

Political Storm Over London

A Cable
by Claude Cockburn

NEW MASSES

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FROM JUNE

THIS coming Tuesday, August 11, marks eight weeks since the famous announcement in the pressroom of the White House that the President, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Molotov had agreed on the "urgent task of opening a second front in 1942." Almost sixty days, two fearful and frightful months, in which the Nazi hordes have stretched their bloody tentacles deep into the northern Caucasus, confronting the whole democratic world with the supreme crisis of the war. And on top of the military crisis has come the "crisis of confidence," a literal crisis of morale not only in the western world, but everywhere that men are looking toward the second front as proof that the coalition of anti-Hitler nations is capable of fulfillment on the battlefield. Every dispatch from Moscow underlines how searchingly the Soviet citizen and the Soviet soldier are thinking through the current problem of relations among the Allies. In Britain the unprecedented demand for action already verges on exasperation, and with this comes the acute danger of explosion in Britain's delicate political balance. In our own country, as everywhere, the second front has become the touchstone of all political relations.

Two facts stand out in these eight weeks. The first is that the logic of the war itself has proved to be the strongest molder of men's minds and action. The way the war has developed shatters every complacency. If we do not open a front in the West, we are threatened either by defeat, or at best a long, drawn-out desperate intercontinental conflict. Hitler will be able to clean up the Middle East, consolidate his precarious hold on Europe. Japan will make hay in India, perhaps attack in Siberia. The Axis will take full advantage of the French Fleet, as well as the fence-sitters in Latin America, to confront us with military uprisings—"within three months," in the opinion of Lombardo Toledano. And out of this virtual stalemate the spectre of a separate peace will rear its ugly head, and the signs of it are already here. In time for the 1944 elections, Hitler expects war-weariness, the hardships of the long struggle to play into the hands of his hardly-concealed American Vichymen.

The basic ideas which **NEW MASSES** has been writing about, and fighting for since November now reveal themselves in all their ruthless clarity. The Soviet Union can no longer be regarded as an ally of ours by force of circumstance, but the literal keystone of our struggle. Europe reveals itself as the one front where the earliest decision is possible. The alliance of anti-Hitler nations cannot hope to win this war as long as it remains in the stage of a loose association; it now becomes clear that not only must we have a much closer intimacy among our highest military leaders, a more thorough pooling of British, Canadian, and American resources, but above all we need a unified strategic conception of the war. Despite the agreement of June 11, such a unified conception does not exist, at least in so far as the time factor—the decisive importance of the summer and autumn of 1942 is concerned. All this, eight weeks of the war have hammered home.

And the second factor of these two months is precisely that whereas a while back only a few forces in our national life saw these things clearly, and the wide masses of people were not fully aroused to their implications, today, as never before, the people are making themselves conscious forces in molding contemporary history. In the trade unions, in the public squares, in victory rallies at the factory gates, these past few weeks have seen some real examples of the democratic process. People are making democracy work by making their voices heard.

Here and there it was still possible for some newspaper hack to smirk and say that the second front issue was just a Russian worry, and the worry of Russia's Communist friends (just as they used to say once upon a time long ago that collective security was only in Russia's particular interest). But that reveals its hollow inanity when public figures ranging from Charles Chaplin to Charles Edison, the governor of New Jersey, speak their minds for immediate action.

Here and there it was possible for some scavenger of the gossip tables to report that the second front campaign was the hobby of some "left wing" unions and a few intellectuals. Last

week Mr. R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, an organization of some 600,000 men mostly in the war plants, came forward and expressed the demand for a second front that is welling up from the working population.

Take one example. Last week there was a victory rally in which the whole town of Perth Amboy, N. J., turned out, a manufacturing and shipbuilding town. Reid Robinson, himself the head of an important union, was one of the speakers. "Now is the time," he said, "to establish a second land front in Europe, to divide the forces of Hitler . . .," and according to the *New York Times* "the audience which in general seemed to prefer the rather shy heroes and young Tim Holt, son of the movie star Jack Holt, to the more serious speakers went out of its way to cheer Mr. Robinson's suggestion."

AND yet the second front remains unopened. With the exception of Sir Stafford Cripps' pallid remark in the House of Commons last week, "We have intentions," the public still has no assurance from its highest military and political leaders that a second front this year is intended. In the first part of July most of the dispatches threw cold water on the June 11 agreement, and it was the shock of such talk, by contrast with the military events, which awakened the second front campaign; in the past days most of the press has been shifting its ground to somewhat more optimistic terms. But still the old arguments are made, and again they must be answered.

Is it true that our side is still unprepared for an invasion of Europe? The best available information proves this untrue. As early as May one of our leading generals in charge of supplies, Brehon Somervell, declares that the supplies for a second front were available.

Donald Nelson, reporting to the nation on July 12, said that our plane production of 1,476 a year ago June was nearly *trebled* in June 1942. Artillery pieces and anti-tank guns are coming off the assembly lines at the rate of 2,000 a month, machine guns at 50,000 a month, submachine guns at 55,000 a month. Tanks—with the latest all-welded, turret-mounted types in large proportions—are coming off the lines at 1,500 a month. 228 ships were produced in the first half of 1942, more than twice the number in all of 1941.

In a speech to the House of Commons on July 2, Prime Minister Churchill revealed that in the past year or so some 950,000 troops had been shipped to the Near East, 4,500 tanks, 6,500 planes, 100,000 vehicles, 5,000 artillery pieces—and all this by way of the 12,000-mile route around the Cape of Good Hope—an indication of the volume of British production.

James Reston, one of the *New York Times'* key diplomatic correspondents in Washington, reported as long ago as June 21 that "the British alone have gathered together enough materiel in the United Kingdom and have enough troops there to enable them to gamble on a full-dress invasion at any time that events encourage or demand it."

Such evidence can be multiplied from the lips of authoritative figures. Admittedly we shall have more in October. Admittedly we shall be much better off next May. But at least this much is clear to everyone: *no matter what we have at some future time, it will do us absolutely no good if by then the Axis has consolidated its positions and can face us with relatively larger troops and supplies than they can today.*

The argument is then made about shipping. The fact that more than 400 of our own and Allied ships have been sunk in our coastal waters since January is conjured up as a dramatic argument against the second front. But Frank Kluckhohn, another Washington correspondent, reported as long ago as May 27: "There is strong grounds for believing that sufficient shipping is available to make this (the second front) possible much sooner than has widely been believed possible." If that was true in May, what is it precisely that makes it less true in August?

TO AUGUST

Is it not clear that if the shipping was found to transport 50,000 troops a month all around the Cape of Good Hope, then—by a wiser, unified strategy, it should prove possible to transport them from Nova Scotia to Iceland, from Iceland to Scotland? Besides, and this is the crucial point, the invasion does not demand large transports or capacious merchant vessels. To get the men on land, barges or any other small vessels, the kind that were used to get out of Dunquerque, are adequate. If given a proper canopy in the air, it does not matter what sort of vessels are used, as long as they float. Leaders of the National Maritime Union have again and again testified that a better use of ships, better loading, the elimination of unnecessary runs for unnecessary merchandise can give us the shipping we need. Who is in a better position than the seamen themselves when it comes to shipping?

And what about our control of the air? According to Mr. de Seversky, at least local air control is the decisive precondition for successful land operations. Ever since last winter the RAF has had control over the Channel. The vast raids on Cologne, Hamburg, and Duesseldorf prove that the Nazis do not control the air as far as 200 miles inland from the coast. Air power is relative. Do we have enough over the Channel today compared with what the Nazis can muster? Do we have enough to give our landing forces the time to occupy the airports on the European coast? These are the real questions and the Royal Air Force is answering them in the affirmative almost every night in the week.

WHAT then is holding up the second front?

In our opinion, it is the unwillingness of some of our conservative military and political leaders—honorable men all of them—to give up a strategic conception of the war which the events of the last two months have completely outmoded. In December, when Mr. Churchill came over here, the Allied military men evolved a certain view of how the war would develop. The Russians were expected to hold off the enemy at least until the snow fell again on the steppes. The Chinese would get along somehow despite the threatening catastrophe in Burma. We would use the space of this year to speed our preparations, to fortify Australia, to begin building up bases in India and China, to crack at the Japanese fleet as in Midway, until in the fullness of pleasure our offensive would open up sometime in 1943.

But as NEW MASSES, among many other voices, pointed out at the time, this "1943" conception of things underestimated the enemy. Hitler did not intend to sit around and wait until we were ready. He concentrated all of his vast forces from the workshops and slavemarkets of Europe on a narrow sector of the Soviet front. He diverted our forces in Libya and gained a sword of Damocles over Suez. He smashed ahead in the Ukraine in order to sew up the seams of the continent in 1942. *Hitler is frankly trying to smash the keystone of our coalition this year in order to turn his attention directly at us next spring while a strong section of our military and political leadership tries desperately to hold on to a conception of war which no longer bears any relation to realities.*

In February the difference between the "1943" and the "1942" conception might have been considered a difference of opinion; today after the Molotov agreements, this divergence of outlook not only risks defeat or a desperately long conflict, but it serves to dismay our friends, delight our foes, and shatter the morale of the peoples who have to do the working and fighting.

For it is obvious that a general who now hangs on to the "1943" idea at all costs is involuntarily feeding the appetite of

the conscious fifth columnist, who sees in the general's desires the opportunity of defeating Russia, defeating Britain, and bringing America to the point where business can be done with Hitler. Of course, the outright pro-fascists in our military and political leadership are in a minority; most leaders, conservatives though they may be, want to defeat the enemy and win the war. But until they let go of the "1943" kind of thinking and face up to the realities, so long will a Lady Astor throw gall to the wind and announce as she did last week that maybe we ought to let the Russians go down anyway. So long as we hold to the "1943" kind of thinking, the Scripps-Howard press will blossom forth with the discovery that airplanes alone will do the job, so long will de Seversky indulge us in miracles that have nothing to do with the price of beans.

And within this conflict of outlook, a host of concomitant factors get their chance to come into play. There are men in London who wish to defeat Hitler, but want to treat with India along the lines of 1857. They know that Hitler can be defeated only by uncoiling a great liberating cyclone in Europe: but they also know that against the cyclone of liberation which is uncoiling in Europe, it will be hard to weatherproof India. And this conflict of knowledge creates hesitation, despair, contradiction within them.

They face alternatives neither of which they can grip with firm hands; they want to delay, to wait, to somehow ride out the storms of history in the hope of somehow restoring the old world they helped to destroy. The result is a paralysis at worst. At best, it is a series of ineffective decisions. Instead of action, there is a mechanical compromise which acts as a brake upon the Roosevelt-Churchill-Molotov initiative.

It was with a deep sense of history that Gov. Charles Edison demanded last week that we need some of the fearlessness of John Paul Jones. Yes, John Paul Jones lived and fought at a time when he and his fellow men had no fear of the future, and did not quail at the storms on the horizon, for the horizon was as wide as the century that lay before them.

NEW MASSES knows that the problem of the war is such, the political situation in Britain and the United States is such, that only through unity of all national forces can we thwart and defeat our enemies. But in view of what we have just said above, the argument that the people ought not "clamor" is the weakest argument of all.

On the contrary, it is because the great mass of Americans still live in the tradition of John Paul Jones that the will of the democratic men and women of our land must make itself felt—firmly, politely, wisely—in order to strengthen those who hesitate at a time when action is at a premium. On the contrary, it is in order that men like Charles Edison, or W. L. Batt, or Henry J. Kaiser, shall fulfill what is in them, against those who hesitate and vacillate, it is necessary for the people of Perth Amboy, of Madison Square, of Trafalgar Square, to make themselves heard.

Our military men must make the plans and carry them forward: it cannot be otherwise. But it is the essence of democracy, that the pressure of the people, the experience and decisiveness which is characteristic of the people, make itself felt.

Two factors can open the second front in time. They are the same two factors which we consider the outstanding developments of the past eight weeks. The first is the ruthless logic of the war. It cannot be denied that to delay any further risks all the stakes of all the nations involved. Too large, too weighty, not to be taken into account by even the most hesitating leadership. And the second factor is the opinion, democratically expressed, of the people themselves. That is on the crescendo. "Like the Mississippi . . . let it roll. Let it roll on in full flood, inexorable, irresistible. . . ."

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Attack Now

Statements to New Masses
from Prominent Americans

Countee Cullen

(In response to NEW MASSES' request for a statement, the noted Negro poet sent us the following)

Fear not the Red!
Has he not proven
By the bright blood shed,
By the masses slain
On field and plain,
Who bravely bears the brunt?
Give him the Second Front!

Fear not the Red!
Will honor let us
Distribute words instead?
For a thousand years
Shall we harvest tears
Because he bore the brunt?
Give him the Second Front!

Fail not the Red!
For who has given
Nobler, worthier dead?
Lest our own souls' eyes
Condemn and despise,
Relieve him of the brunt!
Give him the Second Front!

Fail not the Red!
His battle is our own;
His cause to ours is wed.
Lest Swastikas fly
The Universe Sky,
We too must share the brunt!
Open the Second Front!

Dirk J. Struik

(Professor of Mathematics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology)

THE advance of the Nazis toward the Caucasus constitutes a tremendous danger to the United Nations. If the Soviet Union can be forced to yield the Caucasus oil fields and to play a comparatively minor role during the remaining part of the year or longer, Hitler is free to launch a tremen-

dous offensive against Great Britain. We have Hitler's own words for it that one of the main reasons for his war upon the Soviets is their constant menace to his rear when he wants to concentrate on Great Britain. This means that in the case of Hitler's successful gambling on our incompetence we are either facing the continuation of the present Armageddon for a long time to come or even defeat with the direst consequences for the United States. If a second front is not opened now, the United Nations will have to pay a price for their political unpreparedness many times greater than England has had to pay for its Munich adventure.

It is deplorable that a considerable number of anti-fascists persist in considering the second front as a purely military question, while both the facts of the present situation and some elementary historical understanding clearly indicate that the work for a second



front now constitutes in the first place a political task in which the average citizen is duty-bound to participate. It is a most critical moment, and if the United Nations miss their opportunity our own and the next generation will have to pay bloodily for this new and catastrophic mistake.

Earl Robinson

(Composer "Ballad for Americans")

AS A means of bringing relief to the incredibly gallant and courageous Soviet people, as a means of redeeming our national honor, and as a burning necessity to preserve our national independence—we must immediately open a Western Front in full force and wipe Hitler and fascism off the map.

William Rose Benet

(Contributing editor, "Saturday Review of Literature")

LIKE most people in the United States, I am in favor of opening a second front as soon as possible.

Sterling North

(Literary editor, Chicago "Daily News" and New York "Post")

WHAT are we waiting for: 2,000,000 additional German soldiers on the coast of France backed by the oil of the Caucasus? The liquidation of all the patriotic rebels and intellectuals in occupied Europe? The menace of the entire German air force over the English Channel? Either we save our Russian allies and win the war or we lose our Russian allies and lose the war. Not since Munich has democracy been put to such a crucial test.

William J. Schieffelin

(Chemist; Trustee, Hampton Institute)

MAY the spirit of Wellington prompt the war leaders in England to overcome the coastal "Maginot Line" complex.

Charles E. Beury

(President, Temple University)

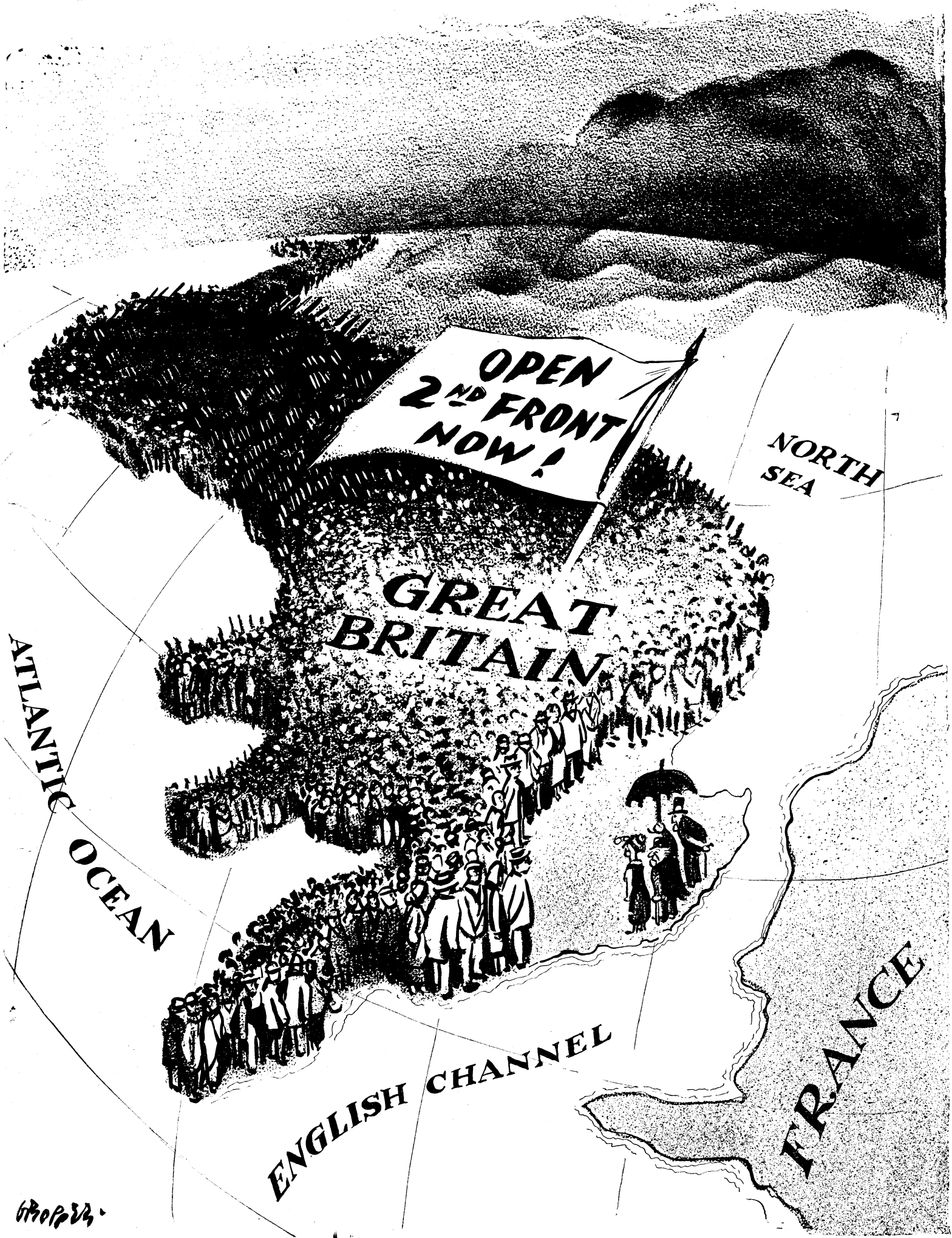
WE ARE desperately in need of an all-out attack on the Western Front without undue delay. Otherwise the opportunity for victory may be lost entirely.

F. O. Matthiesen

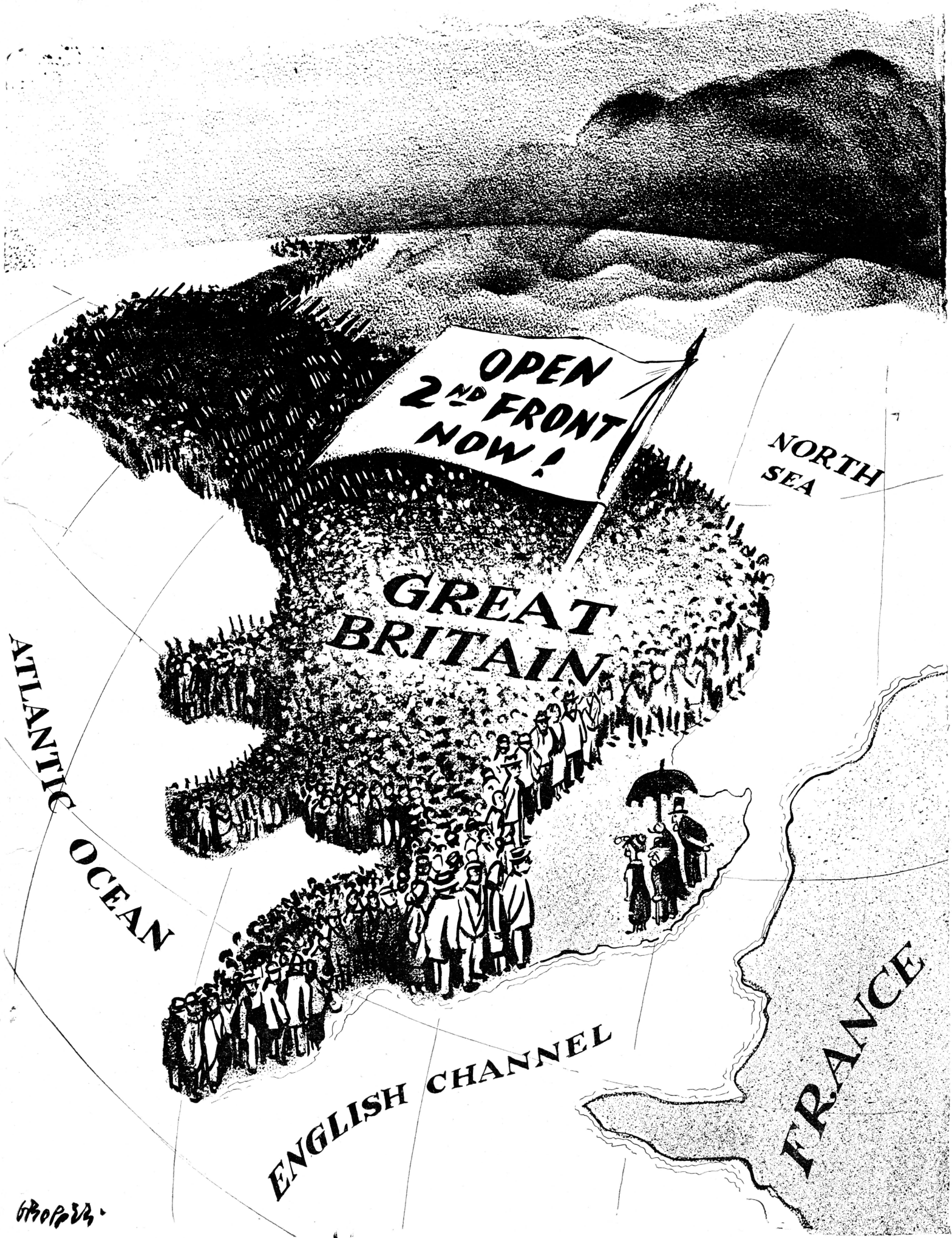
(Associate professor of History and Literature, Harvard University)

THE necessity of a second front this summer has now become increasingly clear to the common man both here and in Great Britain. And since it is the common men who will bear the brunt of the sacrifice in the enormous undertaking, their collective judgment must be respected now before it is too late.





News Report: Ernest Bevin says demands for a second front divide the British people.



6/30/43

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THE BAROMETER MOVES TO "STORM"

"We can't go on like this." That is what everyone is saying about the continued delay in opening a second front. "What your Mr. Harriman explained to our Mr. Churchill."

London (by cable)

ERNEST BEVIN, the Minister of Labor, went to Pontypool. He made a speech. No one can remember what the speech was about. What people everywhere remember was what he said about the second front. He sneered at it. He said that people who advocated the second front were "feeding Goebbels."

Now it would be a mistake to pay too much attention to anything that Ernest Bevin says when he gets a bit rattled. And Ernest, like some other very, very big union heads of his type, somehow does get rattled if anything seems to be about to happen that goes a little bit outside the agenda as fixed back in the committee room. In other words, Bevin didn't go to Pontypool to make that statement. He made the statement because someone got up in the meeting and right there had the audacity to express the feelings of the vast majority present by moving a resolution declaring for a second front. Bevin, as usual, thought that here was a Communist phalanx advancing upon him. And thereupon he began firing with all available weapons—declaring that the people advocating the second front didn't know what they were talking about.

SINCE Bevin spoke, Goebbels has spoken. Goebbels has produced exactly the arguments which are used by anti-second frontists. He has said it is impossible. He has said that the Anglo-American troops will be thrown into the sea. He has given in fact all the arguments against the second front which in the dear, dead days beyond recall were advanced here in Britain by our military experts as reasons why Hitler couldn't possibly invade Norway successfully, why he couldn't possibly invade Greece and the Balkans successfully.

All that was hokey. And so are Goebbels' "arguments" about the second front. The essential thing to remember is that just before Dunkirk all experts of all departments declared it was impossible to evacuate more than around 30,000 of the British Expeditionary Force. Yet when the nation determinedly went to it, they got off more than ten times that number.

And right there we come back to the crisis which is shaking this nation. Ernest Bevin accused advocates of a second front of creating national disunity. What piffle! National disunity is not yet being created. But certainly it is on the way to being created. By

whom? By the millions who are demanding the opening of the second front? By the Mine Workers Federation of Great Britain? By the National Union of Railwaymen? By the Amalgamated Engineering Union? By the large number of high officers who understand the situation and want action now? No. Not at all. Quite the contrary. National disunity is being created, fostered, and engendered precisely by the delay in opening the second front which millions upon millions of people in this country—including the whole of the organized workers, including the majority of the army—believe to be obviously essential now.

So the barometer is moving to "Storm." Make no mistake about that. What you hear everywhere is, "We can't go on like this. We've got to make them get a move on." And what you also hear in many places is, "Well, supposing Eden took over, could he do it, would he do it?" That's the atmosphere. It is heating up fast—and I suppose that the government snoopers understand that. What else are they paid for?

Now quite recently, as I understand it, your Mr. Harriman tried to explain this situation to our Mr. Churchill. He thought it right and good to tackle Mr. Churchill on this very topic. He explained to Mr. Churchill that in the view of certain Americans Mr. Churchill seemed to be under some misapprehension as to where his—Mr. Churchill's—support in the country lay, and of what it consisted. Mr. Harriman pointed out that it would be a serious error to assume that the "people" simply "loved" Mr. Churchill just like that. Untrue. The people have loved, and with some head-scratching still do love, Mr. Churchill because he is the kind of man who they imagine will do the kind of thing they want to do at this extremely critical moment—to open the second front.

But as Harriman pointed out, the views and political actions of this more or less amorphous mass of people are in the last analysis guided by the views and actions of a realistic leadership. And this leadership, which evidently enough is in the shop stewards' movement, in the great trade unions, is symbolized by the presence of the president of the Mine Workers Federation of Great Britain at the second front meeting in Trafalgar Square. This leadership—which includes the leadership of the Communist Party and all other men of good will who

are determined that nothing is to stand in the way of offensive action for victory—does not go about simply touching its cap to Churchill. On the contrary. This leadership examines policies very closely and relates its attitude toward individuals according to how these individuals carry on the policy which is desirable and necessary in the interests of our people. It was the impression of your Mr. Harriman that our Mr. Churchill was sometimes—even often—lacking in opportunity to appreciate these factors.

IT is also pointed out that there are certain Munichite forces on the right which are only waiting for the moment to knife Churchill. There's no possibility of Churchill simultaneously relying on the right, disregarding the demands of labor and the people, and seeking to carry on successfully. There's a precedent for that sort of thing. Reynaud—if you recall—was the name. It has to be said that there is as yet only very little evidence—there is some—that Churchill fully appreciates these facts of the political situation.

To many it appears as though he were under the impression that on the one hand, there are "the masses" who love and revere Churchill whatever happens and—still more relevant—whatever doesn't happen; and on the other hand, there are some political groupings within the Conservative Party who have to be intrigued with or against, dealt with one way or another.

That isn't the situation. Not at all. The situation is that there is a tempest blowing through this country. There is a political storm blowing up. There is a vast indignant, furious—even frightened—public demand for the attack now lest a little later the whole wrath and fury of the German attack should be turned against us after we have frittered and fooled and flustered away the days and weeks wherein we could have coordinated our attack with that of the Red Army. In these circumstances it is not insignificant that people are talking a great deal about Mr. Anthony Eden. And with his name they couple that of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who—rightly or wrongly—is popularly believed to be the most "offensive-minded" of the heads of the General Staff.

Now here you have to distinguish between two different "levels" of opinion. There is above all that huge mass of people who see quite clearly that the attack has to be made now, that any military adviser or other tech-

nician who opposes it has simply to be put out of the way. It would be false to state that this mass of people even now believe that Churchill is not the man to do it or that Churchill is against carrying out the obligations assumed in the three-power declaration issued at the time of the Molotov visit.

We really hope and believe that Churchill—backed by the resounding clamor of millions of voices, aware of the strong heartbeats of the country, conscious of the whole-hearted fierce demand of the people to be up and at them—will once again display the qualities that made him great and trusted. Good old Winnie, they still think. They hope it's still good old Winnie. But they are not going to wait forever. They are not even going to wait very long.

AND then over and above that you get the people who claim that what is really the trouble is the opposition to certain schemes of certain leaders of the General Staff, the appalling inter-departmental jealousies and rows which go on—"the other war," as they've been called—and the lack of a Premier who can deal with these matters. That is why the proposal is raised that Lord Louis Mountbatten—despite his royal connections and all that that implies—might possibly be the man. In the view of these people, Churchill himself is 100 percent for carrying out the obligation to open the second front.

But the simple fact is that the country is not going to stand very much longer for the delay in opening the second front. It is not going to be pacified very much longer by the

sort of lawyer's points now being touted by certain authorities here to suggest that the three-power agreement didn't mean what everyone thought it meant. The country is not going to stand for it. And the longer the delay goes on, the deeper and more dangerous grow the dissatisfaction and the shame and the disgrace that we in Britain and America should stand as spectators of the greatest battle in history wherein our fates are being decided. And—as recent history is enough to tell us, very recent history—a growing sense of shame are not at all safe or nice things to have growing around the place in a western democracy under Nazi attack. Petain came from his job as ambassador in Madrid on the wave of emotions like that. The British ambassador to Madrid is Sir Samuel Hoare.

WHAT HAPPENS IF HITLER GETS THERE

Colonel T. describes the Eastern battlefront. Where the Nazis and Soviets stand and the perspectives. A glance at Japan. And a lacing for the Scripps-Howard air bombast.

DURING the last two weeks the situation on the Eastern Front has taken a turn for the worse while the situation on the other fronts has actually taken *no turn whatsoever*, being of a distinctly static character. This is the strategic tragedy of the summer campaign of 1942. The forces of the Axis are concentrated and act in unison, while the forces of the United Nations are scattered and their actions are anything but coordinated.

At this writing (August 1) the German armies of the extreme right have broken through into the area of Bataisk (see map on the next page) and are moving from there in three directions: southward to threaten the junction of Tikhoretskaya, Armavir, and the oil fields of Maikop; southwestward to threaten Krasnodar and the Black Sea Fleet base of Novorossisk; and southeastward to cut the rail line Stalingrad-Caucasus at Salsk and initiate a probable attempt to march on Astrakhan along the Manych, should the breakthrough at Tsimlyanskaya continue to prove a costly failure.

The objectives of the Germans in this particular sector are limited but very important. The Germans want to achieve the following: cut off and isolate the Soviet army group on the Taman Peninsula, facing the Straits of Kerch, and thus open a short cut from the Crimea to the Caucasus without having actually to *force* a crossing of the Straits; isolate and attack from land the next best (after Sevastopol) base of the Black Sea Fleet—Novorossisk, thus pushing the Fleet back on Poti and Batum; take the oil fields of Maikop; prepare the way for a march to Astrakhan in order to cut the "jugular vein" of the Soviet Union—the Volga and the last railroad linking Baku directly with the center.

The distance between the German vanguards (as of Aug. 1) and their objectives

is as follows: 100 miles to Krasnodar—capture of which would pretty effectively isolate the Taman group of Soviet armies (sixty miles more to Novorossisk); about 130 miles to Armavir and Maikop; probably "0" miles to the Stalingrad-Novorossisk railroad which the Germans seem to have already reached (at Salsk); and finally 300 miles over open, roadless, and often waterless country to Astrakhan.

In five weeks the Germans have advanced (June 25 to Aug. 1) an average of 225 miles (250 miles from Kupyansk to Kletsckaya, 200 miles along the arc Kramatorskaya-Voroshilovgrad-Rostov-Bataisk and 225 miles from Kupyansk to Tsimlyanskaya). Without wishing to appear too mathematical, I am forced to the conclusion that it is entirely in the cards that the Germans should reach Krasnodar and Armavir in two weeks, Maikop and Novorossisk in three weeks, and Astrakhan in five or six weeks.

Thus we see that August becomes the crucial month, during which it will be decided whether or not the United Nations are going to win a short war or such a long one that victory in the end will not even bear the vaguest resemblance to triumph.

IF THE above objectives are achieved by the Germans, the Red Army will be forced to fall back upon a line running roughly from Tuapse on the Black Sea, along the main Caucasian Range to the Iron Gate at Derbent on the Caspian. The Caspian will become an integral sector of the front which from there will probably run up the Volga to west of Stalingrad (at best) and up the Don to the Central Front. The only link between the Caucasus and the oil of Baku (among other things) will be the Caspian, the ports of Guriev and Krasnovodsk, and the long railroad haul through Central Asia to

the Transsiberian. It is quite possible that having achieved these objectives, the Germans will take a breather, regroup, and make another stab at the Soviet "windpipe" to the north by means of a concentrated offensive, say, from the Rzhev sector.

Be this as it may—and I am doing a lot of guessing—the result one way or another will be to cripple the Red Army and the USSR to such an extent as to deprive it of real offensive power for months to come, and maybe more. True, the fight will go on, but the Germans after reaching the Caspian and the Volga will not be afraid any more of Soviet counter-blows and will be able to shift some 200 divisions westward to attack the United Nations, which instead of facing a total of fifty second rate divisions will face 250 divisions, eighty percent veterans.

The result of such a shift of power may well negate and make impossible the development of Allied resources which are being mustered for "later on." There may be no "later on" for the United Nations after September 1942.

THERE is another side to the picture—Japan. It is quite possible that Japan will strike against the Soviet Union soon. Hitler wants Tokyo badly to do this. However, Japan must reason thus: if we help Hitler attain his objective in Russia (which is to cripple the offensive power of the Red Army—not to eliminate the Red Army completely, a thing which he cannot do) he will beat us to the punch in India because we will be busy with a first rate opponent in Manchukuo. Thus if we attack the Soviets, we will not be able to beat him to India and we will take a long chance. We still remember Lake Khassan and the Khalkin-Gol. Malaya and Burma were much easier and much more successful.

Whatever the Japanese may do, they will think of themselves first and of Hitler second. In case of the opening of a second front in Europe, the Japanese will see a stronger Soviet Union and a Germany weakened for a stab at India. And the entire development because of the way these two factors counterbalance each other may induce the Japanese to continue to play a waiting game.

It is possible also that the Japanese are massing troops in Manchukuo simply in order to hold Soviet troops there, thus indirectly helping Hitler, but remaining free to shift them for offensive action elsewhere. A sort of limited cooperation, as it were.

THE general picture on the Eastern Front, as outlined above, shows that the eleventh hour for Allied action has arrived. But what action? On land or in the air?

There is a strong tendency in certain quarters to claim that a "second front in the air" will do the trick. Such assertions, unless they are deliberately planted as bits of "misinformation" for the benefit of the enemy, are distinctly dangerous.

Quentin Reynolds has cabled to *Collier's* that "The RAF is slapping Germany silly." Of course *Collier's* will be *Collier's* and nobody really takes it very seriously. But Reynolds' piece has done a lot of harm. No major power can be slapped silly by bombs. It is possible that in the future it will be feasible. It is quite possible and probable that planes will be able to see through mist and clouds and snow and storms, and that they will be able to stop in midair, observe their bombing and correct their aim, following up one bomb with another one at the same target. It is possible that major powers will have air fleets of 200 and 300,000 planes at their

disposal. It is all in the realm of possibility. Major de Seversky pipe-dreams of such possibilities in salons, on the radio, in the press, and in his book. Very nice salesmanship for aircraft builders, but nothing but humbug as far as the dangerous situation is concerned.

The appeasing Scripps-Howard press has wheeled out a "five-gun battery" of articles by Thomas L. Stokes, trying to prove that a second front in the air is what we need, although he says that after six months it might be possible to do something on land, too. Mr. Stokes' arithmetic is truly infallible, especially when he says that "1,000 planes could deliver at least 3,000 tons a night, which was the load dumped on Cologne, but with heavier loading the total would run higher." Well, with this we are ready to agree. If you load the bombers with bombs more heavily, they will carry a heavier bomb load! This is as far as Mr. Stokes' arithmetic goes, because the rest is not very real, although additions, subtractions, etc., are correct. Everything has been considered except hard facts.

Stokes quotes Air Marshal Harris, who said: "IF I could send 20,000 bombers, . . ." this and that would happen and "IF I could send 1,000 bombers, . . ." this and the other thing would happen. The trouble is that there is an "if" attached to the promises and that "if" seems to be a very big one, because nothing of the kind has been done.

Stokes says with subconscious pathos: "The war cannot be lost by such an air offensive." Well, we disagree—it can, if nothing else is done except writing figures and doing many times less than the said figures indicate.

Stokes figures that 1,000 bombers (with another 1,000 in reserve) could dump 3,000 tons of bombs a night for three months, at the rate of ten nights per month (because

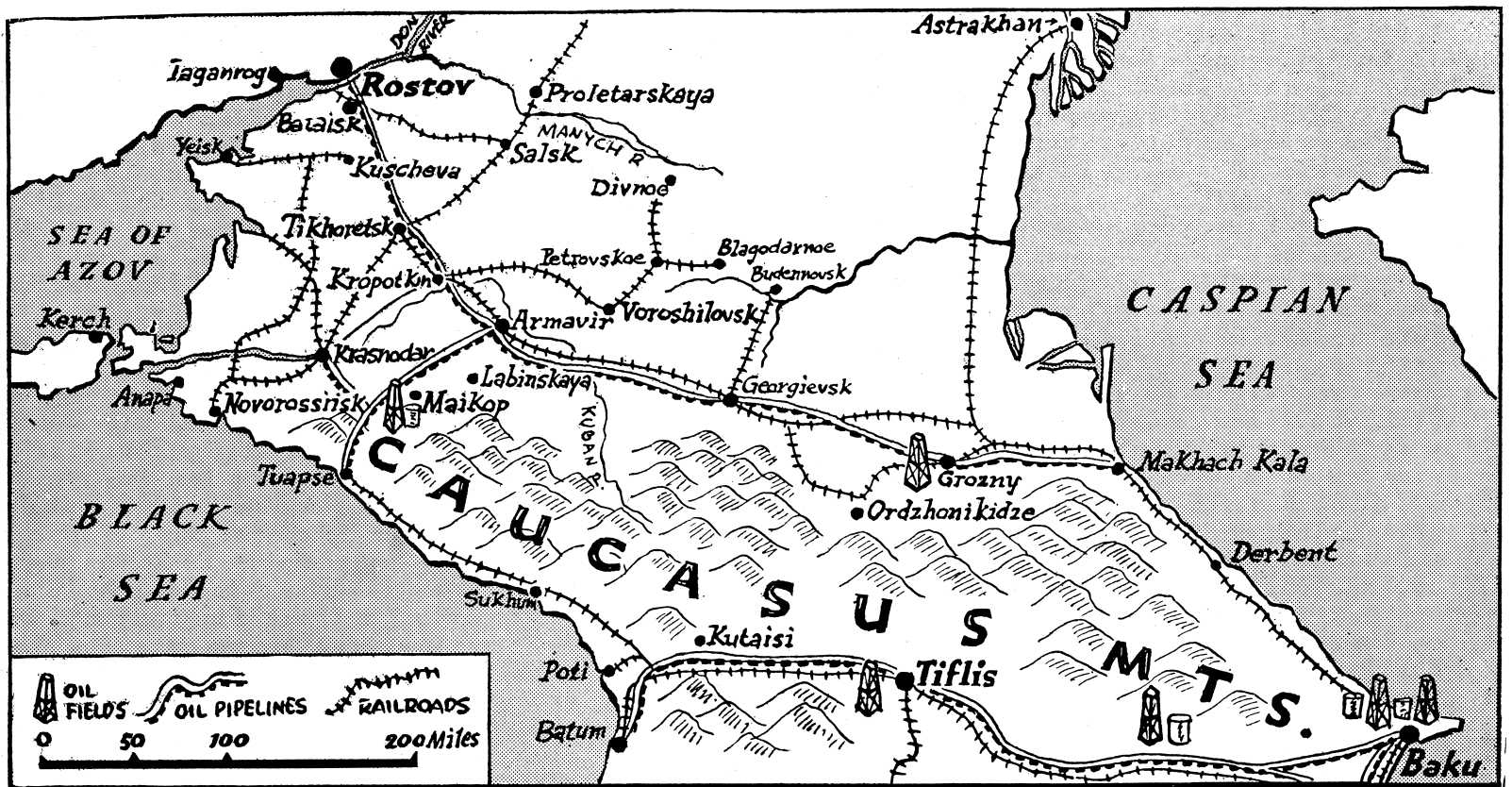
of the weather factor). After that complex telephone figures follow which are all correct, but entirely theoretical.

What stubborn facts have we got? Since the day Air Marshal Harris spoke his famous "ifs" in March and sent one of his armadas over the Renault works in Paris, it appears (according to Mr. Stokes himself) that one 1,000-plane raid was made over Cologne, another over Bremen, and still another over Essen. *That is three full-dress raids in four months.* What then can we expect in the next six months? Another four and one-half raids, to be as exact as Mr. Stokes?

Stokes argues that there are thirty-one German "key cities" and shows them on the map. They are all within 300 to 800 miles from London, in an area of some 200,000 square miles. This sounds very nice, with the help of more theoretical figures. But what is not being considered is that these cities probably ceased being "key cities" when the war came and that many plants and installations have been moved to other places. Others have been thrust underground. False cities have appeared in camouflage.

THE United States and Great Britain have to save themselves by a second land front now, in August. It is not a question of "friends and admirers of Russia demanding it," as Edwin L. James put in the *New York Times*. It is in the interests of the United States and freedom in general that it is demanded.

The Soviet Union is so organized that it will be able to carry on even behind the Urals. But what will happen to the United Nations if the Red Army loses its potential offensive power? The prospects are gloomy, indeed, and time is short, terribly short. COLONEL T.



Without a second front to threaten his rear, Hitler's armies move forward toward the Caucasus oil fields.

FROM REVEILLE TO REST

Have you ever run the blitz course? Can you make a "jeep" float? Alvah Bessie follows the training of soldiers at Fort Bragg. The men the Nazis will meet on that second front.

SOLDIERS get up early in the morning. Ask one. At Fort Bragg the sunrise gun goes off these days at six-thirty, and the soldier rises automatically from sleep to hear reveille already sounding. The tune is familiar to us all, but it has a special meaning for anyone who's ever been in the army.

Over at the Ninth Infantry Division's grounds the men roll out of bed, scramble into their clothes and rush for the wash-rooms, their faces still crinkled with sleep, their hair mussed. First call sounds within ten minutes after reveille, and assembly follows it by another five minutes. There's not much time to dawdle.

In the next half hour the soldier gets a chance to clean up his barracks, make his bed, and head for the mess-hall. In twenty minutes he's lined up again, having washed his mess-kit in the meantime, and the "sick, lame, and lazy" have fallen out to report to the doctor. By eight o'clock the hard school of the soldier has begun for the day, with what is euphemistically termed "drill" on the schedule of service calls.

For the soldier in the Ninth, drill means a continuation of the thirteen weeks he has previously spent in the replacement center. There he was toughened up and trained to be an individual fighter; trained to fight in a team. When he arrives at the Ninth Division at Bragg—if he is sent there, and not to some other infantry outfit any place in the broad United States—he meets the men with whom he may some day go into action on some battlefield in Europe or in Asia.

So "drill" for the Ninth Division is a continuation—somewhat monotonous, to be sure—of what has been learned previously. Most of the men at Bragg are waiting to be sent to the front lines. They're no longer "yardbirds"—that lowest form of soldier life, the buck private on a fatigue detail. (The word yardbird is quite impossible to define; it means almost anything a soldier wants it to mean, just as the term G.I.—for General Issue—can also mean almost anything.) They're no longer replacements; they're soldiers of a famous fighting outfit, ready and waiting to "move up."

THIS Ninth Infantry Division comprises a formidable organization, and it's trained to function like clockwork. It travels in its own vehicles; it takes care of its own food and ammunition requirements, its own communications system, and so on down the line.

Now what does the trained infantry division do while it's waiting at Fort Bragg to "move up" to the fighting lines? The answer is—it *keeps* in training.

They have even found it possible to float a "jeep" across a body of water by the simple expedient of running it onto a tarpaulin, tucking the tarpaulin up around the sides, and pushing the whole thing into the water—it floats! The division's engineers can throw a footbridge across a fifty-foot body of water in exactly three minutes and fifty seconds; when you

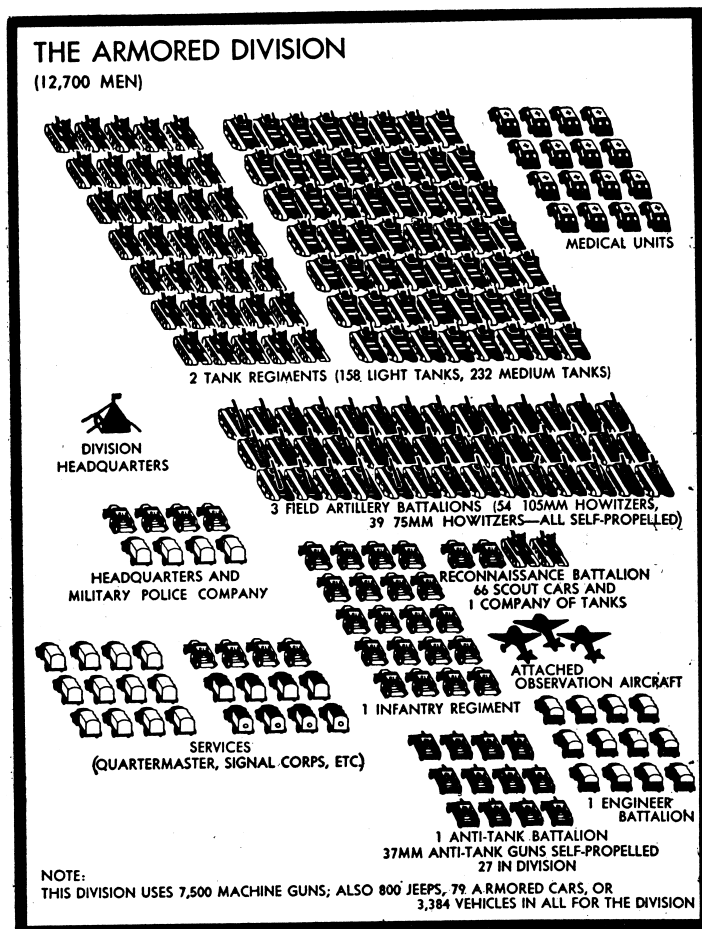
watch them doing it, you say to yourself, "It's impossible!" They swing trucks and heavy artillery pieces across the stream by rigging up booms on either side of the water, slinging a cable across and swinging the truck or howitzer up onto the cable, attached to a traveling pulley.

But there are many other things to be learned in the school of the soldier, and to perform these tasks efficiently the soldier must be in perfect health—mental, moral, and physical.

Obstacle courses—timed to be completed in three minutes and run carrying progressively heavier equipment each time—toughen the soldier's stamina. He crawls through concrete sewer pipes; he crosses a stream hand over hand on an overhead rope; he scrambles through an enormous, adult jungle gym; he hops over hoops strewn on the ground; he climbs smooth wooden walls; he climbs ropes; he climbs a wall with the aid of a rope (walking up the side of the wall); he crawls into and out of trenches and under low barbed wire; he crosses a stream by balancing on a thin pole or going hand over hand along an overhead ladder; he swims in bathing trunks and in full equipment.

A "blitz" course tests and strengthens his nerve and his alertness. Here the soldier moves into "enemy territory" as a combat scout. The stage is shrewdly set to simulate actual battle conditions, and a "passing grade" in this course would involve the soldier's coming out alive at the other end. Officer umpires decide, from his behavior, whether or not he has become a casualty en route.

The soldier running the blitz course is confronted with situations and experiences he is likely to meet in actual warfare. Crossing a fence, he is suddenly sniped at. Moving through wooded terrain, a machine gun opens fire on him. He is suddenly subjected to a "gas" attack. The door of a shack opens, an enemy soldier dashes out at him with a bayonet; battle sounds are reproduced by phonograph records through loudspeakers. In each situation the soldier is expected to behave—automatically by now—in the way he has been trained to behave.



Pictograph Corp.

FROM the obstacle course and the "blitz" course the soldier moves into the field itself, camping out for a week at a time on the combat range. (This is in addition to regimental or divisional maneuvers which are held regularly.) On the combat range his unit operates in simulated battle, with concrete problems to solve, as they would be solved at the front itself.

Skirmish lines are formed; the men advance by infiltration upon the enemy, firing with live ammunition at moving silhouette targets that suddenly pop up in front of them. Since in combat formation part of a unit precedes another part, the men behind are firing over the lines of their own comrades—and this sort of practice work (known as fire and movement) is the closest the soldier comes to actual warfare before he is sent to the front lines. His fire is directed and controlled, and the distribution of his fire on the targets is scored, so that the command will know which squads are functioning best. Officers, of course, direct the entire operation, and get invaluable practice in the disposition of forces and the solution of tactical problems in the field.

These combat maneuvers are supported by light tanks; by the artillery batteries that are drawn up in support of their corresponding regiments. Preparatory to such maneuvers, and following them, the men have an opportunity to watch training films that have been prepared by the government, and which explain in detail every sort of operational activity likely to be found in the field.

The complete soldier, who is both an individual fighter and a fighter integrated with others, is an expert in many fields: in close order drill (which trains him to obey commands rapidly and efficiently and imparts the discipline without which any military operation is impossible); he is an expert at taking cover behind a blade of grass, at bayonet fighting and knife fighting; he is taught jiu-jitsu and the care and firing of every weapon used by the infantry; he can make a bed or hike for twenty miles in full equipment; he can wash windows or give

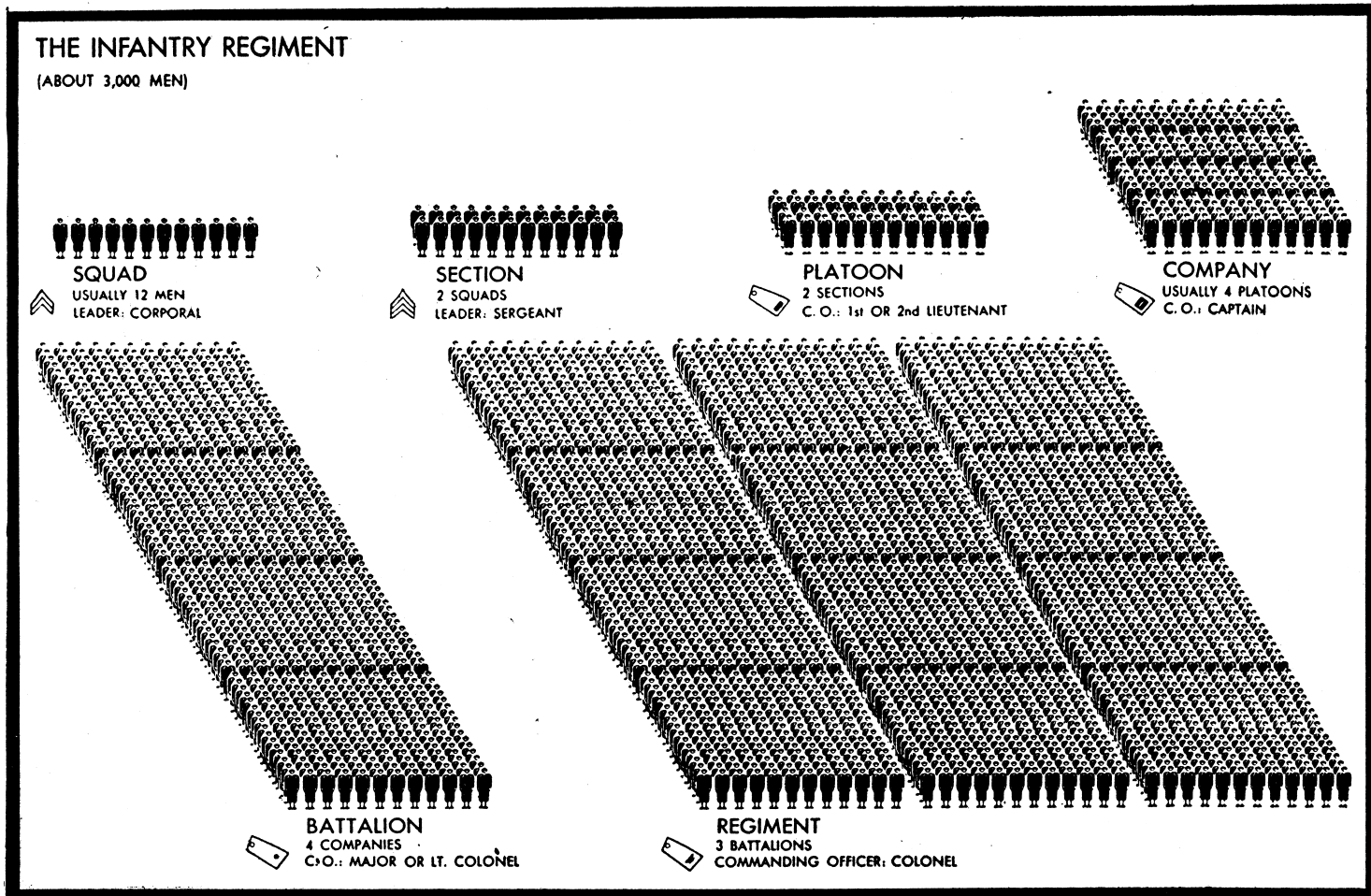
first aid; he can mount guard, swim, dig a trench or a fox-hole, fire a machine gun or help out in the kitchen.

BUT all work and no play makes Jack a dull doughboy. For the moral and spiritual side of a soldier's life is fully as important as his physical perfection. Entertainment at Bragg is the privilege and the duty of every man in service. Men with cultural attainments make use of them—writers and cartoonists work for the Fort Bragg *Post* or such lively regimental papers as *The Falcon*, published by an infantry regiment.

Private Lester Polakov, an artist by profession, has done a magnificent mural for the service club of the Ninth Division. He also designed one of the many outdoor theaters on the post—and has now been transferred to the air corps. Other artist-soldiers find ample scope for their talents as entertainers—and for those who possess no talent as entertainers, there is always the necessity for an audience—and it is as enthusiastic an audience as any actor, singer, or musician ever played to.

Spotted throughout the 100,000 acres of the reservation are countless basketball and baseball fields, tennis courts and swimming holes. There is even a golf course. Regular dances are run at the service clubs, where the men dance with girls invited from Fayetteville. In Fayetteville itself there are four main USO quarters open to the men. Sample activities chosen at random include: voice recording and social games; co-ed party, symphonic recordings, wiener roast, ping pong tournament, moving pictures, community sings, bingo, open house, dance class, public speaking class, Spanish, sunbathing, dramatic club, and many others.

FOR the all-round fighting American soldier must be an all-round man. And if you visit Bragg you'll soon find out that this is exactly what we are developing—an American Army of the People. I watched these men in the service clubs, at the post exchange, and in the movie houses. I saw them firing the Garand rifle and the 30-caliber light machine gun with



Pictograph Corp.

that almost instinctive genius Americans seem to have for fire-arms, and I learned that it is a rare thing indeed for a man not to qualify as a marksman in this army. To qualify he must run up a score of 145 out of a possible 200. The possible 200 can be shot with forty rounds.

Over at the Field Artillery Replacement Center there is a training battalion of Negro artillerymen. There's also a Negro Service Company, a Sanitary Company, and a cadre of Negro engineers waiting to train new men coming up. Their quarters, the facilities they possess for training and entertainment are identical in every respect with those at the command of the white soldiers.

It is a fact, of course, that our Negro soldiers still live separately from their white comrades, train separately, and are separately entertained. Yet in many instances the army itself *has* taken concrete and positive steps toward eliminating discrimination against its Negro soldiers—and there are many Americans who feel that it could do considerably more.

Negro infantry officer candidates are sent to Fort Benning, Ga., where they live and study in the same classrooms with their white comrade officer candidates. These officer candidates rate each other as individuals and officer material. Hence we see a beginning of a breakdown in the ancient discriminatory practices that have so long prevented the ten percent of our population which is Negro from fully participating in the life and the defense of our country—which is also theirs.

Again, by far the most successful of the regular broadcasts Fort Bragg puts on every Wednesday evening over WBIG, was the recent program when the Robinson-Latouche *Ballad for Americans* went on the air for the first time from any army camp. Directed by Corp. Peter Witt (now Sergeant Witt), the *Ballad* was preceded by recited excerpts from Walt Whitman's "I Hear America Singing." There then appeared an all-Negro chorus composed of forty-nine soldiers and sixteen girls from the State Teachers' College in Fayetteville. An orchestra of white soldiers accompanied them, and a young Negro private, John Riley, sang the solo part made famous by Paul Robeson. The success this program enjoyed among both high-ranking officers and men is still talked about at Bragg today.

This is an omen for the future, and it is an earnest of victory. For this country, as our President has pointed out, is a country of immigrants—men, women, and children of every national origin, of every skin color and every shade of cultural and political background. In the Army of the United States our multi-national people are finding a common ground on which to stand, to live—and to fight for their common interests.

IT IS no exaggeration to say that our men are getting the best training ever received in the history of America's endless struggle for freedom. And central to the training is the democratic tradition that is becoming a living reality at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. It is still in its embryo in certain respects: Negro soldiers are still not formally integrated with white soldiers, and the easy comradeship that is so evident between the men and their officers becomes curtailed when the work-day is over and men and officers go to their separate barracks, their separate entertainment, their separate interests. These interests are, after all, identical, and there is a growing realization by both men and officers that we are all in the same boat together.

On all sides you feel the desire for identity and comradeship that the buck private, the noncom, and the commissioned officer find in the material of their daily life in camp. It permeates the place from top to bottom. It shines in the faces of the men. It is the democratic tradition—all wool and many yards wide. So one need not be a prophet to contend that the ordeal by fire into which our men are entering will *seal* that comradeship, perfect that identity, and forget not only a national, but an international, brotherhood of man. It's in the cards.

ALVAH BESSIE.



PRESS PARADE

Partisan History

GUERRILLA warfare was born, or, at least, reborn—in the United States during our War of Independence. Today the Russians and the Chinese are utilizing this American military tactic to defend our liberties as well as their own. Back in 1878 in his "Anti-Duehring" Frederick Engels, the great co-worker of Karl Marx, in discussing the relation of economic developments to the art of war, wrote:

"In the American War of Independence these cumbrous lines [a tactic of deploying troops in battle developed in Europe in the eighteenth century] came up against bands of insurgents, which although not drilled, were all the better able to shoot from their rifled carbines . . . nor did they do the English the kindness of advancing against them also in line and across the open plain, but in scattered and rapidly moving troops of sharpshooters under cover of the woods. In such circumstances the line was powerless and was defeated by its invisible and intangible opponents. Fighting in skirmishing order was reinvented—a new method of warfare which was the result of a change in the human material of war."

By "a change in the human material of war," Engels was referring to the fact that whereas the European armies were composed of mercenaries, the American army was made up of the armed people fighting for their own interests.

Down to Earth

Col. Charles W. Kerwood, chief of Army Air Forces Intelligence, has fought in the air in three wars. He saw service in World War I, later with the Greek Royal Air Force in the Greco-Turkish War, and with the French army in the Riff-Moroccan campaign. Speaking in Chicago recently, he said:

". . . We have tossed our prejudices out of the window and are united to win this war. But we must remember that aviation, even vast air superiority, is not the only answer to the problem of gaining an early victory.

"Aviation paves the way in modern attack, while maintaining constant liaison with the ground forces. Then tanks must clear the path for the infantry, which mops up the enemy and holds the ground thus gained."

More to Come

GOVERNOR BROUGHTON [recently] established a precedent by appointing two Negroes to the board of trustees for the Agricultural and Technical College for Negroes in Greensboro.

"The Governor said it was the first time in the history of the institution that Negroes had been named to the board and added that their appointment was recommended by many prominent citizens of North Carolina and approved by virtually the entire board of directors of the college."—Raleigh, N. C., "News and Observer."

BATTLE OF NEW YORK

Alignments and candidates in the contest for the governorship. The state of affairs in the Labor Party. S. W. Gerson tells why the country is closely following the campaign.

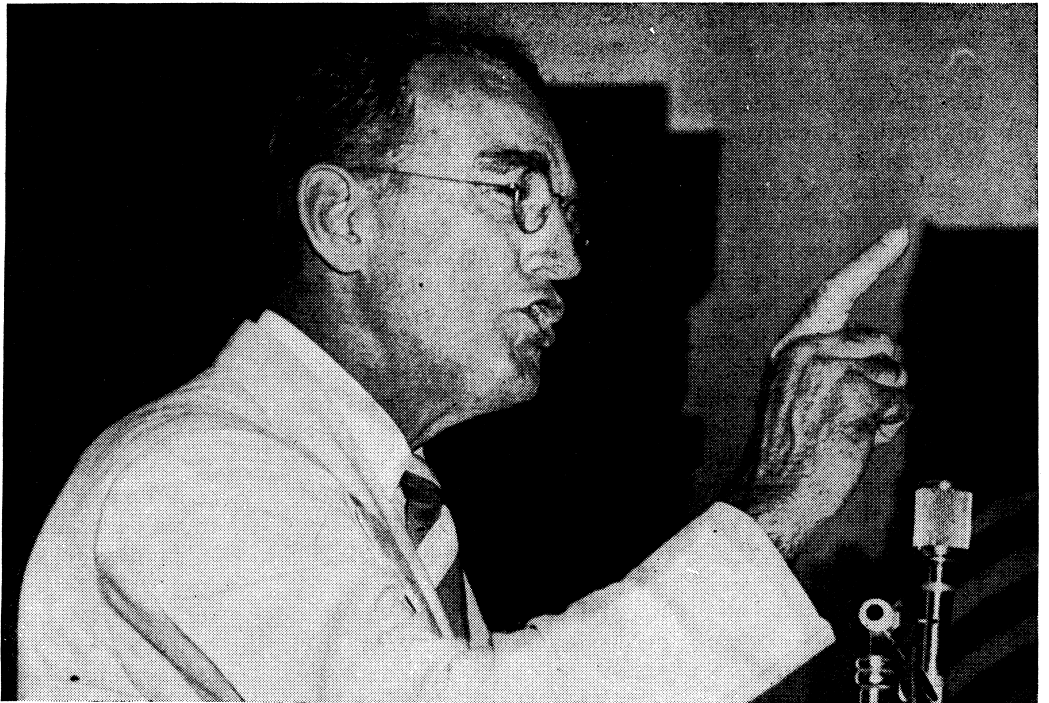
NOT since the Civil War has New York state faced as momentous an election as the campaign this fall. Home of the President, the most populated state in the Union, the financial and cultural center of the nation, it elects a tenth of the membership of the House of Representatives. No wonder New York is the political signpost of national trends.

Here I speak not only of the actual balloting on November 3. The fate of the nation and the world may be decided long before election day by bullets in Europe and not by ballots in America. Whether we shall be a free nation or a Vichy America may be determined by whether or not the United Nations open a second front within the next few weeks. Yes, developments on the battlefields will affect the returns in the ballot boxes; conversely, the character of the campaign—especially if it has as its central slogan “Open a Second Front”—will affect military developments.

Victory in New York for the policies of the President would be a tremendous stimulus to the war effort. It would be a victory for the Roosevelt-Molotov-Churchill agreement on the second front and an advance endorsement of the type of postwar world urged by Vice-President Henry Wallace.

Defeat for the President's candidates would undoubtedly be interpreted as a repudiation of President Roosevelt and his win-the-war policies. It would stimulate, nationally and internationally, the forces seeking a negotiated peace with Hitler. It would set the stage for new and more audacious obstruction of the President's policies in Congress. It would contribute to the election of an appeaser President and Senate in 1944. Things to come would be shaped in the pro-fascist mold for many, many years. Little wonder, therefore, that the defeatists of every stripe are so anxious to beat the President—to defeat him in his own party and nominate an opponent of FDR's policies in the Republican Party.

WITHIN the President's own Democratic Party in New York there is sharp cleavage. On one hand are the President's forces, supported by the CIO, sections of the AFL, both wings of the American Labor Party, the New Dealers, and some of the Democratic county organizations. Its gubernatorial candidate is the FDR-endorsed junior senator of New York, James M. Mead, whose support of the President's foreign and domestic policies is clear and unswerving. How Mead stands on the crucial issue of the day—the opening of the second front in Europe—can be understood by the fact that he chose the great New York CIO second front demonstration as his first public meeting after the announcement of his candidacy.



Sen. James M. Mead—endorsed by the President for the governorship.

Opposing Mead is a substantial section of the Democratic machine, headed by Democratic State Chairman James Aloysius Farley. Superficially the struggle might seem one of those Kilkenny inner-party brawls indigenous to the American scene. Actually, however, the issues cut far deeper than patronage or party leadership. Behind the two contestants are powerful forces in American life, struggling bitterly over world policy. The almost instant—one might say almost *chemical*—reactions of various sections of the community are proof of that. Westbrook Pegler, America's No. 1 journalistic enemy of union labor and progress, is the chief exhibit in this connection.

“Anyway you figure it,” Pegler gloats in his syndicated column of July 22, “it would appear that New Dealism and the White House influence on the government of New York state will be checked this year if Jim Farley is able to nominate his man, John Bennett, for governor on the Democratic ticket.

“Of course, Bennett is not emphasizing the fact, but it is a fact nevertheless that he is not a New Dealer and is of much the same mind as Farley. . . . Thus, if Farley nominates Bennett and if Tom Dewey is the Republican nominee, as he probably will be, there will be a reaction against the Socialistic and Communistic influences in the state and, probably, also a reaction against the arrogance of the bosses of the labor unions.” (Item: Mead circles are chuckling at the Pegler kiss of death for Bennett. It should go well among the bitterly Peglerized AFL workers!)

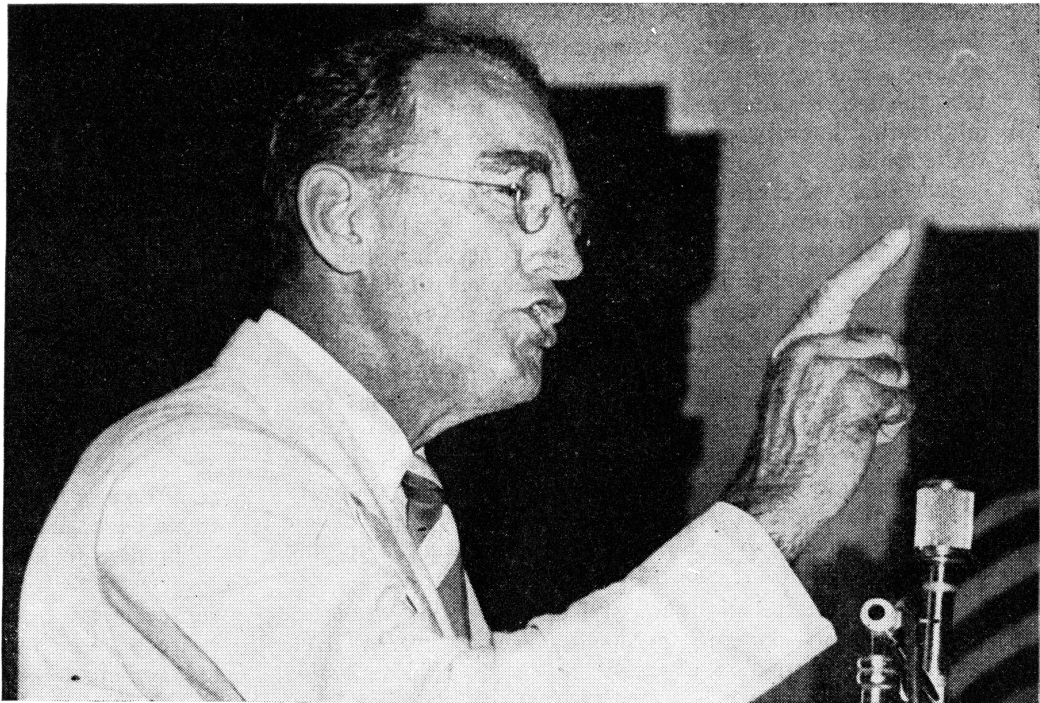
Captain Patterson's defeatist *Daily News* on July 24 also wheels into action against the

President and his support for Mead, firing editorially thus:

“What it all seems to add up to is that the President is trying to clinch control of the New York delegation to the 1944 Democratic presidential convention. With enough state delegations in his hands, he could have himself drafted for the fourth term, which would make him a Caesar. . . .”

The Hearst-owned *Mirror*, using a slightly different tack, assails the American Labor Party's rejection of Bennett as “political blackmail” (July 21).

ON THE win-the-war side the alignment is clear. No sooner did Mead announce himself as candidate than the million-strong State CIO promptly endorsed him. Ditto the left wing of the ALP, headed by Rep. Vito Marcantonio, and shortly thereafter the right wing of the ALP. The most dramatic struggle now is for delegates to the Democratic state convention. Both the Mead and Bennett camps have set up headquarters and are feverishly seeking support in every county of the state. Major attention centers on the powerful Kings County delegation of 193, formally pledged by its leader, Frank V. Kelly, to Bennett. There is the usual inner-party horse trading, bluff, and bluster, but much of it is stage play. Even the hacks realize that the situation is not going to be solved by old-fashioned backroom dickering. While pledged a formal majority of the convention's 1,014 odd delegates, Farley and his war board are definitely frightened. Their lines are beginning to crack. Where the big break will come they don't know. Brooklyn, presumably



Sen. James M. Mead—endorsed by the President for the governorship.

a Bennett stronghold, is aquiver with doubt. Despite all the opera-bouffe espionage and counter-espionage of the hotel corridors, Farley can't be sure.

Why not? Because hundreds of thousands of New York voters are convinced that Bennett is not a win-the-war candidate, representative of the President's views. Quite the contrary. Many are convinced that Bennett is close to the forces of appeasement. They cite as a most revealing example the fact that Bennett associated himself openly with Franco fascism on Nov. 30, 1936, presiding over a meeting reported the following day in the *New York Times* as a rally "to aid Spanish fascists." Anti-fascist New Yorkers cannot be convinced that a man who supported Franco fascism can be an anti-fascist governor of an anti-fascist state during an anti-fascist war. Furthermore, they feel that any public official who is a buddy of Father Edward Lodge Curran, the eastern representative of Father Coughlin, cannot be entrusted with the reins of New York state government.

Astute Democratic district politicians—of whom it can never be said that they permit politics to degenerate to the level of principle—are seriously worried. They want a winning candidate and they cannot see how Mr. Bennett can win. It can be confidently predicted therefore, that despite the Farley wiles and blandishments, the Brooklyn delegation will crack.

Brooklyn Democratic politicians mourn the obstinate refusal of Farley to come to any terms with the balance of power party, the American Labor Party. It is not for any love of the ALP that they weep. They look at the cold figures of the 1938 elections and insist that there is no possibility of electing a candidate of the Democratic Party without a coalition with the ALP. The figures that year were:

Lehman (Democratic)	1,971,307
Lehman (ALP)	419,979
Dewey (Republican)	2,326,892

Thus it is clear that the Democratic Party, a minority party, cannot hope to win unless there is a coalition. This is a fact recognized by the New Deal Democrats and expressed publicly by Sen. Robert Wagner when he pointed out in a letter urging Senator Mead to run that he must win "the masses of working people in the state" and must always keep in mind the position of important groups of independent voters. This is no small talk and is having its effect. Even organization Democrats are becoming convinced that the Farley policy is suicidal and can only lead to Republican victory.

The American Labor Party has exerted continued pressure for a progressive candidate against Bennett. The ALP has served notice that under no circumstances will it go along with Bennett, and that, if necessary, it will name a third candidate if Bennett and Dewey are the opposing contestants.

THE situation within the Labor Party presents an extremely perplexing picture with unity on policy but disunity on power. The left wing, known as the Progressives, headed by Representative Marcantonio,

are staunchly for the second front, support of Mead, and war contracts for New York City. The right wing adopted the same position, somewhat belatedly, to be sure. However, the Old Guard ALP officialdom, composed principally of needle trades union heads, seeks exclusive monopoly of the party leadership and is waging a war against the renomination of Representative Marcantonio and against the New York County Committee of the ALP, which he and his fellow Progressives lead. Some of the die-hard old guard leaders openly demand a "purge" of the left-Progressive forces.

The Progressives, on the other hand, specifically repudiate any notion of a purge and call for a united party with an all-inclusive leadership. They seek a representative executive committee in which not only the needle trades will be represented but also the new and powerful left-Progressive CIO unions. They stress that no New York labor party can be successful which excludes members of the marine, transport, electrical and radio unions and their duly elected union leaders. However, there are signs, as yet subterranean, that not even all the right wing leaders are happy about the existing factional situation. They know that only a united ALP can help unite the state's win-the-war forces for the nomination and election of Mead, and they know that unity is not achieved by political warfare against persons like Marcantonio, President Joseph Curran of the National Maritime Union, President Michael J. Quill of the Transport Workers Union, and their fellow Progressives.

Mayor LaGuardia, an enrolled member of the American Labor Party, is apparently of the same mind. Recently he expressed his desire to see Representative Marcantonio reelected, while admitting that he himself was associated in general with the right wing, a position that drew editorial blasts from the Scripps-Howard *World Telegram* and some of the

die-hard right wing factionalists. To anyone who understands political language the Mayor's statement was clear: he wants a united Labor party, one in which the right, left, and center can work together. This is undoubtedly the position of the enrolled ALP voters who want no purge of any persons supporting the objectives of the Labor Party. The Mayor's position is a hopeful sign that perhaps unity may be achieved at the ALP convention. Be that as it may, however, there will be two slates of state committeemen and state convention delegates opposing each other at the ALP primaries August 11. All signs point to increasing rejection by the ALP voters of the hackneyed Red-baiting slogans of the Old Guard and support for the demand that progressive candidates be elected on a program of unity, even though both groups have on occasion been somewhat intemperate in the heat of the factional fight.

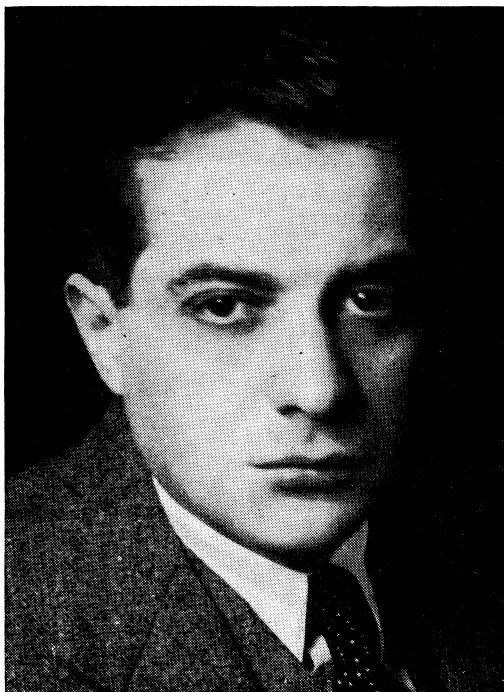
ALL this is, of course, duck soup to the Republican high command which is laying low and sawing wood. With glamour boy Thomas E. Dewey out in front as probable gubernatorial nominee, the GOP is chuckling at the conflicts rending the camp of their enemies. Each Farley blast at the Roosevelt-Mead forces is carefully filed away for future reference in the GOP dossiers.

For a brief period Wendell Willkie and his friends had Dewey and his managers seriously worried lest the "miracle of Philadelphia" be repeated. However, Willkie has declared himself out of the race and will have little delegate strength at the Republican convention in Saratoga. Willkie and the win-the-war Republicans are known to be anxious to stop Dewey, who they feel is close to the Herbert Hoover wing of the GOP. Dewey has made speeches on all sides of all questions but has been careful not to break his organizational connections with up-state isolationists and obstructionists like Representatives Taber and Reed. In all, GOP affairs have been relatively quiet, with public attention focussed on the historic Democratic struggle.

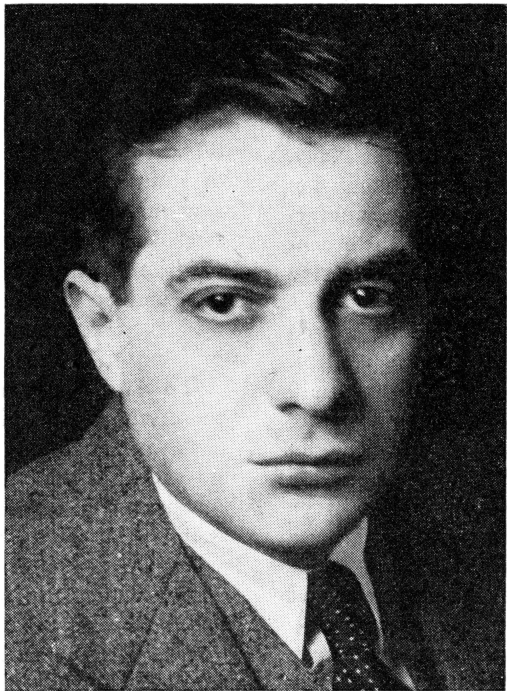
Meanwhile, Marcantonio is carrying on an epic battle in his own twentieth congressional district, where he is seeking nomination in all three parties. He filed signatures of more than fifty percent of the enrolled voters of each party on his nominating petitions and is conceded victory in the Republican and ALP primaries. Observers give him better than an even chance of capturing the Democratic nomination.

Fascinating as is the gubernatorial struggle, it has tended to obscure somewhat the many crucial congressional fights now going on, particularly the battle against Republican Hamilton Fish of the twenty-sixth congressional district (Orange, Dutchess, Putnam counties), and the fight against Democratic Rep. William Barry of Queens, both notorious appeasers, who unfortunately have considerable machine strength. They may win their respective primaries, but will still have to face an aroused electorate in November.

S. W. GERSON.



Rep. Marcantonio—leader of the Progressive wing of the ALP.



Rep. Marcantonio—leader of the Progressive wing
of the ALP.



CHECKUP ON OUTPUT

We have the stuff to keep a Western Front going at full blast. But there is more to be done to meet the President's schedule. The big problems that need special attention.

Washington

SIX months have passed since Donald Nelson replaced William Knudsen as chief of the war production agencies. During this critical period output has swelled enormously, from the trickle preceding Pearl Harbor to the flood now pouring out of plants all over the country. Mr. Nelson has accomplished a great deal. He deserves full credit for what he has done despite the enormous difficulties confronting him when he took over from Mr. Knudsen. Sufficient materiel is now at hand to open and maintain a western European front in full force. The prerequisites of such a front have been fulfilled so far as production goes. But we dare not rest on our laurels. Impressive as are the present records of ships launched, airplanes built, tanks and jeeps rolling off assembly lines, guns and munitions fabricated, the present production rates must be sharply accelerated to meet the President's full yearly schedules. The needs of total war are limitless, demanding the most prodigious production far exceeding anything yet attained. For though production figures are large in contrast to 1941, they do not approach the vast potential of which the United States is capable.

Recent shifts by Mr. Nelson in the War Production Board acknowledge that production problems have not been fully mastered. Moreover, these shifts amounted to an admission that Mr. Nelson did not succeed in establishing his authority over production so that it could not well be challenged. Actually, in his attempt to assure his authority, Mr. Nelson perforce came into conflict with the procurement agencies of the Army and Navy. Under Knudsen, these agencies and the Maritime Commission entered into contracts for war materiel directly with manufacturers, specifying how, where, and in what manner these contracts should be handled. When the President created WPB, the control over contracts remained with the procurement agencies—though Mr. Nelson clearly had the power, had he chosen to exercise it, to exert great influence if not absolute control.

For a brief period it seemed as though Mr. Nelson would force some modification of the manner in which contracts were handled. Much talk went around Washington about a "civilian ministry of supply" that would free the armed forces from any responsibility other than to train the new army and to wage the war. But the recent shifts in WPB once and for all are testimony that the armed forces, instead of relinquishing their hold on production, have succeeded in swallowing most of WPB's production prerogatives. Former WPB executives—among them MacKeachie, Harrison, and Browning—have been commissioned and now serve the procurement agencies; they have the authority of their rank, subject of course to the direction of their superior officers. As things stand today, the

Army and Navy spend the money, and business firms continue to go to the procurement agencies for war orders. The WPB has almost no direct control over contracts, and therefore little weight in determining where orders will be placed. Mr. Nelson quite truly points out that in cases of dispute he can personally intervene to alter contract provisions or to set them aside. But he does not add that he lacks the organization and the facilities to exercise this paper power.

Actually, after six months, WPB has failed to emerge as an operational division. The way things are, the general opinion of the unions and of most observers is that WPB will never function as a civilian supply ministry. The procurement agencies retain much the same function as they enjoyed under Knudsen. That disadvantages exist in this setup is only too obvious. The armed forces lack the flexibility of a civilian agency—subcontracting and conversion in any broad sense are pretty much stymied. The procurement agencies are not so easily approached by small business; the unions find it difficult really to exercise influence and persuasive power. It would be far better if production were a civilian responsibility under civilian direction. But Mr. Nelson let his chance slip by.

Consequently WPB attempts to exercise supervision by keeping tight control over supplies of raw materials, in particular over steel, copper, aluminum, tin. Coupled with this, Mr. Nelson jealously guards his right to determine how and where machine tools will be utilized. Even in this respect he has run into trouble. The procurement agencies must decide what shall be built in the way of tanks, guns, planes, and other instruments of war; quite logically they demand the strictest priorities for firms filling their orders. Therefore, the armed forces insistently urge a more decisive place for their representatives on Mr. Nelson's policy board supervising raw materials. But this last week, the army and navy formally acknowledged Mr. Nelson's primary authority over priorities and the allocation of materials.

TODAY WPB is not the agency it was expected to become when the President set it up. But even accepting the fact that Mr. Nelson exercises less supervision over production than originally was intended, he yet retains vast power to increase war production and thereby speed victory.

In July 1942 the rate of spending for arms reached the huge figure of \$4,500,000,000 a month. According to plan the monthly rate will be almost doubled by July 1943 to about \$8,000,000,000. Even at the present rate the enormous appetite of industry is making deep inroads into available stocks of raw materials—serious shortages have developed especially of steel and non-ferrous metals. To meet the ever expanding program, to accelerate this program so that schedules will not only be met on time but anticipated and surpassed, WPB must find the needed metals. This is Mr. Nelson's number one problem.

To date WPB has been inclined to be too lenient toward those who waste critical materials, too slow in cracking down on hoarders. WPB laxity permitted manufacturers to gobble up copper, steel, aluminum, tin, zinc, and other indispensable metals and to utilize them for items having no place in a war economy. Wasters have been accorded far too patient a hearing when they pleaded pathetically for further allotments just to complete processes on partly finished inventories which should never have been started in the first place.

The WPB and Mr. Nelson have the responsibility to act in a completely ruthless fashion to end these abuses. It is interesting to visit retail stores where shelves groan with articles by no stretch of the imagination "essential," but just as surely

rich in needed metals. Could not the WPB step in to buy up these goods, using them to swell stock piles? Perhaps such buying would be "expensive"; today, however, expense cannot be the criterion. It seems all wrong to find for sale rubber balloons, rubber mats, copper wire insulated with rubber, tin toys, copper vases, bronze gadgets and ashtrays, waffle irons and electric toasters, all the other metal ornaments and knickknacks offered in five-and-dime emporiums, novelty shops, hardware and department stores. WPB could cut down the time that now must elapse before that indefinite and remote day when the consumer throws these objects on to the community scrap pile.

The whole drive for scrap, of primary importance to winning the war, has been handled far too casually. As I reported last week, Philip Murray, CIO president, criticized WPB, the price administration, and the Bureau of Industrial Conservation for not pressing the scrap campaign more vigorously. Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers added his voice to denounce waste of critical materials for construction of unnecessary plants and for temporary government buildings. Mr. Nelson could prevent this prodigality. As long as war plants idle or shut down, no effort can be spared to provide them with the necessary raw materials to bring them back into production.

In addition, one has only to enter the ordinary lunchroom, the typical hotel, the corner drugstore, the average shop, to see the amount of metal in fixtures and decorations that could be salvaged without impairing efficient operation. Agricultural machinery still lies rusting under sheds or in back fields. Ornamental fences still parcel off land that does not need this protection. There is scrap everywhere. But WPB must more strongly express the urgent need to bring it in. The recent newspaper advertising campaign lacked the sense of acute emergency. Mr. Nelson has the obligation to present the scrap drive to the people as the burning issue it has really become.

EQUALLY important, Congress unanimously authorized the setting up of the Smaller War Plants Corp. to aid small business. After excessive delays Mr. Nelson appointed a board headed by Lou E. Holland of Kansas City to organize and supervise SWPC. So far, however, the board has not announced its general plan of operation. The war emergency clearly demands that the SWPC begin to function at once, and that it be given all help to achieve the ends Congress outlined for it. Mr. Nelson has only to say the word.

Unfortunately the WPB has been inclined to be apologetic about the SWPC, too readily anticipating failure and depreciating the new division's importance. The SWPC should not be considered an attempt to "save" little business so that the smaller enterprisers can carry on little business-as-usual. Today war production is what counts—speedy war production. There is no substitute for time—if the result of aiding the smaller manufacturers can be greater production of war materiel with less delay, then obviously every effort must be made to provide small manufacturers with contracts.

Supposedly the Smaller War Plants Corp. will help finance little enterprisers; supposedly, too, the SWPC will be eligible to receive prime contracts which it will in turn distribute to factories lacking orders. Today, of course, small business cannot on a percentage basis make as large a contribution to war production as it could have made six months ago before the giant firms really got under way. But on an absolute basis, small business can add significant volume to the nation's productive output—from fifteen to twenty-five percent according to the House Tolan committee. The objection is heard that lack of raw materials precludes the utilization of smaller plants. But energetic action by WPB and other agencies can bring in the scrap metals that will swell the supply of raw materials. Today there remains the inclination of procurement agencies to pile up backlogs of orders by granting new contracts to giant

corporations already overburdened with commitments. But contracts are no substitute for production; if small business can speed the output of war goods, then these little firms should be eligible for a share of raw materials and of orders. Furthermore, proper utilization of smaller industry can result in freeing the great plants from the task of producing essential civilian goods, and allow the largest plants to concentrate all energy on turning out tanks, planes, and guns.

It has been estimated that 2,500,000 smaller non-manufacturing plants in retail, wholesale, service, amusement, and other occupations are in danger of being pushed to the wall during the war. Philip Reed of WPB predicted that 24,000 smaller manufacturers normally doing \$4,000,000,000 of business a year would be forced to close down. Not only does this prospect threaten national morale, but in the light of postwar economy this squeezing process can well prove disastrous. SWPC can prevent this high death rate.

ONE other consideration: during the days immediately before and after Pearl Harbor, much testimony was heard by the Truman, Tolan, and Murray committees about "exploding" tanks and guns and even planes into component parts so that smaller factories could sub-contract for the manufacture of these parts. The "explosion" process remains relevant—though it has not been given its proper emphasis in war production. Nor has conversion been pressed sufficiently—too many new plants have been built at great expense in vital raw materials while machine tools located in smaller plants have gone unused. The SWPC can find these machines and bring them into production.

The problem of building scrap piles and the problem of utilizing all America's vast productive capacity are related. The unions recognize this relationship. From all over the country are heard demands for a Win-the-War conference, first proposed by the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, later endorsed by the CIO. A broad conference of the CIO, AFL, and Railroad Brotherhoods would necessarily consider all aspects of production. It would serve to give urgency to the building of scrap piles, to conversion, to sub-contracting, and to increased utilization of smaller business facilities.

Production today shows impressive advances over six months ago. Plenty of war materiel exists to open and maintain a western European front. Mr. Nelson has every right to be proud. But with this gain acknowledged we have not yet earned the right to slap ourselves on the back. There is too much still to be done.



"An oracle told me to build the Silver Shirts"—William Pelley at his trial for sedition.



Sykes

"An oracle told me to build the Silver Shirts"—
William Pelley at his trial for sedition.

Moscow (by mail).

WE ARE moving slowly along boundless fields, rich in the summer's peaceful fecundity. Waves of ripening wheat alternate with bright patches of poppies, and spread far beyond the distant horizon and run clear up to our railroad tracks.

Children meet us at every station, at every wayside stop. Towheads bleached almost white by the strong sun bob alongside our train. They drag heavy bucketsful of water to quench our thirst. Excellent cold and refreshing water out of nearby springs or forest streams. Their lovely blue eyes wistfully follow our box cars when we leave. To them we must look like their fathers, brothers, and uncles who are already somewhere at the fighting front.

We throw our heads far back and drink the refreshing cold water brought by children's hands. And in their deeply tanned, pug-nose faces, in their sunny, freckle-splashed cheeks, in the seriousness with which they drag those heavy buckets over to the railroad, we find so much resemblance to our own children left at home. And we hasten to push candy and cookies into these children's hands.

For a long time after we climb back into our box cars we notice some glistening tears in one another's eyes. And for a long time the children stand along the edge of the bright poppy field and wave to us. We, who are headed in the same direction as their brothers and fathers before us—we, for the moment, are their fathers and brothers.

Day after day children would troop into the steppes, crouch in ditches between the fields or in the thickest growths of grain, watching hour after hour for men for whom they in their stern little hearts had only hatred. For hours they would watch for parachutists.

No, the enemy never could take advantage of the boundless stretches of our steppes where men could come down unnoticed beneath the tiny white cloudlet of a parachute. Children were always the greatest peril for them. Whenever the fathers prepared to go to the war, their children would become totally different overnight. Whenever the fathers, in bidding them farewell, would kiss the closely cropped children's heads, they would know full well that these children were already different, already far more matured.

LONG covered wagons, as large as many a house, would take entire families of children away, to save them from the Germans. Children rode atop piles of straw and household goods, in wagons covered with heavy tarpaulin to protect them against the burning sun. Children rode and traveled in every imaginable kind of contraption and vehicle. And only too often death met them on the endless steppe roads. Howling with the cruel triumph of murderous savages, German fliers would swoop down out of the skies, dropping bombs and machine-gunning the roads, knowing that desperate mothers would try to hide their children in the small undergrowth along the roads in the naive hope that these sickly dusty bushes would save the children's lives. Long wagon trains full of refugees would be destroyed by German fliers. And hundreds of distorted and tortured children's bodies were scattered on many a road.

In many a village of the Ukraine mothers would lead their children to the highways lined with trucks. And they would quietly peer into the faces of the men. But never would they find that beloved face among all the dust-begrimed, sun-blackened faces. . . . Bunches of flowers or cherries, carefully wrapped by children's hands, would come flying into the trucks. Dozens of tiny hands, like little chicks' wings, would flutter in the air, waving to us, reminding us that it was for the happiness of these very children that their fathers had gone off to fight on the battlefields. In many a house, where we ate with a saddened hostess, the children would come to sit on our knees and put our helmets on their heads. These children loved us, the passing fathers, and would gladly have given us everything they possessed. They would stand for hours on

CHILDREN WHO LEAD US

Theirs is the future and for them we fight, writes a Soviet soldier-correspondent. "The enemy would like to strangle our young seedlings in the black gloom of medievalism." Maturity in the bitter school of war.

the village streets to shout their encouraging "hurrahs" in ringing voices whenever sun-heated helmets would float by them in speeding trucks. For hours they would shake cherry trees, hastily gathering the cherries in bunches and wrapping them in large field leaves. They were for the most part unripe and sour. But, oh, how sweet these cherries tasted.

Kakhovka, of glorious fighting tradition. The first target the German fliers found was the local nursery. Laid out in rows in the dazzling summer daylight, dead children. Most of their eyes were open. The blue of their sweet, doll-like eyes was turned skyward, whence death came crashing down upon them. There we stood, near these rows of dead. One could easily discern the single thought under all of our green helmets, on all of these stern dark faces. They killed our children, they murdered my little Vasyatka, my tiny Peter. . . .

Heavy silence reigns this summer over this field of children's death. And in this moment of silence, we fathers and older brothers take a great silent oath of vengeance.

WHAT sweet memories we have of you, Petro, the village letter carrier, and your mail bag. With all the solemnity and importance of your fourteen years, you would bring the mail to the women of your village. Time and again, you would have to sit down and read a letter for some old mother, and you would feel just as important as if you were a special messenger right from the battlefield. The days and nights you used to stay around the house, full of the magic chatter of the teletype and the singing radio—the days and the nights when you were always so unobtrusively ready for any errand, any service required by us, some other children's fathers and brothers. And the Red Army men, stern and serious, would quietly give you their stars and other marks of distinction that

you wore so proudly on your cap and on the blouse so carefully patched by your mother's hands.

"What is the news from the front?" You used to inquire so seriously, trying to spit so indifferently through your teeth, just as the grown-up men of your village used to do. And you would quietly sit down with us, wriggling the big toes of your strong bare feet.

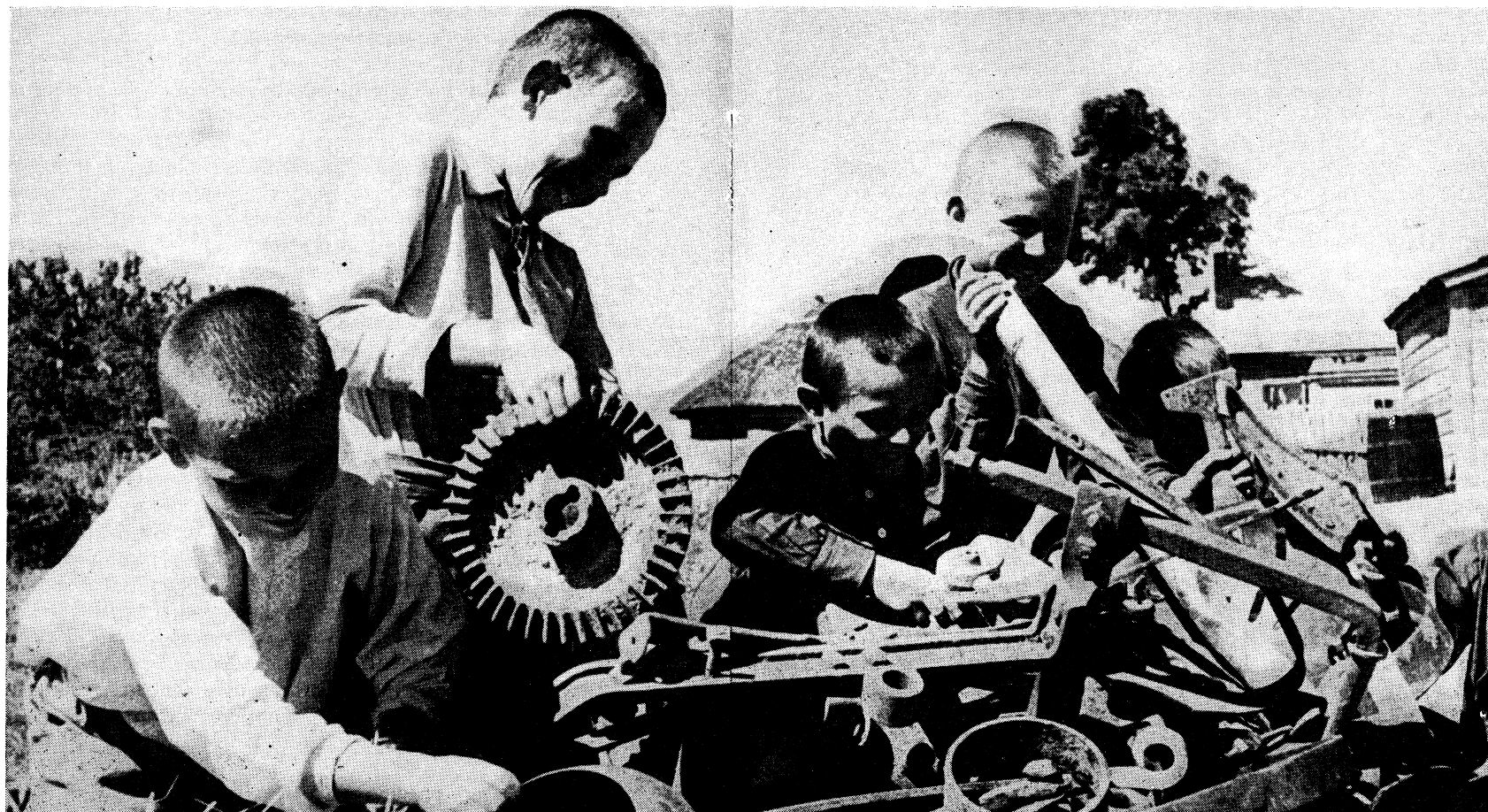
"Anyway, if the Germans come here, I'll go away with you fellows!"

And many a time, long after we left the village where you, Petro, used to carry letters, we've thought of that mature, not child-like hatred with which you must have met the Germans. Your fourteen-year-old heart will carry for the rest of its life, this infinite hurt, this hatred against the enemy. . . .

September days. The days when school buildings in the cities echo the joyous ringing voices of children back from summer vacations. In a tiny village, only recently under German artillery fire, we saw school kids, hands full of books, in a half-ruined house ready to resume their school life, even if it was to be in three shifts a day. They rejoiced because they would soon again be able to use their battered school books, carefully write out their lines in the copy books, solve problems. In many a city the school buildings were abandoned. Thousands of these tiny human beings learned in the bitter school of war, instead of the old school they were used to.

Many of them carried albums full of newspaper clippings and pictures. Children are always the most painstaking readers, the most careful and attentive listeners. Great bagsful of children's letters travel to the front, to the most distant places of fighting. And we all impatiently look forward to the hour when mail arrives. We all gather around the table where mail is distributed. We do not dare confess to each other that our

Soviet youngsters gathering scrap iron for defense needs.



hearts beat faster than usual. And when we get a letter with the familiar childish handwriting on the envelope, all the trials of war diminish, and men's eyes shine with greater courage and confidence. And many a man carried upon his breast a tiny part of a child's sweet warmth, which in its touching naivete seemed to preserve us in the moments of greatest danger.

CHILDREN in our country have been our first consideration. People have come to us from distant lands to see how we raise our children and youth. Many books have been written about our schools and nurseries. Many experienced educators have wondered at our country's greatest achievement—how for twenty-five years we have carefully brought generation after generation of children into our life. Every year hundreds of new schools—splendid, lovely buildings, covered our land. At the distant Amur River, floating past great Nanai grazing grounds, the first thing you would see would be a splendid new school building. Our future has always been consecrated to our children.

I remember an evening in an Ukrainian village. We were getting ready to leave that night. Our road equipment was being loaded on trucks. The haze of an autumn fog was hanging over the river. Two days later German motorcycle troops were to be the first to cross that river on pontoon bridges. That night we went out into the yard of the house where we lived. We went out for a farewell look at the pumpkins ripening in the garden patch, at the lovely orchard, at this whole village that we had learned to love. We stood in the middle of the yard, drawing deep breaths of the evening air and its indescribable beauty—the mingled odors of fresh milk, sweet earth, the delicate scent of field flowers, and the fresh breath of the river.

We never forgot Petro, the youthful village mail-carrier, the twelve-year-old Tanya, our bustling housekeeper, who used to bring us steaming earthen pots of milk. We never could forget how Tanya, on that evening of parting, leaning against the door, spoke in a voice full of gloomy decisiveness. She did not speak to any one of us in particular. It seemed she was just giving voice to her innermost feelings:

"I will not remain here with the Germans. I will run away to the steppes, together with the other girls."

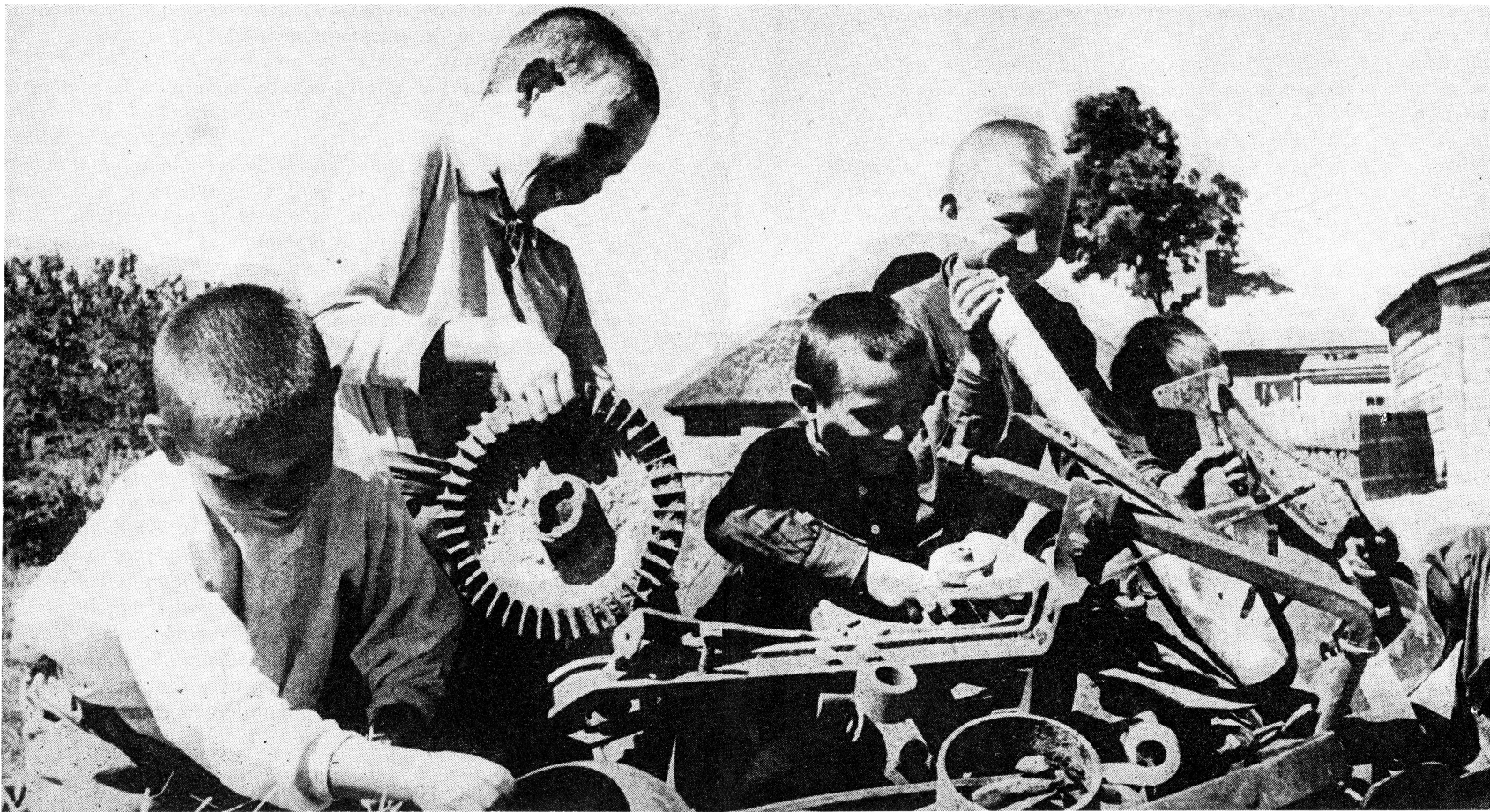
And she did go away to the steppes, as did many another youth. For months she wandered over the steppes, served as scout for the partisans, and terrified the Germans.

THE noble hearts of our people, who are now enhancing their fame and glory by their heroism and their sufferings in this war, are as ever turned toward our children. Many a man fighting on the battlefields thinks of and remembers the children. The seeds we have planted cannot disappear within the soil of this great land of ours. No matter what wounds, what scars this war may leave upon our land, the children who lost their fathers will have to grow on this land. Today they are carefully writing into their copy books names of our heroes, names of locations where our armies are victorious, curses upon the heads of the enemies who wanted to turn their childhood into ashes. Hundreds of schools, devastated and destroyed by the enemy, stand in the path of his invasion. He hastened to demolish them, because he feared them, feared and destroyed libraries and school books; feared that knowledge would make our people hate them even more than ever. And the enemy burned and destroyed particularly schools and anything that meant education in any shape, manner, or form.

The enemy would like to strangle our young seedlings in the black gloom of medievalism. These are our best seedlings and plants—they will rise and grow sturdy in spite of everything. We consecrate our future to children, for whom we are now fighting. And we know, we are certain, that they, brought up in this great and heroic epoch, will preserve and improve that future.

VLADIMIR LIDIN.

Soviet youngsters gathering scrap iron for defense needs.



INSIDE PUERTO RICO

The political issues stirring the island. Food versus sugar. Governor Tugwell as realist and friend. Falange dirty work.

San Juan (by mail)

PUERTO RICANS welcome the proposal that the island elect its own governor by 1944 or as soon after as the war ends. It could not have been otherwise for a people who have been fighting so long for their national independence. But many Americans on the mainland may not realize the complex politics that is going on over the "home rule" proposal. The fact is that many Puerto Ricans are not at all excited over the bill which their Resident Commissioner in Washington, Bolivar Pagan, has introduced in Congress proposing the election of a new governor—not in 1944—but in December of this year.

One reason is that Puerto Ricans are excited about their present governor, Rexford Guy Tugwell. Although he comes eight years late, he is by contrast with former governors like the Admirals Winship and Leahy, something of a miracle. Although as yet less than aggressive in coming out and consolidating his tremendous and instant support among *Puertoriquenos*, Tugwell has already shown himself to be an able and democratic administrator. As such, he has become the rallying point for the island's democratic forces, and any effort to remove him by a demagogic appeal to a supernationalist proposal like Bolivar Pagan's would be disruptive in practice, however democratic in theory.

CERTAINLY Pagan and his bedfellows were happy enough with Blanton Winship, why then this sudden and savage attack to remove Tugwell? Why does Pagan call Tugwell the "American Quisling," no less? And why does the leading reactionary newspaper *El Mundo* persist in spreading the rumor that Tugwell is about to resign from his post, when there is absolutely no valid evidence to support this?

The answer is that the sugar interests on this island are bitterly opposed to Tugwell's idea that \$15,000,000 be appropriated to rent some of the sugar lands, and turn them over to the production of foodstuffs to feed Puerto Rico's hungry population. Food is today the chief issue on the island. The ship sinkings along the Atlantic coast have almost cut off the normal food supply. The economy of this island is based on sugar, which is in the hands of the big monopolies, but the island could not possibly eat its own sugar, and most everything else that it needs has to be imported.

Tugwell has made the realistic proposal that some of the land now going into sugar production be turned over for the island's food needs. He has offered to pay the sugar companies for the acreage needed, but they are fighting him bitterly. This hatred for Tugwell dates, of course, from his earlier New Deal activities. It was he who some time ago investigated the land monopoly in Puerto

Rico, and suggested the enforcement of the 1904 Land Law which limits any one individual's owning more than 500 acres of land. The enforcement of this law would have dealt a blow to the big sugar interests and opened the way, not only to a democratization of land tenure but to a diversification of crops.

THE opposition to Tugwell is many-sided. There is the reactionary Republican Party; there is the so-called Socialist Party, once a mass influence on this island although deriving its ideals more from Kropotkin than Marx. Then there is the Nationalist Party, whose leader, Dr. Albizu Campos, still languishes in the Atlanta Penitentiary, but a section of his following unfortunately contents itself with opposition to the war, to the draft, to the governor, and spends much of its time reading Gandhi.

The sugar interests are everywhere: in the Chamber of Commerce, among those who think everything would be hunkydory if Puerto Rico were the forty-ninth state, in the press, and among the prominent figures of almost every party. And then there is the powerful underground *Falange Espanol*, composed mainly of the wealthy Spanish colony. They have already taken over the chief posts in the civilian defense setup and placed the open fascist Colonel Orbeta in charge. This is the same Orbeta who was insular chief of police during the Ponce massacre of Easter Sunday 1935 in the reign of Blanton Winship.

Another Falange puppet is Munoz McCormick, who was recently instrumental in persuading Judge Cooper of the Federal District Court of Puerto Rico to admit a number of Spanish Falangists to American citizenship. An organized effort to sabotage the blackouts and the civilian defense drills is easily discernible. A recent Berlin broadcast praised the Puerto Rican situation as excellent. At the second National Communist Party Congress in Caguas, a while ago, the public relations director of the eastern area of the OCD, Dr. Pablo Sosa, charged that the Falange was using its top control in civilian defense as a "*punta de lanza*" to divide the island. And they are making the same use of Bolivar Pagan's bill. Nothing would suit them better than to oust Tugwell this December and make the most of the electoral chaos that would follow. And all these elements have found their expression in *El Mundo*.

THE other side of the picture is the important one. Puerto Ricans are divided into many small parties. Their intense nationalist tradition often obscures their vision of realities, but not for long, because their

political instinct is sharp. The coalition behind Tugwell includes the Popular Party, which has the legislative majority at this time. Although its leader, Munoz Marin, refused to take a stand for or against fascism during the events in Spain, and has often done perplexing, erratic things in his career, his party forms a bulwark of support to the governor. There is also the Liberal Party, and of course the Communists, who have urged Tugwell to take an ever bolder stand, ever closer to the rank-and-file of the island. The labor unions back Tugwell, but not without powerful obstruction in some of the top leadership. In the Federation Libre, which is AFL, rank-and-file support for the governor recently canceled out the anti-Tugwell blasts of the leaders, and the militant CGT, Confederacion General de Trabajadores, has given this rank-and-file ringing support. There is a planter-dominated Asociacion de Agricultores, representing, it is true, only a fraction of Puerto Rican farmers, but whose assembly was persuaded to pass a resolution against the governor's program. This has resulted in a large rank-and-file breakaway, the Union de Agricultores, which is rapidly gaining influence among the small and medium farmers.

Unfortunately these progressive forces are handicapped by the lack of a people's press. But the Accion Democratica, a non-partisan group dedicated to the development of an intelligent public opinion, is now broadcasting five days a week. The Popular Party is also carrying a news program over the air waves and is reviving the newspaper *La Democracia* and the journal *El Batey*. After some passionate advices from those who are closest to the people, the governor himself took to the air in a series of four radio addresses. His July fourth speech, predicting Puerto Rico's self-determination after the war holds as much promise for the island as does Henry Wallace's great address for the world.

THE situation is tense here; a nip-and-tuck struggle goes forward. The Pagan bill for the election of a governor in December focuses the issue. People who oppose this bill lay themselves open to the cry of "traitor," as though Pagan alone had inherited Puerto Rico's nationalist mantle. Those who support the bill are risking the danger that the real hope for immediate democratic measures from Tugwell's administration will be dashed, and a chaos ensue that would seriously affect Puerto Rico's position as a vital Caribbean base.

The islander has rallied time and again to the cry of *Independencia*, and has been misled time and again by those reactionary forces who took the name of that sacred slogan in vain. Today, with the Falange conspiring as it is, with fascism peering at the island from the U-boat periscopes, the Puerto Rican asks "Independence for whom? and from whom?" Yes, he wants the right to independence, but given the chance of realizing some of Governor Tugwell's measures now, he knows he can build up his political and economic strength to the point where he can master his own future.

JUAN RIOS.

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Labor Front

IT is important news for organized labor, for everyone bent on swiftly winning this war, that Philip Murray has proposed to William Green a plan for joint conferences looking toward "organic unity" between CIO and AFL. As we go to press, the AFL Executive Council is about to meet in Chicago and its reception to Murray's suggestion will soon be known. Meanwhile some things in the proposal are worth comment. First of all, Murray speaks of the growing unity between the two great labor groups, as expressed in joint action on matters vital to the war effort. He makes plain that discussions of organic unity would not be allowed to interfere with this unity of action; rather, they would intensify it. In other words, the CIO does not propose to disrupt the work of the AFL-CIO Labor Victory Committee through differences that may arise out of the discussions regarding organizational unity. In this connection it is natural that John L. Lewis' name has been omitted from the committee which Murray appointed to confer with the AFL on steps toward unity. For it was Lewis, now a careerist in disruption, who suddenly took it upon himself a few months ago to become the instigator of a "unity" plan which was conceived and timed to cause the greatest amount of disunion. Murray's suggestions, on the other hand, are carefully worked out to achieve the opposite result.

Another proposal by the CIO president is particularly welcome now—to create a CIO-AFL committee, with an impartial arbitrator, to settle jurisdictional disputes. Strikes arising out of such disputes have increased lately. They are intolerable in these times, as both the AFL and CIO recognized when they made their no-strike pledge for the duration. Moreover, work stoppages arising from jurisdictional squabbles are seized upon by anti-labor congressmen, newspaper publishers, and employers as proof of a "strike wave" that calls for stringent laws against the exercise of labor's rights. Only joint action of the two great bodies of organized labor can abolish such disputes.

The so-called "strike wave" has been washed up by the labor-haters for an ugly purpose, and they're making the most of it. When the Scripps-Howard press blazons that "Strikes

Cut War Output by One Million Man-Days," while Donald Nelson is reporting that output for the first half of 1942 was one and a half times that of all 1941—one may be pardoned for investigating the Scripps-Howard figures. It then turns out that 1,000,000 man days represent just one day out of each 7,000 worked in the first six months of this year—or seven-hundredths of one percent. That's about one-fifteenth of the time lost before Pearl Harbor. The strikes have been scattered, brief, and involve relatively few workers; usually the time lost is made up by the strikers themselves.

And there's this to remember: if strikes have increased within the past several weeks, it's largely because the workers' grievances have increased. Some employers, not content with profiteering financially, have regarded the no-strike pledge as their chance to get away with unfair labor practices. And the WLB has been at fault in not handling grievances with enough efficiency and speed. In addition, workers who are more than willing to hold up their end in the anti-inflation program by accepting a just system of wage stabilization, see the whole program endangered by attempted congressional sabotage of price ceilings, rationing, and fair taxation.

These are some of the things that must be remedied. Then, too, organized labor itself can act more vigorously to eliminate strikes. It can oil and tighten up its own grievance machinery, and make more use of the WLB arbitration facilities. There is need for greater discipline, as well as more education, to prevent wildcat strikes. But organized labor alone cannot abolish the root causes of whatever labor discontent exists in war industries. That is a job for all the major forces in the battle for production.

Forty-eight Hours

A VERY sensible recommendation has been put forth by eight government agencies, including the War Production Board and War Manpower Commission—to wit, that the working week in war plants be limited to forty-eight hours. This does *not* mean, as some enemies of labor try to make it, that the Wage-Hour Act should be abolished; for the Office of War Information specifically states that the usual time and a half pay would be

given for time worked after forty hours.

It was found, after thorough study, that work is performed more efficiently if each man's working time is kept within reasonable limits instead of being extended to the exhausting sixty and seventy hours a week that have prevailed in a number of war industries. Moreover, illness and accidents are less prevalent. A uniform forty-eight hour working week will also end the labor pirating which results when some employers hold out the promise of more overtime in order to take workers from other plants.

Since a shorter week for each worker will necessitate the use of many more men and women in the plants to keep up production schedules, it is all the more essential to utilize labor reserves fully. Which means: (1) a complete end must be made to anti-Negro discrimination in war industries; and (2) there must be more training and employment of women in these industries. Attainment of the first goal is imperative in the name of democracy itself, attainment of both is essential to a successful war effort.

Bridges "Battalion Plan"

CAN a Biddle blush? If so, we wonder how our Attorney General feels when he reads of the invaluable contributions to the war effort that continue to be made by a certain individual Mr. Biddle feels should no longer be allowed on these shores. We're referring to Harry Bridges, of course, and his "battalion plan"—latest in the series of proposals the longshoremen's leader has made that have been adopted by the authorities.

First, the Bridges plan some months ago helped jack up efficiency on the waterfront to maximum; next, he proposed that that efficiency be extended to all ports on the globe to which our freighters ply with the materials for victory. Noting that unloadings at important ports in the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and elsewhere were taking about five times as long as they would here, Mr. Bridges made the sound suggestion that experienced American longshoremen be attached to military services to supervise this task. The War Department okayed the plan in June; today Mr. Bridges' longshoremen are enlisting for this service. Experts are being chosen who have studied how best to unload tanks, artillery, etc., in minimum time.

Characteristically, Bridges was too busy to discuss his own case when he appeared before the National Maritime Union to outline his battalion plan. He simply thanked the NMU for its assistance to the Bridges Defense Committee and went on to the business at hand. That business, he said, was the job of winning "the most important fight trade unions were ever engaged in—the fight against fascism."

Will somebody check with Attorney General Biddle?

The Auto Workers Meet

AS WE go to press, the country's largest union has just opened its annual convention in Chicago. It will probably be a brief convention, as the union, the United Automobile Workers (CIO), is also the largest in war production and delegates are eager to get back to the factories. Their president, R. J. Thomas, set a splendid tone for the meeting in his speech the day before over a national radio network. Calling for a second front in Europe, Thomas urged union members to insist on "bold, aggressive policies which will insure victory and make the bloodshed as shortlived as possible." He criticized the "lack of imagination" displayed by "those in charge of our armed forces, and those who have been entrusted with supplying them."

Before the convention met, local after local had submitted second-front resolutions. They also asked the convention to take a stand for affiliation with the Anglo-Soviet trade union committee, support of the President's seven-point program, condemnation of anti-Negro discrimination, disapproval of the Biddle order to deport Harry Bridges, and of congressional maneuvers to put over a "soak the poor" tax measure. The UAW is in a strong position to make demands for a win-the-war policy in Congress and elsewhere. Not only is it large, not only has it increased by several hundred thousand during the past year alone—it can point proudly to its own production record, particularly its part in converting the industry to a war basis. In this the UAW has followed the leadership of the CIO as a whole, refusing to be diverted by the scheming of John L. Lewis, whose isolationism and fake unity moves were warmly denounced in Thomas' speech. The more than 1,500 delegates, representing 612,792 UAW members, have a heavy part to play this week in mapping the frontline strategy of production. Their convention will be watched closely by most of the nation—and with the hopes and best wishes of all others who demand "bold, aggressive policies which will insure victory."

Industrial Paul Bunyan

BY NOW most of America has agreed there is great merit in the proposals of Henry J. Kaiser, the West Coast industrialist, that we "go into the air" to beat the submarine menace. He proposed the building of 5,000 seventy-ton Mar flying boats by mass production methods in converted shipyards and to turn the planes out at the rate of 420 a month. Each plane could carry a fourteen-ton load—or 100 fully equipped soldiers. In other words, 5,000 of them could transport an expeditionary force of 500,000 men to Europe, overnight.

Certain Washington authorities had plenty of cold water to greet his plans, but the builder

wouldn't recognize the phrase "It can't be done." It was feared that construction of the flying cargo craft would cut into the essential bomber program which does need engines, basic raw materials, and tools aplenty. Mr. Kaiser met this objection by promising to put his own facilities to work to uncover the needed materials. Likewise, he assured Washington the planes could be produced in quantity lots without cutting into current production of cargo vessels. He laced into one WPB witness, Theodore Wright, assistant director of aircraft production, who declared that only twenty percent of shipyard tools could be used for planes and that the only contribution the shipyards could make to aircraft production would be labor and management. Mr. Kaiser promised that the conversion of plants could be accomplished with about sixty days of engineering. And it was obvious that he was not talking through his hat. After all, eighteen months ago he set his talents to building ships (he had never seen a ship launched before) and today freighters are going down the ways in his shipyards in forty-six days instead of the old 140 day schedule. And he has his sights geared to thirty days.

When government witnesses warned him that the available and potential supplies of critical materials and engines should not be diverted toward building air freighters, he said this was unnecessary if sufficient "Will-to-do" showed itself in the capital and throughout the country. When he was told there was a scarcity of chrome, he proved that he could have an adequate amount dug from the soil of California. In fact, whenever testimony appeared to place insurmountable obstacles in his path he retorted, "Have they tried? . . . So long as we have to do it, we can do it. Army engineers told me it would be impossible to build the Bonneville dam."

Mr. Kaiser's blueprints were impressive, but more so, perhaps, was his spirit. We hope that spirit will infect all the men charged with planning our war production. It gibes with that of labor which has encouraged the employer-employee committees to step up production, and which has cooperated loyally to overcome all obstacles. It is heartening that both Donald Nelson and Assistant Secretary of War Patterson had more than kind words for Mr. Kaiser's ideas. His is the spirit that wins wars and his enthusiastic "Nothing is impossible" is the motto which will win this one.

Grist for Goebbels

ONE of the secrets of Henry J. Kaiser's success is his aggressive willingness to cooperate with labor, white and black. It is more than significant that the first Negro to launch an American ship was the wife of a Negro janitor in Kaiser's Portland, Ore., yard. This is the spirit which has shattered all production schedules in this yard by cut-

ting the time of building ships from 253 days to forty-six days. Mrs. Walter Harris, the woman who crashed the champagne bottle over the bow of the Liberty ship, says she struck the hull twice. Once, to send the boat down the ways, the other time to demonstrate the determination of the Negro people to help win this war.

This is the spirit all America needs, particularly in the field of relations with the Negro people. This is what impelled a number of Negro citizens in Arkansas to defy Bourbon tradition, and to vote in the Federal elections for the first time in history. This is why, a few weeks ago, a group of white Democrats in South Carolina adopted a resolution urging that Negroes be permitted to vote in the Democratic primary. The imperative need for unity has brought the anti-poll tax movement in this country to its peak today, where but twenty-eight more congressional signatures are necessary to bring the Geyer bill out on the floor. But those twenty-eight signatures *are* needed, and everybody's congressman must be apprised of that fact.

The heritage of Jim Crow was apparent in the finding last week of the Federal Grand Jury at Sikeston, Mo., which, in effect, white-washed the lynchers who murdered Cleo Wright some months ago. This lynching was one of the most brutal in history: the Negro was shot, dragged through the streets, hanged and burned. The Federal Grand Jury saw nothing that could be termed a "federal offense." It lamented, it deplored, but brought no action against the so-called law enforcement officials of the town, nor against the mobsters themselves. It is more than puzzling that Attorney General Biddle's office has not yet moved on this case. Mr. Biddle's colleagues announced a long time ago that they "would take action." While they dallied, Willie Vinson was lynched in Texas, Jessie Smith, a soldier, was lynched in Arizona, and Roland Hayes, world famous artist, was assaulted in Georgia. This apathy hinders President Roosevelt's Fair Employment Practices Committee; it threatens national unity. Moreover, it enables Herr Goebbels to mock American democracy over the air waves: it menaces victory.

Get Them All

WHEN eight Nazi saboteurs invaded our shores about a month ago, bringing with them explosives and detailed plans for destruction and murder, it was generally assumed they would speedily receive the death penalty. But no. Instead of permitting the continuation of the trial by the military commission which President Roosevelt had created, the saboteurs were allowed to enter pleas for writs of habeas corpus. The highest court in the land was called into extraordinary ses-

sion to determine whether Hitler's dynamite-throwers were entitled to trial in our civil courts. With poker face solemnity the defense pointed out that the saboteurs were not wearing military uniforms when they landed, therefore they should not be tried by the military. It was claimed that the boys had meant no harm—the high explosives and maps they carried were part of a "disguise" to escape from Hitler's men, who obligingly landed them on the Atlantic Coast in a submarine! A serious attempt was made to question the President's whole war authority. Finally the commission was permitted to continue; its verdict and findings are, at this writing, in the hands of the President, who will decide what action to take.

There's nothing in the least amusing about this farce except to Hitler agents and defeatists, who probably split their sides over the spectacle. We're not in a cricket game with these people; we are at war with them. Perhaps there are people in Washington who don't know this yet. It's past time they learned

It's well past the time for encouraging the columnists—already too much encouraged by Biddle's relatively tender treatment—to believe that America is light-hearted enough to play tiddley-winks with invaders.

Meanwhile it is good to see the "native" Hitler aides being called up in the courts—although circumstances of their trials remind us of some bigger game not yet brought in. William Dudley Pelley, on trial for sedition, has called in his behalf an array of witnesses including Charles Lindbergh, Maj. Gen. George Van Horn Moseley, and former Rep. Jacob Thorkelson of Montana. These men's fascist records are as notorious as Pelley's. Why do they figure in spy trials as witnesses only? Because they are more "respectable" than Pelley? But their respectability simply gives them more influence, makes them more serious. Our advice is: get them all.

Little Finland's Great Perfidy

Two correspondents reported last week that Finnish battalions were fighting in the bend of the Don. One was a Russian, Ilya Ehrenbourg, who says he saw prisoners of the 722d Finnish brigade near Kletskaia; the other is the Englishman, Ralph Parker, correspondent for the *New York Times*, who reports (on July 31) that among the reserves which von Bock has been throwing in on the approaches to Stalingrad are Finnish battalions. In other words, the Finnish army is not being used only to threaten our life lines to Russia in the north; nor are they being used only as part of Mannerheim's dream of a Greater Finland covering all of Karelia; by no stretch of the imagination are they being employed only in the separate, defensive war that the Helsinki hypocrites talk about. They are being used at a crucial moment on the crucial front,

unquestionably as part of the one and only struggle, on which the future of our own country depends. Ten days ago, some 380 Americans drew the conclusion, out of a deep sense of our national honor, and after a serious study of the realities, that the United States must declare war on Finland. What further evidence does the State Department need about the identity of our enemies? Are the Finns fighting our side in the north? Yes, they are. Are they fighting us in the south? Yes, they are. Then what are we waiting for?

Eyes on India

THE eyes of the world turn toward Bombay this week as the All-India Congress leaders meet to adopt measures which will have a vital bearing on that sub-continent's position on the war. According to the *New York Times*, July 27, the working committee of the Congress has adopted a resolution calling on the British to end their rule in India and threatening a campaign of civil disobedience if their demand is denied. The resolution will be submitted for ratification at the Bombay sessions. The crucial nature of the deliberations, therefore, is obvious.

Summer is nearing its close and the monsoon season, said to be the reason Japan has not yet attacked in full force, will end in September. Late dispatches indicate that Japan is massing troops at the frontier. Haste, therefore, is all the more necessary by all sides of the dangerous Indian controversy. Unfortunately, the British authorities do not seem to evaluate the peril accurately. Sir Stafford Cripps' recent speech restated his arguments of three months ago: he continued to promise independence *after* the war is won. He does not permit the Indians the responsibility for mobilizing their own people. The speech of Secretary of State for India Leopold S. Amery was, if anything, worse. He had nothing to offer but jail. Poor solace for 350,000,000 who want their independence and who also, according to all indications, want to defend their homeland against the principal menace today—the Axis. The realization by the Indian masses of the Japanese danger is reflected in the altered tone of Gandhi, preacher of the perilous doctrine of non-resistance. Latterly his speeches have been marked by words of warning to the Mikado that he would meet with resistance if his troops crossed from Burma into India. Undoubtedly Gandhi is tempering his sails to the Indian winds: they blow hard for resistance—active resistance—to any and all aggressors.

But it is also a fact, and incontrovertibly so, that their resistance will be magnified a thousandfold if the wish dearest to their hearts—independence—is granted. It must also be admitted that on this score the American press has not helped the Indians—or the

United Nations war effort. The *New York Times* continues to echo the arguments of the intransigent British Foreign Office. That way lies disaster, for India is indisputably essential to the world struggle against the Axis. The Indian masses look to us for aid, for support. This country, historically, and from every other point of view today, must give them that support. It will be repaid a hundredfold as we get to the business of settling accounts with Japan. A word from President Roosevelt today bringing the British and Indians together to finally resolve their differences would be worth armies in the field against Japan and Germany. It would ensure the staunch alliance of 350,000,000 fighters.

Violence in Buenos Aires

WALDO FRANK has been treated to a firsthand demonstration of the Argentine government's "strict neutrality." Just twenty-four hours after that government had ordered him out of the country for criticizing President Castillo's foreign policy, six gunmen posing as policemen entered the writer's home and beat him with pistol-butts and fists. At this writing they have not been identified; they may have been direct agents of Hitler, of whom there are many in Argentina; a group of the fifth column, which is tolerated by the Castillo government; or followers of Castillo himself.

The government, which encouraged the assault by its *persona non grata* order and then failed to protect Frank, has taken an "Excuse it, please" attitude, though it obviously does not relish the international repercussions of the assault. Mr. Frank had been invited to Argentina by democratic organizations and had lectured for two months in the country's universities on the subject of American culture. He is very well known in Latin American countries as a writer and a democrat. Now the Argentine government, having shown that its neutrality does not extend to persons with "dangerous thoughts," is faced with the embarrassment of having to explain a physical attack upon a United States citizen by persons who evidently agree with the Castillo regime. The violence of that regime is exposed—the violence of an oligarchy that must maintain itself in power against the wishes of the majority; and the violence that is inherent in Hitlerism. Against Castillo's men, who are unconstitutionally in command with the support of big landholders in the provinces, stand the progressive, democratic forces centered in Buenos Aires. The latter are growing under pressure of economic crisis—in itself a product of the Argentine government's refusal to cooperate with the democracies—as well as the pressure of their anti-Axis sentiments. The conflict between these democratic forces and Castillo's followers is symbolized by the Frank affair.



WHAT SHALL MY CHILD READ?

An expert discusses the state of children's literature. The kind of stories youngsters are asking for. Angles for parents and publishers.

WHEN NEW MASSES invited me to write this article, I had a premonition that it could only turn out to be a pessimistic report on the state of children's literature. That was because I have long been one of that small but growing number of workers in the field who feel keenly that juveniles have with too few exceptions avoided the real, the four dimensional world of the present. Ask a librarian for a juvenile to compare in social content with *Blue Willow* or *Run, Run!*. After a desperately deep dive, she may come up with half a dozen. And yet, last Christmas at the Child Study Association book celebration, 200 youngsters spoke their hunger for books which would truthfully represent the world in which they were soon to act as adults. Specifically discussing the career stories, the consensus of opinion was that they were all to the good; but that even these purportedly all-real depictions were over generously upholstered. I have had a thirteen-year-old girl tell me that though she had liked *Blue Willow*, often described as the juvenile *Grapes of Wrath*, she thought that its author, Doris Gates, should have been honest to the last page and not blamed the suffering of the Larkins on a farm foreman.

Yes. More truth. Not only about yesterday, but particularly on the here and now. It was this consideration which depressed me when I received the assignment. I began by jotting down the titles of the eight or ten books I could possibly discuss. But soon I found myself adding the many honest, beautifully written juveniles which I had skimmed through or read during my boy's childhood. Picture books, fairy tales, folk tales and myths, fiction and biography, fact books and mysteries. And as the list grew, making an objective inventory of about 150 titles, my despondence was dissipated. And so I have arrived at this writing with high confidence that we have a fine nucleus for a children's literature and, even more important, that we have been accelerating in the right direction these last fifteen years or so.

It is not generally remembered that the business of writing and publishing for children is not much over 200 years old. Of the thousands of existent manuscripts indited and illustrated in the days before printing, only one seems intended for a child's reading, *How Babies Should Behave*. For 300 years, including the gloriously creative period of the Elizabethan writers, a few books on etiquette (In yawning howl not!), a few didactically religious books, a few books of verses recit-

ing the horrible rewards of sin, these were all that were considered necessary for the well born child. Scan this sample verse:

*When by speech I am told
What beauty doth adorn me,
Or in a glass when I behold
How sweetly God did form me,
Hath God such comeliness displayed
And on me made to dwell:
'Tis pity such a pretty maid
As I should go to hell.*

Dorothy Parker? No. J. Janeway in *A Looking Glass for Children: Being a Narrative of God's Gracious Dealings with Some Little Children*.

The unfortunate youngster whose family could not afford this form of entertainment received no particularized attention until about 1590, when E. Coote invented the hornbook. True, he had had the local folk tales and the rhymes of Mother Goose by word of mouth, but nothing in print which he could call his own. The hornbook was a wooden paddle or battledore on which were inscribed the letters of the alphabet and possibly the Lord's prayer and the Invocation, the whole covered with a transparent sheet of horn and suspended from the owner's belt or neck by a string in the handle. This sturdy juvenile

sold in the millions right up to the nineteenth century when the bourgeois revolution caught up with it.

Already the fairy tale had made its bow in France. The philosopher Charles Perrault, stimulated by the birth of a son in his old age, had written "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "Sleeping Beauty," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Blue Beard," "Henny Penny and Cocky Locky": a deathless achievement. John Newbery of London set apart a corner of his dispensary for a juvenile library and proceeded to create that library by publishing over 200 titles between 1744 and 1812. His cheap books done on pulp and mostly concerned with morals, murder, and witchcraft sold for 6d., or with ball or pin cushion, for 8d. Oliver Goldsmith was one of his authors, and "Goody Two-Shoes," who helped a poor child learn to read, is still a popular heroine with children under seven years of age.

THUS through Newbery the democratic tendencies of the time began to reach out and include the children and to furnish them not only with cheap books but writing that was more free in form and more entertaining in content and, God forgive those sinners, occasionally amusing. Charles and Mary Lamb even went so far as to rewrite the tales of Shakespeare so that children too might enjoy them. The Grimm brothers and Hans Andersen set to work. A brilliant mathematician created *Alice in Wonderland*. But for the most part juveniles published in the last century were concerned with morals, religion, and manners. It was a lachrymose age. Children were supposed to weep at bad little boys and girls who were certainly destined for you-know-where, and to wail for the goody-goody who were so pure they were invariably recruited by Heaven. Most of the few fine juveniles the century evoked were snatched out of the adult hopper. Among them were *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Little Women*, and whole shelves of Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Jules Verne, Jack London, the Dumas', and Conan Doyle.

Only with the turn of the century did a few talented and imaginative writers take time from their adult writing to do books specifically for children. We owe a great deal to men like Kipling and Stevenson and Walter de LaMare and A. A. Milne not only for their literary contributions to juvenile literature, but because they set new standards by proving that writing for children required



An illustration by Paul Lantz from "Blue Willow."



An illustration by Paul Lantz from "Blue Willow."

as much skill and artistic integrity as writing for the adult.

Nevertheless, as late as 1920 Annie Carol Moore, then the highly creative Children's Librarian of the New York Public Library and still a passionate crusader for better children's books, was forced to declare that juvenile writing was still in the hands of third- and fourth-rate people turning out hundreds of semi-literate pastries, conceived with a minimum of imagination and a maximum of sentimentality and puff.

But the post world war period with its grave disillusionments caused progressive people in all fields to reexamine the basis on which a better world might conceivably arise. And since the conclusion was inescapable that the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow, many set to work to raise the levels for children in education, reading, play, and community relations. Thus without fanfare was ushered in the age of the Child. And all this concentration of attention on the child—through the progressive schools, the radical specialization of children's library work defined in separate rooms, story-telling, plays and puppet shows, the child study associations, parent-teacher groups, child psychology clinics and children's courts, professional theater and concerts for children, children's divisions in museum activity, etc.—brought about a new attitude in the publishing field as well.

Publishers began to recognize profitable opportunities in juvenile book making. For the first time, they set up autonomous departments headed by juvenile editors drawn largely from the libraries and the schools. And there were published beautiful picture books and an unending stream of well done volumes on all phases of science and industry. Writing standards climbed so that by the time the depression hit, skilled and creative writers were fast replacing the amateur practitioners once dominant in the field. The coveted John Newbery medal, the Helen Hoke prize, and later the Herald Tribune Spring Books award and the advent of the Junior Literary Guild played an important part and still do in the production of better books for children. Unquestionably, too, the cultural section of WPA with its children's theater, art classes, story-hours and play-acting clubs bringing the creative features of progressive education to the public school child, should be given credit for strengthening the mounting conviction that children are a tremendously vital portion of the nation and must be treated with imagination and honesty.

Let us briefly particularize this appraisal.

Perhaps the most significant single improvement concerns writing about the Negro people. Eva Knox Evans, a southern school-teacher, pioneered by stripping away the pied dialect and the cartoonists curls and presenting the Negro child in a way that he could recognize himself. Arno Bontemps' *Sad-Faced Boy* lives in the real Harlem. In *Shuttered Windows*, by F. C. Means, a northern Negro girl visits her grandma in South Carolina and is forced to make Jim Crow adjustments. The

Some Suggestions

The following are a few books selected by Mr. Taylor as representing some of the best juvenile fiction, history, and biography of the last twenty years.

Railroad to Freedom, by H. H. Swift, Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

Other People's Houses, by Margery Bianco, Viking. \$2.

My Sister and I, by Dirk van der Heide, Harcourt, Brace. \$1.

Haym Salomon, by Howard Fast, Messner. \$2.50.

Simon Bolivar, by Elizabeth Waugh, Macmillan, \$2.50.

Down Ryton Water, by E. R. Gaggin, Viking, \$2.

Adventures of Misha, by Sergei Rozanov, Stokes. \$1.75.

Hans Sees the World, by L. Tetzner, Covici-Friede. \$2.

Master Simon's Garden, by Cornelia Meigs, Macmillan. \$2.

Abe Lincoln Grows Up, by Carl Sandburg, Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

Codfish Musket, by A. D. Hewes, Doubleday-Doran. \$2.

Thomas Jefferson, by Gene Lisitsky, Viking. \$2.50.

We the People, by Leo Huberman, Houghton-Mifflin. \$2.

Bend in the Road, by M. T. Raymond, Longmans-Green. \$2.

Key Corner, by Eva Knox Evans, Putnam's. \$2.

Sad-Faced Boy, by Arno Bontemps, Houghton-Mifflin. \$2.

Steppin and Family, by Hope Newell, Oxford. \$2.

Boy on Horseback, by Lincoln Steffens, Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

Their Weight in Wild Cats, by James Daugherty, Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

Blue Willow, by Doris Gates, Viking. \$2.

Kullu of the Carts, by J. S. Eyton, Bobbs Merrill. \$2.50.

Madame Curie, by Eve Curie, Doubleday-Doran. \$4.

Snow Treasure, by Mary A. McSwiggan, Dutton. \$2.

Big Ben, by E. S. Miers, Westminster Press. \$2.50.

Hill Doctor, by Hubert Skidmore, Doubleday-Doran. \$2.

Run, Run!, by Harry Granick, Simon & Schuster. \$2.

Shuttered Windows, by F. C. Means, Houghton-Mifflin. \$2.

Reading with Children, by Anne T. Eaton, Viking. \$2.50.

inspirational and exciting life of Harriet Tubman, escaped slave, worker in the underground railroad, nurse during the Civil War, fighter for woman's suffrage, is well told by H. H. Swift in *Railroad to Freedom*. This year we have had two fictionalized biographies of notable Negroes: *Big Ben*, by E. S. Miers, the beautifully told story of Paul Robeson; and *Steppin and Family*, by Hope Newell, an

absorbing approximation of the struggles of a young Bill Robinson to learn and to earn.

A child will be quick to appreciate and to identify himself with the great American traditions of the rights of man in such books as Leo Huberman's *We the People*, still the best juvenile history of our country; Cornelia Meigs' *Master Simon's Garden*, in which three generations of Pilgrims nourish the national attitudes of flexibility and tolerance; E. R. Gaggin's *Down Ryton Water*, an unusually timely and stirring story of the Pilgrims' fight for freedom; *Codfish Musket*, by A. D. Hewes, a vigorous story of westward expansion; and James Daugherty's *Their Weight in Wild Cats*, the tall tales of Paul Bunyan, Mike Fink, John Henry, and other such legendary heroes.

Daugherty has also done fine lives of Daniel Boone and Ben Franklin. In *Haym Salomon*, Howard Fast has not only written a continuously interesting story, but successfully combats the Coughlinitic slander that the Jew is alien to American life. Others among the best of American biographies are *Thomas Jefferson*, by Gene Lisitsky; *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*, by Carl Sandburg; *Boy on Horseback*, Lincoln Steffens' account of his western boyhood; and *Simon Bolivar*, by Elizabeth Waugh. Eve Curie's story of her mother, *Madame Curie*, though not written for youngsters, will be highly inspirational for the above-average thirteen-year-old.


PROBABLY the best historical fiction for children is being written by Geoffrey Trease, who sees life as a Marxist. His latest, *Cue for Treason*, though placed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, reads like an account of today's fifth column intrigue and betrayal. Two excellent anti-Nazi books just published are *Snow Treasure*, by M. A. McSwiggan, in which two children save Norway's gold from the Nazi invaders; and Dirk van der Heide's *My Sister and I*, an actual account of the five-day invasion of Holland. If your child wishes to know something about the Soviet Union, M. Ilin's *First Primer* is by no means outdated. *Adventures of Misha*, by Sergei Rozanov, is a gay and exciting story of a little suburbanite lost in the big city of Moscow.

For reality and honesty of treatment of the contemporary social scene, I commend, besides *Blue Willow* and Harry Granick's gay *Run, Run!*, Raymond's *Bend in the Road*, the story of a factory girl; Margery Bianco's *Other People's Homes*, in which a girl becomes a domestic worker during the depression; Herbert Skidmore's *Hill Doctor*, who works among his mountain people; and a book that may be out of print and, if so, should be re-issued; *Hans Sees the World*, by L. Tetzner, the story of Hans' adventures around the world in search of bread.

Finally, I would recommend for your own reading Anne T. Eaton's highly intelligent *Reading with Children*.

Yes, juvenile literature has made great strides in the last fifteen years. It is even


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big business today: its yearly lists are second only to adult fiction. And yet, it still produces too many of the over-charming, cushioned tarts of sheer piff for pelf and too few packages of the real and the present. It still continues to publish stories glorifying the slave relationships of the Old South as in *Sweet 'Possum Valley*; or an occasional book such as *They Go by Sea, They Go by Land*, in which the author subtly hobnails the features and character of the Jewish boy fortunate enough to escape the Nazis. Publishers can even depend on influential reviewers and librarians with an otherwise liberal slant to praise such books.

James Daugherty, that splendid writer and artist, has spoken for more guts and democracy in children's writing. Julia L. Sauer, Rochester librarian, in her memorable article "Making the World Safe for Janey Larkins," has pleaded eloquently for consideration of the scene which applies to eighty-five percent of our children. Progressive educators as well as the children themselves are still calling for stories that bear a direct relation to socio-economic reality. But the rate at which this wish is being gratified, though accelerating, remains a trickle.

The most important impediment to a freer flow of children's books is their price. In a population of 60,000,000 children, it is the rare book that will sell 30,000 copies. The average two-dollar tariff effectively limits sales to the \$5,000 and over income class. This group, then, often anxious to protect its children from awareness of the harsh facts of injustice and inequality borne by others, determines the content of our yearly lists. Obviously the forces which have so far been able to bring about a healthier literature are insufficiently powerful to clear this obstacle. Perhaps it is also true that some of them do not now desire to do so as ardently as they once thought they did.

Is there, then, any force not yet employed which can appreciably swing writing and editorial choice into a wider democratic channel? I believe there is such a force. It is implicit in the largest and most progressive mass organization in the country: the trade union movement of over 11,000,000 members, many of them parents.

If once the trade unions recognized that the children of today are the trade unionists of tomorrow and that in a very important measure children are daily being subjected in class room, cinema, radio, and reading matter to distortions and suppressions of the truth and the real world into which they are growing, the unions would try to correct this condition as strenuously as they seek to improve any other condition of labor. Many of the trade unionists earn enough to be book buyers at a dollar price. The larger unions have excellent educational departments. Whether through a Labor Book Club, a possibility insufficiently canvassed by writers' organizations, or by other means, the trade unions can tremendously influence the juvenile market because their membership offers publishers an

untapped field of enormous potentiality. I am assured that such a club could, on a non-profit basis, sell a two-dollar book for a dollar. Thus the organized working class would be in a position to directly indicate manuscripts for publication by reputable houses and indirectly to affect editorial policy in the entire field. Without question publishers would welcome such a development. The gain for the unions, for honesty in juvenile literature, and for the growth of our children in understanding the world into which they are moving, would be incalculable.

I think we have been rating our children at too low a mark. A child is naturally courageous, values freedom, and is a stickler for justice, equality and fair play. Let us do everything we can to treat our children honestly and to develop their instinctive desire for the truth, for reality, and for a better understanding of the here and now. They will, like the Soviet children, repay us today and the world will be better for them tomorrow.

The next significant advance in juvenile literature waits on the initiative of the trade unions. They have an obligation; but they have also an inspiring privilege!

HARRY TAYLOR.

In the Great Tradition

NATIVE DAUGHTER; *The Story of Anita Whitney*, by Al Richmond. Anita Whitney 75th Anniversary Committee. San Francisco. \$1.

WHEN two American women—one eighty and the other a mere seventy-five—jointly celebrate their July 1942 birthdays by starting off on a strenuous cross-country tour to help smash Hitler in 1942 and to mobilize the women of America behind the job—the least excitable of our fellow citizens will admit "it's something," and will want to know how come.

Native Daughter answers for the younger of the team: Anita Whitney. (Her partner, Mother Bloor, has already spoken in her wonderful autobiography, *We Are Many*.) This all-too-short biography placing her life and accomplishments against her country's and her state's history for three-quarters of a century explains why Anita Whitney could not have celebrated her birthday in any other way.

Anita Whitney's long, eventful, and inspiring life began two years after the Civil War ended. *Native Daughter* excitingly proves it was anything but a placid existence. So much so, one smiles at an anecdote the book contains about Anita's vehement rejection of life in a rocking chair. The woman seated in the particular chair under discussion had a speech defect which caused her to pronounce all "k" sounds as "t," with the result that she spoke of: "O, how I like to just sit and rot and rot and rot." Another anecdote, which explains Anita Whitney at sixty-seven, is more typical. Behind the door her pride as a free American prevented her from keeping latched, we meet her—armed with an empty milk bottle, waiting for vigilantes.

But Eugene V. Debs, who had so many right words, gave the most fitting description of Anita Whitney, when he called her "white-souled apostle of the dawn." Fittingly poetical—and accurate.

Native Daughter, warmly and affectionately written by Al Richmond on the occasion of her seventy-fifth birthday as a gift to her thousands of friends, comrades, and admirers, gives us the well documented story of a life devoted to service in the interests of the American people.

Born in California, the daughter of a southern mother and a back-to-the-Mayflower New England father who served his adopted state as senator from Alameda County, Anita had a sheltered early life—sheltered from personal want but not from reality.

The book opens with a scene from her childhood which illustrates this fact and sets the stage for a lifetime spent in rejection of selfish ease and security in order to fight for the needs of the people.

It was at a gala party in the Capitol Rotunda in Washington. She was taken by her uncle, Supreme Court Justice Stephen Field. At one point in the festivities, the lights were dimmed for an appeal by an actress in rags, in behalf of famine-stricken Ireland. The bewildered little girl, overwhelmed by the hideous magnificence of what Mark Twain named the Gilded Age, confronted for the first time by suffering and distress, asked "Why?"

The chapters dealing with her girlhood, youth, young womanhood, show Anita bent on a diligent, earnest search for the answer. She didn't find it in her studies at Wellesley. She didn't find it on New York's Rivington Street either, where her earliest settlement work gave her a short but brutal introduction to the horror of poverty. She did learn, however, that our social system is out of gear

and that she wanted, more than anything in life, to be able to do something about it.

Native Daughter's account of fifteen years spent in intensive, fearless social work in California and Boston as the vigorous and incorruptible director of large social agencies, as pioneer juvenile probation officer, as prison reform leader, is brought to a grimly dramatic climax with the picture of the grueling rescue work she led after the San Francisco earthquake. These years, marked by quiet but fierce and uncompromising battle against moneyed power and corruption in behalf of the people with whom she had completely identified herself, convinced Anita Whitney that "no solution lay along the route of organized charities and I definitely abandoned the profession I had hoped was to be my life work, and I was left adrift again, with more questions to be answered."

This modesty, a modesty that will make every reader of her story feel humble in its presence, is alone responsible for the expression "adrift." Women of Anita Whitney's calibre don't drift. They march ahead of the rest of us, breaking the ground on the road to a better life, and lighting the way by the example of their courage, steadfastness, leadership.

Women's suffrage was the next logical chapter in Anita Whitney's quest for truth. Ridicule, slander, misrepresentation failed to discourage or halt Anita and the women she organized into the College Equal Suffrage League whose president she soon became. In California and later in Oregon and Nevada her constructive and triumphant work earned her national recognition. Years later, when her freedom was being tossed around in the courts, her prominent co-workers wrote:

"The women of California have not forgotten what Anita Whitney has done for them in the past. She was a leader in California's fight for suffrage, and the best people of the state were proud to enlist under her leadership. She has deservedly won our lasting gratitude."

The details of Anita Whitney's story—up to this point and for the years that follow—all colorfully told against their historic background must be left to the reading of *Native Daughter*.

As Anita herself says, it was here, at the mature age of forty-seven, that she "passed over the line which divides mankind into two different groups, the group which stands for human exploitation and the group which stands for the fullness of life here and now. . . . I had taken the road from which there is no returning and with whatever hesitations and stumblings I have tried to follow ever since."

That road almost led Anita Whitney to the gates of San Quentin where her good friends McNamara and Tom Mooney spent and lost their valiant lives. A seven-year fight involving the labor movement and its friends from coast to coast won her freedom. The road did lead her, consistently and inevitably, to her present position as beloved leader of the Communist Party in California.



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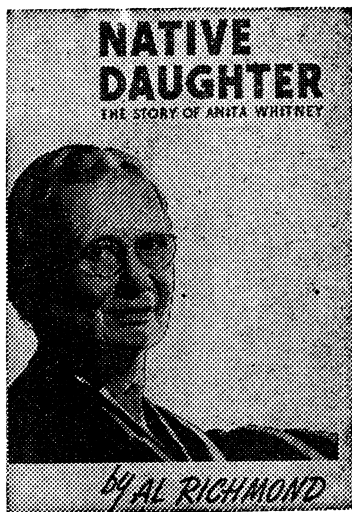
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Her duties have earned her the love of tens of thousands of California's laboring population, whom she has worked with in strikes, defense committees, and tearing up and down the vast state in election campaigns during which her record has rolled up her votes way ahead of the rest of her ticket.

The women whom she has led, the Negro people whose cause she has championed throughout the years (her "red-flag" arrest was made for an anti-lynching address), the Irish, the Mexicans of southern California, her co-workers of the surgical dressing unit in the Red Cross where she works today, revere her for her life among them—a heart-warming and inspiring life of selfless devotion to a chosen cause.

America has many women who have left permanent records in the proud annals of our history. All fought hard to make their mark. Their personalities were as varied and unique as the contributions they made to the growth of our country. Like all of them, Anita Whitney, from as far back as the gentle Abolitionist Lucretia Mott whom she most closely resembles, has one quality: they not only advance the cause of humanity to whose service they are dedicated by their accomplishments, they challenge the rest of us to be worthy of their heritage and to at least follow in the pattern they laid down for us.

Thanks to Al Richmond and to the San Francisco Anita Whitney Seventy-fifth Anniversary Committee for giving us in this agonizing moment of war and destruction this fortifying story. But thanks chiefly to Anita Whitney for having lived it and for continuing today to add chapter upon chapter to its enduring glory.

SASHA SMALL.

Distinguished Scholarship

WHEN PEOPLES MEET. A Study in Race and Culture Contacts, edited by Alain Locke and Bernhard J. Stern. Progressive Education Association. \$3.50. \$2.50 for P.E.A. members.

DOCTORS STERN AND LOCKE have done an extremely valuable job at this time when the rights of national minorities and the freedom of colonial peoples are crucial questions for the democratic countries. *When Peoples Meet* is a collection of excerpts from the writings of more than seventy-five prominent scientists on key problems in anthropology, sociology, and political science. The choice of material is admirable, combining theoretical matters with a host of facts, anecdotes, legends, documents, and the like, which are tremendously interesting to the average reader.

The book is divided into five parts. These deal respectively with cultural contacts and the growth of civilization; varieties of cultural conflict from the period of colonial conquest to the influence of imperialism; the ways and devices of power of dominant peoples; the tactics of survival and counter-assertion of "submerged" peoples; and finally, the contemporary scene in intercultural relations. Each part is in turn divided into groups

of essays illustrating specific aspects of the chief fields of inquiry. The enormous extent, variety, and power of cultural interrelations is indicated by the very range of subjects, among which are to be found our cultural debt to the American Indians, Chinese influence in the West, the record of imperialism in India, Nazi racial ideology, the participation of the Negro people in the government of the South, and national minorities in the Soviet Union.

We have here, however, much more than an anthology of articles on anthropological topics. Throughout the essays and editorial prefaces there runs the persistent theme of the creative powers of free human beings, and coexistent with this, the lesson that the oppression of any people is not only an offense against that group, but a crime against all humanity. Discrimination against the Negro people degrades the white community. The colonial system of the past is a serious handicap to the cause of the United Nations in the battle against fascism. Today, the greatest enemies of mankind are those who boasted that national and racial oppression was their mode of existence.

The editors make it very clear that by culture they mean more than literature, art, or science. Culture is a people's total way of dealing with and remaking its life. This involves its history, language, economy, and psychological structure. All these are deeply interconnected; the effort to destroy any one of these seriously damages the bonds which hold a people together. It is for this reason that oppression so often takes the form of cultural interdiction, and conversely, that the political struggle of minorities and subjugated nations is expressed in terms of demands for freedom of cultural expression. To which may be added the corollary that true cultural autonomy is an expression of political liberation, and depends ultimately upon a people's attainment of the latter.

The chapter on national minorities in the Soviet Union, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, becomes therefore the most important in the book. It answers in a practical fashion all the problems raised by the other writers. The Webbs write:

"The Soviet Union can claim with a high degree of accuracy that it has solved the difficult problem presented by the existence of national minorities within a strongly centralized state. It has found this solution by the novel device of disassociating statehood from both nationality and race. It has put its trust in a genuine equality of citizenship as completely irrespective of race or language, as of color or religion."

Such equality is a mainspring of Soviet power, and must be made one of ours as well. In this connection I think it unfortunate that the editors have omitted the work of the greatest architect of national equality, Stalin, whose *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question* lays the basis for Soviet practice. This is the only criticism I would make of a book distinguished by its scholarship and insight.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

Historical Highlights

PENNSYLVANIA CAVALCADE, compiled by the Pennsylvania Writers Project, Works Project Administration. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$3.

ONE of the American Guide Series put out by the WPA Federal Writers Project, this volume deals with "episodic highlights" of state history, and may be regarded as a supplementary and less formal companion to the Pennsylvania Guide already published. Its professed aim is to bridge the gap between the school history and the ponderous scholastic tome; and while making no pretensions to chronologic completeness or to being in any way a definitive work, it may be said to fulfill its modest but useful purpose in a creditable manner.

The one criticism that might be made of the volume is the uniform, rather dull, and standardized quality of the writing throughout. Always competent, it still lacks that vividness and sparkle which the picturesque character of much of the material might lead one to expect. In the matter of liveliness *Pennsylvania Cavalcade* cannot compare with the guides put out by a number of states with far less rich a fund of historic documentation to draw upon.

Nevertheless, from the standpoint of subject matter the book has a place of its own. It will bring to many of us more than one incident of Pennsylvania history that has its timely importance for today, but which otherwise might have remained locked in those formidable quarters and folios on the shelves of historical libraries, or buried in the archives. A case in point is the Christiana fugitive slave riot of 1851, in which Pennsylvania's great abolitionist statesman, Thaddeus Stevens, acted as chief counsel for the thirty-five Negroes involved and their white friends.

Another episode which, while much better known, holds a lasting contemporary interest for all concerned with the cause of labor, is the Homestead Strike of 1892. The present account adds little that is new, but it does fill in a detail here and there, and is altogether to be commended for its fair and accurate treatment. It is only to be regretted that the editors did not devote a similar chapter to the famous "Molly Maguires," a saga that is on the lips of every grandsire and grandam of the Anthracite region.

Among the picturesque and all but forgotten "highlights" with which the *Cavalcade* provides us is the "Hot Water Rebellion," which occurred in the Lancaster region in 1798-99. We have all heard of the Whiskey Insurrection, which also receives a chapter in the *Cavalcade*; but this other excise tax revolt—named from the hot water that was poured on the assessors, and sometimes known as the

Milford or the Fries Rebellion—will be new to most of us. The chapter on the Whiskey Insurrection would profit from a deeper study of underlying causes and factors.

These are but a few of the things the book has to offer. There is a special section dealing with "Historic Places," one on "Experimental Settlements," and one on "Transportation." The story of the various adventures in collective living that took place within the state makes interesting and instructive reading.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

A Musician's Letters

VERDI, THE MAN IN HIS LETTERS, Edited and selected by Franz Werfel and Paul Stefan. Translated by Edward Downes, with a preface by Franz Werfel. L. B. Fischer. \$3.50.

THIS collection of Verdi's letters begins with one to a friend on the value of publishing the letters of a musician. This is Verdi's opinion of the matter: "Why should anyone go and drag out a musician's letters? Letters which are always written hastily, carelessly, without his attaching any importance to them because the musician knows that he has no reputation to sustain as a writer. Isn't it enough that he should be booed for his music? No sir, the letters too."

This book, by careful selection, does an excellent service in proving Verdi wrong. How much better we know Mozart because of his many letters! True it may not add to the composer's literary reputation, but it gives the reader that intimate glimpse of the artist at work which helps one decide what his true character was. Verdi did not enjoy writing about himself as Wagner did or Berlioz; nor was he a critic in terms of journalism, like Schumann or Debussy. Any one of these men could make a living out of journalism. Such a possibility for Verdi was out of the question. He was a theater composer and his stage the opera house.

The stature of Verdi as a composer has been steadily on the ascendant. He is being given his place of honor in the history of music. For a long time he was just accepted. More and more he is winning his place with the masters of all time. In Franz Werfel's excellent portrait of Verdi he points out that "The vigor of Verdi's personality saved him from two evils—being seduced by Wagner and becoming antiquated through Wagner." For Verdi lived and worked according to simple principles, "The drama is man. Therefore the opera too is man—that is the human voice; that is singing."

No one can hope that this collection of letters would give one the information to be gotten from a study of his life. But this collection does supplement such a work very well. The essential man is here. His interests were not just personal or only musical. Concerned about the downtrodden, a fine democrat, a fighter against tyranny and ignorance, anxious to do his part for what he believed was right, a true patriot—this the Verdi letters reveal in detail.

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PILLS AND OLD LACE

Alvah Bessie doesn't think much of Miss Crawford's newly acquired rubber legs. . . . Some other films in which the planes are more beautiful than Ann Sheridan.

FROM where I was sitting it seemed as though Columbia Pictures had taken a long, hard look at MGM's *Woman of the Year* and decided, "What've they got that we haven't got?"

So they remade Katharine Hepburn's starring "vehicle" and called it, irrelevantly, *They All Kissed the Bride*. For the bride they all kissed had nothing to do with the case. What *did* have to do with the case was the *Woman of the Year* "idea" that a successful business woman must be a man in order to be a successful business woman.

As Charles Humboldt pointed out in *NEW MASSES*, July 28, this is to a certain extent true in America under the present arrangement, but it's not terribly important here. What is important is the other *Woman of the Year* idea that any successful woman would be glad to ditch all for Love; that what Joan Crawford (this time) needed was not the billion-dollar trucking business her father left her but, as the company doctor so subtly put it, "A man who will dominate you." That's what *Every Woman Knows*, according to the Hollywood credo.

Accordingly they have provided Melvyn Douglas, whose charms I can't see. However, Miss Crawford did. For every time he came into her very efficient tailor-made presence, she acquired rubber legs *a la* Leon Errol. No matter how many of the old doctor's pills she took whenever she was going to confront Mr. Douglas—who was a freelance writer out to expose the vicious labor practices of her trucking company—Miss Crawford's knees became dislocated. When he induced her to put both hands on his shoulders, she went into a deep coma. This is what is called Sex Appeal. It is also called Male Chauvinism, and if it wasn't funny the first time it happened, by the seventh repetition it was positively obscene.

Nor is the picture redeemed by the improved labor relations induced in Miss Crawford's firm by Mr. Douglas' charms. This may be a new method of labor organizing, but I doubt if it will appeal to the teamsters' union.

Reliable players like Billie Burke, Allen Jenkins and Roland Young are thrown away on a thing like *They All Kissed the Bride*. So is Miss Crawford, whose director apparently regards rubber legs as superior to any exhibition of acting talent. Miss Crawford, however, did not waste her work in this movie—she donated her entire salary from it to war charities.

"WINGS FOR THE EAGLE" is a tribute to Lockheed Aircraft Corp. and its many thousands of workers who are keeping 'em flying. Filmed largely within the great airplane plant itself—with due regard to the necessities of military intelligence—it will give the audience a substantial idea of the enormous job involved in building an air force, the miraculous organization America has built, the tireless workers on the production line who are pushing their daily quotas higher with each passing day.

It is a pity, therefore, that with such material at hand, Warners still feels it necessary to make the entire production of American airplanes revolve about the plastic physique of Ann Sheridan. The answer, of course, is that they still do not feel that war production and the issues of this war are in themselves sufficiently compelling to the American people without being glamourized by oomph girls.

Hence the semblance of a plot, which involves Miss Sheridan's marital triangle with Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson. There is a sub-plot that holds considerably more interest, although it is sentimentalized all out of semblance to human life. This is the situation of the German-American worker, Jake Hanso (ably played by George Tobias, in a serious role for a change) and his American-born son. This situation makes it possible for the film-makers to say some really valid things about foreign-born Americans, in the spirit of President Roosevelt's non-discrimination order, and in the spirit of the war of liberation we are fighting.

Miss Sheridan is as negative as ever, but the Lockheed interceptors and bombers are beautiful. There is a humorous performance by the apex of the triangle—Dennis Morgan. Some day it would be nice to see Hollywood acknowledge the fact that aircraft workers are union men; that the relationship of the union to the factory is in a large degree responsible for the magnificent production records that are being made today. But when you expect such a consummation, you are only asking that some film-makers become as adult in their thinking about America and our global war as they are adroit in film technique.

IF "WINGS FOR THE EAGLE" is merely inadequate as a reflection of aircraft production in America, *Flight Lieutenant* is the veriest drivel. If *Wings for the Eagle* is merely sentimental in its treatment of the father-son relationship, *Flight Lieutenant* is positively maudlin.

For here, for the nth time, is the ancient

plot about the alcoholic pilot who is grounded for flying while intoxicated and killing his best friend and co-pilot. Disgraced, he must redeem himself. His son, by the oddest of coincidences, grows up under an assumed name and falls in love with—the daughter of his father's victim. But the son, too, is a great pilot, about to test a dangerous plane. Therefore the father must knock him cold, dive the wings off the ship himself, and perish nobly to redeem his early misdeeds and bring boy and girl together.

With the old wheel-horse Pat O'Brien ambling sadly through the film as the disgraced pilot, Glenn Ford plays his son with some semblance of humanity. The war is injected—as with a syringe—while the ancient plot creaks onward to its inevitable conclusion. Sit this one out.

"PRIORITIES ON PARADE" is second-rate musical comedy plot grafted onto a well intentioned desire on the part of Paramount to serve the interests of the war. It is only a pity that you sometimes get the impression from the film that Paramount is more interested in making use of the war than it is in serving it.

The idea here concerns an unemployed swing band (complete with girl singer-dancer) that wangles its way into an aircraft factory. The manager thinks music will help production, but he can't pay for it. So the swingsters take jobs as aircraft workers—with the exception of Miss Ann Miller, the singer-dancer, who wants to be a big success on Broadway.

When the band becomes so famous as a workers' entertainment outfit that it interests Broadway, Miss Miller, who is only in the film to dance competently and sing badly, takes notice and returns to the fold to complicate further the love interest between the band leader and a girl riveter. There is a neat and (I'm not certain) unconscious twist when it turns out that the girl riveter can sing much better than Miss Miller; and though she can't dance, she gets the boy. The whole band, too, decides to remain with the factory rather than accept Broadway's \$2,000 a week. Which is all to the good.

But the whole thing is so ancient in plot, so uninspired (even as gag-writing) and so poorly performed—with the exception of the lady riveter, Miss Betty Rhodes—that it is neither good musical comedy nor a valid contribution to the war effort. It is good, however, to hear Paramount stand up on its hind legs and applaud the girls in our war indus-

tries, and indicate that our war is more important than a name band on Broadway. In such mysterious ways does this people's war move its wonders to perform.

TO THE National USO, the motion picture industry has contributed a moving little film, *Mr. Gardenia Jones*, that runs about fifteen minutes. Employing the talents of Charles Winninger, Ronald Reagan, and Fay Bainter, it is a fairly good example of how the films can stimulate contributions for the war effort.

This is simply a day in the life of an American family whose son is a pilot at Pearl Harbor on that "day that will live in infamy," Dec. 7, 1941. It simply shows why young Johnny Jones enlisted in the army (before Pearl Harbor), his mother and his father, the girl he left behind. It shows how the USO has made it possible to bring home to the boys who are away from home. And when the lights come up, you will dig into your pocket for a contribution.

CURRENTLY showing in every film theater in the country is a short film made by the Signal Corps in cooperation with the Office of Civilian Defense. It is excellent, and it drama-

tizes tersely and intelligently the job of *Your Air Raid Warden*.

Neatly disposed of for all time is the public indifference and ridicule that first greeted our civilian volunteers. By showing what the air raid warden would be doing in the event of an actual raid, the audience is impressed by the courage and self-abrogation of these men and women, who fill dangerous posts with no compensation.

Your Air Raid Warden is a brilliant indication of what government-sponsored films can do with the subject-matter of this war. Like the recent USO film, *Mr. Gardenia Jones*, it delves into the heart of American life and comes up with a gem.

ALVAH BESSIE.

"Turn on the Heat"

The current revue at Allaben features new Earl Robinson-Lewis Allen songs.

THE theater at Allaben Acres (Allaben, N. Y.) is under the direction of Alfred Saxe, a veteran in the progressive theater whose work ranges from the Theater of Action to last season's *Johnny Doodle*. So it was not surprising to find that "Turn on the

Heat," the revue I saw at this upstate resort, had a pleasantly fast pace and an air of professionalism. The notable thing about the revue, however, was the introduction of two new numbers by Earl Robinson and Lewis Allen. These two, whose collaboration was marked by "Kickin' the Panzer," a good number somewhat mauled in last winter's presentation, have shown steady improvement as a team. The first of their new numbers, "Look Out the Window, Mama," may lack the invention that an experienced combination produces, but it has everything else a successful production item should possess. The tune is contagious (people hummed and whistled it as they left the hall), the lyrics are fresh, and the subject is timely, dealing as it does with the various members of the family engaged in civilian defense. The other number, "Fight, America, Fight," served as the finale. It is stirring by virtue of its exhortatory music and lyrics, but falls short as a curtain-closer. It is far too brief, and little was done with it in the way of production possibilities. Given its full ensemble values, "Fight, America, Fight" would have a rousing emotional impact.

"The House I Live In" was to have been included, but was omitted for some reason—



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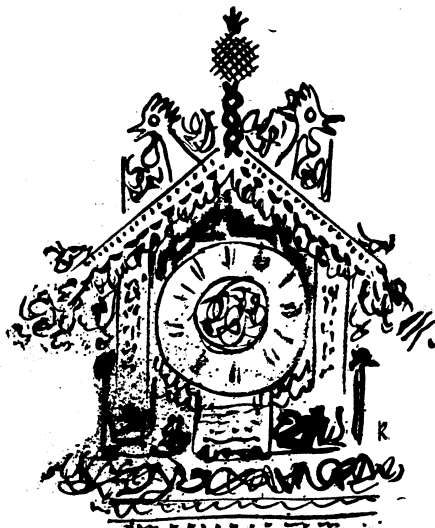
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which was a pity. It is one of the finest things Robinson and Allen have turned out, and it is easily among the best songs yet written during the war period. Allen will be at the resort for the rest of the summer, and he will undoubtedly return to New York with enough material to furnish the basis of a full show. I, for one, would like to see Allen and Robinson do an entire book for a full length revue. It would be just the tonic Broadway needs to produce satisfactory anti-fascist musicals.

Between these first and last numbers the balance of the show was just so-so (with one or two exceptions) and the members of a vivacious cast made the material seem much better than it was. Two of the bits that deserve mention are a new song by Lewis Allen, called "Husband," a poignant lullaby that may become as popular as his "Strange Fruit," and a dance number, "Private Life of Cooky the Rooky." This last deals with the career of a private, from civilian life to military hero, worked out in pantomime and voice accompaniment. Hilda Hoppe, the dancer, has charm and imagination, but does not fully exploit her flair for comedy.

The work of the cast is carried in the main by Bernie Hearn, a hardworking and infectious comic, and Lee Barie. Lee Barie was, not so long ago, the star of the American Student Union revues, and more recently, of the American Youth Theater. But she is really coming of age now. Her singing of "Hushabye" stopped the show. She also sang the Tin Pan Alley "Al in the Army," backed by Sidney Bechet, and so far as I am concerned she can hold her own with any of the professional band singers. Others in the cast are Anne Gold, an actress with much personality, Al Lewin, Carl Reiner, Jules Adolph, who carries the comedy parts in the Teachers Union shows, Vivian Rifkin, the concert pianist, who also gives excellent recitals of her own, Sidney Bechet and his ensemble, whose swing stuff adds considerably to the general proceedings, and a chorus made up of guests. Paul Petroff's lighting and designs help overcome the deficiencies of the usual small social hall-theater stage.

JOSEPH FOSTER.



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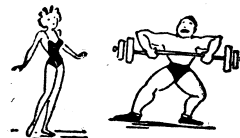
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We who sign this statement are neither soldiers nor diplomats. We are ordinary American citizens, civilians in civilian clothes. We are doctors and writers, ministers and lawyers and businessmen, industrialists and farmers. We have not had to blow up our power plants so they would not fall into the hands of an invader. We have not had to burn our crops, to shift our industries to the center of our country, as a wave of steel came upon us. We have not had to die in front of our homes, on our own soil, still fighting.

No, not yet. But we know where this has happened and where it is happening today. We know, and so does the whole world. We have seen the Russian people scorch their earth, destroy their homes, defend their cities to the last ditch, give their lives—for their soil, for their freedom and ours.

Yes, for our own freedom—make no mistake about that. The bulk of the Nazi army, for the last year, has been devoted to the attack on Russia. We have had our chance to prepare, our chance to raise men and build plants. But the plants we have built have not been paid for alone in American dollars and cents, in American time and skill. The blood of the Russian people has gone to pay for its build-

ing, also. The struggle of the Russian people has bought us time to convert from peace to war.

The names that used to seem far away on the map—Stalingrad, Voronezh, Rostov—are no longer far away. They are part of our own battle, of the battle we must win if we mean to stay free. And they will be so recorded in American history.

We—the many of us who are neither soldiers nor diplomats—stretch out a hand to the gallant men and women who are fighting today on a front 1900 miles long, a front longer than our whole Atlantic coastline. We—the many of us who are neither soldiers nor diplomats—do not pretend to know or to say when or where or how the military might of tensed America should strike the Nazi. That decision is in the hands of our military leaders.

We do not yet march shoulder to shoulder with the Russian people in the battle, but through Russian War Relief we can convey to that fighting and dying host of brave men and women—yes, children too—the knowledge that one hundred and thirty-two million Americans are equally determined to sacrifice and fight and win through with them to victory for justice and decency.

We who sign this statement are doing what we can to this end. We believe that every dollar given to Russian War Relief today will shout to the Soviet people—and to Hitler's Nazis, too—"America's heart is on this Eastern front—advance agent of America's might."

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