, is of more importance to a nation than the health of its people, and Senator Wagner has formally introduced a first proposal. No problem is more important for the progressive to know and understand, for it is closer to the people than all others.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

Ask Hitler, He Knows

IN a recent blast at anti-Nazis, reported by the Associated Press from Berlin, February 25th, Hitler and Goebbels, both as yet unexcommunicated Catholics, said: "Even atheistic Bolshevism fraternizes in this (anti-fascism) with the Catholic Church because both are enemies of the authoritarian states."



John Heliker

"A Republican dog-catcher in Ginger Corners picked up eight stray pups today. A little press buildup and we've got Dewey's running mate."

What About the Civil Liberties Committee?

The Senate Civil Liberties Committee is threatened with dissolution. Why we need a permanent, independent forum to fight civil wrongs.

Washington.

ONE evening late this week a handful of progressive senators will sit down together at one of Washington's frequent off-the-record dinner parties. Robert La Follette of Wisconsin will be the host and Elbert D. Thomas of Utah one of the guests, and it is not unlikely that much of the conversation of that evening will be devoted to one question: what is to become of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee?

The question is one of momentous importance to progressive America, for in the two and a half years of its existence, the Senate Civil Liberties Committee has assumed the proportions of a major bulwark in America's civil-rights defense line.

CONCRETE RESULTS

The government itself has paid heed to the committee's findings and, without awaiting its legislative proposals, has created a new agency in the Department of Justice devoted solely to the prosecution of civil-rights violations. Established less than a month ago, the agency is already receiving an average of fifty complaints a day. And only last week came the ultimate testimonial to the committee's work when Bloody Harlan County played genial host to its first labor convention—the annual meeting of the Kentucky CIO Industrial Union Council. Police from the company mine towns, now active members of the United Mine Workers, were among the delegates, while the very hotel in which twelve UMW members were once surrounded by armed deputies and rescued only by the state militia, housed the precedent-setting convention.

It was in June 1936 that the Senate approved the resolution first empowering the Senate Committee on Education and Labor to investigate "violations of the rights of free speech and assembly and undue interference with the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively." No great precedent was set in the authorization of such a committee. Indeed, there had been some twoscore such in the previous sixty years.

But the La Follette committee brought to the study of employer-employee relationships a basic innovation in analytic approach—official recognition of labor's right to organize. A further innovation was embodied in the committee's authority, not to examine solely the particulars of a given civil outbreak where the clash of labor and management had achieved more than customary violence, but to survey on a nationwide scale the entire sphere of modern capital-labor relations.

The twenty-four volumes that comprise the committee's hearings testify to its thoroughness. The inquiry ranged from the Railway Audit & Inspection Co. and the general

technique for supplying employers with labor spies and strikebreakers, through "Little Steel" and the technique of "citizens' committees" in breaking strikes. It included an examination of labor conditions in Bloody Harlan County, Kentucky's ringleading open-shop, anti-union stronghold; an investigation of the anti-labor proclivities of the National Association of Manufacturers, and an impartial inquiry into Republic Steel's Memorial Day massacre in Chicago. The survey sampled briefly the multitude of forms behind which anti-unionism and employee intimidation maneuver.

The general conclusions derived by the La Follette committee and the legislation it will recommend to remedy the evils it has exposed are even now being issued in the committee's final reports. Of a proposed total of ten reports, two have thus far appeared. The first, observing that "in time of strike even large and carefully run corporations seem to experience a collapse of proper accounting procedure, while vast sums are turned over to the leaders of the strikebreaking class," urges legislation to prohibit the hiring of strikebreakers, strike guards, nobles, and finks through private detective or other agencies. Recognizing, however, that the employer is "the key to the strikebreaking problem," the committee advises that management, instead of the strikebreaking agency, be held responsible, under legal penalty, for the "tactics of aggression, intimidation, provocation, deception, and brutality, carried out by irresponsible mercenaries."

The second report by Senators La Follette and Thomas, based on their inquiry into the labor policies of Republic Steel and the Harlan County coal operators, recommends prohibition of the use of private police systems as "instruments of anti-union policies in time of peace as well as in time of industrial disputes," and advises that their function be limited strictly to the protection of plants and property. For, the committee observes, "the use of private police as instruments of labor policy to repress union organization assumes that the exercise by the workers of their constitutional rights is in the nature of a conspiracy against the safety of the state, or in violation of the laws. This assumption is not tenable in fact or law."

Such use of private police, therefore, becomes "primarily an attempt to impose upon labor a selfish, private interest by means of private armies. As such, it is . . . a violation of the rights of American citizens to exercise their civil liberties for their common welfare," and further, "the subjugation of one group of citizens to the economic interest of another by the use of armed forces saps the very foundations of democracy."

To the end, then, of prohibiting such subjugation, the committee advises the abolition of labor espionage, coercion and intimidation of workers, the restriction of company police to company property during strikes, and the exclusion from employment as armed guards of "persons who have previous criminal records showing a tendency toward violence or the dangerous use of deadly weapons."

SPY OUTFITS ON THE RUN

The achievements of the La Follette committee, however, cannot be measured merely in terms of its legislative recommendations. Despite its lack of power to prosecute, the committee, through its revelations, has already caused a partial voluntary cleaning up of industrial relations and the "self-purification" of several agencies active in industrial intimidation. On April 20, 1937, two months after its investigation by the committee, the Pinkerton National Detective Agency formally withdrew from its sixty-year-old business of industrial espionage. Likewise, the National Metal Trades Association abandoned its industrial espionage services, and the Corporations Auxiliary Co., an agency devoted entirely to espionage practices, decided to liquidate its business.

The La Follette committee has established the necessity for a permanent continuation of its work. Indeed, in becoming a permanent forum for the constant scrutiny and protection of our civil rights, the committee would perform a function impossible for the Department of Justice, restricted as it is by legal precedent and juridical formality, and as invaluable to the welfare of the country as the corrective laws it would from time to time propose.

Progressive America appreciates the work of the La Follette committee and desires its continuation. A constant flood of mail, of resolutions and telegrams testifies to that. But the past subjects of the committee's inquiry, and its possible future subjects, have already made themselves felt on Capitol Hill. To secure the 1938 appropriation of \$60,000 with which the committee is now completing its reports, Senator La Follette was required by Sen. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, chairman of the Senate Audit and Control Committee, and new ally of Senate conservatives, to pledge that he would not ask for further appropriations or further continuation of the committee. To that La Follette was forced to agree. Conservative Democrats and Republicans, using the argument that the committee was created to recommend legislation and not to serve as a permanent forum on civil rights, stand behind Byrnes' opposition.

Yet throughout the length and breadth of the land, violations as evil as those the committee has exposed lie festering. In California, the Associated Farmers beat terror into the hearts of free men, while on the bank-owned Tagus ranch near Los Angeles, a great shed is rumored filled with arms, munitions, machine guns—against what fateful day? In New Jersey, Hague sets the model for America's führer. In North Carolina, William Dudley Pelley leads his Silver Shirts in violent incitement to race warfare. In Kansas, the Rev. Gerald Winrod sets the pace for fascism, and in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, the German-American Bund marches the swastika through city streets.

The hands of the La Follette committee are tied by a gentleman's pledge. The duty, then, devolves upon those within whose state boundaries reaction flourishes to urge the committee's revitalization. Senators from New York, senators from California, senators from Illinois or Kansas or Missouri, should they be made to realize the need and feel the people's urge, might yet save the La Follette committee.

PAUL G. McMANUS.

New Yorkers!

What the progressive tax program calls for in N. Y.'s budget crisis

PRESS reports from Albany attempt to sell New Yorkers the idea that the state is faced with the alternative of a crippling reduction in social expenditures or a harshly regressive series of new taxes.

Using the fact that Governor Lehman's proposed new taxes would hit small business men and small homeowners, the reactionaries, led by the fascist Merwin K. Hart and the New York State Economic Council, organized "axe-the-tax" delegations who descended on the budget hearings demanding that relief should be cut 10 percent, state aid for education 40, and civil service salaries 10.

Senator McNaboe introduced a sales-tax measure which, although ostensibly aimed at financing relief, could be turned by a one-third minority in a city administration into a measure to benefit only the city's bondholders.

A large progressive delegation called for the defeat of the sales-tax and exempting small business men and small homeowners from the governor's proposed taxes.

They proposed a 5 percent emergency impost on net taxable incomes over \$5,000, and the adjustment of personal income-tax exemptions so that they would be worth no more to the rich than to the poor. They showed that, by increasing taxes on higher corporation incomes, banks, insurance companies, inheritances, gifts, and stock-market transfers, the state could assume 60 percent of the cost of local relief without affecting 90 percent of the people in any way, thus forestalling a threatened crisis in municipal finance.

It is not too late for letters and resolutions to legislators to have their effect.

Two Poems by Antonio Machado

FIGURES OF THE EARTH

(from "Campos de Soria")

TRANSLATED BY RALPH BATES AND EDWIN ROLFE

Figures of the earth against the sky:
Two slow oxen patiently are plowing
On the dry hillock, as autumn begins.
And between the massive black heads, bowed down,
Beneath the heavy, oppressive yoke
A basket, woven of reeds and broom,
Hangs heavily, the cradle of the boy-child.
And behind the slowly moving oxen
A man walks, bent earthward,
And a woman scatters, in the open furrows,
The life-giving seed.
Beneath a cloud of scarlet and flame,
In the fluid green and gold of the sun's descending,
The shadows loom like giants.

THE CRIME TOOK PLACE AT GRANADA

(for Federico Garcia Lorca)

ADAPTED BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

I: THE CRIME

We saw him go, rifles on either side,
Down the long avenue to dawn's cold plain,
Quiet beneath the stars.
There, as the light took aim, they shot him down.
The firing squad all shut their eyes and prayed,
Afraid to look him in the face, they prayed:
"Not even God Himself will save you now."
Blood on the brow, lead in the heart, he fell.
The crime took place in Granada,
You know—poor Granada—his Granada.

II: DEATH AND THE POET

We used to see him walk alone with her,
Unfearful of her sickle.
Sun on the towers, hammer on anvil ringing,
And Federico, in his courteous way,
Would talk with death, and she would listen:
"Yesterday in my verses, Comrade mine,
The dry rasp of the palm was heard,
Chilling the song, cutting the drama down
With the bright silver sickle.
And so I'll sing the flesh that is not thine,
The eyes that fail thee now, hair that the wind
Would shake, oh, long ago, and the red lips
That fellows used to kiss.
Today as yesterday, my gypsy Death,
How well it is to be alone with thee,
O spirit of Granada—my Granada!"

III

We saw them disappear . . .
Engrave, O friends,
Deep in the stone and dream, for the Alhambra,
Deep in the stone and dream, a poet's tomb,
Beneath a fountain where the water weeps,
Weeps, and forever says:
"The crime took place at Granada—his Granada."

Forsythe

Think It Over

AMONG my friends is a writer, an admirable fellow, who has a gift for sob stuff. He once wrote a story about a horse which ran the last quarter-mile of a race with a broken leg, finishing in front by a nose and then collapsing. The victory saved the homestead for the old trainer and his beautiful daughter and called forth such a flood of tears from the readers of the nation that the mail bags bringing letters of commendation about the tale practically floated into the offices of the magazine which carried the story.

As a general thing I pretend to disdain this type of writing but in truth there are times when I envy it greatly, none more than now when I want to say a few words about an institution which has a firmer hold on my loyalty than any other, i.e., NEW MASSES. My connection began with the last few issues of the old monthly NEW MASSES and has continued with infrequent intervals during the life of the present weekly. If I am sentimental about it, you must excuse an old man who knows bravery and fortitude and devotion when he sees it.

What the editors are doing now in the way of warning the country of the danger of reaction is so desperately right and necessary that I'm not going to add to it. If you don't know what is in store for all liberal people unless they fight, you don't deserve saving and to hell with you. The fascists and Nazis and reactionaries always have plenty of money. Hitler got his from the industrialists of the Ruhr; Mussolini got his from Wall Street and Threadneedle Street; Franco, as the newspapers are now a bit belatedly reporting, got his also from The City in London, assisted by M. Hitler and M. Mussolini and the French Two Hundred Families. All the liberals of America have to do is sit back and wait and they will get *theirs*. Right in the neck!

NO MOSCOW GOLD

Where do they get the money for NEW MASSES? God only knows. All I can say is that I have known the editors of the magazine intimately for five years and anybody who wants a sock in the teeth need only mention "Moscow gold" to me. For a time the business manager used to keep an exact record of the amounts due me for my articles. I don't know what my rate was supposed to be but he solemnly totaled up the figures for each monthly report and I suppose that on any basis of payment I must have about \$45,312 coming by this time. All I know is that I've never had a cent out of the magazine and wouldn't take a cent and will slap anybody who speaks

blithely and mysteriously of the support the magazine gets from "outside."

If the editors are secretly getting subsidies from abroad, I must say they are utter damned fools to carry the subterfuge to the point where they persist in missing meals. If there is anybody left in this world who cherishes ideals, I want to inform them that the staff members of NEW MASSES, up to and including the most important editors, are the most self-sacrificing human beings I have ever known. They work like demons and live on practically nothing. They won't thank me for putting the need of NEW MASSES on this personal basis but I think it is important that the readers should know what type of persons are involved in this fight against reaction. This magazine has never had an editor who couldn't have made better money in another position. When I think of the weeks these people have gone without any salary at all, I am not tolerant of critics who take the fight for freedom as lightly as an afternoon's frolic. It is a desperate struggle and NEW MASSES was issuing warning signals years before the other dainty figures could be aroused by the menace of fascism. The progress of a pioneer is not easy; the fight now is even harder when liberal funds are divided between a half-dozen worthy causes.

REACHING THE MILLIONS

Perhaps the most common and most stupid way of thinking about a magazine is in terms of circulation. Obviously, it would be better to have a million rather than a thousand—but only if it were the right sort of million. Friends who are worried about the repeated calls from NEW MASSES for help have said to me that perhaps it isn't worthwhile to continue the struggle for a periodical that after all has only 25,000 readers. What good can that do in these times when we need to reach the millions? Well, in other publications I have written for the millions. If I could say there what I can say in NEW MASSES, these millions would be golden numerals; but I can tell you that what I have written for the 25,000 has had more influence on thinking than anything I have ever done for the magazines with box-car figure circulations.

By some queer process of osmosis, what NEW MASSES says gets to the people. Since what the huge circulation magazines print is of no particular interest to the population so far as their immediate problems are concerned, a copy can be in every hand without a soul being moved by what he has read. On the other hand, the Marxist interpretation of an event or policy in the possession of one intelligent reader in a community can influence

the whole community. We need a million readers—nobody knows that better than we do; but until that time arrives we must keep alive a magazine which sets forth the only line which can save America from fascism! Don't just think I am spouting words. What Prof. J. B. S. Haldane said in last week's issue is so profoundly true that all men of sense realize it when they face it, i.e., *only the Marxist theory and practice can save us!* You needn't be a Communist Party member to get that. You can be anything you please, but unless there is a genuine program, a hard and concrete and sensible plan for man to follow, there is no use in bleating about fascism. The old political axiom is still true, to wit: you can't beat somebody with nobody. It is all very well to shout Hooray for America but there must be a way of making America so good that attacks will slither off its sides and be ineffective.

I ask this of all sincere anti-fascists: if NEW MASSES is allowed to die, what does it mean for the future of any decent liberal or radical magazine? There are few enough of them at best, God knows. Can we afford to lose the one that hits hardest and speaks the most freely? I wish it were possible for American readers of the magazine to realize how highly regarded NEW MASSES is in other parts of the world. England has nothing half as good; neither has France. If it were a stagnant periodical edited for the money it could make, nobody would need to care about it. But it strives desperately to improve itself. Even now, faced with dissolution, it presents numbers of such force and effectiveness that I tremble at the thought it may have to suspend. The thing is unthinkable! It simply can't happen. Think of the courage of a staff which meets threats of the magazine's death by drastically altering the format and putting forth the best issues the magazine has ever had.

I'm not going to make any plea for money. I don't think the liberal forces of this country are stupid enough to allow a magazine like this to quit. There are tough times ahead, my comrades. I don't know how you feel but I know how I feel. . . . I want NEW MASSES by my side helping me!

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

They Admit It

Italo-German aims on France
freely announced

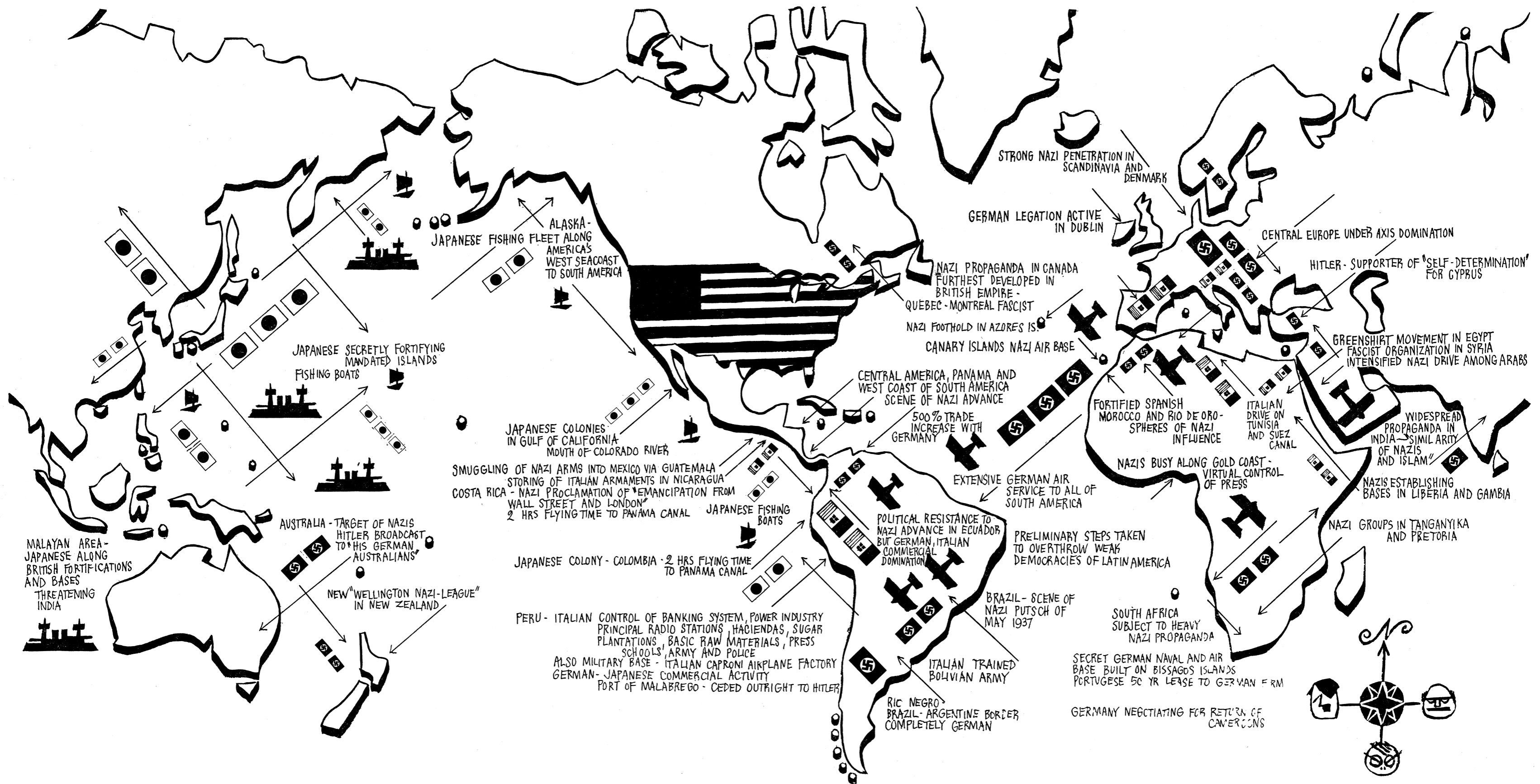
WHAT isolationists have pooh-poohed for so long is now openly admitted by the Italo-German-Franco press. They boast:

If the war in Abyssinia was a victory over fifty-two nations, the war in Spain will be a victory of fascist Italy over France.—*Rosto del Carlino* (Italian).

Mussolini will settle France. If things continue as they are, his authority must be used. As Daladier is not able to guarantee this policy, Mussolini will settle things in France.—*Fe*, of Seville (Francoist).

France will be the victim of a new Munich in the spring.—Franco's San Sebastian paper.

New Masses World Map of Fascist Activity



THIS political map, showing the world perspective of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis, was prepared for *NEW MASSES* by John Spivak and Ad Reinhardt. Spivak's new book, *Secret Armies: The New Technique of Nazi Warfare*, has just been published. In it he

details the varied secret armies of the totalitarian powers and how they work for the encirclement of the United States, our isolation and—in a not too distant future—actual invasion.

Studying this map, where every detail is

confirmed in our daily newspaper reports of fascist provocation, we can see more clearly than in any book the world menace of imperialist invasion.

If we pin this map on the wall and compare the utterances of our own statesmen day

by day, we can see what forces in this country are aiding, knowingly or unknowingly, this whole program of United States isolation. With the more melodramatic coups being delivered on the European continent with the rich USSR as the ultimate goal, we tend to

overlook the steady penetrating entrenchment of the Nazis, fascists, and Japanese in South America and in the Pacific. And right within our gates, the Bundists and their reactionary allies in our city, state, and federal government prepare a treasonable surrender to this world

threat by the imperial invaders of the swastika and fasces.

Watch this map: watch your newspapers and then actively denounce any Americans who support or tolerate this fascist surrounding of our shores.

New Masses

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors

GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, A. B. MAGIL,
RUTH MCKENNEY, JOSEPH NORTH, SAMUEL SILLEM.

Associate Editors

JAMES DUGAN, BARBARA GILES, RICHARD H. ROVERE.

Contributing Editors

THEODORE DRAPER, ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN,
MICHAEL GOLD, WILLIAM GROPPER, JOSHUA KUNITZ,
HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, ISIDOR SCHWEIDER,
RICHARD WRIGHT, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager

GEORGE WILLNER.

Advertising Manager

ERIC BERNAY.

★

Hopkins' Speech

IT IS not often that the speech of a Cabinet member has as its buildup a statement by the President of the United States. Secretary of Commerce Hopkins' address at Des Moines had as its prelude President Roosevelt's declaration, on the eve of his departure on a vacation, that there would be no new taxes this year. That was followed by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau's statement that Congress ought to "take a careful look at the tax laws to see if there are any deterrents holding the business man back from making future commitments." And then came Hopkins' speech, widely heralded as an overture to business.

A careful reading of the Hopkins address, however, reveals that while the manner is decidedly conciliatory, the matter is hardly likely to placate the industrial and financial overlords. Amid a host of unexceptionable mouth-filling generalizations, one fact emerges clearly: Mr. Hopkins—and undoubtedly he speaks for the President too—holds fast to the basic principles of the New Deal. The two main pillars of the New Deal program are undoubtedly federal relief assistance and the National Labor Relations Act, and on these two questions Mr. Hopkins did not yield an inch to big business. He openly defended federal responsibility for relief of the unemployed and continuation of substantial expenditures for this purpose. Although he made no direct reference to the Labor Relations Act, his defense of collective bargaining and his failure to say anything regarding the proposed amendments to the act clearly imply opposition to any measures that would emasculate this all-important piece of democratic legislation.

Another positive aspect of Mr. Hopkins' speech was his emphasis on the importance of protecting the interests of the little business man. Inadequate attention to the needs of little business, which is constantly being

victimized by the powerful monopolistic corporations, has been one of the weak spots in the New Deal program. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hopkins will lose no time in implementing through concrete action his statement that "one of my principal interests as secretary of commerce will be to see that the resources of the government are particularly directed toward aiding these small enterprises."

There is, however, one disturbing note in the address. On the subject of taxation Mr. Hopkins echoed Secretary Morgenthau when he said, "I believe any federal taxes which tend to freeze the necessary flow of capital should be amended." The fact is, of course, that Wall Street and its spokesmen regard most of the taxes on the wealthy as an unmitigated evil and hypocritically blame such taxation for their own sabotaging of national recovery. One need only recall the campaign at the end of 1937 in connection with the corporate-surplus and capital-gains taxes. The reactionary press insisted that if these taxes were repealed or drastically modified the new economic crisis would vanish overnight and the nation would speed toward recovery. As a result of this campaign both of these taxes were amended early in 1938, to make them hardly more than nominal, yet no recovery came. It was not until the New Deal Relief-Recovery Bill was passed in June 1938 that some measure of recovery began to be achieved.

Recovery cannot be separated from the continuation and extension of New Deal reforms. Past experience has shown that the appeasement policy in regard to reaction is no more successful in domestic affairs than it is in foreign relations. The difficult position in which the New Deal finds itself is not due to too much progressivism or to the abandonment of New Deal objectives by the American people; it is due to the division and lack of organization within the progressive camp. This is the weakness that needs to be remedied. The President's efforts to unite the AFL and the CIO indicate where the real solution lies.

A Call for Labor Unity

NOT only the man in overalls welcomed the President's call for unity between the AFL and CIO. Professionals and white-collar brackets saw his action as necessary and extremely timely. The realization grows everywhere that reaction battens upon division in the ranks of those who seek progress—and increasingly folk everywhere realize that the laboring man is the crucial factor in the quest for a better life.

The results of labor divided go far beyond the ranks of the trade unions. The middle-class allies of the workingman find it much more difficult to attain unity in such a pre-

dicament. No doubt the President saw that the Tories and their fascist-minded leaders were proceeding at full speed to harness America to a reactionary program.

The membership of the AFL and CIO want an end to cleavage; this is obvious from the program of John L. Lewis and his followers and it is obvious from the reaction of the AFL rank and file to Daniel Tobin's unity appeal at the last AFL convention.

It is heartening that the United Automobile Workers of America weathered the recent storm and remained intact. This powerful union met the shock of the combined forces of Henry Ford, Father Coughlin, and Homer Martin and taught America a lesson. Labor does not want a split; it wants unity. And the President's appeal is all the more important coming at a moment when reaction has suffered a defeat at Detroit. The Tories' plot to go all the way down the line in destroying whatever gains the people have made through the New Deal will be scotched effectively if the AFL and CIO combine their strength. And all Americans stand to gain.

Japan Didn't Like It

THE failure of Congress to appropriate funds for the fortification of Guam raises issues far larger than the fate of this strategic outpost. No one questioned the right of the United States to fortify. The strengthening of Guam was and is necessary to safeguard the Philippines. It would make the Hawaiian Islands impregnable. But the question was not debated in these terms. The Republican opposition and their Democratic allies simply quoted the threats from Japan and said, in effect: "Japan does not like it, so we cannot do it."

And why didn't Japan like it? Not because there is any threat of American aggression against Japan. If that were the case, then the Philippines are an infinitely greater threat, and they are being fortified. The truth is that Guam was but a pawn in the general world strategy of the fascist axis. Both France and Britain have been bluffed and threatened out of steps necessary in their own self-preservation; now it is the turn of the United States. The aim of Japan in raising an issue over Guam was to see what support could be obtained in this country for the typical Hit-and-Muss technique so successful in Western Europe.

The result must have been gratifying to the emperor's "advisers." They heard their words repeated almost without variation in the halls of Congress. The issue was made to appear whether the United States would threaten Japan through the fortification of Guam rather than whether the United States would defend itself against the aggress-

sions of Japan. Meanwhile, the naval program has been voted, with this important exception, and it would be foolhardy for the Japanese militarists to grow too cocky.

Mrs. Roosevelt—Democrat

. . . I belong to an organization in which I can do no active work. They have taken an action which has been widely talked of in the press. To remain as a member implies approval of that action, and therefore I am resigning.—Eleanor Roosevelt, in *My Day*, February 27.

MRS. ROOSEVELT refers, of course, to the action of the Daughters of the American Revolution who recently stopped Marian Anderson, famous contralto, from giving a performance in Washington's Constitution Hall because Miss Anderson is a Negro. Mrs. Roosevelt's action was fine and courageous, a confirmation of real democracy, commanding the respect of all progressives.

The Lawyers Guild

THE highly publicized "split" in the Lawyers Guild failed to materialize last week, despite the frantic efforts of the reactionary press. Almost without exception, the leading members of the guild denied newspaper allegations of their resignations. Denials were issued by Jerome Frank, of the Securities and Exchange Commission; Thurman Arnold, assistant attorney general; Robert Jackson, solicitor general; Judge Michael Igoe of the United States Court of Appeals in Chicago; Prof. Malcolm P. Sharp of the Chicago Law School; and other prominent members of the profession. The issue of "Red domination," it turns out, was created mainly by an over-zealous press. Judge John Gutknecht, national president of the guild, stated the position of the organization unequivocally when he declared that "any talk of the guild not standing four-square for American democracy is a baseless slander."

It is significant that the attack on the Lawyers Guild follows closely, both in time and strategy, the attack on the Teachers Union. Reaction is apparently determined to wreck progressive white-collar organizations by the classical device of dividing and conquering. Congressman Dies will attempt to use his committee's \$100,000 appropriation for this purpose. The press will continue to lend its support—the publishers are incredibly shameless. The approach of the 1940 elections will accelerate the drive against democratically organized professional groups. It is significant that the Lawyers Guild, like the Teachers Union, maintained its solidarity in the face of unprecedented attacks. The democratic lines are holding. In the meantime, progressives in the other professions will do well to be on their guard. They are in the front line of fire.

Hines Goes Up

THE conviction of Jimmy Hines—Tammany ward heeler and friend in court of Dutch Schultz—has a two-sided national as well as municipal political significance. It means, first, that New York will see the end of a man who has been bleeding its people through two decades. Hines rode in on the wave of the incredible corruption of the twenties and cornered enough power to name John Curry leader of Tammany Hall, to intimidate police and courts in order to protect the Schultz racket empire.

New Yorkers will be grateful to District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey for his part in bringing about Hines' debacle, but the attempt of the Republican Party to capitalize nationally on Dewey's success, the other political result of the trial, will be less than welcome. The state Republicans, who side-tracked important anti-corruption bills in Albany, have already announced their plans for Dewey's future, and there can be little doubt that the Hines trial adds to the DA's prestige for 1940. Dewey's political credo is the gilded reaction that many Republicans used so successfully in 1938, and the soundness of his vision diminishes as the horizon widens. As the Republicans' Presidential candidate one could expect his party masters to have complete control over him. Dewey is a man to watch and be warned against.

Antonio Machado

ANTONIO MACHADO, the "luminous and profound" poet of Spanish life and Spanish earth, died last week in a French concentration camp at sixty-four.

If anyone was the good gray poet of Spain, it was Machado. Never preoccupied, as many of his contemporaries were, with the politics of corrupt pre-republican Spain, he nevertheless possessed the love for his land and the faith in his people which enabled him to remain unscathed by the wave of pessimism and melancholia which swept through the literary generation of 1898 on the crest of Spain's defeat in the Cuban (Spanish-American) war. His own brother, Manuel Machado, less than two years older than Antonio, succumbed to the depression of that period; succumbed also to the decadent influence of the French litterateurs of the nineties, with the result that his work, except on those occasions when he collaborated with Antonio Machado on their dramas in prose and verse, became tainted with the spurious estheticism, the hopelessness and aimlessness of introspection and defeat.

But Antonio Machado identified himself with his land and with his people. Perhaps it was the influence of his father, the Galician scholar who migrated to Seville and became,

even before his children were born, the most noted folklorist of Andalusia. Perhaps it was the years he spent in the province of Soria, before and after he became professor of French in the University at Segovia. At any rate, long before the rebellion he wrote:

The romance seemed to me to be the extreme expression of poetry, and I wanted to write a new *romancero*. . . . All archaic copying seemed to me ridiculous (remember Cervantes' purpose when he wrote *Don Quixote*). My romances do not emanate from these (outworn) heroic gestures, but from the people which composed them and the land where they were sung.

How well he succeeded can be seen in his *Campos de Castilla*, written between 1907 and 1917, of which *Figures of the Earth*, published elsewhere in this issue, is a part. These poems, many of which are simply descriptions of landscapes, are bare and sorrowful; they reveal the infinite gravity and simplicity which characterized Machado.

His death in a French concentration camp early this week was not merely the death of a great man. It was the murder—by Franco and Hitler and Mussolini, and by all those forces which created the vampire of non-intervention—of another living part of the soul of Spain. The fascists murdered Antonio Machado, just as they murdered Federico Garcia Lorca in Granada.

Their lust for death is unappeasable. They kill not only the living poets—name one Spanish poet of eminence who is shameless enough to announce his allegiance to Franco—but the dead poets as well. They even banned the work of Juan Ruiz, archbishop of Hita, the fourteenth-century Spanish religious and lyric poet from whose work all modern Spanish literature stems. The "Purification Commission of the University of Valladolid" tried to make Ruiz' name inconspicuous when, according to the *Diario de Burgos* of Oct. 26, 1938, they officially banned from Franco Spain the works of Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, Thomas Carlyle, Vicente Blasco Ibanez, and 104 other massive literary figures of modern and classical world literature. But they did not succeed, and Ruiz' songs are still sung, in garbled, half-remembered versions, in Franco Spain. So are Machado's poems recited, in stone huts with drawn shutters, at night, in whispered voices, between the heavy-footed rounds of the *Guardia Civil*.

The crime that was done in Granada, which moved Machado to write his never-to-be-forgotten elegy on his young friend, Lorca, reached out to perpetrate a newer crime, the crime that was done a few days ago in France. It will not be forgotten. And it will not be avenged until Spain shakes off the yoke of fascism and claims the freedom and integrity which, no matter how the battle goes, no oppression can ever kill.

A N E D I T O R I A L A R T I C L E

Father Lobo: Priest of Madrid

The vicar of San Gñes comes to America to plead for his people. A priest faithful to the Spanish republic. The religious question explained.

FATHER LEOCADIO LOBO, D.C.L., D.T., of the Madrid parish of San Gñes, has come to America to ask for food and medical aid for his parishioners and all other suffering Spanish people. His report of the past two and a half years is astounding. For Father Lobo was one of the unfortunately few Spanish Roman Catholic clergy to defend the legitimate government of the Spanish people from the beginning.

During the years of bombardment, he assisted the Republican government authorities in carefully protecting the church treasures from the fascist bombs. And his spiritual duties of conducting masses, baptisms, marriages, etc., have kept him unusually busy among his people. All these services, including his coming to America at the request of his parishioners and not the Spanish republican government, have been approved by the vicar general of Madrid, the Rev. Heriberto Prieto. On his way to the United States he passed through Paris, where he was warmly received by Cardinal Verdier, archbishop of Paris, and sustained in his purpose to tell the truth about conditions in Republican Spain.

As he introduced himself last Monday in a statement to the press:

I deny absolutely the idea of this being a "holy war," a religious war, as the Spanish conflict has been made to appear. I do not desire for the Catholic religion the dishonor of claiming the responsibility for the terrible butchery and complete ruin of Spain.

I consider that it is my very bitter duty—a duty which I cannot decline—to speak and preach what I believe to be the truth about Spain. God is my witness that I am moved by no personal ambition, nor do I wish anything for myself. An obedient son of the Catholic Church and of the hierarchy, I claim the liberty of a human being in those matters which God has given to men to decide. The Holy Father who has just gone to his grave with a sad heart has said: "Prelates are not political hierarchs. They do not have to impose upon the faithful any obligation regarding matters pertaining to the republic and the government. When they do so it is not as pastors of Israel, and the faithful are free to accept or to decline their counsel."

Explaining how the starving people of Madrid asked him to come here to plead for them, he states:

It was the people who obliged me to come. Go, and speak the truth about Spain, they said. We are hungry—we mind only for the women and the children, and the old people. But our hunger is not so much for bread as for comprehension, and we want the world to hear from the lips of a priest the meaning of our struggle, and why we are ready to die. The whole world must know that this voluntary sacrifice of a whole

people is not only for material bread. It is for something far greater. It is destiny. We struggle and we die for all people, for all who suffer, for the eternal principles of liberty and of political and social justice. . . .

In the parish of the Maravillas in Madrid, an interesting episode occurred in the early part of 1937, when we were gathering together artistic and religious treasures. The Sr. Gomez Moreno, professor of the Central University of Madrid, has told me that 95 percent of the artistic wealth of Spain belonged to the church. Foreigners, even from Catholic countries like France, marveled at the immense quantity and the quality of the treasures in the Spanish churches. It would be absurd for a Catholic priest to censure the conduct of the church which has been able to safeguard and hand down these riches from previous generations. But the people did not eat . . . and yet, not for love of art, but rather for display, the greatest quantities of gold and precious stones have been amassed. These past days the crown of the Virgin of the Sacristy at Toledo has been shown on the screen. But it is no object of art handed down from past centuries, but made during the twentieth century, and it is said to have cost ten million pesetas. I was cast out from an aristocratic house in Madrid because I did not loudly praise the lady of the house for having spent 150,000 pesetas for a cape for her private oratory. My father served in that house for forty-five years. At his table he had to feed twelve children and his wage was one peseta and seventy-five centimos, at par—fifteen cents. Nor was this in the fifteenth century, but in the twentieth.

But, returning to the "Maravillas"—high up on one of the walls hung a great picture of Christ on the Cross. I thought of removing it and one of the workmen said with great decision, "No, Father Lobo, no—we are Catholics—but even if we were not—you would not take that picture away. Christ is our brother and our friend. The fascists of his day killed him, just as they would do today if He returned to preach."

Speaking of the material needs of the poor people of republican Spain, Father Lobo said:

There are more than sixty thousand cases of pellagra registered in Madrid. Hundreds of children at the age of four months weigh what they did at birth. Thousands and thousands of people suffering from tuberculosis, without medicine or any aid. All this is monstrous, and it is the duty of the whole world to be aroused. I do not wish to say anything about the combatants. I am not asking for cannons, nor for machine guns, nor arms for brothers to kill each other. I ask for bread for old people and for Spanish women, milk for children and for the sick, medicines, clothing, food, all that a people needs when it is defending a cause which it believes to be just, and when it suffers a bodily and spiritual martyrdom never surpassed—nor equaled. . . .

His explanation of the behavior of the Catholic Church during the fascist invasion is enlightening. As a Catholic priest, Father Lobo is resolutely opposed to atheism and materialism, but he has had an opportunity of

seeing Communists at work in Spain, since many of his parishioners are members of the Communist Party, and devout Catholics as well. His charitable explanation of the religious question in republican Spain is enlightening, since Father Lobo is both a Doctor of Theology and a Doctor of Canon Law of the Catholic Church.

What is my opinion about the religious problem? I do not wish to speak of this difficult question. If it is always advisable to let passions cool and give time for reason to assert itself, it is particularly so in this case. I do not wish to sow more hatred, even less to fix responsibilities. From the depth of my heart, I lament those priests who have fallen and those churches which have been profaned—but I cannot raise another barrier, or open another abyss between the church and the Spanish people. Herein lies the great tragedy. They were so separated that they did not know, or love each other. The people practiced the Christian rites in the solemn moments of their lives. Children were generally christened—marriage ceremonies performed, masses said for the dead and the people—perhaps with a greater sense of art than of Christianity—joyously celebrated the solemn feasts. Every city and small village was a miniature Seville in Holy Week. And yet they were lacking in religious instruction; nor did they live, I believe in many cases on account of ignorance, according to Christian dogma. And we priests took refuge among the wealthy classes, perhaps deserting our duty. The Spanish clergy is honest and fervent, but it was not prepared for the struggle which inevitably had to come. During one century we have had two religious wars, and unfortunately, there are many who fall into the error of regarding this as the third religious war. I leave that to their own conscience. I must honestly confess that I prefer to see a dead priest, who has been assassinated, than to see one handling a gun or blessing a tank or a machine gun. They lifted up their voices in the name of their country, which according to them had been sold to Russia, and they now remain silent when it is delivered over, tied hands and feet, to the Catholic Hitler and the very Catholic Mussolini. We have just learned, through the press of the world, that the rebel Franco made his entrance into Barcelona with a great warlike display, preceded by seventy thousand Italians and escorted by Mussulmen. And still they are silent. And what of the brave boast of the defense of Spain?

How can one explain the fact of priests having been killed? And the profanation of temples? The many priests affiliated in political parties could say a very great deal—those who looked after the temporal goods of the wealthy who served as electoral delegates at the time of voting, always against the people. Naturally, nothing justifies assassination, but the people pardon more easily a rich man than a priest for defending worldly interests, and forgetting spiritual interests. The Spanish problem is so complex that I know of villages where the president of the Catholic youth groups became, on the very first day of the rebellion, the head of the revolutionary committee.

But I do not wish to say more about this delicate and very painful subject. I have said terrible things but more than a million and a half of dead require that the truth be spoken and it is well that a priest should do so. In my possession I have the document, signed by many aristocrats, addressed to His Excellency the bishop of Madrid, in 1933, insisting upon his ordering the cloistered nuns to come out to vote because their material interests would benefit. May those priests who died in the tragic conflict rest in peace, and be a lesson that is never forgotten.

Reader's Forum

Study in Contrasts

TO NEW MASSES: As an example of which way the wind blows, I should like to report on two meetings I attended during a single week recently.

The first was held on Wednesday, February 8, at the Bronx Winter Garden, under the auspices of the Crusaders for Christian Social Justice. About five thousand people were in the audience, which was, not by accident, predominantly "Aryan." The Committee for the Defense of Americans' Constitutional Rights was soliciting members. That outfit, as you probably know, is the same one which is managing the picketing of Station WMCA (as the result of their clearly justifiable banning of Father Coughlin) and of the Columbia Broadcasting System building. In addition, leaflets were distributed urging the audience to turn out at the meeting of the German-American Bund at Madison Square Garden on February 20.

Speakers included George E. McCormack, president of the Crusaders; Timothy McCarthy, president of the fascist United Christian Society; Bernard T. D'Arcy, personal representative of Father Coughlin on *Social Justice*; Major John Kelly, of Jersey City; reactionary Dr. Christian F. Reisner of the Broadway Tabernacle; and John F. Cassidy, lawyer, also of the United Christian Society.

The tenor of the meeting was so violent and unreasonable that it was difficult for Dr. Reisner—who stated, "I love Father Coughlin"—to get the floor, because he was reputed to be against extreme anti-Semitism. When he attempted to suggest that the picketing be stopped, he was shouted down by roughnecks who accused him of being a Jew-lover because he appears regularly on WMCA and has great personal admiration for Donald Flamm, president of the station. He stated that Flamm had

turned down a guaranteed \$100,000 annual business from the Communists and had offered \$10,000 to anyone who could prove that any Communist Party member was connected with the station; and he urged that a concerted drive against the Communist movement be undertaken at once. In spite of this the audience gave him little attention and there were sporadic shouts accusing him of being a dirty Red.

Major John Kelly gave what was announced as an accurate picture of conditions in Spain, which contained accusations and hoary horror-tales about the loyalists. In addition he got off his chest the following remark, which was gravely received by the audience: "There are right now twenty thousand pilots being trained in American schools, not by the army or navy but by the National Youth Administration, a Red outfit, so that some day they can drop their bombs on your churches."

Cassidy stated that because of the German Jewish refugees "we have to accept radio monopoly and its hypocrisy." He went on record as being against one-sided tolerance, and in the next breath condemned "non-Christians, none of whom have deplored conditions in Red Spain." He then shouted, "We are warning the Communists tonight to keep away from our Catholics, because if they touch one of them we will spring to arms."

Allen Zoll, one of Fritz Kuhn's buddies, received wild acclaim when he urged that both picketing and membership drives be redoubled. During the course of the meeting several members of the audience had to be restrained by the ushers and the Catholic War Veterans, who attended in uniform. The atmosphere was tense throughout.

The second meeting was held February 13, in Carnegie Hall, under the auspices of the Committee for Concerted Peace Efforts, whose chairman, Prof. James Shotwell of Columbia University, had called it to urge on the public the need for revision of the Neutrality Act. Dr. Clark L. Eichelberger, director of the League of Nations Association, spoke, as did Miss Josephine Schain, president of the Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, and Molly Yard of the American Student Union. Barely eight hundred people were present, and the announcement that amendments to the Neutrality Act had that day been introduced in Congress met with polite applause. A total of four reporters, of whom three were foreign correspondents, were at the press table.

I do not need to point out the contrast between these two meetings in purpose, attendance, and response, or even the more lamentable contrast between hysterically received nonsense and soberly accepted sense.

However, I do think that NEW MASSES readers should be aware at all times of the activities of the Manhattan fascists and should not be misled by the fact that their accusations are both cockeyed and vicious into thinking that the rapid growth of various manifestations of the fascist offensive can be disregarded.

New York City.

J. A. MALLARD.

One-Act Play Contest

TO NEW MASSES: I am certain that many of the readers of NEW MASSES will be interested to learn of the one-act play contest sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union through the medium of the *One Act Play Magazine*.

This contest promises to be an eventful one, for what is most threatened today are our cherished civil liberties. A short play dramatizing any one of numerous themes, such as, for instance, principles of the Bill of Rights in present-day manifestations; defense of freedom of speech; deportation of aliens because of political opinions; rights of labor to organize, strike, and picket, and many other similar immediate social problems, should make interesting subjects for the theatre.

We are particularly interested in receiving plays by readers of NEW MASSES. They are very well aware, in many instances directly and personally, of the manifest threat by reactionary groups to our civil rights in these United States.

Manuscripts should be submitted to the American Civil Liberties Union Play Contest, c/o the *One Act Play Magazine*, 112 West 42nd St., New York City. The plays must not be shorter than twenty minutes playing time or longer than one hour. The contest closes April 30, 1939. The five judges are Brooks Atkinson, Sidney Howard, Archibald MacLeish, William Kozenko.

Further details regarding this contest may be found in the January issue of the *One Act Play Magazine* which will publish the prize-winning plays.

New York City.

WILLIAM KOZLENKO,
Editor, *One Act Play Magazine*.



Ned Hilten

"From here we syndicate it all over the country."

W. B. Yeats

An appraisal by C. Day Lewis of the famous Irish poet's achievement as artist and citizen. Yeats' conflict between the real and the romantic.

London.

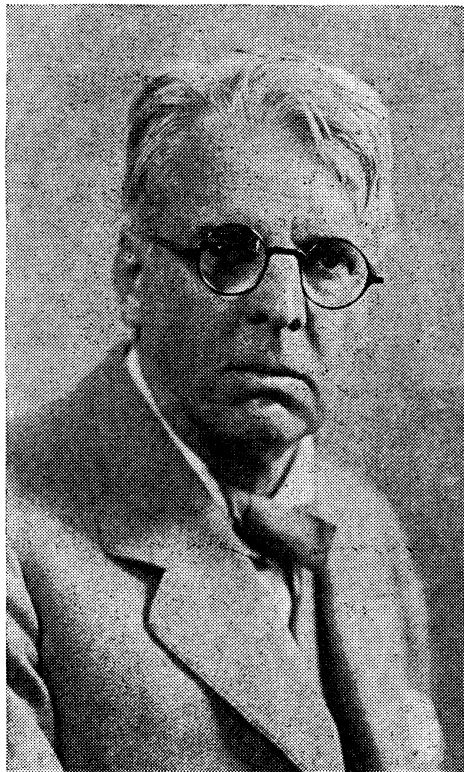
YEATS, more than any other, is a poet of whom I find it difficult to write objectively. From the day when, a boy of sixteen, sitting in a vicarage garden in the middle of the Nottingham coal fields, I first began reading his poems, he was always for me the most admired of living poets, the one whose mantle—and with what conscious arrogance he wore it!—I could have wished to inherit. But even then, while I was first reading his earlier poems, he had discarded the "Celtic Twilight" manner that was so fatally easy to imitate, discarded the singing robes of which he wrote:

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they'd wrought it . . .

and, deciding that "there's more enterprise/In walking naked," had come out in the inimitable austerity of his later work. This change was not really, of course, due to a fit of pique against the plagiarists. Nor was it, as many critics seem to imply, a lightning-change: we can see traces of the new manner in *The Wind among the Reeds* (1899), and vestiges of the old as late as *From the Green Helmet* (1912). Nor yet, I think, is it accurate to attribute the transition entirely to an awakening interest in politics.

The 1917 rebellion, which called out his finest political verse, found him already settled down to the new poetic idiom. As to earlier events, he tells us in a note to *Responsibilities*, written in 1914, that "In the thirty years or so during which I have been reading Irish newspapers, three public controversies have stirred my imagination. The first was the Parnell controversy . . . And another was the dispute over *The Playboy* . . . The third prepared for the Corporation's refusal of a building for Sir Hugh Lane's famous collection of pictures." He adds, "These controversies, political, literary, and artistic, have showed that neither religion nor politics can of itself create minds with enough receptivity to become wise, or just and generous enough to make a nation."

Yeats' contributions to the political life of Ireland, like his occasional incursions into practical politics, were those of a writer, not of a politician. His work for the National Theater is well known and honored now even in Ireland, though at the time it plunged him into a welter of violence, recriminations, and intrigues—an atmosphere at first by no means



Martin Vos

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. *The renowned Irish poet—born June 13, 1865; died Jan. 28, 1939*

distasteful to his pugnacious spirit. He is, throughout, the aristocratic poet who feels a passionate love for the Cause but also a certain contempt for the human instruments with which he has to work. It was this contempt which led him so quickly into disillusionment: he saw men too much *sub specie aeternitatis*.

It is very important that we should understand what was behind his actions, and I do not think we shall understand unless we realize that he, like many poets of our time, went into politics for what he as a poet could get out of it. He is, indeed, the perfect contemporary example of the poet as parasite. This is not to deny the passionate intensity with which he felt the various struggles in which he was involved; it is to suggest that beneath this conviction lay the more deeply rooted impulse towards material which should inspire and satisfy the poetic faculty. Neither his enthusiasm nor his achievements on behalf of an Irish national culture and Irish political independence can be disputed; but it was in and through his poetry that he was most a patriot. When, as a poet, he had transferred the blood of nationalism into his own poetic vein, he fell away from politics into the philosophical mysticism with which his life and mind were so curiously streaked. By this time

he was an old man. Yet, so far from being silenced by old age, he turned upon it with the eager ferocity of genius, batted upon it, made it yield up some magnificent poems.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress . . .

Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is . . .

Before this monument raised out of physical humiliation, we stand dumb. "For men improve with the years," Yeats once wrote. Very few poets, though, have improved with the years: that he should have advanced in poetic development almost up to the day of his death implies an unusual integrity and compels us to examine with respect the attitude to life and art which made this development possible.

Yeats himself summed it up, I think, in "The Fisherman," when he said:

It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped 'twould be
To write for my own race
And the reality . . .

For Yeats, as Stephen Spender suggested in *The Destructive Element*, as L. A. G. Strong claimed in his recent obituary essay, was, in spite of lapses and contrary appearances, a realist. For the poet, realism consists first and foremost in using his poetical faculty to penetrate beneath the surface of reality, and in refusing to put more into his poetry than his imagination warrants. Only by such strict discipline will he attain wisdom and virtue—the specific wisdom and virtue of the poet.

I have spoken of Yeats' incursions into politics. There was the time when he threw himself into the boycott of a royal visit to Ireland; there were the years when he sat in the Irish Free State's Senate. But, paradoxically, his greatest political service to his country was done as a spectator. I refer to the great political poems, "Easter, 1916," "Sixteen Dead Men," and "The Rose Tree," and I have used the word "spectator" deliberately. If we read these poems dispassionately, we must be struck by the air—not exactly of aloofness or detachment—but of non-partisanship which lies at the heart of their deep emotion. We get the impression that, though in one sense he was with the rebels, he was not of them; he writes of them with fire and tenderness, but he does

not allow his emotion to overstep the reality, to pretend that even spiritually he had participated in their action. On the contrary, he confesses his initial skepticism about the 1916 rising—"Being certain that they and I / But lived where motley is worn." And then that superb close:

We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

So again with "The Rose Tree," in words as simple and as memorable as those of any ballad in the great Irish tradition of the political ballad, he gives for all time the significance of those men who went deliberately to their death in the belief that nothing else would rouse their country to freedom:

... "But where can we draw water,"
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"When all the wells are parched away?
O plain as plain can be
There's nothing but our own red blood
Can make a right Rose Tree."

Some of these men were poets themselves; but they would have been soon forgotten, or remembered only as names in a roll of honor, had not Yeats written it out in a verse. They and he both played their part, and no one reading these poems can deny that Yeats achieved his desire—"To write for my own race / And the reality." A double desire which might have proved the ruin of any but a poet of the highest integrity.

It is no contradiction to say that a poet is both realist and legend maker, for legend is a heightening of reality, a molding of it into durable form. Yeats was nothing if not a maker of legend. Beginning with the folklore of his own country, he went on to make legends of his friends and those whom he most admired or hated, of the places he loved in boyhood and mature age. Of all these people, except perhaps for John Synge, the leaders of the Easter Rebellion were the most significant in their lives and deaths, the most deeply touched with that "excess of love" which calls as irresistibly to the poet as a magnet to iron filings. Therefore it is natural that the poems which he wrote about them should be also the greatest legends he created. Compared with these, even such noble and witty poems as "In Memory of Major Gregory," "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death," or "The Tower" appear of a paler, more tenuous reality.

Yeats' work shows, almost throughout, an unsolved conflict between the realist and the romantic, between the questing imagination and the inherited tradition. "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone," he sighed in one poem; and, though the Easter Rebellion gave this the lie, it was only to be followed by the Anglo-Irish War and the struggle between Free Staters and Republicans—struggles that had

very much less romance though far greater efficiency about them. These latter wars seem to have sickened Yeats of politics. The mood of "The seeming needs of my fool-driven land" returned. When he wrote "It is time that I made my will," he named the proud and independent as his heirs:

They shall inherit my pride,
The pride of people that were
Bound neither to Cause nor to State,
Neither to slaves that were spat on,
Nor to the tyrants that spat,
The people of Burke and of Grattan . . .

And again:

We were the last romantics—chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness . . .

This is all of a piece with his aristocratic tradition—the tradition of the cultured eight-

eenth-century landowner which permeated intellectual Anglo-Irish society and flared up to a grand finale in Yeats' own work. The virtues of this tradition, this society, were less and less appropriate to the world in which Yeats lived and wrote. Therefore he was a romantic as well as a realist. Therefore, as one critic has said, he found "no subject of moral significance in the social life of his time." No subject, we might amend this, but the Easter Rebellion. His realism and romanticism are summed up best in his own remarkable lines:

Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

C. DAY LEWIS.

China Fights Back

Books by James Bertram, Nym Wales, and Edgar Ansel Mowrer give first-hand reports of a united China.

CHINA aroused and united under the stress of war is the theme of these three books.* Mr. Bertram is already well known for his first book covering the inside story of the Sian coup of December 1936: *First Act in China* (Viking Press, 1938). Its successor, *Unconquered*, is an eye-witness account of the anti-Japanese struggle in the North and Northwest during the first six months of the war. The main emphasis naturally falls on the organization and exploits of the Eighth Route Army and partisan units led by the Communists in the North.

Mr. Bertram, after the fall of Peiping in July 1937, made his way to Eighth Route Army headquarters where he met and talked with Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh and Vice-Commander P'eng Teh-huai. Chu Teh and others gave him a full and frank account of the strategy and guerrilla tactics perfected by the long years' experience of the Eighth Route Army, of the political education and program inseparable from training in the former Red Army, and new light on the all too little known first Chinese victory over General Itagaki's crack troops at Pinghsing-kwan in Shansi (September 1937). From headquarters the author then went to link up as a traveling journalist with Ho Lung's division of the Eighth Route Army engaged in guerrilla campaigns in North Shansi.

This part of the story is really excellent reportage: the author's personal adventures and reactions lend color but no distortion to the swift-changing scenes of a people driven to passionate revolt and at the same time

scientifically organized to resist the brutal shock of the Japanese invasion. Anyone interested in the war in China has some knowledge of the significance of guerrilla warfare, "mass mobilization," and the anti-Japanese "National United Front." But to read Mr. Bertram's narrative is to find these concepts dramatized in flesh-and-blood form: the war-time life and habits of the peasants in villages devastated or threatened by the invaders; anti-Japanese propaganda technique through theatrical troupes, posters, mass meetings, lectures; cultivation of the peasants' good will by the Eighth Route Army; the kindly treatment of Japanese prisoners; vivid autobiographies of typical army leaders. And all this crowded panorama of a people at war is set against the background of the spacious mountainous Shansi country whose atmosphere Mr. Bertram evokes with genuine artistry.

While in Yen-an, capital of the former Soviet areas, the author had some long interviews with ex-Chairman of the Chinese Soviets Mao Tse-tung whom he found "incomparably the coolest and most balanced mind . . . encountered in China." Mao's analyses provide invaluable authentic material to the student of Chinese politics and serve to clear away once and for all the confusions resulting from conflicting popularizations of the political theory of the Chinese Communist Party.

Unconquered is primarily the story of the fighting in the North. But Mr. Bertram has a gift of linking up this phase with the wider issues of the struggle: the reaction of the Central government, the changing situation in Japan, the international repercussions. His story should appeal to a wide circle of readers because of its colorful, easy-flowing style and unflagging tempo. And in view of the fresh

* UNCONQUERED, by James Bertram. *The John Day Co.* \$3.

INSIDE RED CHINA, by Nym Wales. *Doubleday, Doran & Co.* \$3.

THE DRAGON WAKES, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. *William Morrow & Co.* \$2.

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Inside Red China is a fully documented account of the experiences of Miss Wales, the wife of Edgar Snow, in Yenan from April until August 1937. Her book thus gives us a picture of the situation in the Communist area just prior to the outbreak of hostilities and the formal recognition of the National United Front by the Kuomintang in August-September 1937. Miss Wales' book will, perhaps, interest the student of Chinese affairs more than the general reader to whom *Red Star over China* made such a spontaneous appeal, inasmuch as her story is broken up by long interviews with Communist and Eighth Route Army leaders—interviews which offer invaluable wealth of new material but of a rather too detailed kind to attract the reader who is not a specialist. The political analyses given by Mao Tse-tung, Lo Fu, and others and the account of the formation and early history of the Red Army, along with the appendix catalogue of Communist leaders, greatly amplify similar information gathered by Edgar Snow and Mr. Bertram.

But Miss Wales' book is much more than a compendium of Communist political theory and military achievement. The new democratic institutions in the North, the emancipated life of the workers, the role of women in the Communist movement, the introduction of a popularized Latin-script instead of the complicated Chinese classical characters, the treatment of representatives of China's national minorities studying United Front theory and practice in Yenan, the organization and exploits of the new Fourth Army under Communist leadership: these, and many other aspects of the changing life of North China at war are vividly set down by an intelligent and sympathetic observer.

Miss Wales, along with Mr. Bertram and Mr. Mowrer, is confident that the Chinese people have the power of ultimate victory. But she finds in "the refusal on the part of the ruling class to permit the mass of the population to participate in the defense . . ." a danger signal. Since her book was written, however, we have seen Chiang Kai-shek launch the slogan "Arming the masses is more important than battles," the intensification of nationwide guerrilla warfare, the extension of the People's Political Council to the provinces, and, significantly, the elimination of Wang Ching-wei and his clique of traitors and self-seekers. Facts such as these surely bear out the analysis given Miss Wales by Mao Tse-tung: that, "because the rice bowl of the Chinese capitalists is being broken by the Japanese," they can and must join the anti-imperialist National United Front which ". . . includes all Chinese except traitors . . ."

Mr. Mowrer comes to China as a seasoned correspondent out to discover within a few months the underlying realities and probable consequences of the present struggle. *The Dragon Wakes* is obviously written in haste

and not without inaccuracies of fact and dangerously sweeping generalizations (e.g. characterization of the Japanese as "one of the most bellicose, rooster-like peoples on the globe . . ."). Within a few months the author covered a great deal of territory, interviewed many of China's most prominent personalities, traveled up to the verge of battle on the Lung Hai front, and made a special survey of China's vast resources of raw materials and manpower in her West and Southwest provinces. Mr. Mowrer is at his best describing the war scenes around Kaifeng, illustrating the new ferment of mass education which he found being organized under government direction and inspired by Communist example, and in parts of his final "Dialogue with my Conscience" in which, after some doubt, he concludes that "the democratic instincts of the Chinese masses will ultimately prevail and that in the meantime a Chinese victory over Japan cannot only help save democracy in the West but conceivably prevent . . . Germany and Italy from starting a new world war . . ." With the evil shadow of Munich across Europe, it is a conclusion that every democrat should take to heart.

IAN MILNER.

"Inside Germany"

A Social Democrat's account of the Weimar Republic

ALBERT GRZESINSKI'S name is closely linked with the history of the Weimar Republic. With his Social Democratic friends, Friedrich Ebert, Otto Braun, Carl Severing, and Gustav Noske, he was one of the best known and most influential public officials of the New Germany which emerged from the chaos of the war. Grzesinski served in responsible positions over a period of fourteen years. As head of the State Police Bureau of Prussia, minister of the interior of Prussia, and police president of Berlin, he possessed ample opportunities for shaping the course of the young republic.

Coming from a proletarian background, he worked his way up to the position of secretary of the powerful Metal Workers Union in Offenbach am Main and later in Kassel. The revolution of 1918 led him into a political career which ended with the ignominious surrender of the Prussian Braun government, to the coup d'état of Papen and the Reichswehr in July 1932. A hard-working administrator with a talent for organization, a man proud of his origin and personal achievement, he shows even in his retrospection (*Inside Germany*, E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.50) the deplorable lack of political instinct which was and is the outstanding feature of the Social Democratic Old Guard.

The revolution of 1918 caught him and the majority of the German Social Democracy fully unprepared. The political power fell into their hands. Not only had they never struggled

for it, "in truth, they had not even desired it." For a short period there was no force in Germany to challenge this power. The whole history of the Weimar Republic can be understood only by asking and answering the question: what was done with this power? It is the key to the tragic period from 1918 to 1933.

Grzesinski points with justifiable pride to the numerous governmental reforms which he helped to bring about. But the key question remains: what was done with the political power which the German workers had entrusted to the men they regarded as their leaders? The answer which Grzesinski avoids giving clearly and unmistakably is: this power was lost, gradually but systematically, to the reactionary forces; any attempt of the militant workers to recapture it was ruthlessly suppressed. Hitler is only the logical outcome of a process that goes back to the very beginning of the republic.

Grzesinski has not understood the historical lesson. He mingles self-justification freely with accusations against some of his former party friends, the whole German people, the Allies, the Reichswehr, and, of course, the Communist Party. Here are a few illustrations of what he thinks about the most responsible statesmen of his own party who decided for many years, at least officially, the course of events. Ebert, the first president of the Reich, "disliked the revolution and his main desire was to bring a speedy end to the present disorderly situation." Noske, Reich minister of defense, armed the first fascist "Free Corps" to fight the militant workers. Even Grzesinski says of this bloody hangman of the revolution that his "policy, in effect, sowed the seeds of counter-revolution." Of Severing, Grzesinski says: "He was not of a fighting nature, found it difficult to deny requests, and preferred to lay aside problems which defied an easy solution."

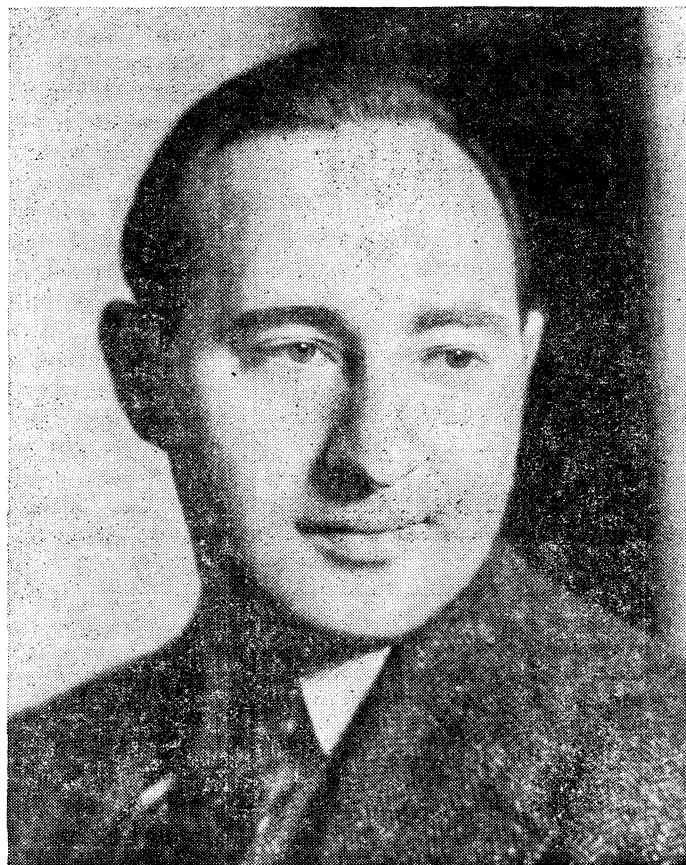
These are judgments passed by a man who belonged to the right wing of German Social Democracy.

Grzesinski knows very well the fundamental issues that faced the republic from its beginning. The reasons he gives for not having settled one of them are pathetic indeed. Heavy industry was not nationalized because the financial structure of the industries "proved extremely shaky." How often the German workers had to hear the argument that one cannot socialize a bankrupt industry!

The huge landholdings of the Junker class, the most instrumental in overthrowing the republic with the help of its stooge, von Hindenburg, could not be touched "as that might have seriously jeopardized the domestic food supply." On the same page Grzesinski writes that "such a step would have opened the way for the settlement of hundreds of thousands of peasants and agricultural workers on these farm lands and the creation of an adequate food supply for the nation to overcome the effects of semi-starvation." He leaves the reader to make head and tail of it.

The general explanation of all these fatal

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omissions is, in Grzesinski's words, that "practical considerations came before good intentions." And the reactionary judges could stay, undermine the spirit of the Constitution and counteract the measures of the administration because of "the touching faith of the German republican leadership in law and order."

The Weimar Republic, which manifested its inner weakness and leniency when it had to deal with reaction, invariably showed the mailed fist whenever it came up against the workers. When the Kapp putsch against the republic was defeated by a general strike, the punitive actions that followed severely hit the striking workers. How smoothly Grzesinski glosses over this "period of intense civil war brought about by a series of tragic errors"!

There are numerous other "most disgraceful events of the democratic era" that are not mentioned in Grzesinski's apologetic book. It was the privilege of the Weimar Republic, of the civilized Prussian police, with a Social Democratic president of police and Mr. Grzesinski as minister of the interior, to shoot and kill workers who had dared, unarmed and peacefully, to celebrate their holiday, May 1. A Captain Ehrhard who participated in the Kapp putsch and whose Free Corps murdered hundreds of workers was let free and permitted to draw his officer's pension from the government. Hitler, after the unsuccessful putsch against the republic in 1923, was sentenced to five years' "honorable detention" and paroled after six months. Ludendorff, twice participating in armed revolts against the republic, remained untouched and got his general's pension.

Albert Grzesinski has given up hope in the German people, in the workers, in the possibility of a united front. He attacks the Communists bitterly for having "undermined" the Weimar Republic. Moscow gold is not missing in his list of accusations. The German Communists have certainly made serious political errors. They underestimated the strength of the Nazis and did not always apply an intelligent policy toward the problems of the republic. But not for one moment did they have illusions about the central question: they realized by their own bitter experiences that the political power was not in the hands of the working masses. All their attempts to recapture and anchor it there were answered with the ruthless suppression of the politically most conscious and developed part of the German working class. For them Grzesinski has only scorn and hatred, but he finds all sorts of excuses and apologies for the grave-diggers of the republic, the Noskes, Zoergiebels, Severings.

A conscientious citizen up to the last minute, Grzesinski cast his last vote for the republic on the morning of March 5, 1933, the last "democratic" election in Germany, and "left immediately afterwards for Zurich, Switzerland." He is now living in the United States. We are glad to say that, unlike so many of his party friends and rulers of the republic, he preferred the hardships of exile to a shameful deal with Hitler.

KARL ANDERS.

Novel about Spain

"This Time a Better Earth" reviewed
by Eleanor Flexner.

TED ALLAN's novel is an important book to own these days, to pass around among doubting acquaintances who are at the mercy of every headlined rumor of the "fall" of the Spanish government. For it is a brave book, compact of the strength and unshakable determination of an entire people; reading it, one can have no doubt of the unquenchable reservoirs of heroism that are the strength of the people, everywhere. In the end, only they can win. This record of trench fighting and air-raid-ridden Spain, of the early days of the International Brigade, is a good antidote for calamity howlers. It will put fresh heart into many of them, and shame into more.

This Time a Better Earth (William Morrow & Co., \$2.50) is Mr. Allan's first novel, and one wishes one did not have to write of it as such. For its best passages are sheer reportage—sparse, dramatic, brutally vivid, and detailed accounts of the first "concert" of the international volunteers in the fort at Figueras, the bombing of Albacete, the volunteers' first sight of refugees—from Malaga—the blinded Doug in a hospital, the breadline of women and children bombed, the visit to the Jarama front, the battle of Brunete. Mostly Allan writes without apparent effort at conscious style, as if he were recounting things seen, conversations heard, in a letter home, except in passages at a white heat of feeling and outrage, as in the devastating accounts of bombings and air raids. His best is very good.

For this reason it is perhaps unfortunate that he has chosen for his principal character Bob Curtis, Canadian volunteer who comes to Spain and becomes sidetracked from actual fighting, first to do radio work and then by a love affair. Curtis' introspective conflicts lack importance. Against such a background as that of the Spanish war, the preoccupations and reflections of one individual inevitably lose significance. Curtis is the only character to receive this subjective treatment throughout the book, and yet his broodings are not typical of the preoccupations of the Spanish people, or of the International Brigades. True, he is doing extremely important work—the broadcasts of *The Voice of Republican Spain* to North America have been of inestimable value throughout the war. But Curtis has no feeling of their importance, and consequently such action as his work involves is psychologically canceled out.

It is just where Allan most nearly approximates concrete and specific actuality that he is brilliantly and movingly successful: in the vignettes of the wounded Doug; the harassed Wilkinson, clamoring in the heat of battle for the desperately needed tanks; Harry, talking quietly in the Jarama dugout of the danger of brooding over the deaths of individual comrades; Rosa, the Austrian woman in the censor's office. Reading these passages,

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one understands the unwillingness of the men who have written best of Spain today to use the novel form, to limit themselves to a single central character (be he heroic or not). Too much emphasis on a single figure can only limit and distort the reality of significance of a struggle such as that in Spain today, or of any similar mass experience. It is in the portrayal of the collective experience and development of a people, seen through a wide range of literary prototypes, that the finest accounts will be found.

Such criticism, however, should not obscure the fact that *This Time a Better Earth* is a deeply moving account of war-torn Spain which deserves the widest possible circulation, especially among those people whom we all know, who are still remote in their attitude towards the conflict. It will be difficult for them, after they have read Mr. Allan's book, to dismiss that conflict as a faraway matter among foreign-speaking people.

ELEANOR FLEXNER.

Brief Reviews

Books by Josephine Johnson and Edna Ferber

READING Josephine Lawrence's novel of the exploited domestic worker (*A Good Home with Nice People*, Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50), one is reminded of an appalling story which came out of Baltimore a few years ago—of how the well-to-do matrons of that city took their house servants from a home for feeble-minded girls, worked them without pay, and then turned a large number into the streets to starve or become prostitutes. It is well to remember that story; for otherwise, the reader of Miss Lawrence's book may be inclined to feel that her unobtrusive, merciless portraits of the average domestic employer are overdone. No Girdler is more tyrannical than these whining, nagging bosses, artists in the technique of "I know tomorrow's your day off but . . ." or "Before you go, will you just . . ."—who pry into their maid's personal lives, grudge them a half-hour off for meals, openly regard them as thieves, cheat them of their time and pay, and play on their sympathy to wring hours of extra work from them. This book should be read, not so much by employers (who will say smugly, "I'm not like that") as by the employees, who will find in it some sensible remedial hints: notably, a more office-like arrangement of wages and hours, and—of course—unionization.

ANN PRENTISS.

EDNA FERBER's autobiography (*A Peculiar Treasure*, Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$3) is personal history with a stress on the personal. Here we have Edna's successes, Edna's triumphs, Edna's famous friends, Edna's travels, Edna's working hours, and Edna's amazing confession (only it's a boast) that her regional novels were written almost entirely out of her imagination, with practically no waste of time in the places she describes. We also have Edna's occasional observations on life. She thinks that Communism is slavery, and found the Soviet Union depressing and rather ridiculous (except for a guide in Leningrad who had read *So Big*). And she is astonished and considerably alarmed to discover that Hitler and Mussolini, whom "we" thought to be just comic characters, are world menaces. At the close of the book she has retired to a Connecticut farm, crying dramatically, "So come Revolution! Come Hitler! Come Death! Even though you win—you lose." I suspect that Miss Ferber herself knows this to be neither brave nor safe.

BARBARA GILES.

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Anna Sokolow

Owen Burke reviews the recital of a people's dancer and her group. Stimulating and poignant qualities of compositions and performance.

AMONG the younger people who have come to the front in the modern dance field, none has more consistently or with more sensitivity moved into the lives and the heroic struggles of the working peoples, at home and abroad, than Anna Sokolow. And none has produced dance studies and compositions more stimulating and poignant than those which she and her Dance Unit gave Sunday evening at the Alvin Theater (N.Y.) when, for the second time in as many seasons, Miss Sokolow was presented by NEW MASSES to a capacity audience.

Her buoyant *Opening Dance*; the lyrically delicate *Ballad in Popular Style*; the section from the ironic anti-fascist suite, *War Is Beautiful; Slaughter of the Innocents*, the dance of the mothers of the children destroyed by the heroic butchers of Hitler and Mussolini; *Case History*, magnificent portrait of the dead-end kids caught in the vise of unemployment and no security, to which has been added a group dead-end street scene action in the typical energetic syncopated manner of the dancer; and the Four Little Salon Pieces, were seen last year in her more or less formal Broadway debut. For the first time this season Anna Sokolow showed her *Façade—Esposizione Italiana* and *The Exile*.

Façade—Esposizione Italiana was done originally on a fellowship at Bennington, Vt., in 1937, a biting satiric analysis of the *papier maché* structure which Mussolini and his fascist apologists have erected where Virgil, Dante, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and a host of others once printed the name of Italy broad and high in the history of culture. Here, in Rome, in Florence, Naples, Venice, where are still housed some of the most glorious works that men have ever fashioned out of oils, stone, marble—here the official hangmen of all that is culture, and of those whose work is cultural, give us a "Belle Arti," a moldering, crumbling, vulgar postcard, imitation Greek and worse Florentine.

For the youth of Italy that walked in its forums, worked in the fields and the mills, grew to a creative manhood, that fought with Garibaldi for the freedom of the Italians, we are presented with a "Giovanezza," emaciated athletes whose bones and muscles are built on ersatz and "triumphant" goosestepping, gun-in-the-back Duce parades. The magnificent women of Italy are the washed-up "Prix Femina," a tribe of demoralized and degraded people who, when they can't avoid it, provide the young bones for Mussolini's *Ballila*, his bloody expeditions into Ethiopia and Spain.

As the "Citizen," Anna Sokolow watches,

waits, is seized in the "Fantasmagoria" of events, is beaten, twisted, turned, is stood on her head, is literally made to climb walls backwards. But the strength of fascism is as hollow as its facade. It crumbles, as it gave signs of crumbling before Munich, and it will continue to crumble into the dry dust where it belongs, once the support of the finance-capital clique (whose face is Chamberlain and Daladier) is removed. "What are you going to do about it?" is the curtain gesture of the "Citizen."

Façade—Esposizione Italiana, for which Alex North has written some of his best music, is definitely one of the major compositions that have come out of the modern dance. Built dramatically to a most stirring climax, it develops through poignant human experience.

The other new composition on the program was *The Exile (A Dance Poem)*: "I had a garden . . .," "The beast is in the garden . . ."—a solo dance to poetry by S. Funaroff and traditional Palestinian folk music arranged by Alex North. It is a simple lyric that turns from the warm gentility of a Jewish people to a Jewish people scattered like grass by the brown pestilence. The dance is as moving as it is true.

Anna Sokolow is a people's dancer. Her work must be brought to the widest audience.

OWEN BURKE.

Fields and Borders

W. C. Fields in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and the USSR defense film "Soviet Border"

AT THE pain of provoking an international incident between myself and Vittorio Mussolini I shall have to continue these movie reviews. Vittorio has announced, declared, and manifested himself, as Father Divine would say, on the subject of movie critics. Starting right now there will be no more newspaper criticism in Italy, says Vittorio, because the captious reviewers had been hurting the attendance at the stinko colossals produced by Vittorio. This idea struck Junior like a "bolt of lightning," according to his own confession in his own gazette, *Cinema*.

My first review under Junior's displeasure will therefore be a favorable mention of Mr. W. C. Fields, who struts the tyrant more convincingly than Vittorio's ham papa. And he does it without guns and balconies. If Charlie Chaplin is the comic who particularly maddens Hitler, W. C. should be the lad to torture



Barbara Morgan

ANNA SOKOLOW. Her dance reflects the struggles of the people.

Mussolini. While fascist pedants have been sweating over the job of puffing up a totalitarian Valhalla for the big boss, Mr. Fields in his new show, *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, presents us with a goofy Olympus of his own manufacture, comprising knotty Charlie McCarthy; Mortimer Snerd, his blissful country cousin; Mr. Bergen, their *duenna*; an animal hypnotist named Blacaman; a real live princess named Baba who walks and talks; and a rival dummy operated by Mr. Fields. The movies have supplanted myth and folklore. What chance of survival has Münchhausen or Buffalo Bill against the formidable Fields relating the story of the big-game hunt or prancing into Whipsnade's circus tent on a spirited steed for his trick shooting act, billed as *Buffalo Bella?* No more chance than the Water Babies have against Donald Duck.

It's too bad that the epic material provided for W. C. should include a story, particularly a love story that keeps him off the screen for stretches. Mr. Fields made his resentment plain during the production of the picture. Troops of writers were sent into battle and Fields routed them into convalescent homes. On the screen the credit goes to one Charles Bogle, which is Mr. Fields' literary alias. McCarthy is in fine form but his effectiveness is hurt by the inability of the authors to decide whether he's a human monster or a wooden Frankenstein.

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man was made cooperatively at the Universal studios so that Fields and Bergen will share the profits of the picture. They have taken the step Chaplin took years ago to free himself from the cash register clatter of producers' minds. Charlie could not make his anti-Hitler picture now in the works if he were still a contract star. Imitation is the first law of life for monopoly producers; perhaps the accomplishments of in-

dependent star-producers will induce the majors to venture in where others have dared to tread.

"SOVIET BORDER"

The Soviet film patrols the borders beside the frontier guards, reflecting the tension at the fascist boundaries. *Soviet Border* at the Cameo (N. Y.) continues the story of contemporary Japanese provocation that was introduced in last year's *In the Far East*. The contrasts are interesting. In the space of a year the frontier has changed from rough stockades in the *taiga* to small electrified communities, already with communal tradition to look back upon. Life is good, if dangerous, and the young folks are settling down to domesticity with a squirrel gun handy for the Japanese and White Guard marauders from Manchukuo. Like our westerns, which in their best form picture the vigorous spirit of the American frontier, 1849, the Soviet "easterns" are full of adventure and action in the new Soviet frontier, 1939. There is a marked difference in the intention of the films we are comparing, however. The Soviets do not give us thrilling sorties and gunplay for their own sake, like the American horse operas which so often degenerate into vigilanteism and masked-rider stuff. *Soviet Border* has the purpose of teaching restraint, unceasing patience with provocative acts from across the river boundary, and pride in the redoubtable youths who watch the border.

The picture has a thrilling battle on the Soviet bank of the international river when Red Guards and militia stand off a Japanese invasion by rubber boats. It has a shy love story between a youthful guard with the qualities of our James Stewart, and a resourceful miss who rivals him in bagging White Guards. The Soviet forces are taught to take their unwelcome visitors alive, and only in dire emergencies to shoot it out. The scenes in the White Guard village, a horrible caricature of old Russia, are handled with the characteristic sympathy and understanding the Soviet Union has for its stupid foes. *Soviet Border* is lively entertainment with plenty of information on the Manchukuoan situation for those who would know.

JAMES DUGAN.

Amiable Comedy

"Miss Swan Expects" and "Off to Buffalo" are diverting and mild.

Two mildly diverting, thoroughly amiable little comedies opened on Broadway last week. Neither is a side-splitter but both keep their audiences gently amused. Bella and Samuel Spewack, the authors of the season's absolutely best musical, *Leave It to Me*, wrote *Miss Swan Expects*, a piece about publishing houses. Unfortunately, *Miss Swan Expects*, in spite of being equipped with an aged tycoon who likes to hear *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf* nightly on his \$800,000 organ, is not as funny as it should be.

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But it does have two lovely jokes: (1) the tycoon remarks irritably that he's going broke setting up dummy corporations to cheat the government out of taxes; and (2) the luscious lady who was hired as decoy for the millionaire says soothingly, "There, there, if people only understood your great brain, Daddy, they would repeal the Wagner act tomorrow." Ha. Peggy Conklin is very swell as Miss Swan and the rest of the cast does well enough.

The other show is Joe Cook and then again Joe Cook. I'm very fond of Joe Cook, but unfortunately a plot gets in the way of the esteemed Mr. Cook and *Off to Buffalo* suffers from not enough Cook and too much broth. (Pun!) Still the second act is quite wonderful, with Mr. Cook trying out all his fine, crazy tricks. The other two acts are not so good.

MORE ON HELLMAN PLAY

The big news on Broadway this week is still Lillian Hellman's show which I wrote about in the last issue. On second thought I think it's even better than I said at first. It's the sort of a show which deserves support but doesn't need to have that said about it. It's a smash hit—and well worth any waiting for seats. I understand various benefits are being run around town for *The Little Foxes* and it looks now as though that would be your best bet to get tickets. Don't by any chance miss it.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Notable Concert

The New York Sinfonietta under the baton of Max Goberman

ONE of the most pleasant evenings of music in the last few months was recently provided by a concert of the New York Sinfonietta conducted by Max Goberman at the Washington Irving High School. This organization of young musicians under its leader (who, by the way, is certainly one of the most talented American conductors) attained a perfection which richer groups with the benefit of more lavish surroundings often fail to achieve.

A substantial part of this success was due to the conducting of Max Goberman. There are two aspects to his talent: (1) his ability to train musicians and draw from them their best possible efforts, and (2) his brilliant flare for program making. It is the last quality which assures his audiences of new music, old or modern; first performances; and a vital interest in the music of American composers. Typical of these interests is the following program which was heard on February 20: a rare Purcell suite collected from music for *The Married Beau* or *The Curious Impertinent*; Bach's *Ricercare* in six voices on a theme by Frederick the Great; Vivaldi's *Concerto Grosso* in D Minor; Mozart's *Bassoon Concerto*; and *Two Pieces for String Orchestra* by Aaron Copland.

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GOINGS ON

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS of the Week every Sunday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Workers School, 35 East 12 Street, 2nd floor. Admission 20 cents.

"LOST REELS in Movie History," compiled and described by Francis Doublier, first newsreel cameraman, Thursday, Mar. 2, at 8:30 p.m., at Keynote Club, 201 West 52nd St. Admission 50c.

"FASCISM and SCIENCE"—Lecture by David Ramsey, contributing editor of Science and Society Magazine. Thursday, March 9, 8:30 p.m., at Keynote Club, 201 West 52nd St. Admission 35c.

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In a program of that sort, one can be assured that there will be no boring moments. Furthermore, the music was enhanced by splendid performances by the orchestra and the bassoon soloist, Leonard Sharrow. It is hoped that there will be further concerts by the New York Sinfonietta in the type of programs which too seldom grace the uptown citadels of music.

There's always a considerable flurry when Mme. Nadia Boulanger comes to town. She's a good bet for the upper social crust because her mother was a Russian princess. Musicians know her name from the numerous American composers who have studied with her. In fact, it's harder to find an American composer who hasn't studied with her than one who has. Consequently, she has had some effect on American music. However, when she guest-conducted the New York Philharmonic the other evening, there was a conspicuous lack of American works on the program she chose. What we got was a mediocre overture by one of her obscure Polish pupils, several works of Monteverdi, and, of course, a piano concerto by the Boulanger-proclaimed genius, Jean Francaix. The music of the latter turned out to be a rather poor second in the genre of French movie music; and Francaix's talent showed as thin as cellophane in the tinkly piano-orchestra music of the concerto. Oh well, Mme. Boulanger will be back in France again in the summer—driving her smart little two-seater back and forth to Fontainebleau, teaching her American students the greatness of Fauré, Stravinsky, and Lili Boulanger—and philosophically she may muse that Americans make good paying students even if they're poor program material for distinguished occasions.

Wisconsin's new reactionary governor, self-made Julius Heil, has his state cossacks well coached. He's undoubtedly shown them Hearst cartoons of what an agitator should look like. For when innocent Percy Grainger stepped off a train in Wausau, Wis., into a below-zero temperature, wearing white duck trousers, a brown jacket, and no hat or overcoat, and moreover, carrying an umbrella, he was promptly seized by two Hessians and taken to police headquarters as a suspicious character. (Though Mr. Grainger's wearing apparel was curious for the weather, I suspect that it was his generous head of hair which did the trick.) However, even the Wisconsin authorities could find nothing subversive in *Country Gardens* and Mr. Grainger was released with apologies.

Innumerable inquiries have come in as to the advisability of buying this or that radio; so it might be pertinent to offer some suggestions. First of all, I go along with the findings of the Consumers Union report. That is, I made the test of listening to their choices and found them satisfactory to the ear. I particularly liked the Lafayette table model for tone quality. For the most part, buying a radio depends on what you like to hear in the way of tone—fancy gadgets boost the price and seldom add anything to the sounding quality.

JOHN SEBASTIAN.

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Dear Comrade:

My poor knowledge of English enables me to express our deepest sympathy to your magazine, which has offered a great deal to the course of peace, to the course of people of China and Spain, to the course of world proletarians.

I understand really what a financial difficulty mean to a revolutionary activity, we ourselves are always in poverty. Among my comrades, I have been the "richest". I am twenty years old, working in a local bank and "enjoying" a fairly good monthly salary of \$15.-- which is equivalent to \$2.40 in American currency, excluding meals and dormitory. Most of my comrades earns \$1.-- to \$10.-- monthly, much less than what I earns. And yet we strive to sustain our own newspaper, magazines, etc. in Shanghai, while the cost of imported paper has been increased terribly.

We are hardly believing that in such a rich country as U. S. A. where millions and billions of dollars are spent in films and dances, people can not sustain such a progressive magazine as *New Masses*, which is now in lack of such a little sum of money as only \$30,000.--! Yet the fact is fact. Our paper "The News Digest" announced it and called for "Help New Masses!" O, dear comrades, how sorry we are, that we could not help our oversea friends financially! Will you, who had done and is doing a great deal for Chinese people, pardon us on this? However, I am enclosing herewith some used stamps of our country. I heard that in Europe and U. S. A., boys and girls like to collect used stamps. I don't know whether you can get a very pitiful sum of money from selling them, but I expect it would only be better than nothing.

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