



new
masses

Matthew Josephson

Fascism's Seventh Veil

Pietro di Donato

Born in Sin

Agnes Smedley

A Japanese Soldier's Diary

Irwin Shaw

The Ungentle People

Robert Forsythe, Elizabeth Lawson, Joseph North,
Samuel Putnam, Charles Recht, Margaret Schlauch,
A. Ajay, Colin Allen, Ned Hilton, Mischa Richter

APRIL 18, 1939 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

THIS week finds NEW MASSES in a more precarious position than last—if that is possible. This week, like last, we have not the means to publish another issue.

Last week we brought NEW MASSES out on short-term loans and a cut payroll. This week there are no short-term loans to be had, no pay to cut.

In eight weeks we have raised \$13,303. Five thousand of that sum was in canceled notes, in no way adding to our income but simply reducing our debt. In other words, in a campaign to raise \$30,000 we have received 25 percent.

More than 25 percent of the sum we asked for was to pay back debts. None of the money thus far received has gone toward current expenditures.

As we have said before, \$30,000 would guarantee the publication of NEW MASSES for a year. The first part of that is necessary to pay back debts and reestablish credit. At the moment we are in between the two types of expenses. We have used money to pay creditors, but we are not yet at a point at which we can plan on present and future accounts.

About fifteen hundred people have contributed to the present campaign. Last year nearly ten thousand contributed.

Over eight thousand owners of NEW MASSES have not yet contributed to the magazine. Small contributions from our thousands of friends would settle all current and future problems.

Last week we said as simply as we could that NEW MASSES could not

see its way clear to another week of publication. We can only say it again. We can only say that this week nothing but the immediate aid of our readers can save NEW MASSES.

It is not easy to go on this way week after week. There are few new ways of expressing the same situation.

Yet we must do it: NEW MASSES has not the money to appear next week. Seven editors and a business manager have consulted every method of promoting money for another issue, but it simply cannot be done. We know of no place to borrow money.

Again we search for new words, but there are none. NEW MASSES cannot appear next week unless you come to its help immediately.

All we can ask is that you contribute what you can. If each of you does this, the next issue and the following fifty-one will appear. Otherwise none will appear.

NEW MASSES, 461 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY	
Enclosed is my contribution toward NEW MASSES' next issue and toward the magazine's continued existence.	
Name
Address

Amount

BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE issue which will be off the press April 27 will contain a special section of May Day articles and pictures, including an almost legendary May Day story never before published. It is Art Young's story of his own experiences, fifty-three years ago in the Chicago Haymarket Massacre, which the workers of the world mark each spring in New York, London, Paris, Moscow, and other democratic cities of the world.

From L. E. C. of Los Angeles we have a note about the letter from China which was recently published on NM's back cover:

"I have been in China as a newspaper correspondent so I know the boy was telling a tragic truth. However, I can't imagine intelligent liberals waiting to have a Chinese boy

shame them into doing their obvious duty. It is too bad they do. If we do not support every authentic agency of progress we will one of these days be in the Chinese boy's situation.

"Here is my check for \$2. My regret is that it can't be \$200. But there'll be more when I can afford it. Americans must be reminded that it is not a question of whether we are going to fight for China and Spain, but of how long we are going to continue to let those people fight our battles against the fascism that will oppress us if they lose and if our own weapons of democracy fail."

Irving Shapiro of Bronx, N. Y., writes us that he has a large number of back issues of NM which he will be glad to give to organizations or individuals wishing to make use of them. Readers can get in touch with Mr. Shapiro through this office.

The Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy asks us to appeal for clothing for the refugees from Franco Spain. There is also a need for clothing in good condition for men who will find it necessary to travel. Those who have clothing to donate should get in touch with the warehouse of the Medical Bureau, 14 Worcester St., N. Y. C. Telephone: CAnal 6-2653.

The *Wheel*, *Poetry Today*, a new magazine which aims to give expression to the work of young talented writers who are not as widely represented in existing magazines as they should be, and to maintain vigorous contact with the progressive forces in the world, will make its first appearance in May. The editors are Evelyn Caminier, Ellen Conried, and Raphael Hayes, and the advisory board consists of Genevieve Taggard, William Rose Benét, Kenneth Fearing, Louis Untermeyer, and Oscar Williams. The magazine will be published at 309 East 23rd St., N. Y. C.

Who's Who

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the translator of *Guillaume Apollinaire* and the author of several books, the best known of which are his biography of Zola, *The Robber Barons*, and *The Politicos*. He is a former stockbroker. . . . Smith F. Bixler is the pen name of a Detroit newspaper man. . . . Agnes Smedley's published works include *China Fights Back* and *China's Red Army Marches*. . . . Charles Curtis Munz is the author of *Land Without Moses*, a novel of a Southern cotton farm. . . . Charles Recht is a New York lawyer and the author of two novels and a volume of verse. . . . Paul G. McManus is NM's Washington correspondent. . .

Samuel Putnam, who translated portions of *The Pasquier Chronicles*, is well known as a literary critic. He is also one of the editors of the *Harvard Hand Book of Latin American Studies*. . . . Nelson Algren is the author of *Somebody in Boots*. . . . Richard Milton is a young English critic, sojourning in this country. He contemplates a Marxist book on Anglophobia and Anglomania, and is at present gathering material on that subject. . . . Elizabeth Lawson is director of the Summer Day School of the Workers School of New York. . . . Margaret Schlauch is an associate professor of English at New York University and an editor of *Science & Society*. . . . Margaret Lieberman is the leading left-wing authority on the theory and technique of mystery stories. . . . The article by Irwin Shaw in this issue is from an address he made before the New Theater League.

Flashbacks

MEMO to Mussolini: In the past great men have sacrificed greatly for the freedom of Greece, and this week in 1824, April 19 to

be exact, the liberty-loving British poet Byron died of a fever at Missolonghi. He was encamped with a kind of International Brigade he had organized and financed. "Forward, forward, courage! Follow my example—don't be afraid!" he called out in his last delirium. . . . Thomas Jefferson was born April 13, 1743. . . . On April 18, 1775, thanks to the vigilance of a horseman named Revere, a little group of colonial farmers at Lexington gave armed resistance to the British soldiery, thus beginning the American Revolutionary War. . . . Lincoln first called for troops to be used against "a combination too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary force of judicial proceeding" on April 15, 1861. . . . Four years later to a day, April 15, 1865, having directed the war which put down the reactionary combination, Lincoln was assassinated by an embittered Rebel. . . . Ernst Thaelmann was born April 16, 1886. . . . "The elections have shown me that I have lost the affection of my people," admitted King Alfonso while fleeing Spain on April 14, 1931, the day on which a republic was established.



Fenn

Pietro di Donato

A twenty-eight-year-old bricklayer, now employed on construction work at the New York World's Fair. Born in Hoboken, N. J., di Donato went to work at fourteen, when his father died, to support a family of nine. An early section of his forthcoming novel, "Christ in Concrete," was published in "Esquire" several months ago and drew enthusiastic comment from readers and critics. The book was accepted for publication by Bobbs-Merrill but the Italian proletarian author, still faced with the problem of supporting his mother, brothers, and sisters, continues working as a bricklayer.

This Week

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXXI, No. 4

April 18, 1939

Fascism's Seventh Veil by <i>Matthew Josephson</i>	5
Takemasu Enyu's Diary by <i>Agnes Smedley</i>	7
Inside the UAW Convention by <i>Smith F. Bixler</i>	8
The Deepwater Bunds by <i>Gus Lundberg</i>	9
Migratory Farm Workers <i>A Page of Photographs</i>	10
Awakening in the "Corral" by <i>Charles Curtis Munz</i>	11
Back Where They Came From by <i>Paul G. McManus</i>	12
The Apex Hosiery Decision by <i>Charles Recht</i>	13
Born in Sin by <i>Pietro di Donato</i> (Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)	15
Wasteland, Farewell <i>A Poem</i> by <i>John Malcolm Brinnin</i>	16
I Hope You Are Happy About Spain by <i>Robert Forsythe</i>	17
Editorial Comment	19
What's On Your Mind?	22
Reader's Forum	22

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Bill Foster's Book by <i>Joseph North</i>	23
Roger Martin du Gard by <i>Samuel Putnam</i>	24
Rivertown Record by <i>Nelson Algren</i>	25
Anti-Fascist Whodunit by <i>Margaret Lieberman</i>	25
Pre-Civil War Press by <i>Elizabeth Lawson</i>	26
The Wonder of Words by <i>Margaret Schlauch</i>	27
The Critics Group by <i>Richard Milton</i>	27

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Ungentle People by <i>Irwin Shaw</i>	28
London Music Festival by <i>John Sebastian</i>	30
Yea, History! by <i>James Dugan</i>	30

Art work by Mischa Richter, A. Ajay, Ned Hilton, Colin Allen, Theodore Scheel.

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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Fascism's Seventh Veil

Matthew Josephson, biographer of Zola, author of "The Robber Barons" and "The Politicos," explodes the bandit "economics" and the black magic "doctrine" of the madman of Munich.

WHAT can I say about fascism that Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini do not say far more forcefully every day by their actions?

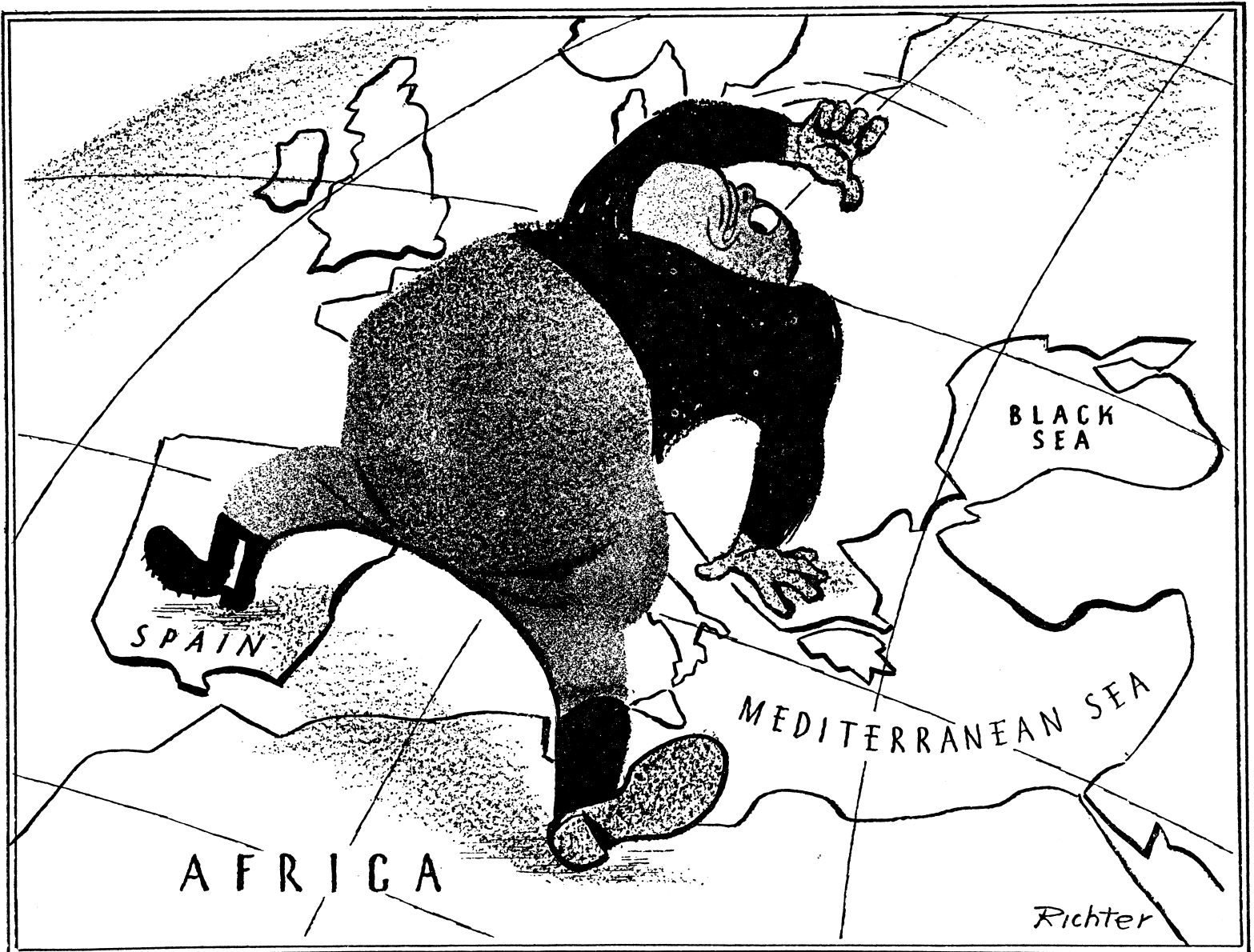
Six years ago I wrote and published a pamphlet, *Nazi Culture: The Brown Darkness over Germany*, which was based on a study of an early unexpurgated German edition of *Mein Kampf*. My conclusions seemed so violent, preaching war to the knife if need be, that not a few of my friends disapproved of my attitude, or even hinted that my reason was a little unhinged. Today, after Spain,

Munich, and Praha, the eyes of men have been fully opened to the revived medievalism implicit in the fascist credo and politics. We know now, as we might have guessed when we heard of the Burning of the Books in 1933, that theirs is the religion of death, that they inevitably bring their totalitarian darkness to every added territory or province they conquer.

The unpardonable sin of Czechoslovakia (as of Spain) was that she was a democracy; and fascism must exterminate democracy. Fascism cannot coexist with democracy, be-

cause the democratic philosophy and its bill of rights are generally directed to advancing essential human liberties, and especially the individual dignity of man. Such human values of liberty and personal dignity are abhorrent to a system which requires for the achievement of its purpose the herding of free men alternately into martial phalanxes dedicated to the arts of destruction, or into Egyptian labor gangs which are auxiliary to this work of death.

These are not emotional judgments. They are the reasoned conclusions of such men as



Thomas Mann, or of the Catholic democrat Aurel Kolnai, who, in his *War against the West*, published in America last year, has written probably the most thoughtful, the most exhaustive study of Nazi doctrine, and has given us the most complete picture of what civilization may await from its conquests.

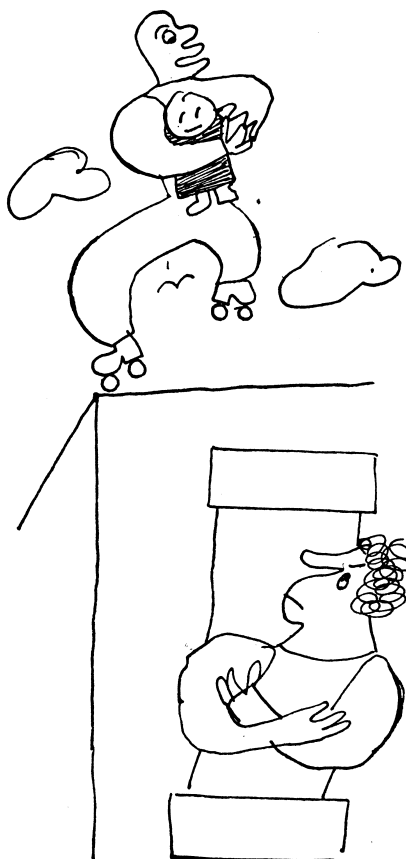
THE MYTH OF NAZI MAGIC

For a period of some months after the pact of Munich in September and the fall of Barcelona shortly thereafter, a distinct mood of pessimism was perceptible among many of the intellectuals who should be counted upon to work together unremittingly in the cause of human values. Some of them began to wonder if the fascists did not possess some unknown "magic" or wizardry which helped them to victory both in economic and military fields, and which made resistance vain. Others began to entertain serious doubts about the very rule of reason, all the evolutionary and "humanistic" principles underlying both democratic and socialist societies.

The answer to the argument of "magic" is simple. Even I might well hope to overthrow democratic Spain if I had the help, not only of its own fascists, ruling class, and regular army, but of Italian and German arms directly, and indirect or partial assistance from the French and British empires into the bargain. To me the magic and the wonder lie in the three-year-long resistance of the Spanish people, without a regular army or adequate arms or food supplies. It is a miracle to me that the common people could improvise an army after nearly all their officers and professional soldiers and most of their technicians abandoned them, an army which repeatedly delayed or changed the timetable that the fascist powers had undoubtedly set for Europe. So a century ago the Spanish people sadly disarranged the plans of another imperial conqueror, Napoleon I—even though invaded and defeated—while from the other end of Europe, Russia waited to complete the overthrow of the French Caesar.

History does not repeat itself baldly and simply; but neither should we abandon our reason or forget its lessons. Caesars, dictators, usually follow an historical pattern of action which is essential to their business. A deep, inward necessity makes them, sooner or later, speed things up and overextend themselves—as may very possibly have been done, after all, in the whole difficult Spanish adventure. The invasion and partition of Czechoslovakia may have been a bold and clever coup. But then, on the other hand, it may well mark the point at which fascist aggression begins to provoke worldwide and concerted opposition, and prepares its own ruin.

But why do these things happen? Do they have "mystic" rather than material motives? For months before the invasion of Czechoslovakia we had been reading economic reports of the alarming export deficit which, by the end of 1938, followed the "magical" efforts of Nazi Germany to conquer world trade. Hitler himself publicly spoke of the



A. A. Jay

"Don't worry, I've got a British guarantee."

strain and loss under which his system labored. On the day that Praha fell my newspaper also published news of further extended losses of exports suffered by Germany in recent months.

Thus the new economic wizardry, which Dr. Schacht was supposed to have furnished Nazi Germany, has simply boiled down to the old-fashioned economics of Jesse James and other bank robbers. Formerly the plundering of the German Jews had been attributed in some quarters to the enthusiasm engendered by a holy war. But the seizure of \$94,000,000 in gold from the central bank at Praha begins to look like something else, and is a pretty hard mouthful to swallow, even if you have as large a craw as Neville Chamberlain. The contradictions of late tory capitalism become huge indeed: gentlemen who are directors of the Bank of England or the Banque de France and their associates in other countries not only appease but encourage the world bandits to "fight Bolshevism," while at the same time they remove their investments from Amsterdam and Geneva bank vaults, and hide or nail down everything they own. For my own part I enjoy at least this aspect of the world situation and it strengthens my optimism. By the principle of "the worse the better" we may soon begin to see a little daylight.

I have stressed what seemed to me certain hard, salient, inescapable economic facts, and the need for examining and analyzing them if we would understand what is actually happen-

ing. We need strong nerves, nowadays, as the Nazis say. Let us not become shell-shocked. Only by using our reason—rather than "going fascist" mentally—can we make any sense out of what is happening. Now my reason tells me that the Nazis have no more managed to circumvent economic realities than did Mr. Richard Whitney, the former president of the New York Stock Exchange, who concealed his bankruptcy as well as embezzlements for nearly a decade from the courts and the police! My reason tells me that the increasing internal strain of German armament economy, the famine in raw materials, the inadequacy of the forced barter system of exports, the need for such things as Rumanian oil and wheat, have led Nazi Germany to cast off the last disguises of fascist "ideology" and "blood thinking." All the nonsense about economic autarchy and racial self-determination was abandoned as Hitler, on the Ides of March, staked everything on a straight raid from the hills, open invasion, plundering and bank-robbing in the neighboring countries.

In other words, *Hitler has betrayed fascism*. By throwing off the mask and setting about the forcible conquest of every nation within his reach, he has disillusioned the whole world about the magic and the beauties of fascist "coordination." But more, he has plainly admitted to his own people (and to all the world) that his "new-fashioned" system offers no ease or security, that it brings no real social equilibrium, that it effects no "short cut" for humanity, but operates, in the last resort, simply by large-scale violence and world banditry. Only "living dangerously" is to be their lot!

NO SHORT CUTS

These, as it seems to me, are the hard facts that we must publish and spread as widely as possible; their lessons must be clearly drawn for our own people. We must answer the fools and rascals at home who would imitate the European medievalists by showing that there is nothing "new" or easy in their system; there is nothing in it that can help us solve our own problems. No Hitler will balance our budget for us, nor will he bring pensions for our aged, any more than he brings ease or security to the millions of Germans and Europeans who are being led to slaughter. For us there can be no "brilliant" fascist short cuts. The true solution is the simple and hard one, lacking in magic or acrobatics: it is to press steadily for more, rather than less, democracy, above all for more economic democracy.

It is true that Hitler and company have made the United States pretty solidly anti-fascist. But we must not sit back and depend upon him. We must hasten the process ourselves.

We must keep our common sense, our human sense of proportion, in spite of every provocation. We must literally struggle to be human and not become debauched or infected by our contemporaries in Central Europe. This means that we must go on calling things by their

right names, no matter what happens. A bank robber is a bank robber and not a streamlined economist. A "statesman" who orders infants driven out of an orphan asylum into the winter night, who bombs civilians, women, and children, is not the inventor of a new political science, but a degenerate hoodlum, only operating on a larger scale than common hoodlums. These things must be said over and over again, out loud, everywhere, "patiently explained." Above all, we must be careful not to get *used* to them.

Ever so often the fight against barbarians, witch hunters, and book burners must be fought all over again. And why not? What liberties, what human rights were ever won without being fought for? As for writers, this fight is an old, familiar story to them, and they do not go into it for profit, but because the very breath of existence is at stake.

Almost within the memory of our own generation, in the Dreyfus case, Zola entered such a struggle with his slogan: "*The truth is on the march. . .*" A century before Zola, during the period of the Enlightenment in France, not only were the books of Voltaire and Rousseau being burnt by the public executioner, but also human beings of dissenting religious views were still occasionally drawn and quartered. It was then (during the Calas affair) that Voltaire raised his famous war cry: "*Ecrasez l'infame!*" Crush the infamous, the bigoted, the intolerant! Voltaire used laughter, mockery as well as plain talk, we must remember, in his campaign against the infamous. It was at these moments, I have thought, when their own interests as writers and thinkers were joined directly in the struggle for the broader, general interests of human values, that men like Voltaire and Rousseau reached their highest point of self-realization.

THE LESSONS OF SPAIN

In the Spanish civil war it was notable—to say nothing of the men who bore arms—that "behind the lines" American intellectuals and writers volunteered their services with an energy and devotion that have rarely been used here before in a similarly "idealistic" cause. The defeat has been hard. But, if one may take some comfort from this misfortune, it is that those who were partisans of the Spanish democracy actually, and under the circumstances, performed near-miracles, especially in arousing public opinion in our country, which is usually so indifferent to events abroad.

Instead of turning from this moving experience with a sense of defeat, I hope that the friends of democracy who fought together for the Spanish people will keep with them an awareness of the enormous potential strength they showed when unified in defense of a great cause. All this generosity, this spontaneity, is not only something to remember, but something to hold—for equivalent needs or emergencies should they arise in our own midst.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Takemasu Enyu's Diary

Agnes Smedley translates the pages of a Japanese soldier's diary found in the fields of western Anhwei.

IN ALMOST every battle between the Japanese and the New Fourth Army, the Chinese capture all kinds of trophies. Among these are often charms, documents, military maps, arms and ammunition, coats, blankets, food supplies, and diaries. The New Fourth Army now has more than twenty diaries taken from the bodies of the Japanese dead or from their packs. In early November, a New Fourth Army detachment in western Anhwei north of the Yangtze River, engaged a Japanese force in battle. Among the documents which it sent to New Fourth headquarters at the time were a number of diaries. One of these was a small booklet which began on Dec. 13, 1937, and ended on Feb. 18, 1938. The book was then exhausted and the Japanese seems to have continued in another. However, we cannot find this second booklet.

The diary before me was written by Takemasu Enyu, whose home was at 241 Funairi St., Hiroshima City, Japan. The man's gas mask is No. 21351, and the name of his sergeant, mentioned once or twice, was Goroyoda It-suwo. The Enemy Work Department of the New Fourth Army has translated extracts from this diary into Chinese, and my interpreter and I have put them into English. Most of the diary notes are of no interest or importance and would be too long to translate. The following are extracts written while this soldier was in the Soochow-Tanyang sector along the Shanghai-Nanking railway:

December 13: We bring out our Japanese wine and beer and are in the highest spirits. But always, after a little while, fights begin and end in bloody tragedy . . .

December 22: Market prices must also be dictated by us. If not, we may threaten and then the merchants are forced to listen to us.

December 24: Two garrison soldiers of Soochow have disappeared . . .

December 25: Nothing to do. I feel homesick and am anxious for a letter from my family.

December 30: Stomach-ache last night and didn't have supper. My health is bad. Today even a little pork turns my stomach again. Got up at seven. Asked for leave of absence to go to the clinic. Bring back medicine and rest in my room. I feel very miserable when I get sick during wartime.

December 31: Because it is New Year I went to the market to confiscate beef and bean cakes . . .

January 5: On my way back I bought a box of bean cakes and paid 20 instead of 50 cents.

January 6: Out to confiscate things. Took straw from a Chinese mandarin family. It was a miserable scene . . .

January 7: Last night I again dreamed of my father's death. If it is not true, it would be fine. Said a prayer for him and went to bed.

January 8: Pulled Chinese passersby in from the street to work. At the end I gave them two or three cigarettes each. The cigarettes I also took from

Chinese passersby in the street. Their manner was miserable.

January 9: Wish all are safe in my homeland, and live well . . .

January 13: Order Chinese to bring us some fuel. Confiscate some wine and get a little drunk. In the afternoon take the houses of the people for our troops. Went downtown and bought two boxes of bean cake. Paid 30 cents instead of 60. The shopkeeper led me to a place where I captured a jar of wine.

January 15: Confiscated some wine from a Chinese house.

January 16: Caught a Chinese civilian for a cook.

January 17: Confiscated things near the city and got ten pigs from the people . . .

January 18: In the afternoon we reached Tanyang and used the dormitory of the Bank of China as barracks. On duty as cook. Ordered some Chinese in to work for me . . . After supper I got a letter from home for the first time. How joyous it is to get some word from my hometown! . . .

January 19: Confiscate pigs and cows. Since eight at night my heart has been sad.

January 21: I asked the corporal of the—gendarme unit about the Kuyung situation. He said that within five li [Japanese li] of us there are still defeated remnants.

January 25: How big the Yangtze is! It surprises me.

February 7: Am informed by garrison soldiers that we are still often attacked by the enemy in Chuhsien, Saho, and Changbushan.

February 8: Execute a Chinese by shooting.

February 9: Out of bed at seven. Immediately begin work. In the afternoon burn down the Chinese houses near the factory and warm ourselves. Then we had dinner.

February 11: Ordered to loot and kill all the Chinese near the factory. Gambled after supper . . .

February 12: As reported by soldiers from the front, fighting is fierce in Hwaiyuen and Fengyu. The enemy is stubborn and our army is having much trouble.

February 13: Near sunset. I don't know why my heart suddenly feels so sad after I come back from moving around the vast wilderness of China.

February 14: In the afternoon I thought of conscripting things, but I could not because I was ordered on sentry duty.

February 15: No dream for a long time. Last night I suddenly dreamed my wife had a baby. I seemed to be at home . . . During supper it is very noisy and there is much drinking, but I could not be interested and talked with S. and sighed for a long time.

February 16: The defeated remnants have fought with us. It made my heart tremble. I felt very sad. Supper at six. I don't know why my heart is so very empty and extremely discouraged.

February 18: Confiscating section came back with captured ducks. A part did not return by dark. However, at eight they came straggling in. The defeated remnants had attacked and fought with them.

AGNES SMEDLEY.

Inside the UAW Convention

Personalities subordinated to program. The CIO drive roars on. Factionalism outlawed. New organizational forms.

WEEKS before the convention of the United Automobile Workers opened in Cleveland on March 27, the question of where the auto workers of this country were going had been definitely settled. The decision had been given incontrovertibly in favor of the CIO as against Homer Martin's splinter group; the lineup having come so swiftly, in fact, that this issue had become almost academic by the time some 550 delegates, officially representing two hundred locals and 355,000 of the UAW's 375,000 members, gathered for their first session in the Hotel Hollenden ballroom.

Symptomatic was the announcement at the opening session by the convention chairman that arrangements were already under way to move the gathering to larger quarters, a change that was necessitated by the continued arrival of additional delegates from locals that had broken with Martin at the last moment, all eager to get on the CIO bandwagon. Some of these had attended Martin's rump "convention" in Detroit several weeks earlier and described the pitiful contrast of that gathering, which Martin's lieutenants had been forced to pack with men hired off WPA projects for \$5 a day, to save appearances.

EXIT FACTIONALISM

The question of affiliation was not the only one that had been settled before the sessions opened in Cleveland. In the minds of the great majority of delegates was likewise deeply embedded the determination to blot out the last vestige of ruinous factionalism which had plagued their union for over two years. That this could not be accomplished by mere fiat, however, was obvious, considering the variety of groups and tendencies involved. Moreover, the long internal struggle had aggravated these differences to an uncommon acuity. But the persistent good will of the delegates and their undeviating devotion to the CIO allowed no question as to the final attainment of solid unity.

On questions of basic policy there was virtually no difference among the delegates. All agreed that the organization must be aired and liberalized to avoid a repetition of the Homer Martin nightmare. All agreed that the great organizational tasks—of unionizing Ford's and the competitive plants, of winning new and improved agreements with General Motors and Chrysler—must be undertaken immediately with all the energies at the disposal of the union.

And yet it would be false to say that emotionalism and partisanship played no role at the convention. However, this was never true in the sense indicated by an abnormally negative press, which sought to give the impression that the entirely natural contest for

leadership which resulted from the necessity of establishing a new top apparatus for the union was merely a continuation of the old factional battle. The situation was superficially complicated by the existence of a so-called "clean-sweep" group, representing a distinct minority, which sought to utilize the honest sentiment for change to turn the convention against the very men who had led the fight against Martin.

George Addes, the popular secretary-treasurer of the union, was the leading candidate for the presidency when the sessions opened, with the backing of a good two-thirds of the convention's voting strength. He had been unswervingly consistent in his opposition to Homer Martin and was, accordingly, among the five officers suspended last summer by the latter. Because of the adverse publicity attending this event, and because of their constant care to equalize as far as possible existing differences, CIO leaders Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman argued that none of the men directly involved in that controversy should run for the top office of the union. Addes was asked to retire in favor of Acting President R. J. Thomas, whose comparatively recent break with Martin would, the CIO chiefs argued, make the task of winning and holding the balance of auto workers still under the ex-president's influence a good deal simpler.

Addes readily accepted the CIO's advice but his followers were tenacious of their candidate. Throughout the convention, the mere routine announcement of his name brought enthusiastic demonstrations.

The factional "clean-sweep" group sought also to make capital of the CIO's proposal on a structural change eliminating the international vice presidencies, despite the insistence of Hillman and Murray that their advice must not be "construed as supporting any faction in the convention."

"We reached our position," the CIO leaders stated, "on the sole basis of eliminating factionalism and clearing the atmosphere of all extraneous issues which might have had the effect of impeding constructive consideration of the important problems before the organized automobile workers."

The issue was not by any means basic and the vice presidents won the universal respect of the convention by themselves adopting the viewpoint of the CIO and refusing to allow the subject of their posts to become a factional issue. They led the floor discussion on this subject in a demonstration of unity and fealty to the CIO that proved the high point of the convention.

"I yield to nobody in my loyalty to the CIO," said former Vice President Mortimer, veteran unionist and one of the outstanding figures in the founding and building of this

remarkable union. "The CIO is the most hopeful development in American labor history and promises more for the general welfare of the American working people than any development that has happened in my lifetime or yours. It is my desire that this convention go on record and support their recommendations and, if possible, weld even stronger bonds with the CIO than we have at the present time."

Ed Hall, another former vice president, brought a normal good humor to his self-effacement, getting a big laugh by saying: "This convention evidently is the clearing house for vice presidents." And when Frankenstein and Bob Travis, leader of the famous Flint strike and a prominent supporter of the vice presidents, had spoken to similar purpose, the heads of one powerful delegation after another, who had staunchly backed the retiring officers, rose to put on the record their acceptance of this proposal of the CIO.

The role of these officers of the union was deliberately misrepresented by the press, which sought to interpret the CIO action as a "purge" of Communists, with whom these leaders were gratuitously linked. The fact that Martin had for over a year conducted the same campaign against them furnished the obvious background for this attack. When supporters of these officers subsequently won a majority of the union's executive board posts, the newspapers, continuing in the same vein, maliciously interpreted this as a blow at the CIO and a victory for the Communist Party—the inference, of course, being that the party's aims were opposed to those of the CIO.

RED-BAITING BY THE PRESS

These falsehoods were aimed at the general public rather than at the auto workers themselves, who have been inured to such coarse Red-baiting by the calamitous efforts of their ex-president. It seems almost unnecessary to point out how inane are reports of a Communist "capture" of the UAW, particularly in view of the relatively small number of Communist delegates at the convention. At the outset of the sessions, moreover, the Communist Party issued a statement of policy through a leading editorial in the *Daily Worker*, pointing out that it would have no part as an organized group in support of any candidate or program at the UAW convention, and merely urging that the viewpoint of the CIO in these matters be closely adhered to. Individual Communist delegates were to practice entire freedom of choice. In any case, the successful candidates for the executive board posts were in every instance men who have attained outstanding leadership in their respective districts as a result of their solid contributions to the union.

On the other hand, the right of Communists to a place in the union was never questioned. Only two resolutions out of a total of over four hundred submitted called for discriminatory action against them and these never came out of committee. On the

first day a gauche attack by a delegate on B. K. Gebert, Communist leader and representative of the *Daily Worker* at the press table, was promptly and firmly suppressed by Chairman Thomas, amid applause.

The question of personalities constituted the more spectacular phase of the Cleveland convention. But, far more significantly, the gathering was a working body, a constituent assembly in the real sense of the term. From top to bottom the structure of the organization was gone over and rebuilt. The constitution, largely the creation of Jay Lovestone for the manipulation of his tool, Homer Martin, was completely transformed and democratized. Day after day, the nearly six hundred delegates sat on their hands, concentrating with jealous intentness on the technical sections of their union's book of laws, leaping to their feet at any suspicion of a loophole that might let another Homer Martin crawl through. As one delegate facetiously put it, the auto workers must have suddenly given birth to a bunch of "Philadelphia lawyers." Words and even commas and periods were carefully counted and the name of George Halliday, a delegate from the Buick plant in Flint and a former schoolteacher, became a byword through his constant emphasis on the connection between syntactic clarity and the assurance of democratic rights for the rank and file. Homer Martin's autocratic rule proved a benefit by negative example. Thus, one article in the new constitution calls for trial by jury of accused international officers, a provision that is possibly unparalleled in the American trade-union movement.

The many organizational and reorganizational problems of the union were likewise given exhaustive consideration. A full day's session was devoted to the problem of competitive plants, of "taking wages and hours out of industrial competition," as the committee's expressive formula has it. New organizational forms, such as regional and national wage-hour councils, a competitive-plants department, an aircraft division, and other similar forms, were devised to facilitate the solution of these crucial problems. The prime task of organizing Ford's was gone into in great detail and the discussion of problems in General Motors, Chrysler, and the other plants brought important contributions from dozens of delegates, who took the mike with an aplomb and assurance that amazed visitors.

This was the essential spirit of the convention. The personality issue, naturally most attractive in the publicity sense, was indeed very secondary for the great majority of the delegates. They repeatedly made it clear even to the men they supported for office that their vote was by no means a blank check but rather a mandate which said something like the following: "This means I'm hoping that you're going to go out and do a job. If you don't, if you engage in any factional monkey business or politicking, brother, you'll be moved out so fast next year your head will swim!"

SMITH F. BIXLER.

The Deepwater Bunds

How Nazi cells operate on our United States Line boats. Using American ships to spread propaganda.

NAZI agents have been uncovered at various points between the beer parlors of uptown Manhattan and the Indian reservations of Oregon and Washington, but comparatively little has been said about their operations in one of the most strategic of all espionage bases—the merchant marine.

Yet on four of our fanciest ocean liners—the *Washington*, *President Harding*, *President Roosevelt*, and *Manhattan*, all of the United States Line—are men working in smoothly organized cells spreading the gospels of German fascism and the anti-union propaganda of the shipowners. With immunity from all but the progressive unionists with whom they work, the Nazis serve their two masters by smuggling in Nazi propaganda, spreading anti-Semitic literature to their fellow seamen, and working against the National Maritime Union, to which, by contract, they must belong.

The Nazi cells are organized into the Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterschaft, Auslands Organization (National Socialist Labor Front, Foreign Division). Each unit has an official insignia to identify it and its work. All material passing through the unit, all reports to the home offices, are stamped with the insignia.

SHORE GANGS

The ship units have counterparts in the "shore gangs" of the Industrial Union of Maritime and Shipbuilding Workers of America. Shore gangs are painters and ship repair men who board vessels in port for minor repairs and paint jobs. Because of their comparative freedom of ingress and egress, shore gang workers are in a position to smuggle contraband through the piers.

Ship units, shore gang units, and the units aboard Nazi ships sailing into New York keep in touch with each other through joint meetings held weekly in New York and in Hamburg. On this side they meet either on board a Nazi ship or in one of Hoboken's waterfront bistros; in Hamburg the Auslands Organization maintains a special hall for the meetings.

Long before Hitler was ever heard of there were German sailors working on the United States Lines. For some reason the great German trade-union movement never had much effect among the seamen, and the American bosses were glad to employ men who did not know the power of organization. For the most part, the German seamen did not become American citizens; they considered Hamburg their home port, and seldom went ashore in New York. If they planned any large-scale binges, they planned them for Hamburg and the money they earned was spent back home. This, of course, was no cause for complaint before the curse fell on Germany in 1933, when Nazi seamen, who saw little of their

fatherland and had no roots in workers' movements, became potential menaces to the security of other countries.

GANG LEADERS

The seagoing bunds and the shore units are led by trusted Nazis. In the ship unit it is usually someone high in the stewards' department. Shore gang workers are divided into inside and outside gangs—depending on the work each does. Bund leader for the inside gangs on the United States Line ships is the notorious Martin Wunderlich, who testified for the Yaphank, Long Island, Nazis when they were on trial last July. The outside gang is led by Max Fiolka. Both Fiolka and Wunderlich are American citizens.

Contraband is carried off the vessels and through the piers by shore gang workers. It is usually concealed in their clothes, in paint buckets carelessly covered with an oily rag, or in bundles of old papers. The literature is the familiar anti-Semitic stuff supplied by such Goebbels agencies as the World News Service of Essen. Supposedly factual and always hortatory, it differs little from the agitational literature of the American fascist outfits.

These activities are not unknown to the United States Lines. Official recognition of this surreptitious literature distribution was made in a notice posted on bulletin boards of the *Manhattan*, *Washington*, *President Harding*, and *President Roosevelt*. It was signed by Capt. A. B. Randall, commodore of the fleet, and read: "Any member of the crew found distributing literature which tends to incite discontent to any race aboard this ship will be instantly dismissed."

That is the only recognition which has been accorded this condition either by the company or by the United States Navy.

Why the navy can't be bothered, nobody seems to know. The tremendous need for army transports in case of war is obvious to anyone acquainted with the government's shipbuilding program during the World War—a program which is still costing the people of this country millions of dollars.

POWER OF SABOTAGE

Nazi units aboard American ships seem to command the same immunity from molestation by supposedly alert authorities that their bund counterparts enjoy on shore. Members of the National Maritime Union and members of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers are aware of the activities of these units. Their potential power for sabotage is, naturally, tremendous. Four of America's biggest transports could easily be put out of commission the day that war broke out or was threatened.

GUS LUNDBERG.



Cutting Lettuce in Salinas, Calif.

Lange



Mexican Mother in California.

Lange



Head of the Family.

Lee

Migratory Farm Workers

A GREAT many of the Spanish-Americans in the Southwest and West find their only livelihood as migratory farm workers. Their exploitation by farmers, terrorization, and enforced squalor will be discussed at the Congress of Spanish-American Peoples in Los Angeles, April 28-30. (All photos by the FSA)



Boy Worker in Nebraska.

Vachon



Migrant Beet Workers at "Home" in Minnesota.

Lee

Awakening in the "Corral"

The two million Mexicans and Spanish-Americans in the Southwest unite. The significance of their first congress in Los Angeles. The persecuted minority takes up its problem.

AN AWAKENING political consciousness is stirring among the Mexicans of the American Southwest, from Houston to Los Angeles. The First Congress of the Mexican and Spanish-American Peoples of the United States has been called to meet in Los Angeles, April 28-30.

This congress may change considerably the political and economic face of the American Southwest. At Los Angeles will come together for the first time a group of leaders sufficiently representative to speak for the whole racial body, comprising upward of two million people, and concentrated largely in five states—Texas, California, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico.

The potential political power of these two million people hitherto has either been excluded from the polls entirely or controlled by corrupt county and city machines to its own undoing, and discrimination against Mexicans has been almost as bitter and vicious as that against Negroes in the states of the Old South.

Mexicans and Spanish-Americans came to New Mexico in the latter part of the sixteenth century. The Plaza District in Los Angeles was established long before the authority of the United States or its flag extended to the Pacific. San Antonio was almost solidly a Mexican city in the time of the Texas republic.

Yet the Mexican, for all his long history in the United States, and though he and his father and grandfather before him may have been born a citizen, has nevertheless remained an alien. His life has been bounded on the one side by terror and on the other by bewilderment.

Your Bermuda onions and Junior's spinach probably come from the Winter Garden of Texas, the collective name of five counties southwest of San Antonio. It was in the Winter Garden that the growers of spinach were so grateful to Popeye the Sailor for making their product synonymous with deeds of valor that they erected a monument to him.

Popeye the Sailor, as he surveys the spinach fields, must wish—for as all who have seen him in the cinema will remember, he is obviously a man of good heart, given to using his strength in the cause of justice—that he might step down from his eminent place and share his strength with the Mexicans who do all the back-breaking work.

Dimmit County is typical of the Winter Garden. Although 70 percent of its population are Mexicans, they have no voice in its politics. Some years ago the White Man's Primary Association of Dimmit County was organized for the specific purpose of excluding the Mexican vote from the polls.

The Mexicans are expected to work, not

vote. Between November and May they transplant and harvest the onion and spinach crops. Then many of them join the cotton pickers who assemble at Corpus Christi on the Gulf of Mexico about July 1. They follow the opening cotton northwest to Fort Worth and thence westward across the plains of west Texas.

Similar conditions prevail in northeastern Colorado, where each year thousands of Mexican families are moved into the Valley of the South Platte to thin the sugar beets, and in the Far West, where California's 160 crops are dependent on the cheap labor of the Mexican and his children. At six years of age, children are already round-shouldered veterans of the fields.

The miserable wages of these migratory workers, never high and in recent years extremely low along with depressed prices, are generally expected to include housing, but in south Texas, for instance, cotton pickers sleep under trees, and in stables and chicken houses. If they try to organize they are more often than not thrown into jail or hounded by vigilantes, as in the Imperial Valley of California. In the fall, at the end of the growing season, they go back to their homes—if they have the money to get back. Often they are stranded, to face a cold winter without money and without food.

SOUTHWEST SLUMS

The condition of the worker in the city is not much if any better. It is in the cities that housing conditions are at their worst. Even a chicken house in the country is probably to be preferred to a corral, which consists of two rows of houses built close together and facing each other. Water is supplied from a hydrant in a center plot of ground, and often a single outdoor toilet will be used by as many as a hundred persons.

Mexicans who live in a corral like this eat cheap foods, consisting largely of frijoles (beans), and tortillas and tamales made of cornmeal. In a study made of Mexican diets in San Antonio and Austin, Jet C. Winters of the University of Texas calculated that an adequate amount of this simple diet could be provided for 40 cents a day.

One would perhaps be forgiven for imagining that in the richest country in the world it would be a relatively simple matter to find 40 cents a day for food. Yet Professor Winters, in rating diets according to their content of five fundamental elements—calories, proteins, calcium, phosphorus, and iron—found that only 7 percent of the diets were adequate in all five elements.

Twenty-seven percent were inadequate in one element; 15 percent in two; 10 percent in

three; 15 percent in four; and 26 percent in all five!

Professor Winters found also that the percentage of Mexicans dying from digestive disturbances was twice that of Americans. This high percentage was caused mainly by the death of babies under two years of age.

"Mexicans," says Senorita Louisa Moreno, "are worse off economically than Negroes, but slightly better off socially."

MEXICAN DISCRIMINATION

Senorita Moreno is an organizer for the CIO in the Southwest, and she has played a prominent role in the organization of the Los Angeles congress. The truth of her statement is illustrated in a page of pictures used by P. S. Taylor in his excellent book, *An American-Mexican Frontier*. At the top of the page the first picture shows the school building for American children in a small town in south Texas. It is a two-story brick building with landscaped grounds. The picture in the center of the page shows the school building for Mexicans in the same town. It is a small frame building, painted white. At the bottom of the page the third picture shows the Negro school building. It is a one-room shack, unpainted, and about to fall down.

A story from Taylor's book illustrates the same point. A drugstore operator in south Texas told him that he served ice cream to Americans at tables; to Mexicans only at the fountain; and to Negroes only in cones.

These minor concessions are small comfort, however, to the Mexicans, who rightfully regard discrimination—in field or factory, in school or at play—as their most pressing problem and their greatest humiliation.

The Mexican will carry out the dishes in a restaurant, and the garbage, but the manager will be an American. The Original Mexican Inn, which caters to the tourist trade in San Antonio with Mexican cookery, is owned by an American, as are most of the similar restaurants in the Southwest. The tony department stores will not employ Mexican girls, except in the bargain basements. Even when Mexicans do the same work as Americans, they are obliged to do it for less, sometimes for half as much.

BUSINESS MEN

Mexican small business men—there is no other kind—tell me they can have only the crumbs the American business men disdain to sweep up. Advancement for professional men is extremely difficult. Mexicans are discriminated against in eating places, hotels, theaters, swimming pools, and even in the public parks. Like the Negroes, they often find the courts deaf and blind to justice.

Segregation of Mexican school children is a common occurrence in much of the Southwest, especially in the small towns. In the cities, while actual segregation is rare, usually the school buildings in the Mexican sections are inferior and the classes crowded. In cities where schools in the American sections will have thirty-five children in a room, schools in the Mexican sections will have sixty to seventy.

Even when equipment is not markedly inferior, the traditions and culture of the Mexican people are suppressed. Many of the textbooks used in the schools place the Mexicans in an unjust light. This is especially true in Texas, where the books on Texas history indicate that the Americans in the days of the Texas Revolution were heroes almost to a man, and their Mexican opponents little better than bandits.

All this tends to develop a feeling of inferiority in the Mexican children, a feeling which often carries over into adult life.

Romulo Munguia of San Antonio, one of the leading organizers of the Los Angeles congress, recognizes this.

"We Mexicans in the United States," he says, "have an inferiority complex. First we must get rid of that."

CONFERENCE PROGRAM

The spreading realization of this fact led to the call for the congress in Los Angeles. Good work in fighting discrimination has been done in scattered localities by organizations like the *Liga Obrera*, and the League of United Latin American Citizens, called LULACS, but leaders have long recognized that united action was imperative if positive advances were to be made.

Hard experience brought responsible leaders together from all groups. The congress has the support of leaders like Dr. George I. Sanchez of Santa Fe; J. Urbano Ortega, representative in the New Mexico Legislature; Dr. Carlos Castenada of Austin, Tex.; and scores of others who command places of respect and leadership in widely different fields and divergent political viewpoints.

The program of the congress is an ambitious one. Discussions will range over problems of labor, housing, education, health, social discrimination, and deprivation of political rights. But what the leaders of the congress want to do is turn their people toward positive action in trade unions and politics. It is significant that the callers of the congress promise that "it will make decisions and plans for a continuous program of action."

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ.

How Long?

FROM an interview with Chinese government leaders by Gerald Samson in the *China Weekly Review*:

Question: How much longer is the Sino-Japanese conflict likely to last?

Answer: Until Japan comes to terms. In the opinion of General Chou En-lai this will take at least another eighteen months.

Back Where They Came From

Immigrants' descendants in Congress hatch bills to deport, jail, or disbar people like their forefathers.

IN THE shadier portions of the back halls of Congress, an old ax is being quietly resharpened these days. Its name is anti-alienism.

Without fanfare, with a minimum of publicity, anti-alien bill after anti-alien bill has been slipped unobtrusively into the legislative hopper, and just as quietly referred away to committees for grooming for the final dash through Congress. In the three short months of the present session, more than twenty-five separate measures, having as their avowed goal the disbarment or deportation of non-citizens on political grounds, have thus found their way into the legislative channels of the House and Senate.

Ostensibly these measures, some sponsored by such tested defenders of true democracy as Martin Dies of Texas and Robert Reynolds of North Carolina, are aimed at "subversive" foreigners who enter this country determined not to abide by its democratic traditions, but to use their new-found freedom for political rapine. But under the covering cry of "keeping out the dirty furriners," these great Americans are carefully laying the groundwork for an onslaught against the entire progressive movement.

TECHNIQUE OF REACTION

The technique of these protagonists of "Americanism" is clearly discernible not only in the subject matter of their bills, but in the "strategy" with which they maneuver their unconstitutional measures past unsuspecting members of Congress. On March 23, for example, Dies-committee member Dempsey of New Mexico, making the first move to secure congressional action on any of the anti-alien proposals, solemnly assured a scantily attended, inattentive House in the opening moments of its session that his little measure, protectively designated as *H. R. 4860*, was absolutely "non-controversial," and requested unanimous consent for its passage. Twice reassured of the "non-controversial" nature of the bill, the House agreed. In three brief minutes, with no debate, and with the vast majority of the House totally unaware of the action, the measure slipped through. Today it lies before the Senate Immigration Committee, watchfully awaiting a similar unguarded moment in the upper chamber.

And just what would this "non-controversial" measure accomplish? Its title is more than explanatory: "A bill to amend existing law so as to provide for the exclusion and deportation of aliens who advocate the making of any changes in the American form of government." Under it, non-citizens expressing approval of Senator Wagner's National Health Program, or of government ownership of railroads, or of any issue, pro or con, affecting

the fundamental duties of our government, immediately lay themselves open to deportation.

This gentle measure is the first of a series. A proposal to apply the standards of the Dempsey bill to the naturalization of aliens has been sponsored by, of all persons, Representative Dickstein of New York. The measure was scheduled for committee hearings two weeks ago, but so great was the resentment, both within Congress and without, at the trickery and deception used to secure passage of the Dempsey bill, that hearings have been indefinitely postponed.

Representative Smith of Virginia has pending an omnibus bill which, besides including the provisions of the Dempsey bill, would direct the secretary of labor to fingerprint and register all non-citizens and to provide "appropriate places of detention" (concentration camps?) for any alien who, among other things, "engages in any way in domestic political agitation." But the measure reveals its true, ulterior purpose when a further section proposes to punish with ten years' imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine any person committing any of the acts proscribed therein, thus opening to criminal prosecution any individual in the United States, be he native or foreign born, who so much as undertakes to vote (since that too is a form of political agitation) in opposition to those who are enforcing the law.

Rep. Sam Hobbs of Alabama has been even more explicit. His bill (*H. R. 4768*), which the House Judiciary Committee has favorably reported, would frankly set up concentration camps for all aliens ordered deported who, because of passport difficulties or for other reasons, are not out of the country within sixty days after the deportation order.

REYNOLDS AND STARNES

Reynolds, in the Senate, and Starnes of Alabama, another Dies confrere, in the House, have introduced between them five different bills in each house proposing everything from immediate suspension of all immigration for ten years, to deportation of any non-citizen who is forced to accept public relief for a total of six months in any three years. In hearings on the Senate measures, Reynolds found his staunchest ally in John B. Trevor, chairman of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, central clearing house for vigilanteism in America. At the same time, Reynolds himself made clear that he would filibuster any attempt to give refugees from other countries asylum in the United States.

Dies himself, not to be outdone by his underlings, has given birth to three little bills to carry on the family name. The first provides simply for the exclusion and expulsion of alien fascists and Communists. A Com-

munist or fascist, Dies explains in his bill, is one who subscribes in whole or in part to the "platform, program, and the objectives of the Third International, the Communist International, the Fascist Grand Council, or the National Socialist Party of Germany," or otherwise advocates hatred of any class of people in the United States for reasons of race, religion, economic condition, or social status of such class. Within the broad scope of his definition, Dies could undoubtedly find room to include foreign-born members of militant trade unions, atheists, agnostics, etc.

THREAT TO TRADE UNIONS

Dies' second measure would require the registration of all "Communist" and "fascist" organizations by the secretary of state, and the filing of semi-annual affidavits revealing the names and addresses of all officers, employees, and members, the names of all financial contributors, and a verified statement of all money taken in and expended. The fact that his definition would encompass trade unions is not, I am advised, unintentional.

And Dies' third brainchild would prohibit employment by the United States of any person advocating or endorsing common ownership of property or the social control of all private property.

So here we see a host of measures ostensibly to curb the poor alien—resolution after resolution aimed, to all intents and purposes, at the "subversive" activities of aliens. But is that where they stop? Are all these carefully planned and surreptitiously executed measures designed for the sole purpose of restricting the activities of the 67,895 aliens who entered this country in 1938, or the 218,894 who came here from foreign countries in the five years since 1934? Is that not small fry in the eyes of the propagators of these measures? Are they gunning for bigger game—for American progressivism as a whole, which stands as the next objective once these standards of "un-Americanism" are written into laws against even the smallest group?

The principle of anti-alienism is no new thing to this country. It has existed, in one form or another, since the seventeenth century's Salem witch hunts. It has surged intermittently in the years between whenever progressivism has threatened to overleap the bounds that hold it. It has, in America, established itself firmly as an integral part of the age-old reactionary formula of divide-and-rule.

It should be no surprise, then, that today, as the tides of progress grow stronger, as the movement for labor unity develops, as black and white from farm and city alike come to have deeper realization of the need for joint struggle in defense of existing democracy and in quest of greater freedom, new weapons are conceived and old axes are resharpened to split the ranks of the people. It should occasion no surprise, but it should stimulate a keen awareness of the ultimate purposes engendered in such moves, and a strong determination to halt them at their source.

PAUL G. McMANUS.

The Apex Hosiery Decision

Using the Sherman act to smash unionization. A landmark in labor litigation. The sitdown's future.

THE decision of the federal district court in the suit brought by the Apex Hosiery Co. against Branch No. 1 of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers will doubtless become a landmark in the history of labor unions and of labor law. The cardinal question involved in that case, however, is not as novel as the blossoming newspaper editorials seem to intimate.

That the decision, made under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, is a blow to labor cannot be denied; but it must be viewed within the framework of the historic and legal development of the rights of labor.

The obvious purpose of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, enacted in 1890, was the curbing of business monopolies. It was in 1908, in the famous Danbury Hatters case, that the courts applied the Sherman law to a labor union and imposed treble damages, not only against the union as an entity but against every member of it. The legal theory which was the foundation of that decision was that the union was an illegal conspiracy against the employer's property rights. The effects of that verdict were staggering—the damages assessed not only destroyed the union but drove the hat workers into poverty, almost demolishing the local hat-making industry in Danbury and, incidentally, the local business dependent on the earnings and welfare of the workers.

EFFECT ON LABOR

In the same year, 1908, the courts followed with another blow against labor, in the Adair case, which legalized the blacklisting of workers by the employers for union activity. A few months later Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison, and John Mitchell were sentenced to imprisonment for violating an injunction in the Bucks Stove & Range case. All of these anti-labor decisions were in keeping with the old common-law concept that a labor union was at best a kind of semi-legal organization, which was to be tolerated insofar as it did not transgress property rights of the employer.

The final result of this legal trend was that organized labor was stirred into more militant political action; and when, in 1914, the Clayton act was passed, amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, it specifically provided that a labor union was not to be construed as an illegal combination in restraint of trade.

COURTS AMEND CLAYTON ACT

In the succeeding decades, however, the apparent exemption given labor unions by the Clayton act was gradually restricted by the courts. Then came a number of decisions holding that the Clayton act exempted the union from the operation of the Sherman law *only if the unions were engaged in what the courts came to define as the lawful exercise of their*

rights. Whenever union members engaged in what the courts concluded to be unlawful actions, they were subject to prosecution under the Sherman law, with its provision for the trebling of such damages as should be assessed. The courts thus legislated what amounts to an *amendment* of the Clayton act, narrowing almost to the point of extinction the original exemption in that act in favor of labor unions.

But the simultaneous pressure of economic and social forces brought new legal viewpoints into the judicial interpretation of the laws affecting labor. And with the advent of the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act in 1932 and the Wagner Labor Relations Act in 1935, the strict common-law concept of a labor union seemed to have disappeared. Not only was the union now a fully recognized entity, with unquestioned right to picket, but the principle of collective bargaining by the workers through unions of their own choosing was expressly recognized and they were to be assured of these benefits by the establishment of a National Labor Relations Board. Indeed, a suggestion began to creep into some court decisions that organized workers were entitled to a voice in the management of industry.

THE SITDOWN

In the midst of this development and the membership campaign of the CIO there appeared what some thought to be a wholly novel tactic of labor—the sitdown strike. That type of strike was, indeed, a fairly effective weapon in the hands of the workers, but not at all as effective as the lockout of the employers. The employers' reaction to the sitdown strike was immediate and drastic. Editorials in the newspapers proclaimed it as a weapon which forfeited for the workers all public sympathy; it was denounced as a form of blackmail, violence, and extortion.

The courts promptly decided that the sitdown strike was illegal because it was in effect an expropriation of the employer's property by an act of violent seizure. The reaction was a kind of reversion to that which appeared in the 1890's when the labor unions resorted to picketing and the boycott; yet these tactics had become, in the 1930's, lawful and recognized means for the protection of labor's rights. Would not the 1940's bring a like recognition of the sitdown strike as a lawful method of maintaining the rights of the union worker? It is with these facts in mind that we must examine the essential significance of the decision in the Apex case.

The Apex strike broke out in the spring of 1937 and lasted forty-eight days. The company alleged in its complaint that during the strike its property was occupied by 250 young workers, members of the union, and

that the machinery as well as merchandise was damaged. While the strike was pending, the company brought suit against the union. The case reached the United States Supreme Court, which dismissed it because meanwhile the strike had been settled, the employer agreeing to a closed shop. The Supreme Court held that the question was therefore moot.

TREBLE DAMAGES

The suit just decided was brought after the strike had been settled, and was tried before Judge William L. Kirkpatrick and a jury in the federal court at Philadelphia. The employer demanded damages of \$1,171,951. The judge submitted to the jury seventeen questions dealing with the conduct of the strike and the measure of damages. On the basis of their replies to these questions, the jury brought in a verdict in favor of the company for damages of \$237,310.85. Under the express provisions of the Sherman law, the judge was required to treble this award, bringing the total sum to \$711,932. Prior to the verdict, an agreement had been reached between the attorneys for the employer and the union that the damages should be assessed against the union as an organization and against its officers, but not against the individual members. The extent to which the court was inclined to penalize the union is indicated by Ques-

tion No. 3 submitted to the jury, wherein it was asked to assess damages for "loss by reason of the fact that it [the company] was unable to carry on its business while the strikers were in possession." The jury found this item to be \$4,000, but the trebled sum brought it to \$12,000. It might well be asked whether a worker who was locked out by his employer would be able, under the Sherman law, to recover treble damages for loss of his wages.

The company has also brought suit against the City of Philadelphia and the county, for damages resulting from the alleged failure of their police forces to prevent the sitdown strike. Should Apex succeed against the civil authorities, the question occurs as to whether on the whole this sitdown strike was not a very successful financial proposition for the employer. The treble damages, with the additional assessment of a large sum for its attorneys, would seem to offer unlimited opportunities for some employers to profit by a sitdown strike, whether genuine or the result of provocation.

THE STRUGGLE AHEAD

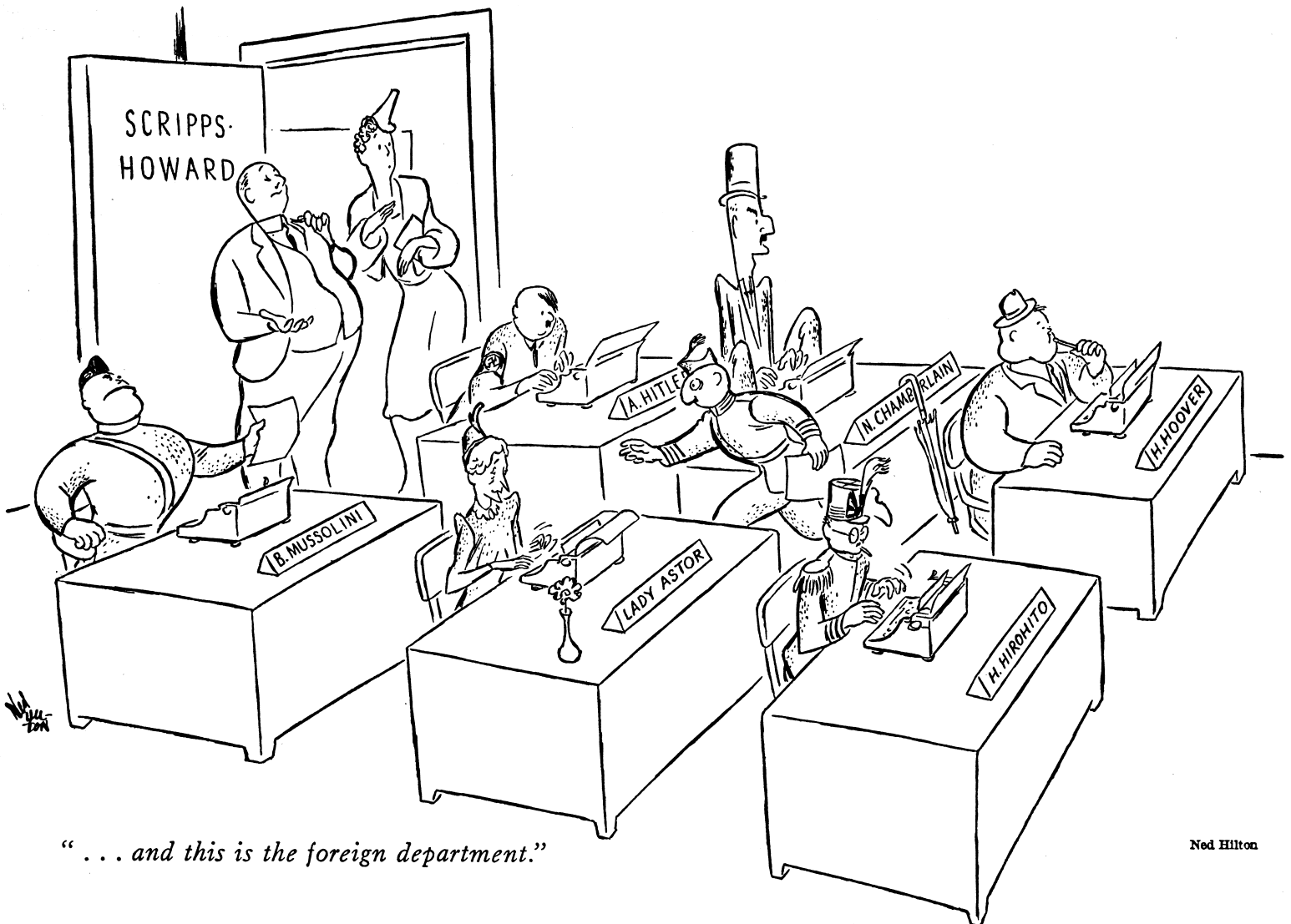
The union is appealing the verdict to the circuit court and the United States Supreme Court. A reading of the history of labor in the United States justifies the conclusion that the heavy blow to this particular union may

turn out to be another Danbury Hatters case. Just as the line of decisions following that case led to an awakening of labor in 1912 and the throwing of its political weight behind the Democratic Party, so the struggle to reverse the Apex decision can help bring unity in labor's ranks and the necessary political action to win recognition by the courts, especially the Supreme Court, of the sitdown strike as a legitimate tactic of labor. For it is today a pertinent question in socio-legal philosophy whether the workshop and its equipment are not the joint property of worker and employer, so that the sitdown is not a trespass by the worker, not an act of violence, and not illegal. In other words, has not the worker a right to his job and thus a right to occupy the place where he functions jointly with his employer in producing the wealth of the land?

CHARLES RECHT.

A "Liberal," Hey?

"MR. [THOMAS E.] DEWEY has a little informal weekend brain trust, the best known of which are Lowell Thomas, radio commentator, and Kenneth Hogate, the jovial chief of the *Wall Street Journal*."—RAYMOND CLAPPER, *New York "World-Telegram."*



"... and this is the foreign department."

Ned Hilton

Born in Sin

Pietro di Donato, bricklayer and brilliant author of the Italian working class, offers an episode from his forthcoming novel, "Christ in Concrete."

AT HOME awaiting Annunziata was a letter from the State Compensation Bureau. It advised Annunziata to attend a hearing at the Death Claims Department the coming week.

That night Cola, who had also received a letter, with the dame Katarina, the Regina Giovanni, and Grazia la Caffone were with Annunziata and Paul in the kitchen.

"Sign nothing!" advised Katarina.

"Yes," said the Regina, "your cross made on a thin paper will bring ruin to you and your children."

"When you present yourself there, demand bread for your children!" said Katarina.

Grazia sighed: "Ah, but how can a widow without the American tongue tell her needs to men whose guts do not know which way first to burst forth?"

"Listen not to these peasants and potato diggers, Annunziata," said Katarina. "Cart your eight hungry little children to this official post. You need not speak, for if they belong to our Christ, these men will know their duty when they look upon the faces of Geremio's children."

"Yes, but I, this stupid Grazia who counts with fingers on nose, tell you that the full gut sees not the hungry face."

"Nor sees God nor Christ nor saints and company beautiful," affirmed the Regina.

Cola raised her eyes and said, "Yes, but the wheel goes round."

"And we 'neath it," muttered Katarina.

"How shall I bring all my children there?" asked Annunziata.

Katarina thought for a moment.

"Head-of-Pig shall bring you and your children with his ice wagon."

"Right!" affirmed the Regina.

And the women sat in a circle, full breast to breast, and settled for the evening—the workers' women, the poor with the poor in conversation of this life.

Head-of-Pig brought his ice wagon the morning Annunziata was to appear at the Compensation Bureau. He had cleaned the wagon floor and spread it with newspapers and burlap. Annunziata and Annina had prepared the children, and when Paul at the window saw Head-of-Pig's horse and wagon he cried, "The wagon's here, ma!"

Head-of-Pig wasn't one to talk much. When Katarina commanded him to bring Annunziata and her children to the Compensation Bureau, he blubbered through his thick lips, "With pleasure. Yes, with pleasure."

The children, thin from undernourishment and shabbily dressed, were scrubbed clean. Annunziata carried Geremio; Head-of-Pig carried Johnny. Paul and Annina guided the four

other children. Missus Olsen, returning from her morning shopping, set her bundles on the stoop and helped Head-of-Pig lift the children up into the wagon. Annunziata sat up front with Geremio in her arms while Annina held Johnny, and the other children sat in front of them. Head-of-Pig asked Paul if he wanted to sit up on the high driver's seat with him. Paul climbed up by him. It seemed high and insecure. He sat back as far as possible and held tightly to the seat. Missus Donovan opened her window and called to Annunziata, "Good luck, Missus!"

Head-of-Pig snapped the reins, clucked his tongue, and the big white horse started. Missus Donovan blew a kiss to Geremio. Annunziata waved back. The iron-tired wheels bounced over the uneven stones and jounced Geremio's family about in the wagon. After a few blocks Paul relaxed his tight hold on the seat and enjoyed his perch.

The great building of the Compensation Bureau was a thick-walled, forbidding, ten-storied structure. It had the discouraging semblance and overwhelming morgue aspect of Institution. Head-of-Pig got down from the wagon, tied the reins to a telephone pole, and went into the building. From the third story of the building projected a flagpole and from it hung a huge blue flag. On it in soiled white letters was the state emblem and the words "Workmen's State Compensation Bureau."

People, poor people. And their faces pulled at Paul's heart. Their eyes and lips said, we are the battered poor, poor stupid poor, we are the maimed and crippled and bandaged and blind workers who cannot speak and are led and pushed through these corridors like subway corridors and into chambers where we understand nothing.

INFORMATION

"Mister, will you please tell me where the toilet is?"

Head-of-Pig suggested Annunziata prepare for the hearing.

In the building she became bewildered.

Is it here that they are to repay me for my Geremio? But how can they repay me for my Geremio, my beautiful Christian? Corridors and stairways, chamber after chamber, and floors paved with hard little octagonal white tiles of undetermined cleanliness. Corridors. Files of human beings went past her and her children. They were as herself. They were wounded and sought the helping hand of Christ's Christians.

They were the roots uptorn, the stalks bent and shattered. In their meek faces of hurt and hunger Annunziata saw herself and her children. But those who led them and carried leather cases under their arms—who are these fine looking men, well groomed, daintily mus-

tached, and casually opulent? What do they here? They look not anguished and tightly pressed. They look not humble and at sea. They look not part of grief, and seem masters. They bear transparent distant eye of Policeman. They seem not of Christ.

O Geremio, guard our children!

The children were afraid to enter the elevator, and Annunziata had to walk them up to the sixth floor.

Up the stairs, twists and turns, and more corridors.

Room 100. Industrial Board—Room 101. Disability—Room 102. After-Care Department—Room 103. Interpreters—Room 104. Clinic—Room 105. Adjustments—Room 106. Board of Appeals—Room 107. Death Claims. Referee Parker.

The attendant at the doorway put on his glasses and looked at Annunziata's letter. He advised her to take a seat on one of the rear benches. When he noticed the children behind her he said, "Are these your children, lady?"

Paul stepped forward and asked, "Why?"

The attendant mumbled, "All them kids."

Paul and Annina respectfully herded the children into the rear benches.

When Annunziata's name was called, her breath came fast. Holding Geremio to her breast, she went through the little gate in the railing and sat in a chair assigned by the attendant. The children stood up to watch her.

Referee Parker read out the names of the Baldwin Insurance Co. and Fred Murdin of the Murdin Construction Co.

At the mention of Murdin's name Annunziata looked about to see the man her Geremio had spoken of as boss—padrone. Mister Murdin was a broad-shouldered, six-foot man of clean-shaven beefy countenance. He was businesslike and cocksure. He was accompanied by Norr, his attorney, a tall, judicious looking man with pince-nez, high white collar, and immaculate white starched cuffs.

Paul and Annunziata gazed at Murdin. They could not remove their eyes from him. They stared and searched him. He was Boss, Padrone . . . and he did not turn once to look at the family of Geremio.

Referee Parker greeted Attorneys Norr and Kagan: "Hello, Pete. Hello, Bill."

Bill Kagan, the corpulent, urbane representative for the carriers, smoothed his dark mustache and nodded. Referee Parker smiled and chatted with them. They smiled and chatted with him. They knew each other. They respected each other.

Referee Parker read from a paper, and asked Mister Murdin if Geremio had worked for him.

"Yes," said Murdin, "he was one of the laborers."

Paul raised his hand and cried, "That's a lie!"

Everyone in the room turned.

"My father was the *foreman!*"

Referee smiled charitably, and ordered Paul to be seated.

"Was he the foreman, Mister Murdin?"

"Those Eytalian names are quite confusing."

Why are they smiling?

Referee Parker asked Annunziata how many children she had.

But why couldn't she answer? Why did her breath catch? What crime had she committed? A short, swarthy, round-cheeked interpreter with oily eyes and thick glasses hunched near Annunziata and asked her Referee Parker's questions. Then he would turn and relay her answers to Referee Parker with unctious and over-respect.

"Mister Murdin, what actually was the cause of the collapse?"

"Your Honor, I've been in business for years—and I've always had the same difficulty with Eytalian laborers——"

"Yes——"

"But I'll be hanged if I can prevent them from hurting themselves!"

"Just how do you relate that?"

"I gave this Geremio definite orders to proceed safely with the work; especially the demolition——"

"In just what way?"

"I ordered him to remove the demolished walls from the floors and chute it down to the yard to relieve any strain on the floors. I also ordered him to double the bracing and underpinning. He was a good foreman, but he was stubborn, and I feel he was directly responsible for the—accident."

Why, why, why didn't the building fall also on Murdin? *Why?*

Referee Parker had the interpreter ask Annunziata if she knew anything or remembered

Wasteland, Farewell

Survivors of earth's wreck, we know
There looms with light a calm tomorrow
When this youth plods in bright sand
On an unexpected island.

There is a reeling in of doubt
When the yearning seed takes root,
Hoisting its iris on a stalk
To claim those groves, those heights of
rock.

When faith survives its bud in times
Like these, our hovering future seems
To instigate the air with suns
And wrinkle out with flame the lens

We focus on the cactus waste;
When it is burned and bleak at last
We shall be done with fire, sow
What we will of joy, of sorrow.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN.

anything that Geremio had said concerning the job he worked on, and if she knew of any witnesses who could refute what Mister Murdin had said.

"My man was buried alive—my man was crucified—here are his children!"

Upon learning what she said, Referee Parker nodded.

"Your Honor," continued Murdin, "I speak from experience. The Eytalians are good workers, when you watch them and take care of them like a wet nurse. But when not personally supervised, they get themselves into all kinds of trouble. They're careless like children."

Mister Kagan of the carriers was not interested in anything Murdin had to say. He stated and proved that Murdin had not noti-

fied the Baldwin Insurance Co. of the existence of that particular operation, and that they only found out that he had not listed that job and its payroll when they were summoned by the Compensation Bureau. "Furthermore," he added, "the Murdin Construction Co. carried a policy covering demolition work done by laborers; and at the time the structure collapsed the major operation was construction, not demolition!" He asked the court to adjourn the case for their further investigation, permitting the Baldwin Insurance Co. "fully to substantiate the disclaiming of all or any liability."

"Granted," said Referee Parker.

The lawyers smiled. The Referee smiled. And as Murdin was leaving, Annunziata rushed to him with Geremio in her arms. She touched his coat sleeve. Murdin turned.

"Mister Boss—Mister Murdin—a, my man—my Geremio, he die on your job!"

Murdin withdrew his elbow.

"I didn't kill him."

The ride back in the ice wagon was harder to endure.

What had these men said? What had been done?

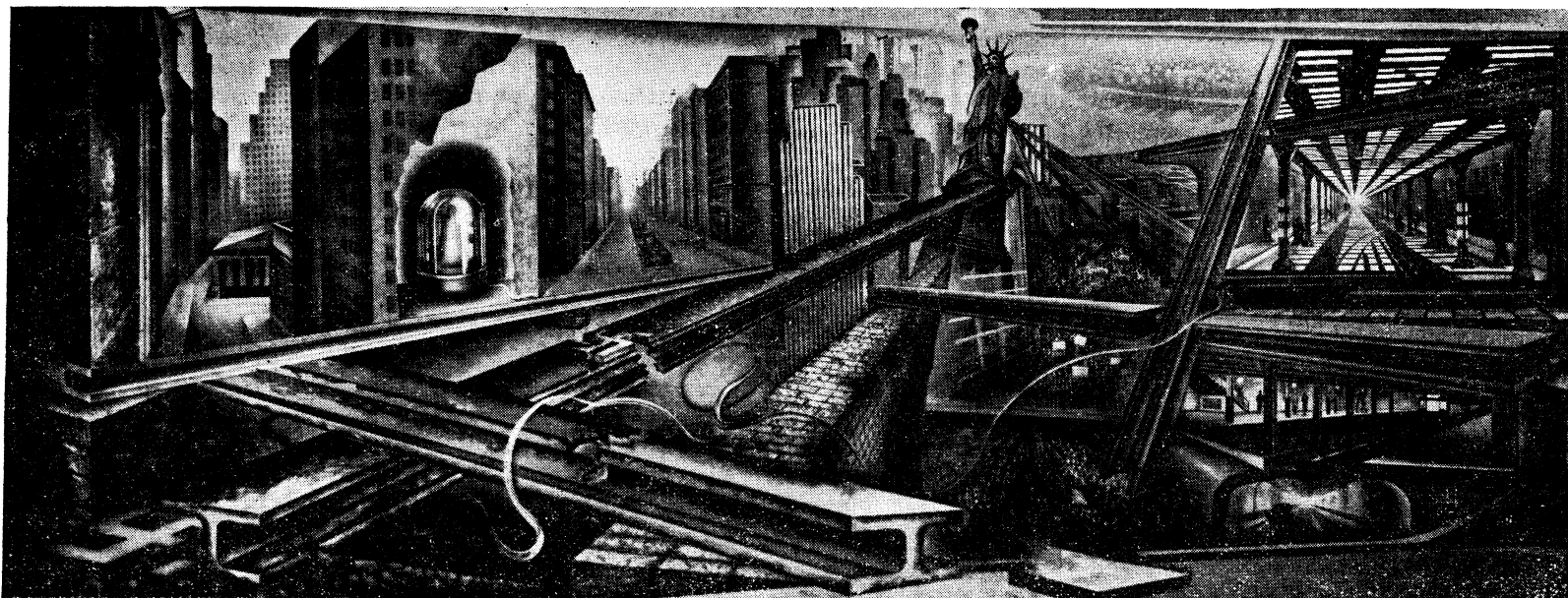
The children, tired and hungry, wondered why they had ridden to a great building to watch men talk and make faces, and then come home again—without eating.

At the tenement Annunziata asked Head-of-Pig up for a cup of coffee.

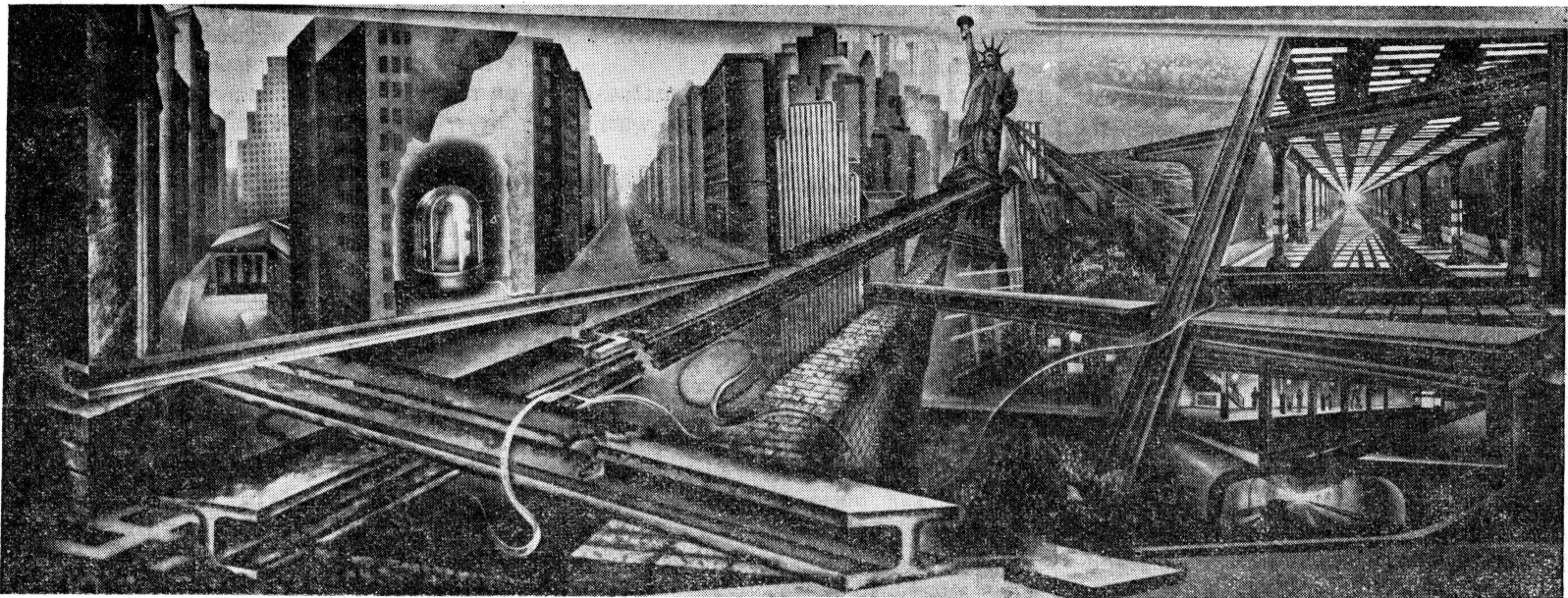
"But how said they of my Geremio? And he builder's blood of centuries. Who looked toward me? Who is to pay me?"

Head-of-Pig shook his head and said it would be a good thing if one knew the American tongue—"for without it we are dumb and blind."

Back again in the sanctity of night's cave, Annunziata and Paul lay communing with the poor's Christ. As they spoke to him the ghostly



A MEXICAN LOOKS AT NEW YORK. One of two three-paneled murals by Robert Berdecio, painted for the New York Workers Bookshop, which are the first formal application of painting techniques and design principles developed in the Siqueiros Experimental Workshop which was established in 1936. The murals are now on view at the Delphic Studios in New York City in Mr. Berdecio's first American exhibition, which is sponsored by David A. Siqueiros, Ralph Bates, and Albert Maltz.



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army of maimed shabby humans with the seeking faces filed humbly past them in the corridors of the vast prison where there were numerous chambers, and signs sticking out over the doors that said: "Clinic"—"Disability"—"Men's Toilet"—"Adjustments"—"Death Claims." And they saw the sleek, flaccid state employees, and heard the correct American voices of Parker, Murdin, Norr, Kagan, and other passionless soaped tongues that conquered with grammatic cleancut: "What is your name? Your maiden name? How many children? Where were you born? This way please. Sit here please. Please answer yes or no. Eyetalians insist on hurting themselves when not personally supervised . . . directly his fault . . . substantiate . . . disclaim . . . liability . . . case adjourned."

And they saw the winning smiles that made them feel they had conspired with Geremio to kill himself so that they could present themselves there as objects of pity and then receive American dollars for nothing. The smiles that made them feel they had undressed in front of these gentlemen and revealed dirty underwear. The smiles that smelled of refreshing toothpaste and considered flesh. The smiles that made them feel they were un-Godly and greasy pagan Christians; the smiles that told them they did not belong in the Workmen's Compensation Bureau.

Where did these men come from? Who are they? Where and how do they live? For whom do they weep, and to whom do they pray?

That night was passed in uncertainty, in the feeling that for some reason, *some* reason, the family of Geremio was wrong, that the meek fearful faces in the corridors of Workmen's Compensation were wrong, that the people who lived about them in careers of fits and starts were wrong, that the men who sweated and cursed on Job were wrong, that they were cheap, immoral, a weight of charity and wrong to the mysterious winning forces of right.

And Paul clutched his pillow.

Oh, God above, what world and country are we in? We didn't mean to be wrong.

And toward dawn Annunziata also went into sleep wondering of her wrongness.

Born in sin, said the walls. Born in sin, said the dark. Born in sin, said the air. Born in sin, said fear. PIETRO DI DONATO.

Twenty Years Ago

WASHINGTON.—An official dispatch to the War Department states that American troops on the North Russian Front insist that they will not go to the front lines and predict general mutiny if a statement is not forthcoming from Washington regarding the withdrawal of American troops from Russia. . . . They contend that they are draft men conscripted for the war with Germany, which is finished now.—From "Twenty Years Ago Today" in the New York "Herald Tribune," April 11, 1939.

Forsythe

I Hope You Are Happy About Spain

I HOPE you are happy about Spain, Mr. Chamberlain, now that Franco has joined with Hitler and Mussolini and the fascist guns you so anxiously supported are trained on your own Gibraltar and the voice of Spain which once pleaded with you for justice has been stilled in the shouts of the Roman triumph.

I hope you are happy about Spain, M. Daldier, now that you have found it impossible to detach Franco from the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis and your sealine to Africa, which is also the lifeline of France, is in the hands of your enemy, the Italians, and the few guns you might have spared at Irun are now to be turned against you in thousands on a border where you had not faced a hostile face for centuries.

I hope you are happy about Spain, you breed of British gentlemen who felt that death and destruction for a loyal and helpless people was very little to worry about since Franco could so easily be bought off by British gold when he had once conquered. I hope that the cries of the dying at Guernica and the moans of the children at Barcelona have not disturbed your ideas of the duties of an Englishman.

I hope you are happy about Spain, Senator Nye.

I hope you are happy about Spain, Senator Johnson.

I hope you are happy about Spain, all you members of the State Department who insisted that loyalist Spain was a Communist state which deserved no help.

I hope you are happy about Spain, all you representatives and senators and isolationists and plain fools who fashioned a Neutrality Act which gave aid to the aggressor and strangled a democratic power with which we had treaty obligations.

I hope you are happy about Spain, Mr. Anthony Eden, you who arranged the Non-Intervention Pact and denied that there were Italian troops in Spain and said that the English navy was in no position to resist the puny Franco blockade of Bilbao, a blockade which a brave English freighter ran with no danger whatever except the danger of being rammed or destroyed by that very British navy.

I hope you are happy about Spain, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, you who maintained that the reports of the air bombing of defenseless towns in Spain were press lies because a man as gentle as General Franco was not capable of such a thing. I hope you are happy over the fact that Christianity, which was so ably saved by the efforts of the Moors in Spain, is now to be preserved by that great spiritual figure, Herr Adolf Hitler. I hope that when the

fascist planes roar over Boston, you will be unable to hear the roar of the motors for hearing the screams of the refugees who struggled along the road from Malaga, swept by the machine-gun fire of Italian planes swooping down upon the helpless people.

I hope all of you nice kindly people who felt that the proper attitude toward Spain was "a plague on both of you" are very happy now that you discover there was more to the struggle than a family quarrel. I hope you are very happy at finding that you have allowed another fascist power to be hatched in the middle of Europe. I hope you will be happy that a million Spaniards died for your sake.

I hope you will remember Spain in the forthcoming days when the democratic powers are struggling for their lives against the fascist murderers. I hope you will be happy at finding that the very forces you helped in Spain are now engaged in cutting your throats.

I hope the voices of the slain in Spain will not haunt you every remaining hour of your lives.

Do you hear those voices?

Do the shriller cries of the young pierce that unearthly and poignant wave of sound?

Those are the voices of a people who died for democracy, betrayed by those others who merely speak of democracy.

You tied their hands and aided their enemies and put on a cloak of virtue and held aloof.

Perhaps you could use a democratic Spain now. I hope you are happy with the Spain you have created.

I hope you will be happy with a Central and South America influenced by Mother Spain, a fascist Spain led by an executioner.

I hope you are happy about the news from Mexico where the Francoites have been joined by the little Hitlers and Mussolinis in celebration.

I hope you are happy about the firing squads in Spain.

I hope you are happy about the Spanish orphans spread over the nations of the world.

I hope you are happy about the refugee camps in France.

Do you hear the voices of the people of Spain who fought your battles and died for their pains?

Will you examine your hearts and see what you did for or to these courageous people?

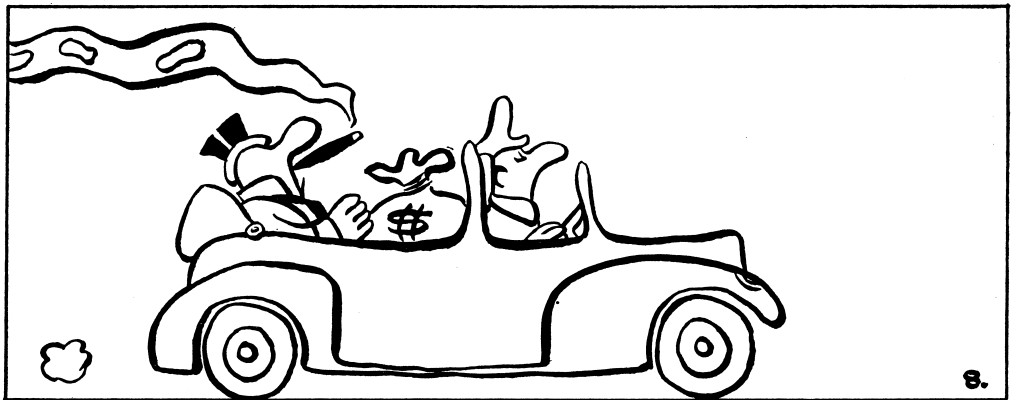
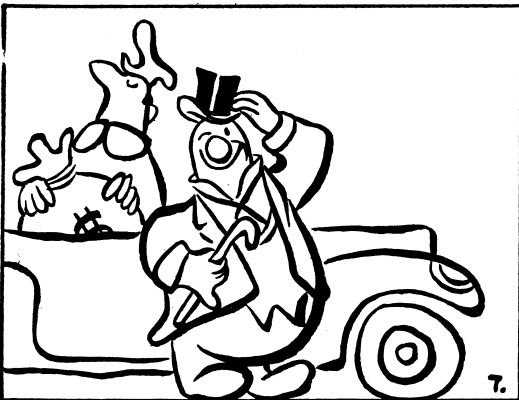
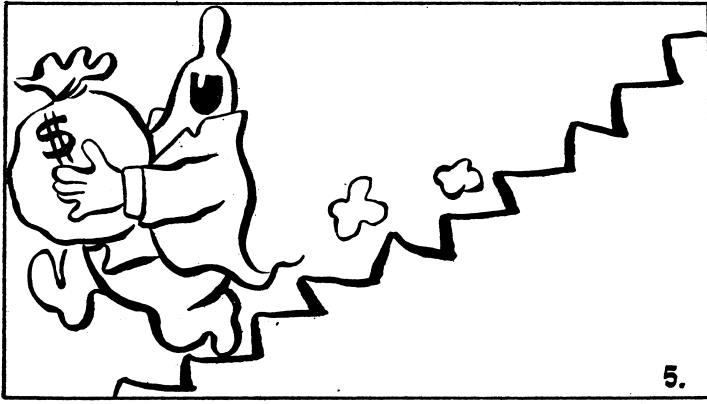
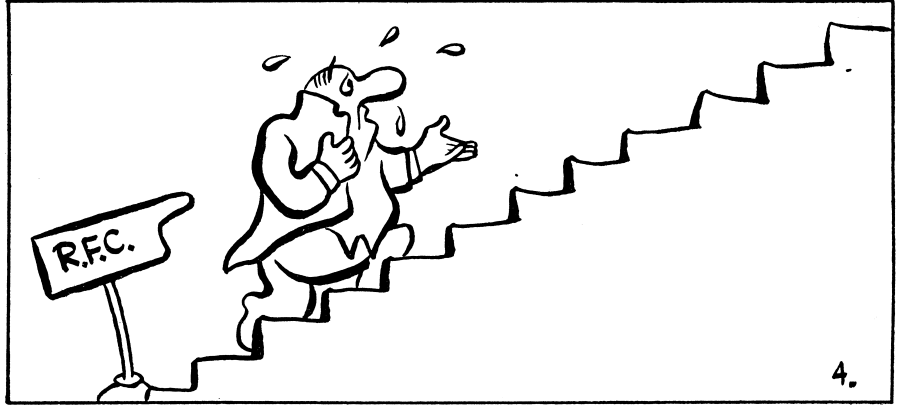
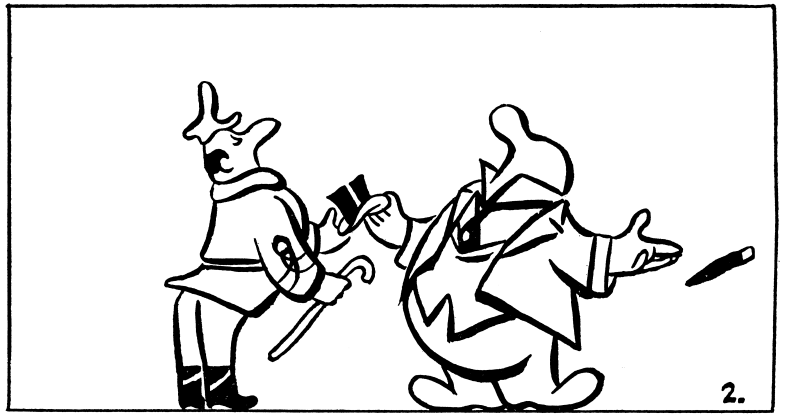
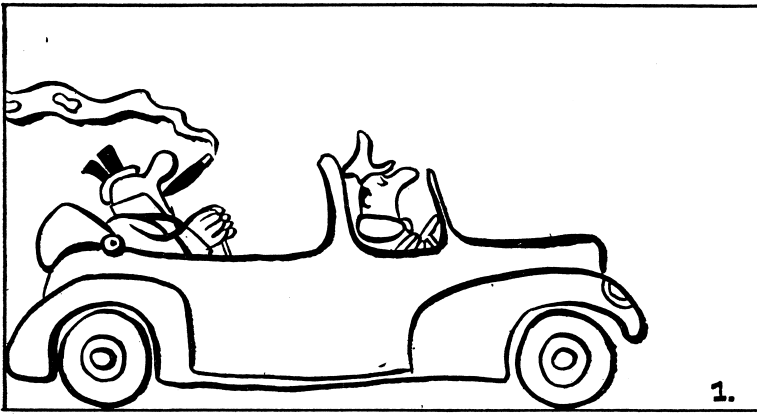
I hope you will not regret too much that these people are no longer on your side.

I hope you are happy about the monster you so carefully built up in Spain.

I hope you will not suffer too drastically from your own folly and selfishness.

I hope you are happy about Spain.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.



New Masses

ESTABLISHED 1911

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After Albania

“Woe to the weak!” said Mussolini in his “moderate” speech on March 26. This time it was Albania’s turn to be “the weak.” And so on the anniversary of the crucifixion of Christ the people of this weakest and smallest state in Europe were compelled to render unto the modern Cæsar their blood and freedom.

Albania is, however, a counter in a game for much bigger stakes. With the seizure of this country, which was already a vassal of Italy, Mussolini seeks to accomplish three aims: to bolster his own prestige by demonstrating that his end of the axis is also capable of grabbing territory; to secure a base in order to prevent Italian influence in Southeastern Europe from being completely wiped out by Nazi expansion; and, most important, to drive a wedge into the Balkans which can be used: (1) to strengthen Italy’s position in the Mediterranean as against that of Britain and France; (2) to intimidate and coerce those states which may be tempted to join the as yet amorphous front against aggression; and (3) to serve as a springboard for further raids, with Yugoslavia and Greece as the most immediate victims.

Mussolini would not, of course, have attempted his coup had there been resistance or the threat of resistance by Britain and France. The fact is that there has been much smoke but precious little fire in the gestures of Chamberlain and his friends toward halting the depredations of the fascist alliance. Part of this smoke is the dispute that has been stirred up over the question of conscription, a decidedly secondary issue in relation to the major problem of organizing collective resistance to the warmakers. On the very day that Italian troops landed in Albania and began pouring leaden death into the gallant band of defenders, Chamberlain gave evasive answers in the House

of Commons and refused to issue even a verbal warning to Italy. He then showed his great concern over this newest crisis by recessing Parliament and going on a fishing trip to Scotland.

And despite all the talk about “consultations” with the Soviet Union, without whom no anti-aggression front can be effective, the Soviets have been excluded from the mutual assistance pact with Poland and nothing tangible has been done to create a bloc of Britain, France, the USSR, and all states menaced by the totalitarian axis. It remains to be seen whether the reported British warning to Italy that the seizure of Corfu, the Greek island off the southern coast of Albania, would be an “invitation to war” means any more than other mountainous gestures that have thus far produced a mouse of action.

Of great significance is the fact that the influence of the Vatican seems to have been thrown on the side of those opposing international banditry. Pope Pius XII’s Easter homily, in which he pointed to the violation of pacts as menacing peace, marks the first time that the spiritual head of the largest church in the world has publicly criticized the policies of the fascist powers.

Meanwhile Hitler and Mussolini are letting no grass grow beneath them. Yugoslavia, caught between the upper and nether millstones of Germany and Italy, now faces hostile troops mobilized on her northern and southern borders. Italian soldiers have also been sent to southern Albania to threaten Greece, while increased troop movements are reported in Italy’s Dodecanese Islands off the southeastern coast of Greece. Franco has rebuffed the overtures of Britain and France and joined the Anti-Comintern Alliance. This has been supplemented, according to the authoritative French commentator on international affairs, Genevieve Tabouis, by a secret military agreement in which Franco has agreed to place all his air and naval bases at the disposition of the axis powers for eighteen months. Chamberlain has returned from his fishing trip, but is there any hope in that?

Ready for a Job March

BY A majority of more than 97 percent, New York City WPA employees polled by the Workers Alliance agreed actively to protest possible cuts in appropriations. The vote, revealed last Monday after ten days of balloting at key spots throughout the city, showed that at least 34,000 are ready to support a job march on Washington as soon as the alliance leaders give the word.

In Washington the situation remains in virtual suspension. The death of Senator Lewis of Illinois postponed the vote sched-

uled for Monday on a new WPA appropriation, and it will probably be held over a few more days. President Roosevelt, in his secretary’s communication to David Lasser, president of the alliance, made clear that the administration has not and will not have any part in reducing the \$150,000,000 requested. The progressive bloc, headed by Senators Pepper and Schwollenbach, has raised its voting strength from fifteen in the first days of hearings to a total of thirty-five or more at present. Two substitute proposals are contemplated in the event the Pepper amendment is defeated; one would move the expiration date of the new appropriation from June 30 to 20 in order to have it encompass more workers, and another, sponsored by the Workers Alliance and introduced by Senator Schwollenbach, would prevent the firing of any WPA workers who are in need and able to work.

The Great Debate

ONE of the most notable political debates in American history formally began with the opening of hearings on neutrality legislation last week. Comparable to the debate over the League of Nations twenty years ago, to the debate over the nullification issue in Jackson’s administration, and to the Lincoln-Douglas debate over slavery, the discussion now in progress is cutting across party lines and enlisting the loyalties of millions outside of Congress.

At issue is far more than the peace and security of the United States. On the turn of this debate depends in large measure the future of the democratic way of life, of those values which civilized men the world over have come to associate with democracy and freedom.

The Neutrality Act is based on two assumptions: that the interests of this country are not concerned in any dispute between other countries and that therefore, whatever the issues, there is no need for the United States to favor one side as against the other; and, second, that the refusal to take sides in any degree and by any means constitutes the best way of preventing this country from being embroiled in war.

The first of these assumptions has been disproved by the events of the last few years. Can it be maintained that the Japanese war against China, threatening the complete subjugation of that country and bringing Japanese arms within striking distance of the Philippines, does not affect the interests of the United States? Can it be maintained that Franco’s victory in Spain, which was facilitated by our arms embargo, strengthening as it does the influence of the fascist axis in Latin America, does not affect the interests of the United States?

If aggression does directly affect American interests, then obviously any failure to protect these interests by doing what we can now to halt aggression means that we are achieving a temporary present security at the cost of permitting a far greater danger to be built up in the not too remote future. The case against this false security, based on a false neutrality which actually assists aggression, was admirably stated by former Secretary of State Stimson at the opening of the testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Stimson's statement refuted the position of his former chief, Herbert Hoover, whose isolationist views have won him the encomiums of the Nazi, Italian, and fascist press and the Nazi Bund in this country.

The Neutrality Act should be repealed and the constitutional power of the President to conduct foreign relations free from legislative straitjacket restored. Short of outright repeal, the amendment of Senator Thomas of Utah, which would permit the President, with the approval of both houses of Congress, to embargo any country violating a pact to which the United States is a signatory, should be adopted. Any attempt to construct a law which will bar economic assistance to the victims of aggression strengthens the hand of America's enemies and increases the danger of world war and consequently of American involvement in it.

Chicago Edition

CHICAGO'S reelection of a New Deal mayor, Edward J. Kelly, is both a comment on the elections of last November and a forecast toward November 1940. Despite his partnership in the Kelly-Nash machine, whose record in the past can hardly be called satisfactory, the Democratic nominee rolled up 853,000 votes, exceeded only by the record ballot in the 1936 presidential year. This proves beyond dispute that where the New Deal program is brought forward unequivocally, the people will overcome differences and misgivings of the past to support its standard bearer. In fact, where the program of the New Deal was emphasized most consistently, eight of the twelve aldermanic candidates supported by Labor's Non-Partisan League were elected to the City Council. Likewise, in the Second and Third Wards, the defeat of Republican candidates in traditionally Republican strongholds demonstrates that the Negro people are participating in that realignment of popular forces which is symbolized by the New Deal. Equally significant from a national perspective was the cooperation of the Better Chicago League, the AFL, the Railway Brotherhoods, and the CIO with, and within, the

Democratic Party, thereby achieving, in the second largest city of the nation, the type of unity which might have brought different results in certain states last fall.

The fact that Dwight Green, the Knox-supported Republican candidate, wore the government's legal armor in the jousts against Al Capone did not delude the electorate about the true nature of his tory program. Nevertheless, the 43 percent vote for the Republicans, coming as it did from suburban areas, reveals the great job that is yet to be done in bringing the New Deal to the middle classes. If the notable popular unity already established can be maintained and extended, the twenty-nine electoral votes from Illinois, third largest bloc in the land, will count significantly next summer and fall. This is the meaning and promise of Chicago's election, both for the municipal contests elsewhere this year and for the presidential race twelve months thereafter.

Play Ball!

SINCE the baseball season opens April 18, it is appropriate that we cook up a class angle on this important question. We have chosen not the Cincinnati Reds but the Brooklyn Dodgers as the hero of the piece. The Dodgers have been downtrodden from

way back. For years enemy forces have been hitting Dodger outfielders on the head with fly balls, purging Brooklyn pitchers, and spreading despair in the shirtsleeved bleachers. Provocateurs make a habit of sawing holes in Brooklyn bats. What the poet has called the Dodger in All of Us is smoldering in pent-up anger. Can such things be? Shall we stand by and watch alien troops repeat this ignominy again on Ebbets Field? Where is your heart, your sacred honor, Oh Flatbush! As a matter of fact, where are your batting averages?

Our Yangtze Frontier

IT SOUNDS like hyperbole to say that the Yangtze is our western frontier. But when former British Prime Minister Baldwin declared that the Rhine was Britain's frontier, it was a diplomatic bombshell. Yet six months after Munich his successor, Mr. Chamberlain, who was not willing to extend Britain's frontier to the Sudeten Mountains, has been forced to revise considerably his geography and stretch that frontier as far east as the Vistula and as far south as Corfu. Sooner or later our own State Department will have to redraw the map in the light of the current time-space geography which the daily newspapers are teaching us and we will dis-



One of a series of cartoons by strikers on the Chicago Hearst newspapers.

cover that China is politically no farther from us than Poland is from London.

In the meantime China is blocking Japan's march to the domination of the Pacific with 400,000,000 bodies. This week the reorganized Chinese army reports a whole series of victories. In the north the famous Eighth Route Army has defeated the fifth attempt of the Japanese to dislodge it from its Shansi bases. On the Central front the Chinese regulars have crushed the Japanese at Kaon near Nanchang and recaptured several towns. In the South the Chinese counterdrive is within eighteen miles of Canton.

China is in the position of Spain a year ago. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, crowing over Anglo-French impotence in the Albanian crisis, says: "A year ago Britain and France might have dominated Spain but with Franco's victory Spain is no longer in their grasp." A year ago a million loyalist soldiers were defending the British and French frontier on the Ebro, only to be betrayed to Franco by the leaders of the very nations they were protecting.

Today China is doing for America what Spain was doing for England and France a year ago. As Foreign Minister Dr. Wang Chung-hui says: "China could win the war in a year if the United States would apply neutrality measures distinguishing between aggressor and victim." This is the only price that China asks for defending our western frontier. It is a bargain price.

Los Angeles Conference

THE First Congress of the Mexican and Spanish-American people of the United States will meet in Los Angeles the last three days of this month. More light is needed on the problems of Spanish-Americans and Mexicans in the United States—problems that are little understood by most people of the Eastern seaboard. Some of these are discussed by Charles Curtis Munz in his article in this issue. Disfranchised in many localities as are the Negroes in the South, exploited by American caciques as outrageously as are sharecroppers, deprived of educational facilities that are aggravated by their language difference, yet possessing a culture that has impressed itself upon all the non-Spanish colonists who have come in contact with them, they now gather to discuss and plan action for their common good and the good of the country. We wish their deliberations success.

In His Name

THE Good Friday Appeal of over four hundred American Protestant bishops, clergymen, and prominent laymen to Pope Pius XII, urging him to use his influence to prevent reprisals threatened by Franco

upon two million Spanish democrats shows a wholesome brotherhood among charitable Christians this Easter tide.

Too often non-Catholics have considered all Roman Catholics as blind supporters of Franco, as fanatical deserters of their faith for the "New Catholicism" of the Spanish Office of the Gestapo. Non-Catholics have frequently mistaken pro-Nazi heretics within the ranks of Catholicism as sincere Christians. The racist blood lust of these pro-Nazis libels the lives of the millions of hard-working people bewildered by the cold brutality they see being meted out by the self-professed "New Catholic" order in Spain.

As might have been expected, the American Protestants' plea for Christian charity was rebuked by the "New Catholic" Dr. Thorning. Small wonder that the 100,000,000 non-Catholic Americans look upon him and his pro-fascist colleagues Curran and Coughlin as representatives of the worst in ecclesiastical tyranny. They also wonder at the fascist salute being given by the papal nuncio to Spain, the brother to America's apostolic delegate, the Rev. Amleto Cicognani. The fifth column of fascists in the Catholic Church reaches into high places.

Dies or La Follette

NOTHING symbolizes two opposite trends in American life better than the Dies committee and the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee. The former's job was to investigate un-American activities; the crop of dangerous bills now before Congress indicates with what reactionary intent this was done. By contrast, the La Follette committee's notable service is emphasized by the publication of the first of four reports on the "Labor Policies of Employer Associations." No. 1 deals with the notorious National Metal Trades Association, a strike-breaking, union-busting grand council of 952 manufacturers, whose persistent violation of civil liberties and conscious interference with the statutory guarantees for collective bargaining represent, in the words of the committee, "a challenge to government itself."

Sixty-nine major American corporations employed 103 labor spies between 1933 and 1936, supplied by the Metal Trades Association. And while the latter was conducting a bitter, provocative fight against the government's Labor Relations Act, thirty-one of its members were working on \$12,000,000 worth of government contracts. To discourage and illegalize the "oppressive labor practices" of such groups, Sen. Robert La Follette of Wisconsin and Sen. Elbert Thomas of Utah have introduced their Civil Liberties Bill. To be administered by the Department of Justice, this measure forbids employers to traffic with "labor spies, strike-

breakers, and strikebreaking agencies" and restricts the use of company guards on private property. Penalties for violation would be \$10,000, or six months' imprisonment, while the Walsh-Healey act would deny government contracts to employers guilty of such practices. The bill is years overdue.

Democracy Resurrected

THERE was no hall in Washington large enough for the 75,000 Negro and white citizens who gathered at the Lincoln Memorial on Easter Sunday. No, not the Constitution Hall, owned by the DAR, crowded as were its empty benches with the spirits of bigotry. Nor the Central High School of Washington, overflowing as was its darkened auditorium with the discord of intolerance and hate.

There was no structure in the nation's capital spacious enough for Marian Anderson. And that is why 75,000 American citizens were proud to rise and greet her, underneath a clear April sky.

Harold Ickes introduced her—"a daughter of a race which Lincoln struck from slavery," a woman "tipped by the wing of genius, which, like justice, knows no color line." Senators were there, and members of the Cabinet, and a justice of the Supreme Court—Hugo Black of Alabama. John Nance Garner, twice invited, was absent. But Eleanor Roosevelt sent flowers.

Marian Anderson sang *Ave Maria* and Donizetti, and *My Soul Is Anchored in the Lord*. And for the encore, she sang *Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen* while millions listened over the radio to what Toscanini has described as a "voice that comes but once in a hundred years." Millions listened, and millions understood.

Exit Rollin Kirby

OUR readers will remember that last year, during the Red-baiting festival in honor of Simon Gerson, Rollin Kirby, editorial cartoonist of the *New York World-Telegram*, apologized in a letter to personal friends for having drawn a cartoon for Roy Howard's anti-Gerson crusade. We noticed the incident in an unflattering editorial mention of Mr. Kirby. Now we are pleased to note that Mr. Kirby has made his apology public by resigning from the Scripps-Howard paper because of his "reluctance to support a point of view which seems many times to be unfair, and the resultant dissatisfaction of the *World-Telegram* with my convictions."

Rollin Kirby's withdrawal will undoubtedly be followed by others in near future months, leaving only a few local liberal writers in the papers of the chain. Old Scripps' lighthouse is finally breaking up after the crash with Roy Howard's yacht.

What's On Your Mind?

NM answers further questions on the Soviet Union provoked by Earl Browder's recent article.

SO MANY questions have been received by NM as a result of Earl Browder's article on "Soviet Economy and the World Today" (about five hundred to date) that the department under this head will be run regularly. It will answer, besides questions on the Soviet Union, any queries or points of clarification on issues treated in NM or other social and political questions that we may be able to answer.

In the event that more than one reader submits the same question, it will be answered with one reply, so as to avoid duplication.

Q. If the USSR adopts a policy of isolation or neutrality in any conflict between the so-called democracies and the fascist states, and it appears likely that it might, would it not be wise for America to adopt a similar policy for identical reasons?

A. It is not the Soviet Union that stands for isolation. It is the accomplices of aggression in the Western European democracies that aspire to isolate the Soviet Union. The third point in the four-point peace policy elucidated by Stalin at the recent 18th Congress states plainly: "... we stand for rendering support to nations which have fallen prey to aggression and are fighting for the independence of their countries." This policy emphasized after the Munich betrayal, leaves no doubt as to the consistent adherence of the Soviet Union to the policy of concerted action for peace, in contrast to the surrender of collective security and the adoption of a policy of non-intervention and "neutrality" by England and France. The promptness with which the Soviet Union responded to the slightest indication of a possible return to a policy of collective action by the Western democracies, following the seizure of Czechoslovakia by Hitler, speaks for itself. It is certainly wise for America to "adopt a similar policy for identical reasons," but to do this it is necessary to defeat the isolationism with which the Republican and tory Democratic coalition is attempting to paralyze our country in face of fascist aggression.

Q. Will money be abolished when the Soviet Union becomes a full Communist society?

A. When the development of Soviet production will permit the realization of the principle "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," money will lose its present function and cease to be necessary. At present in the Soviet Union money functions primarily as money of account and a means of exchange. Accounting, record keeping, constitutes an indispensable means of checking up results of past productive activity and for planning future production and improvements. When Soviet industry is able to produce the necessities of life in full abundance, buying and selling will become unnecessary and money will then also lose its function as a means of exchange.

Q. What determines the amount of wages in the USSR?

A. When full Communism is established and production has reached the point where everyone can take from the products of labor according to

his needs, wages will disappear. Meanwhile, however, the share of each individual worker in the total social product which he receives in the form of wages is regulated by the principle "From each according to his ability, to each according to his work." Variations in wages depend upon the quantity and kind of work performed by each. Inequality in wages in the Soviet Union is essentially connected with the level of production, so that the ever rising level of production automatically brings with it increasing wages for the entire population, until a stage is finally reached when it will no longer be necessary to limit the share of each individual in the form of wages.

READERS' FORUM

Unfortunate Expression

A READER points out an expression in a recent editorial on Spain which might easily lead to misinterpretation:

"I want to protest strongly against an item on your editorial page (page 21) of the current *New Masses* (April 11) which uses the expression 'sex-starved Moors.' I ask you, what does a Negro think when the insinuation of *rape* once more slaps him in the 'sensitized area' (whether true or not is not the point)? He says bitterly, 'You too! the goddam whites are all alike—Ku Klux or Komunist! All they can think of when writing of colored people is rape!'"

"You might have called the Moors murderers, or mercenaries, or Hitler's slaves, or anything else. But to raise once more, of all the possible accusations, that of rape, is shameful and very serious. I think it may cost us the confidence of many intelligent Negroes who were beginning to think kindly of us."

LYDIA GIBSON.

We agree entirely with this protest. The fact is that the word "Moors"—which was not intended to refer to Negroes—had been changed to "soldiery" in proof, but through a technical slip the corrected proof failed to reach the linotyper. Needless to say, NM regrets very much the appearance of this offensive expression in its columns.—THE EDITORS.

"To the Munich Station"

FROM reader S. J. B. of Washington, D. C., comes a bit of praise:

"Permit me to congratulate the editors on V. J. Jerome's article, 'Edmund Wilson: To the Munich Station,' in the April 4 issue of your magazine. It is one of the most timely articles I have read to date and should be read by every one of our intellectuals who are falling for the 'what the heck is the use' argument spread by weaklings and fifth-column boys."

Forsythe on Kline's Film

ROBERT FORSYTHE gets some comment off his chest about *Crisis*, that fine film about Czechoslovakia. It seems that some reviewers felt that too much footage was given to the actions of the SS

men during the provoked violence before the invasion of the Sudetenland. Says Brother Forsythe:

"As an old farmhand around these premises, I should like to blow off a little steam about a matter which has made me pretty sore. I refer to the reaction in certain left circles over *Crisis*, the film about Czechoslovakia. I'm probably not strong on theory but I get around and I think I understand the reactions of the general public rather well. I say flatly that nine out of ten people who see *Crisis* come out of the theater in a mood to tear Fritz Kuhn apart.

"Some of the left critics (and I refer to David Platt in the *Daily Worker* and Robert Stebbins in *TAC*) apparently hold to the theory that every action must have its reaction, whether there is a reaction or not. In short, they insist that there should be a hopeful note in what happened in Czechoslovakia and without that hope the film must be classed as a defeatist picture. The gentlemen are entitled to their opinions but if what they say keeps one worker away from that film, they are depriving him not only of a great experience but are missing a chance of filling him with a resentment against fascism which is worth ten tracts and a dozen forums.

"They contend that because more footage is given to Hitler and Henlein than to the democratic forces in Czechoslovakia, the film is in some way a bit of propaganda for Nazism. I say that is the most utter nonsense. All the Nazi propaganda succeeds in doing to the average man is make him so horrified that he becomes immediately an anti-fascist whether or not he ever previously thought of the matter. Because it doesn't lay the moral on with a trowel, the film is the best documentary film I have ever seen and also the best propaganda film. Not only should every socially conscious person see it but he should drag his friends to it by the scruff of the neck."

Antidote for Dies

C. E. G. of Chicago sends us a sawbuck with the admonition:

"I'm no Communist. I'm one of those 'despised liberals' who believes in free speech and free press for folks we may not always agree with. We need in the United States a 'counter-irritant' for men like Dies—and McCormick (our local bright-haired boy). Go it, bear!"

What About the BMU?

DR. H. B. of Brooklyn comes up with this suggestion:

"How about an article on the British Medical Union, and all other national medical associations connected with or cooperating closely with the organized trade-union movements? A good section of American doctors are interested in such a movement and would appreciate a factual report."

It's an idea, Dr. B., we'll have our British medical correspondent look into it.

Insurance Against Fascism

K. M. P. writes us: "I have stopped paying premiums for life insurance. What is the use of life insurance with fascism hanging over us? I regard *New Masses* as insurance against fascism. So I am dividing the premiums I should have paid among various appeals for help against this worst modern threat. Here is your share, \$5, with my best wishes. If I had not already intended to send it, Forsythe's recent article about the magazine would have forced me to do something."

Bill Foster's Book

Joseph North, NM editor, reviews the new book of the greatest Jimmy Higgins of them all: William Z. Foster's "Pages from a Worker's Life."

AS SIMPLE as a yarn in the fore-castle, this is the log of a great time written by a grand man (*Pages from a Worker's Life*, by William Z. Foster; International Publishers, \$2.50). Told in the artless manner of the man, it highlights America at rock bottom—the America of its makers, the laboring millions ceaselessly brawling, skirmishing, battling for a meaningful life.

William Z. Foster has come through a workingman's half-century. The slums are in it and the roar of the foundry; lonely years before the mast and dangerous years hoboing across America looking for work, organizing men into unions; imprisonment and illness—and through all of it you have the bright dream of America's tomorrow. In preparing himself for his arduous tasks as general of men, Foster's university was the brake rod and the machine shop, the windjammer and the strike committee. His associates were the thousands of Jimmy Higginses, those brave, intelligent men who do the leg work for the future. "I have always been inspired by the Jimmy Higgins militants," he writes. "Their modesty, sincerity, selflessness, courage, and invincibility are the qualities of the great heart of the proletariat itself." When you finish his book you feel that you know the essence of the man's powers: he is the greatest Jimmy Higgins of them all. This *Volksmensch* is the general of the Jimmy Higginses. No job is too tough to try, no game too hard to play if it means lightening the lot of his fellows. He has played a hard, brilliant game. And selfless. You see the man through the incidents he describes: fine autobiography, yet a rare—and welcome—paucity of the first-person-singular. This is the saga of strong men—the obscure, nameless men who built America—those whom the dangerous Westbrook Pegler loves to dub the "faceless men." Sandburg saw them otherwise. "The strong men keep coming on . . ." he wrote. Foster came on with them—emerged from them as a leader, one whose experiences proved the deepest, whose tribulations were theirs, and whose counsels were sought and accepted as the wisest.

Listen to some of the titles of his experiences recounted in these chapters. They outline a life jammed with conflict, heartbreak, and achievement all glowing with the vision of a brilliant future: Peonage in Florida; Twentieth-Century Homesteading; the N. Y. Street Cars; Metal Mining; A Gale off Cape Horn; Hell Aboard Ship; A Sailor's Work; Hoboing in the West; A Narrow Squeak; A Negro Hobo Dies; I Learn To Beg; My

First Strike; On the I. C. Harriman Lines; Chicago Stockyards Strike; The Ford Massacre; Trapping a Labor Spy; The Prison Guard; Prison Vice; Food Not Fit for Hogs; Potter's Field; Jimmy Higgins; Comintern Congresses; Heroism and Hunger; Socialism Victorious.

What a life this Taunton, Mass., boy led. He not only labored and fought—he burned the midnight oil. He traveled across seas, slept in European parks to attend conventions of labor bodies. A young Wobbly from the West, he attended the Budapest conference of the International Trade Union Secretariat in August 1911. "That night, penniless," he recounts, "I was arrested for sleeping in a moving van on the outskirts of town, and I narrowly escaped six months in jail."

He read Marx, Lenin, Stalin; contrasted their ideas with the revisionists Bernstein, Kautsky. His unerring proletarian instinct and his wealth of experience enabled him to throw out the false, accept the truth. The former Wobbly, the syndicalist, enriched his trade-union experience with the science of Marxism, became a Communist, and is today, with Earl Browder, that Kansan with similar range of experience, a leader of the Communist Party.

You see in the book how the man generalized his experiences, taught others to fight for the truth. Author of six books—and many more pamphlets—the man is indefatigable. He

has allowed nothing—not even a heart which almost burst from the strain and put him on his back recently for many months—to keep him from his tasks.

Truly, here is a general in the class war. I have seen people's generals like Modesto and Lister in military action. Here is a man who evidenced the same qualities in the daily, unsung war that goes on, as deadly and as complex as though shells burst on all sides—the class war. I shall never forget strike meetings I attended in the Penn-Ohio coal strike in 1931. Foster met with his "general staff" of organizers at eight every morning. They came in from the surrounding hills and valleys, legging it over miles, hitch-hiking, to attend the GHQ deliberations. Seated on the floor of the room, Foster in the center, they outlined their plans for the day, how they would "pull" their mine. Foster knew every mine, every organizer, the topographical details of the area that pertained to the efficient functioning of picketing; knew the morale of the strikers and their numbers, the relative strength of the coal operators and their local stooges. Patiently, with infinite capacity for detail, he corrected, added, criticized, suggested. Then the organizers would reiterate—one by one—the program agreed upon, and Foster, endlessly planful, went around the circle until the day's strategy was burned into the mind of every organizer there. I saw then that type of man which America—outside of labor—knows little about: the Organizer. The autobiography delineates the progress of this man, the experiences which molded him into a "people's general."

This book reveals a writer's sensitivity to physical detail and atmosphere. It goes without saying that Foster knows men intimately and describes them well. Many professional writers may envy his powers of story telling, sparsely worded, rich with overtones of experience.

For example, his tale of the "wide-wide sea"—the eerie experience of sailing for a month from Australia to Callao, Peru, and never sighting a ship. "We were in the middle of nowhere, a tiny speck of a ship in a wide, watery universe. . . . It seemed as though we were the only ship in all that great world of water." Then in the dead of night, suddenly, in the "middle-of-nowhere," the look-outs cry, "Light on the starboard bow." From nowhere a ship sped toward them. "She was a big one, on the port tack, and steering a course, which, intersecting ours at a right angle, would bring us smash into each other in a few minutes." A moment of paralyzed



WILLIAM Z. FOSTER, whose autobiography illuminates dramatic episodes in the history of the American labor movement.

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surprise, then the officer's warning cry, and the ships missed each other by inches. "Had the two ships crashed together, doubtless all hands would have been lost. It all would have meant just two more windjammers added to the long list of 'ships that never returned.' All the way to Callao we never ceased yarning about the mysterious ship that passed in the night, and the chance in a million that almost brought us together in a death crash in those trackless wastes of water."

The book is jammed with such episodes; the section on the hobo is particularly vivid. Here you see how the migratory laborer traveled across America—how he "went to work." "The hoboes of the time, 1900 to 1916, the great army of men perpetually beating back and forth over the Western railroads, were chiefly the so-called 'floating workers,' the real builders of the West. In this category I fitted for about a dozen years." Like all the others, he braved the cold—one of his finest stories recounts a trip in which he almost froze to death—defied the "shacks," dared the manifold dangers that left mangled corpses of men trailing across the continent. Thus he traveled those years, to work, to strikes, learning to lead and leading men in the struggles of those hard decades.

He experienced the life of the many groping organizations which led to the progressive labor and political movements of today. His "party life" ranged through such groupings as the old Wobblies—through the Syndicalist League of North America, the International Trade Union Educational League, and through all that to the various political parties, such as the Socialist, the National Farmer-Labor Party, the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, the Workers Party, to the Communist Party.

Throughout it all you see a plain American who through natural aptitude became a leader of the rank and file and who, through his ceaseless quest for the truth, became a Marxist and Communist.

This is the "dire Foster" of the Steel Strike (the "most dangerous man in America," *Time* magazine once called him): a plain, modest fellow with all the strength of the proletariat—whose bones feel the blows of the American workingman—and in whose head is the dream of America.

JOSEPH NORTH.

Roger Martin du Gard

"The Thibaults," Nobel prize novel, published in America.

As a result of his having won the Nobel prize for literature for 1937, Roger Martin du Gard will become known to thousands of Americans who, despite the fact that he is one of France's outstanding novelists of the after-war generation, would otherwise never have heard of him. This reviewer happens to know that, before the Nobel award, American publishers shied away from the author of *The Thibaults*. It was not that they questioned his literary merits; they were afraid

that he "would not appeal to the American taste." Roger Martin du Gard had, however, been translated in England; and now that he has been duly consecrated, America may read him in a completely new version by Stuart Gilbert (Viking Press, \$3), the seven French volumes being here compressed into a single volume of 871 pages.

This is all to the good, and for once at least we may be grateful to the Nobel Prize Committee, for having brought us a writer of our time whom it would have been a distinct loss not to know. There is little doubt that when historians of the future come to reconstruct the disordered, tumultuous *apres guerre* epoch in France, in its broadest cultural ramifications and spiritual depth, they will turn not only to "historical documents," but also to a small handful of French novelists who have bravely if not always successfully striven, through an objective portraiture, to explain the world of dying imperialism in which they found themselves. Romain, Aragon, Martin du Gard are the names one thinks of first in this regard—and even the doddering Duhamel has given us in *The Pasquier Chronicles* the senescent saga of the middle-class French intellectual.

Each of these novelistic historians has his points, and each his shortcomings. It is not a question here of comparative evaluation; this reviewer merely would insist that Martin du Gard is probably one of a significant trinity.

It should be noted that only in the case of Martin du Gard (in the French edition of his work) is the tale complete as yet. Romain thus far has about worked his way down to the World War. In *Summer, 1914*, which has not yet been translated, Martin du Gard drops the curtain on the last shameful behind-the-scenes to the imperialist slaughter; while Aragon, in *Residential Quarter*, has come about the same distance. Aragon and Romain are continuing, while Martin du Gard has written *finis*; but if this Chamberlain-Daladier world goes on at its present rate, this may be the stopping point for all three, for a time to come at any rate (see Aragon's postscript).

However this may be, Martin du Gard, like the two others, has contributed much to our understanding of modern France, especially in that portion of his work which the American reader is yet to receive. In *The Thibaults*, which, we must remember, was published in 1922-29, what we have is a picture of pre-war French society, drawn with a masterliness that inevitably recalls Balzac. It is French society viewed through that perennial lens, the godawful middle-class French family. There is an ever widening parallel between the lives of two brothers—a sort of Caliban and Ariel motif—which suggests the brothers in *Residential Quarter*, though the theme is not fully developed until *Summer, 1914*. There is also the hard-fisted, hypocritical old family tyrant, whose death is a high point in the book. In brief, another novel of family life, of the "war of all with all," and of that "war of generations" which has been so prominent a feature of the Gallic scene,

transmuted into something above what writers like Maurois and Mauriac have given us—into a true social document, one that is truly social for the reason that it is profoundly and artistically human, being done by the hand of a master realist of an old but ever living school.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Rivertown Record

“Inn of That Journey,” a novel about an Ohio river community.

WHEN Vardis Fisher confronted Tarkington's *Penrod* with *Vridar Hunter*, it became apparent that someone was violently misinformed on adolescence in the Midwest. Now Emerson Price, in his novel, *Inn of That Journey* (Caxton Printers, \$2.50; introduction by Jack Conroy), presents Mark Cullen and Soap-Dodger Pendleton, bits of dirty driftwood on the littered Ohio's shore. In the grayish-yellow gloom of Scatterfield, Mark's boyhood was a battle, fought out in a barren place where angular adults stood about watching and warning but never aiding. Price's youths do not move through the Sunday picnic-basket world in which *Penrod* and Sam spent pleasant preludes to mercantile manhood, but through arid, meaningless years in which life stands sullenly before Mark Cullen, raw, bleeding, its jaw limp with despair.

An unhappy habit of presenting common-places of childhood—choking on food, and disillusionment in Santa Claus—as unique to Mark Cullen serves to bog the reader down in the book's long-faced concern for Mark; thus a Hallowe'en prank is lugubriously solemnized as “A Dark Adventure,” and simple recollection of another home built up into: “He lost something there which in all the world he never recovered.” Yet precisely what Mark Cullen did lose there, other than a little time, remains unclarified.

However, the book's air of aggrieved innocence, its self-consciousness, its redundancies, platitudinizing, its forced images, belabored prose, and confused sense of time serve only to impede somewhat a deep and moving stream; the veracity of its dialogue and its country-store humor well balance these. Emerson Price is adequately equipped with the data of realism; though he plods like a tired mule in a muddy furrow, he is hauling material of heft and significance. It is not until he abandons his original thesis that *Inn of That Journey* turns out just another fourth-rate rooming house.

Soap-Dodger Pendleton, the single memorable character, is a spunky, level-headed, self-reliant blond river-brat, whom the author successfully opposes to the righteous pillars of Scatterfield society. But after convincing us that the boy never had a chance, the author shoves him on a freight and stands waving a vacuous and italicized farewell to the receding tail-light of the caboose: “*So long, Soapy . . . your short life was a poem . . . Stand in empties. Ride the rattlers . . . Swing toward the horizons . . . You are separate and apart.*”

The million Soapys riding the rods of America, the alert, resourceful, brutalized, vindictive army that never had a chance, riding the blinds between harvests, getting vagged for the winter and begging soap at the junctions, are men not separate and somehow alien, but rather an integral aspect of underprivilege in America. To identify them as a phenomenon without economic cause, as a race apart, is merely a tacit means of asserting they could all get jobs if they really wanted to work, that Soapy had his chance along with Harold Knowles, son of the school board's president. The contrast between the book's mute plea for pity and its air of peevish callousness is disconcerting.

Thus with Soapy as with Mark, the habit of treating characters as unique, and apart, rather than typical and representative, cripples the book's significance; Scatterfield was in no wise special, and Mark Cullen's boyhood is lived, not far away and long ago, but today, in ten thousand Scatterfields. The author's promise would seem to depend—even more than upon ceasing to be bowled off balance by his characters—upon some socialization of his data. That, and a healthy dose of James M. Cain, for a realistic development of some realistic material.

But though Emerson Price looks back on a yellow rivertown with a moony and bilious eye, though he plods as painfully in prose as did Mark Cullen in the knee-high and yellow mud of Scatterfield, though he fails to establish any connection between the barrenness of Scatterfield and the twisted humans it produces, though he possesses neither the light touch nor insight nor the hard American sunlight, he does reveal an equipment for competent sociology. And he does succeed in portraying what Marx called “the idiocy of rural life.”

NELSON ALGREN.

Anti-Fascist Whodunit

Eric Ambler's spy-adventure story a new kind of thriller.

ERIC AMBLER is, to date, an unidentified figure among the young English writers. His chosen form—the spy-adventure story—is popular to the point of commercialism, and therefore makes doubly effective his individual attack in the field. Mr. Ambler's second book, *Cause for Alarm* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2), is a clean wallop at the fascist state, delivered in accordance with the most rigorous dictates of the genre.

For the uninitiated, it should be said that Mr. Ambler works in a tradition quite different from that of the American detective story. Actually, he has pumped new life into the “thriller” from which a number of Englishmen have made small pittances over a period of years. These are the cheap, paper-bound works that are peddled up and down railway stations in the capitals of every European country; but it is doubtful that the traveler from Naples to Rome could pick this one up.

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Kathe Kollwitz, Self-Portrait

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IN 1897-1898 Kathe Kollwitz produced her cycle, *The Weavers' Rising*, and at the turn of the century the drawings for Zola's *Germinal* and the Peasant's War cycle, inspired by Gerhard Hauptmann's play *Florian Geyer*. This work sprang from the spiritual consciousness of German Naturalism. But whereas the literary movement ran to seed and ended in formalistic symbolism, this woman pursued her course alone. The countenances of her people are furrowed with care, blunted, weary, all alike, as the men and women of the people do look alike.

Kathe Kollwitz was elected by the republic to the Academy of Arts. The Hitler regime excluded her from that illustrious circle and banned her work. Today, in her seventies, she lives in Switzerland, an exile.

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An English business firm maintains an office in Milan through which transactions are effected for the sale of ammunition-manufacturing machines to the Italian government. The orthodoxy of this procedure doesn't trouble a young English engineer who, unemployed because of the "recession," accepts the job of sales manager to the Milan office. The action starts almost immediately upon his arrival into the land of *dolce far niente*, and, because of the nature of his business, proceeds with unflagging rapidity to engulf the innocent and naive Marlow. For Mr. Ambler has not gifted his hero with extraordinary intelligence. While this variation may prove annoying to the devotees of the Nietzschean super-sleuth, it is devised for a good reason. Previous to this affair, Marlow has been more sensitive to the problems of love than to those of politics, and therefore finds it hard to absorb the reality of fascist methods. His reactions are those of the benign Britisher who thinks the empire big enough to control, through the person of its consul, any injustice worked upon him by the unethical foreigner. In this case, the latter soon turns out to be the OVRA (Italian equivalent of the Gestapo) who beat him up on the strength of their suspicions. Only slowly does it dawn on young Marlow that he has been caught up in the complex sphere of international politics, and that fascism does not stop to give an examination in character before it attacks.

The brains of the story is a Soviet agent who has no caricaturable habits, either mental or physical. He is a pleasantly realistic person—in contrast to Marlow—who turns in a clear analysis of the international situation as well as of the workings of the totalitarian state. Under his tutelage, the awakening engineer arises to something more than indignation, and takes advantage of an opportunity to retard the smooth functioning of the Rome-Berlin axis.

There is less of the fantastic here than in the average potboiler. The book is an ingenious cohesion of fun and sound theory, incapable of offending the most dogmatic purist in either field. We hope that Mr. John Strachey, who finds detective fiction one of the few remaining paradises for occasional escapists, and begs political hands-off ("Golden Age of British Detection," the *Saturday Review of Literature*, January 7), will read his confrere's work and grant him rights of *laissez-faire*. Because Mr. Ambler's wit and his earnest hatred of the large-scale terrorism engendered by fascism fortuitously combine to strengthen the democratic front in Escapist territory.

MARGARET LIEBERSON.

Pre-Civil War Press

A study of the slave owners' control of the printed word.

"THE progressive abuse of the Union by the slave power," wrote Marx in 1861, "is the general formula of United States history since the beginning of this century."

Not only did the slave power pervert the national government, after Jackson, into an agency for the seizure of new areas for slave exploitation. Coming into conflict, as must any reactionary class, with democratic rights, the slaveholders everywhere curtailed constitutional guarantees, and, over a great part of the nation, nullified them. "The white man's liberty," exclaimed Frederick Douglass, "has been marked out for the same grave as the black man's." The revolutionary struggle against chattel slavery became inextricably interwoven with the fight to preserve civil liberties.

W. Sherman Savage has carefully compiled and written the story of the conflict around one of the most basic of these liberties—a free press—in *The Controversy over the Distribution of Abolition Literature, 1830-1860* (The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Washington, D. C., \$2.10).

Every Southern state, Mr. Savage shows, passed laws to punish the editors, printers, and distributors of anti-slavery literature; the penalty in Alabama was death. And, like every ruling class challenged by progress, the slave owners resorted to violence. Georgia put a price of \$4,000 on the head of William Lloyd Garrison. Printshops were burned down, and much type found its way into rivers and lakes. Two of the most outrageous of these attacks were the destruction of James G. Birney's shop in Cincinnati in 1836, and the repeated wrecking of the equipment of Elijah Lovejoy in Alton, Ill., in 1837—a struggle which ended in the deliberate murder of Lovejoy and the creation of the first of the Abolition martyrs.

Upon the Northern bankers and merchants history must lay a heavy load of responsibility for the destruction of human liberties in pre-Civil War America. These were the Northern aristocrats whose alliance with slavery was to culminate during the Civil War in the treason of Copperheadism. Northern officials, pressed by the South, called mass meetings to whip up the sentiment which exploded in violence against Garrison, Birney, Lovejoy, and others. Mr. Savage gives us an insight into the nature of this alliance. "The mayor of Macon, Ga.," he relates, "called a meeting at which resolutions were passed to close commercial intercourse with the Northern cities unless they came to terms and put down Abolition." Merchants of Charleston and other cities announced that they would refuse to trade with Abolitionists or those who condoned them. Since the South imported practically every article of manufacture and most foodstuffs, Northern merchants and bankers sprang to the defense of slavery.

Books as well as newspapers came under the ban, including Charles Dickens' *American Notes*, Helper's *Impending Crisis*, and, of course, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Harper & Bros. promised in 1836 to publish nothing objectionable to the slave interests.

The Abolitionists' determination to spread anti-slavery, despite fines, imprisonment, destruction, and murder, is indirectly but dra-

matically attested by two brief sentences in Mr. Savage's book. To the consternation of the slaveholders, "pictures appeared on handkerchiefs used by Southern children and slaves." And the Alabama Legislature, infuriated by anti-slavery ingenuity, framed its law to specify that "whether the printing, writing, or engraving was on paper, cloth, wood, metal, or stone the law would encompass it." ELIZABETH LAWSON.

The Wonder of Words

A pleasant, readable book on the origin and nature of language.

THE present attractive volume (*The Wonder of Words: An Introduction to Language for Everyman*, by Isaac Goldberg; D. Appleton-Century Co., \$3.75) undertakes to answer for non-technical readers the obvious questions about languages, such as their origin, structure, and relations to other languages; the causes and types of change in sounds and semantics, the nature of grammar, the possible correlations between linguistic phenomena and society, race, esthetics, and logic.

The style is pleasant and chatty, with plentiful illustrations of the exposition through etymologies of the key words involved. Perhaps too much is expected of etymology. The uses of the word nature by Spinoza and Sir James Jeans are only partially illuminated by the reminder that this word, like nation and native, is derived from a simple root meaning "to be born." Enthusiastic etymologists are apt to confuse a knowledge of the origin of a word with an increased skill in the use of its present denotations. Nevertheless, Dr. Goldberg's agreeable excursions into verbal histories add to the charm of his work. He clarifies the much needed distinction between race and language; he indicates the importance of class considerations in social dialects and the stratification of obscenity; he points out the limitations of certain recent writers who make semantics a basis for universal suspicion (not only of the significance of words but of the things they signify); he furnishes a valuable summary of recent studies on the approaches of animals to the elements of linguistic communication. Questions of grammar and style receive extremely cursory treatment. Little is contributed that is new, but the whole is eminently readable. Some of the etymologies need checking (e.g., the origin of Greek *turannos* [p. 375], which does not accord with that given by Boissacq in his *Dictionnaire Étymologique de la Langue Grecque*), and a number of foreign words are quoted with false quantities. Moreover, I do not understand why the Indo-European roots are quoted prevalingly with a root-vowel *a*, as if the Sanskrit form necessarily preserved the oldest vocalism. These are, however, minor errors so far as the layman is concerned, and they need not interfere with the enjoyment of an otherwise competent introduction to the chief problems of linguistics. MARGARET SCHLAUCH.

The Critics Group

"Dialectics" and other Critics Group pamphlets reviewed.

THE publishing apparatus of Marxist scholars, compared with that of their non-Marxist contemporaries, is out of all proportion to numbers and output. Bourgeois scholarship has hundreds of highly specialized journals and university presses which cater to the men working in every division of every field, and no treatise of worth is likely to go unpublished. Of course many of these are open to scholars of other persuasions, but on the whole the Marxists must compress their writing in all fields into two or three journals like *Dialectics* and *Science & Society*, with an occasional longer work being brought out in the Critics Group Series.

The five recent publications under review give some picture of the range of subjects that the Critics Group, which also publishes *Dialectics*, must cover. Not only must it try to get into print the best contemporary work, but it must also try to keep the best of the old material in available form. Here, for instance, is Franz Mehring's valuable essay on Lessing (*The Lessing Legend*, 25 cents). The biographer of Marx long ago did the kind of job which contemporary critics are constantly faced with. The German bourgeoisie of the last century tried to claim Gotthold Lessing as a product and admirer of the Prussian state. The occasion for the polemic was an attempt by a bourgeois critic, Erich Schmidt, to prove that the whole rebirth of German culture was due to the rise to power of the military oligarchy. Mehring, infuriated, went through every step of Lessing's development, every part of his work, to show that the author of *Nathan der Weise* and *Minna von Barnhelm* despised the reign of Frederick the Great. The unpublished essays on Tolstoy by Lenin (*Dialectics*, No. 6, 10 cents) and Joseph Kresh's two essays on George Buchner (*Dialectics*, Nos. 6 and 7) also attempt to place nineteenth-century classics where they belong in the political sphere. Haldane's Marxist approach to psychology (*Dialectics*, No. 7) is part of what he did more completely with every science in *The Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences*.

John Lehman's *New Writing in England* (Critics Group, 25 cents) is a very different type of criticism. Originally written for the Russian edition of *International Literature*, these essays on the younger British writers of the left are written for those who are not broadly familiar with the English literary scene. They are elementary and expository, but in no way are they hampered by this. Auden, Isherwood, Spender, Lewis, and the others need explanation, and no one is better suited for the job than the editor who has published them all in the British quarterly *New Writing*.

Anyone seriously interested in Marxist criticism cannot afford to forego the store of fine material in the Critics Group publications. RICHARD MILTON.

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The Ungentle People

Irwin Shaw, author of "The Gentle People," gives a curtain speech about Broadway audiences and Federal Theater audiences.

THE most hopeful thing about the Federal Theater is that it has made a kind of theater which is not merely a toy for the people who live on Park Avenue and along the East River. I have nothing personally against people who live on Park Avenue or along the East River. I have examined them night after night in the theaters where hits are playing and I have found them to be charming, well dressed, well spoken, bright, and often very handsome. I sincerely envy them their clothes, their complexions, and their wonderful air of owning the theater, the actors, the ushers, the people in the balcony, and the playwrights.

Unfortunately I find that very often when they laugh, I don't laugh, when they cry, I don't cry, when they applaud, I sit on my hands. This may be a special perversity on my part, due in some measure to the fact that hardly any of the orchestra seats were ever sold for *Bury the Dead*, but I think it goes deeper than that. I think it comes down to the fact that most of the things that interest me don't move them, that sad, gay, pitiful, explosive things are sad, gay, pitiful, and explosive to me but not to them. In other words, there is no common dramatic coin in which we can exchange emotions and ideas. That is only natural. I would not expect to be able to exchange ideas with a barbarian stepped for the first time from the African jungle. We have no experiences in common and my way of speech was picked up in Brooklyn, of which he has never heard, and his way of speech was picked up in Zululand, which is a long way from Brooklyn. Well, Sutton Place is a long way from Brooklyn, too.

Our reactions to anything, art included, are determined very largely by the places we've lived in, the work we've done, the kind of people we've known, the hopes and fears we've felt, the joy and pain we've gone through. Now the places a wealthy New York audience has lived in, the work it has done, the kind of people it has known, the hopes, fears, joys, and pains it has felt are considerably different from those experienced by the greater number of Americans living today. I would say that I, living in Brooklyn, looking from time to time for a job in Macy's, standing on a street corner waiting for a trolley car to take me to my girl's house, was closer in experience to the majority of my fellow men than these extraordinary, gifted folk who descend on the theater in limousines from the best neighborhoods. When I write I want to write about these things that I have done. And I want to write for people who will recognize and be moved by the material I'm using.

Each time I go to the theater where a

popular play is being shown, I look closely at the beautifully attired ladies and gentlemen around me who have made the play a hit, putting fabulous wealth in royalties into the pockets of the lucky playwright, and my heart sinks within me. As I watch them, listen to them talk, note what strange, snobbish, unexpected things please them on the stage, I look desolately into the future and ask myself, "What language are you going to use to establish communication with these foreigners? How can you hope to please them? What on earth have you got to say that will interest them in the slightest degree?"

Occasionally a play comes along that can be valid and exciting both to the people who pay \$3.30 a seat and the people who come from Brooklyn. There are not many like that, but there are some, and they are to be cherished, if only to lend credence to the notion that we are all members of the same human race after all. But such plays are freaks, either extraordinarily powerful or full of extraordinary claptrap, like a movie super-special. A play like that will attract enough orchestra patrons in to see it so a good number of

ordinary people, buying places in the balcony, can get around to seeing it too.

This would merely be an amusing sidelight on the workings of democracy in the zone between Fortieth and Fifty-second Streets in New York, if it were not for the serious fact that such a condition tends to corrupt the art of the playwright. Artists are influenced, sensibly or insensibly, by their audience. If that audience pays the highest rates for fashionable juggling, for spry and expert evasion of real people and real problems, it won't be long before the playwright is cracking his poor addled brain in an attempt to write like Noel Coward. There is room for spryness and expert artificiality in the theater . . . but it shouldn't be allowed to submerge the theater, as it threatens to do now. And it should be held in its own realm, high comedy, and not allowed to become a set medium for the expression of all things.

By the grace of God the producers still take fliers in honest plays, honestly written. Unfortunately these plays are not invariably about people who spend \$10,000 a year for rent, who knowingly patronize all the best



"Now, remember, girls, hiss when they play 'America.' That's one of the songs Marian Anderson sang."

saloons, who would rather be seen naked than be caught on a stage without a Scotch-and-soda in their right hands. So, very often the plays close early in their run, and the people who really want to see the play never get a chance to crowd into the balcony to see it.

The Federal Theater Project gives fair promise of correcting this lopsided arrangement. Because of its subsidy it can play to audiences unsupported by bond issues and railroad stock. That means that the people who know how I felt when I waited for a street car in Brooklyn can come in to see the government's plays. That means that America is going to the theater, not just the handsome inhabitants of a couple of blocks of Manhattan. That means that the wide, wonderful audience that the movies have been corrupting all these years is being made ready for live, honest plays, written in the American language, for an audience of a hundred million people.

I reached this tremendous audience once myself. I wrote something called *Big Game* for the movies. It was a picture about college football players and gamblers and there was a kidnaping, a last-minute rescue, and a lateral pass that won the ball game in the last possible moment. As you may imagine, given such a framework, it was a little difficult for a young playwright bursting with artistic notions to say, in just the right words, all he wanted to say to his eighty million countrymen who go to make up the moving-picture audience. But I have tasted the glory of having an entire nation listen to me even if, unfortunately, I had to recite nursery rhymes to it. I would like to talk to those eighty million countrymen of mine again and again, but not through the movies. I want to reach that audience with the best that's in me, not the worst. I want to speak to them in my own voice, not in the voice of the Hays office. I want to give them a work of art and not a collection of hack junk. A work of art in the movies is an accident and a man can grow old and finally die waiting for it to happen to him in Hollywood.

But if the Federal Theater is allowed to develop healthily and naturally, if it solidifies its gains and makes new advances, if it keeps its youth of spirit and matures its technical apparatus, if it looks neither to Broadway nor to Hollywood, if it realizes that even now it has ceased being only an emergency relief measure and has moved into being a vital cultural development, if it speaks up to the ordinary people of America in their own language, if it gives playwrights an opportunity to talk to their own people, it has a good chance once and for all to lift the blight that has settled so heavily upon our native theater. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and if I had a friend in Washington, I most certainly would take him aside and whisper to him, "You've got a good thing here. If I were you I'd retire a couple of admirals, if necessary, but I wouldn't take a penny from the Federal Theater."

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London Music Festival

"Music for the People" given in a series of programs.

IN THE first few days of this month, London heard a "Festival of Music for the People," a series of three programs showing "the unbroken tradition of the people's music through the ages and its force in the world today." The importance of such a festival is too obvious to call for any discussion here. Alan Bush, who recently visited New York City, planned the festival and participated as a composer and conductor. And, hearteningly, he succeeded in bringing into his important project some of the most distinguished names in English music, among them Ralph Vaughan Williams, Rutland Boughton, Frederick Austin, Erik Chisholm, Christian Darnton, Alan Rawsthorne, Benjamin Britten, John Ireland, and Constant Lambert. The inclusion of the last name gave me the most surprise, because his witty and astute treatise on contemporary music, *Music Ho!*, displayed certain feelings which would lead the reader to believe that cooperation in such a festival would be impossible for the author. So much the better then that 1939 finds his name as conductor on a program of people's music. No less important than the names above is that of the great American Negro baritone Paul Robeson, who sang in one of the concerts.

The first day of the festival, at Albert Hall, was devoted to "The Pageant of Music" in which was presented the music of crucial phases of history. The first of these historical scenes was in the catacombs, and the music heard was that of the early Christians who hid from the persecution of imperial Rome. In quick succession followed the music of feudal England, the songs, dances, and plays of the period; the poetry and songs which inspired Cromwell's soldiers; illustrations of how country tunes were absorbed into the sophisticated plays and operas which were given in the newly established halls and theaters of growing towns. Then the period of change when industrialization began to sweep over Europe; how music changed with the conditions of living, and the further mutations as the age of great popular movements began with the resultant great social reforms; and the meaning of music to the lives of men from Beethoven to the present. This imposing panorama was presented with Paul Robeson, Parry Jones, a cast of five hundred singers and actors, and the Unity Male Voice Choirs of London and Rhondda. Special incidental music for the occasion was provided by Vaughan Williams, Rutland Boughton, and others. The scenario was by Randall Swingler (one of the editors of the Left Book Club *Song Book*), decor by Michael Ross and Barbara Allen, and the whole production under the direction of John Allen. Alan Bush conducted the music.

The second day of the festival featured a concert of choral and chamber music, at Con-way Hall. Here was heard the first public

performance of *Peace on Earth* by Arnold Schonberg, along with folk music from many countries, including the Soviet Union. The performance was by the Fleet Street Choir, a group which has earned a considerable reputation for its choral activities.

The festival ended with a choral and orchestral concert at Queen's Hall, with music by Beethoven, Alan Bush's piano concerto (in which the audience is exhorted to consider the musicians' situation under present-day conditions), Benjamin Britten's *Anthem for Englishmen*, composed specially for the festival in commemoration of the men of the International Brigade who fell in Spain, and John Ireland's *These Things Shall Be*. This concert was conducted by Constant Lambert, with Denis Noble as vocal soloist and Alan Bush as piano soloist in his own concerto. The chorus of three hundred voices was taken from the Cooperative Choirs of London and the London Labor Choral Union, along with one hundred members of the International Brigade.

Such a festival does enormous good in uniting progressive forces to the cause of democratic thought and action. That music for the people has an audience was proved by the festival's hiring of Albert Hall, which seats twelve thousand persons.

JOHN SEBASTIAN.

Yea, History!

"Dodge City" and a pair of films from Britain.

SOMETHING will have to be done to save American history from her Hollywood admirers. The Dead Eye Dick cycle is in full locomotion with *Let Freedom Ring*, *The Oklahoma Kid*, *Jesse James*, and its more effete Eastern compliment, the Under the Gaslights cycle, *Stand Up and Fight*, *The Castles*, and three Zanuck pictures named *Alexander's Ragtime Bell*, all busy chewing up the pages of history. The latest galloping Currier & Ives comes from Warner Bros. with the chaste title *Dodge City*. Hollywood has long since ceased to bother history beyond asking how many buttons there were on the vest of a middle-class business suit during the seventies. The script writers draw entirely from the movies to motivate their frenetic tintypes. In *Dodge City* we are surprised to find that the life of the frontier included such contemporary screen institutions as the gangster, the honest newspaper editor, the girl reporter, and the suave detective. We find neat drawing-room repartee being exchanged in a wagon train crossing the Great Plains, amidst stampeding beeves and picture-postcard sunsets. This is the sophisticated side of *Dodge City*; on the other hand there are saloon brawls, lynchings, gunfights, and a climactic gun battle on a burning train that fairly cries out for the insertion of a title: *Continued Next Week*. The picture has its wonderful moments, when the scribblers are occupied with straight kid-

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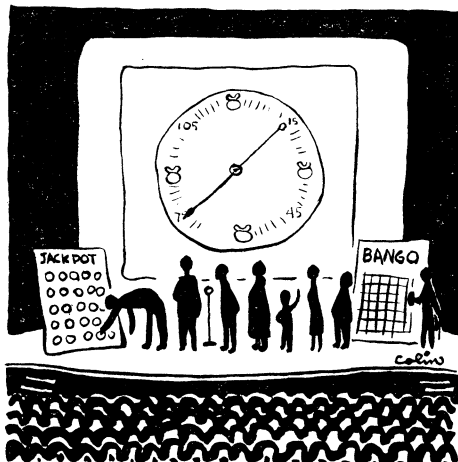
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ding, such as when Alan Hale goes on the wagon at a meeting of the Pure Kansas League. Another vicariously thrilling moment comes when an obnoxious child player is dragged to death by runaway horses. This may seem a drastic form of dramatic criticism but I am sure it was meant as an example to other screen children.

TWO BRITISH PRISONS

A young French miss, Corinne Luchaire, beautiful as a roe deer, is the *raison d'etre* for *Prison Without Bars*, from Gaumont-British. She walks through the girls' prison story with awkward grace, hampered by one Barry K. Barnes, who can be adequately described as an English leading man. Mr. Barnes doesn't know what to do with his hands and he is so painfully conscious of his problem that the audience suffers deeply with him. The effect is gripping. That sequence, without which no English picture would be complete, the accouchement of a cow, is somehow inserted in the story. The cow's fruitfulness is a delicate hint to those Englishmen who have contributed to the falling birth rate. The Nazis also use animal symbols in free movies shown in public squares throughout Germany—somewhat more direct, to be sure, because they portray the sexual athletics of blooded horses for the edification of recalcitrants.

Another English gift, *Housemaster*, is a moony portrayal of the barbarous English institution known as a public school, which is neither public nor school, but a fetish factory for highborn boys, with a complete curriculum in the art of hypocrisy. The turning out of an English gentleman, which this training in chicanery is called, is so thoroughgoing that it is actually self-deceptive. Thus it is possible for *Housemaster* to present Marbledown School in a candid fashion, quite oblivious to the distressing picture being painted for normal people. When Otto Kruger, as the Mr. Chips of Marbledown, admonishes the boys in his farewell speech always to tell the truth and remain gentlemen because these virtues are what have made Britain great, I seemed to hear a thousand hollow laughs from India, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Memel, Ethiopia, and the way stations of Empire. JAMES DUGAN.



Colin Allen

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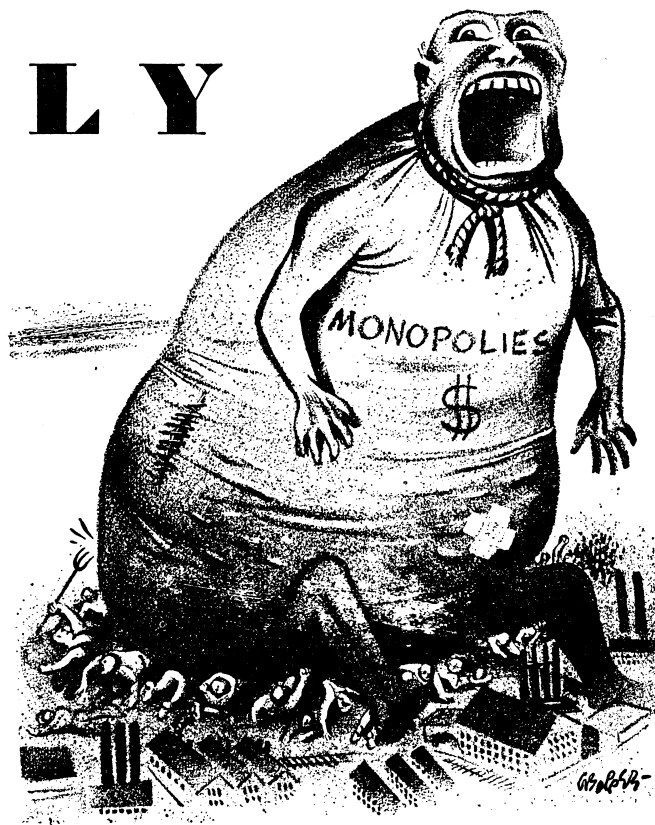
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