

The Daily People's World
MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1, 1938

SECTION TWO



DRAWING BY DIXON

"When we had to watch the humiliation the fascists inflicted upon Spaniards, particularly on our women, this attack on my country was too much."

Why I Quit Franco

by **ANTONIO RUIZ VILAPLANA**

*Former President of the College of Judiciary Secretaries and
Secretary of the Industrial Courts of Burgos under Franco.*

*"... my feeling for humanity
revolted against this fascist rule
of crime and barbarism ..."*

DAY and night, at work or during the endless hours of darkness, I was tortured within until I decided I must leave fascist Spain. Then and only then, my conscience was calm.

My government post was not a political one. The fact that I was in Burgos was due to a normal enough promotion in my chosen career. I had been advanced after passing a series of examinations. It had nothing to do with the monarchy or the republic, no relation to the Right or to the Left.

After the rebellion began, I had no objection to remaining in my judicial position, in spite of the fact that I had never been either a fascist or a militarist. I felt that there was no reason not to continue in a position that was strictly judicial, was interesting and had considerable advantages of an economic character.

As Dean and President of the College of Court Secretaries, and only Secretary of the Court of Instruction in as important a city as Burgos, any movement which might give that city greater importance would be sure to benefit me. Its possible triumph might very well mean advancement for me which at the moment of victory could only mean the coveted post in Madrid. I was certainly influenced by these selfish considerations, though perhaps unconsciously.

On the other hand, my conscience, and my pride as a professional, and above all, my liberal outlook and my feeling for humanity, revolted against this rule of crime and barbarism.

I thought of the endless assassinations, of the cruelty of the reactionary repression, rampant in the entire region. I thought of the many crimes I had seen committed and, living through all this, I was convinced that this was not merely a heated political campaign.

I remembered when officers had told me that a "sardine" had been found near the river and how we had gone there to find a man, or what had been a man, lying face downward, his hands tied together. The marks of deep wounds made by the cords showed how he had struggled for life. In his pockets we had found a fork and spoon from the prison, some printed papers and a photograph of a young woman, holding a thin, sad-faced, little girl in her arms. There was a letter

(Continued on page 9)

Home to Uncle Ollie's

a short story by JACK CONROY



Uncle Ollie

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BARKER

YOU heard the man," I told myself. "You gotta have a nickel even to walk across the bridge."

And there I stood beside the grey concrete ribbon which dwindled across the flat marshland into approaching night, shivering and coughing a little, and jerking my thumb that was nearly disjointed from previous exertion. The late summer air was sharpening with a frosty tingling.

"If I can only make it to Uncle Ollie's. Eggs, milk, butter, that good old country ham'll make a new man of me."

I remembered vividly everything about the white story-and-a-half farmhouse, could see Uncle Ollie moving about the barnyard sloping the pigs or driving the cows into their stanchions, forking down into the manger the sweet wild hay with the smell of summer in it.

"If I can only make it to Uncle Ollie's, I'll be hunky-dory. Uncle Ollie, here comes your little nephew Teddy with a bum lung or two. He fain would fill his wrinkled belly with the husks eaten by the swine, or maybe a slice of the swine. Uncle Ollie, spy me coming from afar, and barbecue a shoat, will you?"

A fit of coughing got me and left me feeling like I'd just been run through a sausage grinder and shaking like a dog that had just passed a peck of peach seeds. I was weak as creek water, and would have welcomed something to lean against.

"Thirty miles across yon river that costs a nickel to cross even on foot lies the thriving community of Sharon Springs," I said to myself, aping the style of the Sharon Springs "Defender," "nestling like a jewel in its vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet. It is the trade center of a fertile farming district. Five miles due west of the town is located the modern, well-equipped farm of Oliver Wilcox, a progressive farmer and stockman. It is rumored that his city-broke nephew, Theodore Wilcox, his lungs like Swiss cheese from toiling in the dust of a cement plant, will

soon take up his bed and board with Mr. Wilcox for an indefinite period. Please omit flowers."

Gee, I'm getting nutty as a pet coon. The cars swished by disdainfully like haughty ladies drawing aside their skirts. Now and then headlights flowered in the gathering dusk. At last a Ford truck squealed to a stop, and out of the cab poked the spade of a beard somewhat the cut of Uncle Ollie's. But it wasn't his.

"Ain't got no weepuns on you, have you, boy?" called the farmer, then, without waiting for an answer, invited me to hop in.

"How's the crops around here?" I shouted above the varied sounds of engine, chassis and wheels clattering over loose steel plates of the bridge. My shouting thrust a knife into my chest.

"Good crops but no cash money!" yelled the farmer, and we left off trying to make conversation.

When he turned down a snaky yellow clay road, I was still fifteen miles from Uncle Ollie's. It was dark as a stack of black cats. I trudged along, stumbling now and then when blinded and confused by glaring headlights. A skunk dodged across the road in the path of an onrushing car, which rolled over it and onward without a bump. A stifling wave of ungent fetor struck me, and I climbed through a rail fence to circumvent the spot where the polecat lay flattened upon the slab. There came a rushing of padded feet, and a mighty outburst of baying. I rolled under the fence and backed away, flailing wildly at the hounds, then sat down in a foot of water in the roadside ditch.

"I dassen't go to Uncle Ollie's with my britches all wet!" I chanted, remembering another time I'd bellowed these words when I'd fallen off the log foot bridge across Elk Fork Creek and plastered my white sailor suit with blue bottom mud that stank like rotten eggs. A little farther down the road I sniffed fresh hay, and found a stack close by the highway. Burrowing in, I dreamed of breakfast at Uncle Ollie's, ham

and eggs, and Aunt Lonie urging me to eat at least enough to keep a gnat alive.

IT'S funny how all the years I'd been gone, when things got tough and I could hardly see my way through, I'd think: "I've always got Uncle Ollie to fall back on. Uncle Ollie'll be right there any old day, and I'll always be as welcome as the flowers in May just like he said when I left for the city."

It meant a great deal, and when my lungs went bad and the company lawyer got sore because I wouldn't settle for a few bucks and told me I could sue and be damned but they'd fight me to the last ditch, I knew the time had come when I had to fall back on good old Uncle Ollie. I had been thinking pleasant thoughts about the farm west of Sharon Springs for quite a spell, thinking how the fresh air would soon heal my cheesy lungs and the country style food make a new man of me—set me right back on my pins. I'd soon be right back there pitchin' with the best of 'em.

I felt like a winded fox heading for his snug hole with the hounds snapping at his heels but still a little time to spare when I reached the hilltop with Mount Hagar church on one side and the schoolhouse on the other. I was stiff after the night in the hay, but the sun's eye winked jolly as a man could wish.

The sun was gilding headstones in the graveyard behind the church house, and I could recognize grandfather's grave by the huge sea shell upon it. Sometimes we had made bold to lift it to our ears to catch the roar of the sea said to be imprisoned there, but always apprehensively as though fearing

that the old gent might come shouldering out of the dirt to chastise us for our irreverence.

Well, Uncle Ollie's farm was still there, and it looked much the same, but somehow there was a difference. A strange, troubling doubt came stealing with the wind from the valley below. Maybe Aunt Lonie's dead! Maybe Uncle Ollie himself's dead and gone! I thought uneasily as I hurried down the slope. The rasping pain I had felt while climbing the other side eased away, but the uneasiness of spirit stayed on until I saw both of them running from the house to meet and welcome me home.

* * *

"How much you pay for a mushmelon in a city eatin' house?" Uncle Ollie asked anxiously.

"At least a dime for half of one," I answered, and would have said more had I thought he'd believe me. I had heard so much about mushmelons that they haunted my slumbers.

"See there!" Uncle Ollie said with a triumphant glance at Aunt Lonie. "Tell me I'm bughouse, will you, for plantin' mushmelons for my cash crop? The seeds never cost me nothin'; got 'em from Congressman Rucker. Never seen so many mushmelons to a hill, or such big, juicy ones in all the time o' man. Must be all o' ten thousand, and they oughta bring a nickel apiece if they sell fer twenty in eatin' houses."

The empty feeling in my stomach, the all-gone feeling that comes not so much from hunger as from despair, was intensified by Uncle Ollie's ceaseless talk about the muskmelons. A little bit at a time the story of what had happened to Uncle Ollie and his farm in the six

(Continued on Page 9)



"Good mornin', ma'am, you keer fer some jimdandy mushmelons?"

Frisco--Union Town



DRAWINGS BY DIXON

SAN FRANCISCO is a union town, demonstratively so. Union men wear union buttons and union buttons are in evidence everywhere. Unionism is, perhaps, the most common of all barroom conversation topics. It has been a long time since employers have tried to defy picket lines; in the several recent strikes affecting stores and restaurants, the employers simply closed shop. Traditionally the city has served as the contrast to the open shop haven in the southern end of the state which serves as a suburb to the world's film capital. (That contrast is being eliminated through the advent of unionism in Los Angeles.)

It is intensely interesting therefore to review the effects of the breach in the labor movement upon this city where labor is so powerful and conspicuous as an organized force. Nowhere else has labor's striving for unity taken on such a varied and rich expression. And outside of the Pacific Northwest, nowhere has the split skirted so close to disaster for the entire labor movement.

A simple chronological review of the past few months reveals the see-saw of events with the balance swinging more strongly in favor of the forces of unity after each interchange.

To understand these events, several factors must be kept in mind. San Francisco has a long tradition of labor solidarity and a more recent history of the most militant labor struggles. Out of these recent struggles has arisen a militant and remarkably able leadership best personified by Harry Bridges, who has been the inspirer and teacher of the labor movement for the past three years.

On the other hand, San Fran-



"It has been a long time since Golden Gate employers have tried to defy picket lines . . ."

by **AL RICHMOND**

cisco is part of the Pacific Coast arena which the A. F. of L. diehards have chosen as the chief battleground in their war against the unity of labor.

It is these two contradictory trends which have made the struggle here so varied in form and so rich in content.

First there was the lockout. The Teamsters Union machine, led by

ber that the teamsters and longshoremen had battled side by side through two long strikes in less than three years. Remember that the longshoremen are models of discipline. Remember these things and you understand why, when a mass picket line of 4,000 men was thrown around the docks, and longshoremen went through it, and the stage was set for the most



John P. McLaughlin, chairman of the Teamsters' Council, and inspired by Dave Beck, sinister Seattle czar, declared war upon the C.I.O. longshoremen. They refused to haul goods to or from the docks and enforced a partial tie-up of the waterfront for 22 days.

They started their provocation the week before Labor Day. On Labor Day San Francisco was the only major Pacific Coast city to witness a united labor parade of both C.I.O. and A. F. of L. unions. True, the Teamsters' Council refused to march. But even in its ranks there was a defection and the Bakery Wagon Drivers officially marched in the parade. It was the local that received the loudest cheers. And every cheer was a cheer for the unity of labor.

Thus, in one week there is an outbreak of the highest form of civil war, an embargo of one union against another, and an expression of the highest type of solidarity and unity, a united parade of labor.

THE waterfront siege culminated in what is now known as the "Battle of the Microphone." The longshoremen brought a loudspeaker to the waterfront when the Teamsters' Union czars called 4,000 of their members to picket the docks in a desperate effort to stop seamen and longshoremen from going to work. Leaders of the stevedores' union spoke through the microphone and then threw it open for discussion by the rank and file. Longshoremen spoke. Teamsters spoke. Arguments were aired. Admittedly, the longshoremen had the best of it. For two days the battle raged. One day later the siege was called off.

How remarkable! But, remem-

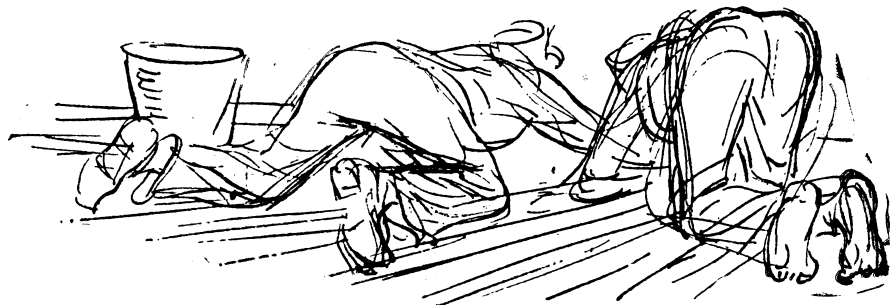
ber that the teamsters and longshoremen had battled side by side through two long strikes in less than three years. Remember that the longshoremen are models of discipline. Remember these things and you understand why, when a mass picket line of 4,000 men was thrown around the docks, and longshoremen went through it, and the stage was set for the most

bloody provocation, no clash occurred. During the course of this embargo, the longshoremen were expelled from the Central Labor Council. The teamsters' machine forced the issue after the middle-of-the-road bloc had stalled it off for months. Although their splitting drive was later to fail at the point of production where the rank and file was involved, it was successful in the Council's chambers.

The expulsion meeting was the most dramatic since the 1934 general strike days. Every delegate knew it was a historic occasion, even if the history to be made was infamous. Every one realized that Bridges was right when he said, "The cards are stacked." Every one knew that the issue had been settled before hand, that the longshoremen were going out.

But every paper in town had at least two men there, some had three. They were standing by for "emergencies." What sort of emergencies, was indicated by the fact that in the two previous meetings, the visitors' benches had been packed with Teamsters' Union officials' "goon squads."

Thanks to the brilliant statesmanship of Bridges, here, too, a provocation was avoided. His



speech was a plain recital of the history of the longshoremen's striving for organization; a recital of minute facts which attained dramatic impact through their cumulative effect and were summarized in the terse phrase:

"We did not go into the C.I.O.; we were kicked into the C.I.O.!"

IT was an objective and factual explanation of who caused the split. He told of the longshoremen's efforts to organize since 1924. How every move towards organization met the opposition of the A. F. of L. reactionaries. How the leaders of the self-same Labor Council had seated delegates from the infamous Blue Book Company Union. How the council had requested in 1933 that the I.L.A. charter be granted to the company union instead of a group of longshoremen who sought to establish a bona fide local. How the longshoremen's strike in 1934 was



fought and sabotaged by William Green and Joseph P. Ryan.

Then came the final blow which precipitated the split. The longshoremen had organized 11,000 warehousemen. The A. F. of L. council ordered the warehousemen to quit the longshore union and place themselves under the tender mercies of Dave Beck, Seattle labor czar. The warehousemen refused. Said Bridges:

(Continued on page 9)

HALL OF SHAME

Distinguished service in their various fields win for these thirteen our nomination to the Rogues Gallery of 1937

**Illustrations by SORI
Captions by GILBERT**



DUCHESS OF WINDSOR . . . world's best-dressed woman . . . needs the wardrobe for her husband, a travelling Empire salesman, has plans for extensive tours.



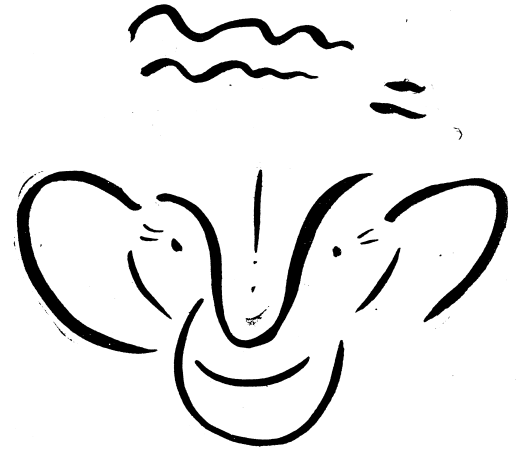
DUKE OF WINDSOR . . . well-known trader . . . exchanged a throne for a Baltimore playgirl . . . a salesman but his Nazi promotion didn't click with Americans . . . now a stay-at-Riviera type.



BILL GREEN . . . nominated by Heywood Brown for center on the "Stuffed Shirt All American" . . . held in high regard by employer quarterbacks as a broken-field runner . . . always runs their signals correctly . . . good at intercepting passes.



BENITO MUSSOLINI . . . great exponent of civilization via mustard gas and 100-lb. bombs . . . believes in writing history with a bayonet . . . dislikes the word "Guadalajara . . ."



HENRY FORD . . . runs a museum of American antiquity in Dearborn . . . has a fine collection of old furniture, finks and sluggers . . . new wrinkles on his brow this year caused by United Auto Workers Union who used a slogan "Ford Next . . ."



BARBARA HUTTON . . . her love for the count, her husband, increased by over twenty million when she traded her citizenship rights to save that amount in U. S. taxes . . . dime store clerks shed no tears over her voluntary exile.



ADOLPH HITLER . . . circumstances of his birth a biological mystery . . . Fritz Thyssen turned up a stone and there he was.



JOHN W. FREY . . . scholar of the A. F. of L. diehards . . . academic standing held in high regard by Tom Girdler and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.



WILLIE HEARST . . . time marches on but he's still the stone in everybody's shoe . . . collects last editions of newspapers . . . several of his own went into Willie's files this year . . . he was alone in his grief.



MATTHEW WOLL . . . wears a bat-wing tie and the mantle of the National Civic Federation with the greatest of ease.



GEN. FRANCO . . . dropped on his head when young . . . kept in a dark room but he persisted in playing with matches . . . the burning house fell on him.

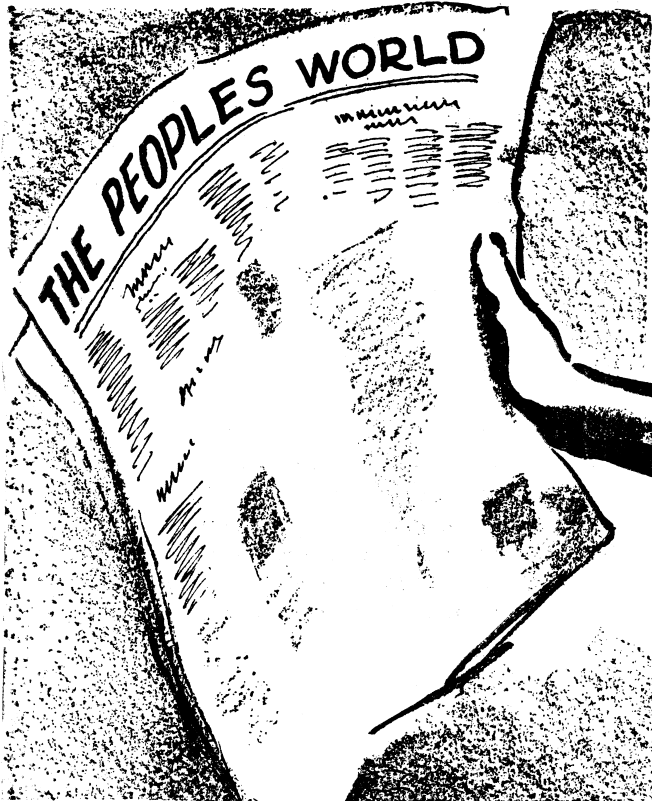


SEN. ROYAL S. COPELAND . . . (not a baking powder) at one time ran for mayor of New York . . . also made his mark as a specialist in protecting American seamen from decent living conditions.



GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON . . . his typewriter is as well-oiled as a Franco machine-gun . . . his target, anything progressive.

A New 'World' Is Born



A former Sunday editor of the New York World hails the new West Coast daily and tells how the old World died

by

**HERMAN
MICHELSON**

NEARLY seven years ago a paper called "The World" died, fighting hard. Today, three thousand miles away, another World is born, destined to fight harder, and to live. There is only the slimmest connection between the two events. But the name "World" is so distinguished in American journalism that perhaps this fact may excuse, in a piece written to greet the first issue of the People's World, of San Francisco, a glance back at the end of the New York World.

Oceans of sentimentality have been poured out over the New York World, and I will not swell the flood. It is a fact, sad but true, that the paper which finally stopped functioning on Feb. 27, 1931, was only a shell of the husky scrapper that had helped create modern American journalism. A lack of vigorous direction, combined with the owner's greed for profits, had weakened the World so that the 1929 crash sent it reeling. For some time the World had lived on a tradition of past greatness. In fact, nothing in its later years became it so much as its manner of dying. It went out with a violent convulsion that concentrated on itself universal attention. It became again the most talked-of paper in the country, at just the moment when it ceased to exist as a paper at all. Famous for its stunts and crusades, looked upon for a generation as "the newspaper man's newspaper," in its last three days it put on a show which held more significance, certainly for newspaper workers, than anything it had ever attempted.

When Joseph Pulitzer died in 1911 his will was found to contain a most explicit and emphatic injunction to his heirs never to sell the World newspapers (morning, evening and Sunday). His journalistic genius supplied the impetus that carried the World along for nearly twenty years after. His heirs supplied insatiable appetites for the money to spend, and little else. They failed to develop the ability themselves to run the World

well, and they couldn't find the courage to let competent people alone to run it.

THE World had fought many fine and resounding battles against political corruption and intolerance. It had made its reputation and the Pulitzer fortune as a crusading newspaper. With the failure of the Pulitzer heirs, Ralph, Joseph and later Herbert, to provide the drive that such an organization needed, it began to lose ground. The appointment of Walter Lippmann as editor introduced the note of facing-two-ways liberalism. The World in its later years was more often than not inclined to pull its punches. Competition stiffened, and since the World didn't pretend to be a complete newspaper of record, its weakening in the crusading field meant giving up its one claim to pre-eminence. The profits shrank and finally turned into losses. Then the Pulitzers, who had taken millions out of the paper in profits, were faced with an unpleasant double necessity. They must not only find a way, and quickly, of running the paper effectively, but they must actually put up a part of their own ample fortunes to get it back on its feet. Having neither the ability for the one nor the guts for the other, they decided to break their father's will and kill the World. They tossed away the World as nonchalantly as Barbara Hutton tossed away her American citizenship, and for the same reason—money.

No one on the staff, not even the managing editor, was taken into the owners' confidence. As far as the owners were concerned, the World might have been beaten by another paper on the story of its own death. On Feb. 24 it was learned that there would be a hearing on the Pulitzer will in the Surrogate's Court. This first day's hearing confirmed our worst fears—the Pulitzers were not merely selling, they were selling to Scripps-Howard, and the World newspapers would be scrapped.

The Pulitzer building pounded with excitement. Groups met informally everywhere, indignation meetings were in continuous session. The workers were groping toward some sort of action to avert the disaster, with the blind feeling

that something must, could and should be done. Next morning's newspapers electrified the staff with the realization that the public felt an enormous interest in the fate of the World. Offers of financial help to continue the paper came from various sources; no one can say how genuine they might have proved, or what strings were attached to them. Then the idea arose in the office: "Let's buy the paper ourselves!" James W. Barrett, city editor, became the leader of an unprecedented, a revolutionary attempt. A large group of newspaper workers decided not to let their paper be killed. They stood up and defied the executioner. They fought back, to save their jobs.

WHEN the hearing was resumed that afternoon the World employes were represented in court, arrayed in battle against their employers. The three Pulitzer brothers sat glum, unable to meet their workers' accusing eyes. Back in the shop the boys were busy. Copies of the Eve-

ning World were rushed into the courtroom and distributed free—an unheard-of proceeding. The first page featured a box showing that circulation and advertising were increasing—a direct slap at the Pulitzers' contention that they couldn't possibly continue. The lawyers for the employes—retained on thirty minutes' notice—made a futile plea for delay in order to give the workers a chance to buy the paper. Barrett asked for and was denied the opportunity of telling the court that the workers really meant it. The owners pressed for immediate permission to sell. Roy Howard said even a day's delay meant the papers' value would shrink to nothing. The court session ended.

Within a few hours the World Employees Cooperative Association had been formed and we held a meeting at the Hotel Astor that night. Three quarters of a million dollars had already been pledged before the meeting. The meeting and outside offers raised it to

(Continued on Page 9)

DRAWN BY FRED ELLIS

1937--A Year That Made History

NEW Year's Day, 1937, forecasts the twelve months that lay ahead.

Dangers for the working people cast their shadows across the threshold of the new year. Wall Street, smarting from defeat in the November '36, national elections, feverishly re-armed itself to steal the fruits of the election from the people. The Trusts and Tories laid their plots for the scuttling of all progressive legislation in the coming Congress, through use of the right wing of the Democratic Party. They prepared their vigilantes to beat back the rising labor movement.

Great possibilities for the people also showed themselves on that opening day of the year that is now ended.

As 1937 began to write its record on history's page, the sitdown strike was on in Flint. The strength of the workers was shutting down plant after plant of the giant General Motors Corporation. It was the first major battle in the struggle for union freedom in the citadels of open shop slavery.

The Committee for Industrial Organization, with its program of industrial unionism for the basic industries, was bringing a new sense of power to the American working people. On New Year's Eve, John L. Lewis, chairman of the C.I.O., called for a battle on two fronts: the organization of the unorganized and a fight for progress in the halls of Congress.

The Communist Party—clearly analyzing the dangers and possibilities of 1937—stressed the urgency of the union of all the common people in a common People's Front.

MEASURED by all standards, 1937 has been a year that stands out in American labor history.

Fifty years after the great struggles of 1886—when May Day was born—it beats with the pulse of those struggles, but with a mightier sweep and with the stage of battle much further advanced.

Look back over these months that have passed by so quickly. World war has hurled itself nearer to the door of the American farmer and worker. Day by day, over those battle-scarred months, it has become more and more evident that the program of the Communist International and of the Soviet Union—for collective security by the democratic nations against the fascist aggressors—is the only road to world peace.

Day by day, the fascist alliance—Germany, Italy and Japan—has become more brutal in its aggressions. They have been encouraged in their mad course by the maneuvers of the British Tories in their behalf, and by the treasonable Big Business fascist forces in America and France.

Because the democracies did not unite against Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, the fascist dictator threw thousands upon thousands of men into Spain to destroy the Spanish democracy. Because of the non-intervention farce in regard to Spain, Japan was encouraged in its brazen attack upon the Chinese people. Because the democracies stand paralyzed in regard to China, Japan has bombed American ships and seamen on the Yangtze.

Out of these experiences, President Roosevelt made his magnificent speech for peace—in the city of Chicago on October 5. There he called for the "quarantining" of the fascist aggressors, through common action of the democratic and peace-loving nations.

THAT October day in 1937 was a red-letter day for the American common people, who so strongly desire peace. The President's pronouncement was a program which called for the full support of all the peace-loving people. The program has invoked the bitter hatred of the most extreme reactionaries of Wall Street, traitors to American democracy.

That the Chicago speech struck a responsive chord among the masses of people was evidenced by the giant Congress for Peace and Democracy held in Pittsburgh some seven weeks later.

The American people struck back at the Tory traitors in the municipal election of November. In New York and other places, they smashed the

red-baiting of such reactionary forces as Tammany and Wall Street. The people hit out clearly—for the President's progressive pronouncements, for the C.I.O. program and for the formation of a common progressive front by the common people. The strength of Labor's Non-Partisan League and of the American Labor Party in these elections indicated the conviction among the people that there should be a unity in political action of all progressives in the United States.

This conviction was given added emphasis, early in 1937, by the bitter contest which developed over President Roosevelt's proposal to unpack the Supreme Court.

This contest, breaking out in the Congress of February, was a big and central item in the war of Wall Street against the people. In the defense of this corrupt and autocratic court, the Liberty League gang made use of the tactic which the Communist Party had predicted they would use. They brought forward the pseudo-liberals, like Senator Wheeler of Montana, from inside the ranks of the Democratic Party to defeat the curbing of the Supreme Court.

The Tories did not fully win that fight. Out of it there came the resignation of the Tory Judge Van Devanter and the appointment of Senator Black to the bench. But the Tories did halt the complete unpadding of the court, largely through the confusion and disunity of the progressives, making it imperative that this fundamental issue be fought out again, probably in the Congressional election of 1938.

Having tasted blood in this contest, the agents of the Trusts in Congress proceeded to smash the Wages and Hours Bill—so needed in the fight against depression—and to destroy all other progressive legislation. They made of the first session of the 75th Congress one of the most bankrupt in the history of the United States. Only an anemic Housing Bill emerged from that session—a record which was to be continued, to the accompaniment of hooliganism, in the special session of the Fall.

This shamefulness of the present Congress makes the Congressional elections of 1938 loom up as a major test for the growing people's front forces.

THESE events went hand in hand with the onward march of the workers toward wider industrial organization. Organized labor entered 1937 comparatively weak in numbers and bound down in great part by the reactionary policies of the American Federation of Labor Executive Council. It emerged with a membership of 8,000,000 trade unionists—in the Committee for Industrial Organization, the American Federation of Labor and the Railroad Brotherhoods.

From the epochal fight at Flint, the C.I.O. moved forward to the organization of hundreds of thousands of steel workers, to the contract with U. S. Steel, and to bringing under the union banner fully 3,000,000 men and women, hitherto unorganized. It crowned these achievements with its forward-moving legislative program adopted at Atlantic City and with its pledge to fight for the right to work—a pledge heretofore never assumed by any branch of the American trade union movement.

Wall Street quickly decided to crush this onward move. May 1937, saw the murder of ten steel strikers, in the outrageous Memorial Day massacre which takes its place with Haymarket and Ludlow in the accounts of the American people against the Morgan-Rockefeller-duPont gang.

This bloody warfare of the Steel Trust upon the growing union movement saw the use of vigilantes in a more organized and desperate form than in previous American labor struggles. The false cry of "the right to work" was raised by the corrupt Mayor Shields of Johnstown and his fellow vigilantes in the notorious Citizens' Committee. By this they meant the right to scab.

Before the year was over, it had been shown that the ex-convict Shields had taken \$30,000 from the Bethlehem Steel Company for his strike-breaking services. The real right to work, brought to the doors of the steel workers by the recession and the "sitdown strike of capital," was ducked and dodged by the Graces and Girdlers, who had murdered men under that slogan.

The editor of the forthcoming Midwest Daily Record reviews the important international and national events of the past twelve months

by LOUIS F. BUDENZ

THROUGHOUT labor's march forward and the counter-attack of Wall Street, the A. F. of L. Executive Council proceeded to do all in its power to help the big trusts. In the automobile and steel strikes, Frey, Green and Wharton resorted to open strikebreaking. In the middle of the year, the Executive Council called the international union officers together at Cincinnati to war on the C.I.O.

All of this was capped at the Denver convention in October, by the most reactionary series of sessions that have ever been held in the name of American labor.

At Denver the executive council laid down a program for war against the C.I.O., openly appealing for the cooperation of Big Business in this assault upon the organization of the unorganized in the trustified industries. But the wind was taken out of their sails to a great degree by the strong and well-timed appeal for unity that came from the C.I.O. at Atlantic City. During the unity negotiations that followed and were broken off by the A. F. of L. Executive Council, the rank and file of A. F. of L. unions spoke out vigorously for unity.

Interwoven in the 1937 battle of progress against reaction was, of course, the vital question of Negro rights. In July the democratic groups in the United States were thrilled at the news that five of the Scottsboro boys had be-

freed. The State of Alabama thereby acknowledged the vicious frame-up which had been perpetrated against these young Negroes. The American people could well afford to remember that these young men would be dead today, but for the call of alarm issued by the International Labor Defense, the Communist Party and the Daily Worker to American progressives six years before.

But in Congress the Wall Street hoodlums and the Bourbons of the South managed, in most disgraceful proceedings, to smother the Federal anti-lynching bill. The campaign against the crime of lynching will go on in 1938, along with the drive for the freeing of the other four Scottsboro boys, still confined in Alabama's jails.

The Second National Negro Congress in Philadelphia was a landmark in national events, proclaiming the determination of the Negro people to work with the progressive labor movement. At the same time, the Congress pointed once more to the unjust and intolerable discrimination against Negroes existing in our laws today and in the practices of certain trade unions. It is the task of 1938 to wipe out these blots on the United States and on the labor movement.

The Congress was signalized by the speech of Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee of the C.I.O. He pledged that organization to the welding of unity



Decoration by NED HILTON

between Negro and white workers—a pledge which grows out of the very nature of the progressive labor movement.

AMERICAN workers were cheered by the 20th Anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, celebrated in November. That anniversary found the Soviet Union marching forward under the banner of Socialism, risen to second place in industrial production in the world in the course of a few years. It found the Land of Socialism strengthening itself through the crushing of the Trotskyite-fascist agents of sabotage and assassination.

It found the Soviet Union placing itself under the Stalin Constitution, which guarantees for the first time in world history the right to work, the right to leisure and the right to full social security. It found a phenomenon of Soviet democracy there that exists nowhere in the capitalist world—the falling of prices to the working people as wages rise.

The month after, we saw the elections in the Soviet Union—a remarkable outpouring of the free Soviet peoples in the most democratic balloting that has been seen.

These events give heart to the American common people, because the Land of Socialism is the land of peace. It has taken the world leadership in the constant effort for collective security—the only road to peace. These events throw light on the road to progress, in the midst of the madness of fascist aggression.

Certainly, also, the American people were heartened by the continued courage of the democratic forces in Spain, the strengthening of the People's Front there and in France, and the growing unity of the Chinese people. Such developments of 1937 are intertwined with the growth of People's Front tendencies in our own land.

In the progressive pronouncements of President Roosevelt, as 1937 went on, and in the legislative program of the C.I.O., the Communist Party found that "rounded-out People's Front program in an advanced stage" which can offset Fascism in America. As the year drew to a close, Earl Browder, general secretary of the Party, called for the consolidation of the People's Front, on the basis of this platform.

The Communist Party of the U. S. A. grew in influence in 1937. The correctness of its analysis of the present scene and the concrete steps it recommended for the advance of the democratic forces gave it a tremendous prestige.

The Party made a great contribution, further, to the cause of democracy and peace in initiating a chain of daily newspapers—in New York, Chicago and San Francisco—to bring forward its People's Front line.

THE year 1937—memorable in human history—bequeathes these outstanding objectives to 1938:

Speedy building of the People's Front in America, particularly around the Congressional elections now so near.

Achievement of genuine trade union unity, important to the advance of the working people against Wall Street.

Winning of the rights of the Negro people, now so brutally persecuted through jim-crowism and lynching in a thousand forms.

Victory for prosperity—in the organization of the unorganized, and in progressive victory in the Congressional elections.

Victory for the peace pronouncement of President Roosevelt in Chicago, through the rallying of the American people to this program of quarantining the aggressor nations. Thus, as Browder has put it, "keeping America out of war by keeping war out of the world."

Collective action, out of this program, for peace between the United States, France, Great Britain and the Soviet Union—against the fascist mad-dog aggressors.

There is the road ahead for the people in 1938. On that road, 1937 has thrown a great light, out of the struggles and achievements of that year.

"Sense or Censor?"

THE room was dark but you could hear him say, "That's punk." They sat on edge and then you could hear him say, "Aw nuts." They were sitting there in the dark room, taut, moved and elated and after almost two hours the lights went on.

They waited for him to speak. You see, it was Detroit in May 1935 and a group of movie exhibitors were anxious to show Soviet and European films where the police department had said, "CUT IT OUT!" for years. According to law they showed the first of the films in the projection room of Police Commissioner Pickert, Police Censor Joe Kollar and Eleonore L. Hutzel, Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner. They had just shown *Chapayev*, the epic Soviet film, that had thrilled hundreds of thousands in hundreds of American cities.

Reluctantly, begrudgingly the answer came, "Okay, you can show it. It's the first Russian hero that looks washed, anyway."

And that's how 8,000 people came to see *Chapayev* in Detroit.

In the same dark room some months later the exhibitors watched *The Youth of Maxim*, record-breaking, smash hit. The picture had been sweeping New York, Boston, Chicago, Hollywood, San Francisco. What would the Police Commissioner say about this moving story of a poor boy who grew to manhood, devoted to the liberation of his people from the yoke of Czarism? What would he say to this lyrical tale of a boy and girl too busy with the struggle to live, yes, too busy even to kiss just once in the approved Hollywood manner?

The mild mannered lady with the scissor and the kind hearted flatfoot spoke. They said, "This film is immoral, cut it out! It can't be shown in Detroit."

Though no case has yet reached the United States Supreme Court in recent years for a ruling, it is obvious that freedom of the press, of speech, and assemblage are kicked to pieces when there is no freedom to write and produce a movie and then to publicly assemble an audience to see it.

Get a load of this sampling of recent rulings:

In Pennsylvania: The Censor Board, headed by Mrs. A. Mitchell "Palmer-Drive"-Palmer (wife of the late-lamented Attorney General), banned the pro-Loyalist documentary film *Spain in Flames*, because it was "propaganda." Propaganda for immorality, indecency, against religion, rioting? No, just propaganda, because "it mentions the words *Fascism Mussolini, Hitler, Franco on the sound track.*" This opinion was upheld by Governor Earle, who said: "This film cannot be shown because it is propaganda for the Loyalist Government which is made up of Communists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists who butcher priests and it definitely encourages recruiting."

Mrs. Mitchell Palmer-Drive and her mild-mannered colleagues then proceeded to tell the Amkino Corp. (distributors) to CUT IT OUT! when it came to the *Baltic Deputy*. This truly noble photoplay, richly moral in the best sense

How a few red-baiting ladies and police officers dictate as to what films the public shall see

by THOMAS COE McLAIN



of the word, was not to be shown because it is "unfit to show to children." *Revolutionists*, was also murdered.

In Ohio: The little band of scissor-killers headed by Roy Reichelderfer, nixed *Youth of Maxim*, *Spain in Flames*, and at the moment are holding up decision for weeks on the little labor film *Millions of Us*, which pleads for cooperation of unemployed and employed workers in keeping both from getting gypped and gypped again, if you know what I mean.

The most flagrant case of attempted murder of a movie, is the ban on *Spanish Earth* invoked last week by Police Amusement Inspector George W. Cowan, who according to the Providence, Rhode Island Evening Bulletin, wants to bury the picture "because its dialogue criticizes friendly powers!"

The scissor-killers and the flatfoot censors still act bold. But the hand writing is on the wall and some of them can read.

THIS same *Spanish Earth* was banned in Pennsylvania at first. Mrs. Palmer-Drive thought it had "too many horror

the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy in support of the legal appeal was justified in every word of the Judge's ruling. "The picture is not within the censor law . . . to forbid the words 'Fascism,' 'Italian' is to forbid the portrayal of what actually did occur . . . to suppress this film would be to suppress free speech."

In Detroit that same Flatfoot Pickert, who tried to murder *The Youth of Maxim* because it was "immoral" is also learning to read . . . the handwriting on the wall. After a year of struggle, with public legal pressure, plucky exhibitor Henry Schuman brought the case before the Michigan Supreme Court, where it was held that *Youth of Maxim* is not immoral, and besides Flatfoot had no right to ban it on political grounds because he has no right of political censorship. "For political censorship is an abridgement of the right of free speech, free assembly and free press."

The current fight for the right to show *Spanish Earth* in Providence, *Baltic Deputy* in Pennsylvania, and other pictures in Ohio, Maryland, Kansas, etc., will teach other censors to read, if these legal fights have the support of masses of people who actively register their opinions with local and state governing bodies. It is a fight that should be supported not only by those who want to see these movies . . . it is a fight in defense of elementary civil rights. The emergence of Labor and Progressives in local, State and Federal legislative bodies, beyond doubt in the very near future will

Stills from films, banned by the censors in various cities and states. (Top) From the Soviet film "Revolutionist." (Center) Ernest Hemingway's and Joris Iven's film "Spanish Earth." (Bottom) "Baltic Deputy," Soviet film.

scenes." But an aroused populace turned the heat on and the picture was finally approved. *Spain in Flames*, so bloodily kicked around by this same mild mannered lady on appeal before Judge L. E. Levinthal by capable Irish-Catholic lawyer L. F. McCabe, was marked okay for public showing. The public campaign organized by

foreshadow the end of the movie-killers, both the mild-mannered ladies and the kindhearted cops. But in the meantime, like in Detroit, they must be taught to read the writing on the wall . . . because that writing is the Bill of Rights that is supposed to guarantee the freedom of press, speech and assembly!

Home to Uncle Ollie's

(Continued from page 2)

years' time since I'd last seen him was coming to light. Three years of drought, blowing here and there. Then came a crop year, this year, but the corn had raised was mortgaged to more than its full value though it was a magnificent stand.

Several mornings I'd got out of bed to find Uncle Ollie walking between the rows and pinching the husky ears he could not rightly call his own. Most of the chickens and other fowl were gone, and only one cow and two hogs were left. Couldn't feed them through the dry years, Uncle Ollie said. But he still had the field full of beautiful muskmelons, and he was banking on them just as I had banked on coming home to the snug harbor of Uncle Ollie's once opulent farm.

"You're done wise to city ways, son," he said to me. "Now don't them city folks like better'n most anything else mushmelon fer they breakfast?"

"Sure do," I answered, but with little objection. I remembered the piles of melons, pyramided like Civil War cannon balls in the Sharon Springs courthouse square, all along the roads that had led me home to Uncle Ollie's. I had never seen anybody stop to buy a melon.

UNCLE OLLIE got around his farm as briskly as ever, and never lacked something to do. He kept the brush and weeds mowed in his fence corners and the jimson weeds and burdocks around his barn never more than peeped above the ground before the scythe laid them low.

"Read in the Farmer's Friend magazine that a feller out in California cleared fifty thousand one year on mushmelons," Uncle Ollie said as he piled a heap of dried buckbrush and set fire to it. "No trouble to git shed o' my crop in Fieldsburg. Might sell every last one to some hotel there." Fieldsburg was a city of fifty thousand population thirty miles to the northeast.

The nearer the time came to go to Fieldsburg, the more I dreaded it. I even thought of leaving, but Uncle Ollie had heard about my lungs.

"Pshaw!" he said. "You got no call in God's green world to feel like you imposin' on anybody, son. Ain't this your home? Didn't I promise your mammy and pappy 'fore they died that I'd take keer o' you. Sure I did, and I aim to as long as I keep my health and stren'th. We got plenty o' vegetables, and when I sell them mushmelons we'll stock up with some cattle and hawgs."

"Git up! Git up, Mr. Mushmelon Man!" Uncle Ollie slapped playfully at the quilt covering me. "This is the day we take the first truck o' mushmelons."

It was indeed the fatal day, and long before daybreak. By good daylight we were in Fieldsburg. It was a fine day, and the ancient truck ran smoothly enough. Uncle Ollie started to sing:

"Iflo gals, ain't ya comin' out t'night, ain't out t'night, comin' out t'night Fert' dance by the light o' the moon."

"Place to sell'em," said Uncle Ollie, halting before a medium-sized bungalow. "Is in a house neither too rich nor too poor, just middlin'." He climbed out and rang the doorbell; I sat tensely holding onto the seat, not daring to look.

"Good mornin', ma'am," I heard Uncle Ollie say. "You keef fer some jimdandy mushmelons this mornin'? Sure are beauts!" I turned and saw him holding out a choice sample with a gesture pleading without being servile.

The blowsy blonde at the door drew her kimona closer about her unruly bust.

"Muskmelons!" she giggled. "Where you been all summer, Uncle Josh?" Her laughter floated out nastily as she slammed the door.

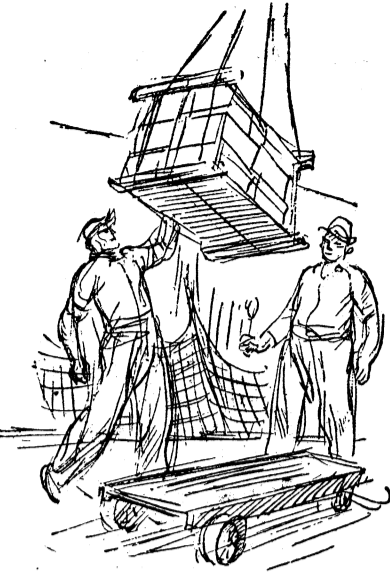
I didn't dare to look at Uncle Ollie as he slowly mounted the truck.

"Craziest hussy I ever did see," he grumbled as he tromped on the starter. "Well, they's a thousand and more other places."

But he drove a long way before he stopped again. As he prepared to climb down from the cab he asked me: "Did you ever see finer, sweeter mushmelons, Teddy? You et some of 'em, son, didn't you, now, and wasn't they hard to beat?"

"Best I ever put in my mouth, Uncle Ollie," I reassured him, but he approached this door with a less springy step and he didn't take a sample with him.

'Frisco--Union Town



(Continued from page 3)

"If the A. F. of L. hadn't kicked the warehousemen and longshoremen into the CIO, I think we'd still be in the A. F. of L. today.

"There is only one choice," he continued. "We can split in two parts and turn one part, that don't want to go over, to another organization, or we can keep our own ranks solid. We believe we can be a better asset to the labor movement with our ranks solid on the waterfront."

The longshoremen were expelled shortly after several other CIO unions.

Less than two months later, an official united front was effected between the CIO and A. F. of L. unions. The issue which brought labor together was the menace of an anti-picketing ordinance which employers had placed on the ballot for referendum. Labor united and won!

A month later, labor's striving for unity took on another form and found even a more conscious expression. Labor united for Tom Mooney. The Mooney mass meeting on Dec. 5 was simply a demonstration of the unity of labor. Not only was the sponsorship and the list of speakers symbolic of this unity, but the entire meeting, every word uttered from the plat-

Why I Quit Franco

(Continued from Page 1)

too, stained with blood. It was signed "Goyita" and it had tried to comfort him, give him hope. "As you have never done anything you will soon be freed," it said. At the end there were a few words in a child's hand: "Papito, many kisses and hugs from your Nenita . . ."

I remember that . . . and many other things.

No motives, either partisan or social, could excuse or justify such acts, wreaked on hundreds of workers, hundreds of poor and uneducated peasants who had been sacrificed in a pure spirit of vengeance and whose bodies like that of the man drowned in the river, I had been forced to examine.

War had dulled my conscience and allowed me to try to justify the violent deaths visited upon the people's leaders; but how could these mass murders be justified, these murders for the sole crime of being members of the working class?

Without wanting to, and at first unconsciously, I was being forced into being a tool of this regime. Partially through my selfishness, partially because of the terror, I was serving hatred and repression. Although my activities were purely of a professional nature, I was becoming a spoke in the wheel of tyranny.

Still, I might have succeeded in viewing all this with tolerance, I might have learned to look upon the crimes committed as a necessary accompaniment of military conquest, I might have ended up by considering these excesses an accident of fury in the moment of conflict which would end once the regime was firmly established. But the last straw was the infamous foreign invasion. That killed the final shred of inertia in my spirit.

When we were forced to applaud the German planes that rose to carry on their acts of destruction, bringing death to peaceful and defenseless citizens, when we had to watch the humiliation the fascists inflicted upon Spaniards, particularly on our women, this cowardly attack on my country was too much. I could not stand by and see my country converted into a colony, while Spanish fascists watched with complete toleration.

The stupidity of the Spanish reaction-

form, every cheer from the audience echoed and re-echoed, UNITY. There was not a speaker who did not touch on the need for labor unity. And not a speaker touched on it, who wasn't cheered by the 12,000 persons in that audience.

This spirit was expressed in a resolution submitted by John F. Shelley, president of the A. F. of L. Central Labor Council; Harry Bridges, CIO director; H. C. Carrasco, Railway Brotherhoods' representative, and Sheriff Dan C. Murphy, labor's most prominent politician. The resolution pledged a continued united front in behalf of Mooney and was adopted amid thunderous acclaim.

As Shelley said: "When San Francisco labor is confronted by a clear-cut issue it will unite."

THE most recent and most important development was the convention of Labor's Non-Partisan League, held in San Francisco on Dec. 11-12. Here again every trend in the labor movement, with the exception of the diehard Teamsters' Union machine and Edward Vandeleur, secretary of the State Federation of Labor, found a common ground for unity. Representatives of 74 A. F. of L. locals and seven A. F. of L. Central Labor Councils joined with representatives of 96 CIO locals and 14 CIO councils, along with representatives of other groups, in forming the League in California.

Although, through an unfortunate series of incidents, including death and illness, the issue did not come up before the San Francisco Labor Council, Council President Shelley was elected as a delegate by his union. Ill in bed, as a result of a beating administered to him by Teamsters' Union "goons" two months ago, he nevertheless sent greetings and a pledge of support through his brother delegate George Kidwell of the Bakery Wagon Drivers.

Thus it stands now. Unity is inherent in unionism. And San Francisco, classical city of unionism, is a living embodiment of that fact. An omen of the fate that awaits those who are splitting the labor movement, once the elemental striving for unity settles labor's score with the enemies within its ranks.

aries took the form of avenging themselves on the vanquished who held different ideas, instead of turning on the real enemy, the foreign invaders.

I SAW then that this was no "nationalist" movement as I had believed on July 18, 1936, when I accepted the rebels, without enthusiasm, it is true, but with some feeling of hope and confidence.

More than anything else it was a movement of reaction against the defenseless military traitors against the people. It was the tyranny of clericalism and the rich and powerful, by means of terror. It was the infamous sale of Spain to foreign fascists.

Once convinced of all this, I could not, just for the sake of economic advantage and the future of my career, lend myself to being a passive accomplice, and perhaps later an active one, to such infamy. . . .

On July 30, 1937, I crossed the French frontier.

I had been in Burgos as Judiciary Secretary since November 27, 1935. I had carried on my work without interruption until June 30, 1937. Half that time I worked under the Republic, the other half under the fascists.

When I left for France I was still Dean and President of the "Illustrious College of Judiciary Secretaries" and Secretary of the Industrial Courts of Burgos. As I write I still hold those offices since my resignation has not been publicly announced, nor, as far as I know, have the fascists appointed a successor.

PERHAPS they expect me to return, not understanding that anyone could be willing to sacrifice one's future for one's opinions; perhaps the publication of this article will be my finish in fascist territory, in the customary manner of those criminals.

I do not care. I give them back my post, my remunerative position, my dream of a career. Here I have, at best, an uncertain future, and daily economic worries. But I want to return to the real Spain which I left against my will on July 18, 1936, when

A New 'World' Is Born

(Continued from Page 5.)

\$1,500,000 Workers pledged themselves to put up their savings, to mortgage their homes, to beg and borrow money to throw into the pot. There is no doubt whatever that enough money could have been raised to match and overmatch the Scripps-Howard offer, if the court had given the employees time. But time is exactly what we could not get. While the country was applauding the revolt of the World employees, the Surrogate was writing his decision. And in the midst of all the excitement, the habitual discipline of the organization held, and the papers came out regularly, with as much sparkle as usual—a couple of unusual exclusive stories were even broken. Next night the decision was given out. The Surrogate held that he could deal with only one question: whether the will of Joseph Pulitzer, which in the clearest language said "No," might not be interpreted to mean "Yes." The court's learned opinion was that it could, and so 2,867 workers were without jobs, and the World was no more.

IT is easy enough now to appraise the extraordinary fight that the staff put up to keep the World alive. It was an instinctive drawing together of workers for mutual protection through collective action. It had no clearly stated long-time objective; the immediate fight was to avert the disaster that threatened all. It was foredoomed to failure, because the paper had already been secretly sold. But it destroyed once and for all the deeply rooted notion that newspaper workers could never act together. One can look back now and detect in that fusing together of a large number of intensely individualistic workers, a germ of the militant social consciousness which has created the powerful American Newspaper Guild. Heywood Brown was partly aware of the importance of what had happened when he wrote, a few weeks later: "For almost the first time in my life I watched reporters animated by a group consciousness."

Well, this started out to be a first-edition piece for the People's World, and what I have in mind is this, that what happened to the New York World can never happen to this new paper. A workers' paper, a People's Front paper, bases itself on a firmer foundation than any commercial paper can possibly hope for, be it ever so liberal. The very forces which were dimly and inchoately foreshadowed in the last-minute struggle of the World's workers, have now emerged in organized form, are rapidly swelling their ranks, arming themselves with the knowledge of their own power, and marching ahead. They furnish the vast public that will read such a paper as the People's World, and that will loyally support it in the coming battles. And no one can ever sell out the People's World.

the criminal movement of the fascists first began.

I want to enter the real Spain, republican Spain, to speak the truth, say what is in my heart, whatever the consequences may be.

"Here I am," I want to say, "I come from fascist territory. I did not play an active part in their work. I belonged to no military corps, no political party. I was simply overtaken there by the fascist movement and continued with judicial work. I did no more. Until one day, coming to understand what that fascist regime represents, I left everything behind, my job and my advantages, in order to serve Loyalist Spain in any way I can. I left convinced of what the fascist regime stands for, of what it is, understanding it."

If Spain accepts me I want to share her sorrows and her triumphs. And if, against all sense of reason, all justice, Republican Spain were to be conquered in the struggle, my only comfort in exile would be that my children, who today are very young, may later read these pages and say:

"When the fate of Loyalist Spain was uncertain, when, having captured Bilbao, the fascists were inflamed with a sense of triumph, our father, without a thought for his future, gave up his career to join bleeding and suffering Spain. He began life over again, put an end to the comfort and luxury of our home. We knew nothing but privation and poverty. But how right our father was!"

Let's Talk it Over

There are some things you never forget—even a birthday party where there's fun and kidding

By MARY MACK

I'M WRITING this column on my birthday. No, I'm not telling my age. When I was twenty-five I promised myself that I'd quit telling my years and this is the second birthday now that I've observed that rule.

But as I was saying, it's my birthday. And Sophie, the comrade at the switchboard, just popped in with a lovely red rose and a big red apple and a wide red smile. (As you may have guessed by now, red is the favorite color up here on the eighth floor.) I grinned and kidded her about being sentimental, but in my heart a warm glow was spreading.

And then the boys, Lester Rodney, our sports editor, my Comrade Nathan, and Ben Burns, ace reporter, began singing: *happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, dear Mary, happy birthday to you.* And Lester cleared his throat, pushed back his chair, rubbed his hands together and said very ceremoniously: "Tell me, Miss Mack, how does it feel to be twenty-one again?"

Lots of fun and kidding on the surface, yes—but with undercurrents of a deeper meaning.



Mary Mack

We haven't forgotten the dead on the battlefields in Spain, in China. Terrified children running futilely for shelter from fascist bombing planes. Homeless, violated Chinese mothers searching for a few grains of rice. We haven't forgotten.

In my desk is a photograph, recently arrived by mail, on which these words are written: "If I do not return, give this picture to Mary Mack. Abe Schwartz."

I have the photograph now—and Abe lies buried in Avar, Spain.

These are things you can never forget—not even in a lighter moment—not even when comrades from the art room come in to surround your desk and typewriter and sing the birthday song.

There was a birthday party for me—the very first in my whole life—and a birthday cake with lighted candles galore, even one for good luck. And I huffed and I puffed until I blew them all out and got my wish. And then a speech had to be made.

But there's only one speech that could be made. Even when there is a lot of laughter and kidding and I'm surrounded by the kind smiling faces of my comrades. A speech wherein I dedicate my life, all of the birthdays in store for me, toward bringing about a world filled with peace—a world where no children run for shelter from fascist bombs—where no dead lie on battlefields—where laughter and gaiety at a birthday party need not have undercurrents of deeper meaning.

Another Contest

It has been some time now since I've worked in a department store—but I still remember how we hated to see the first of the year come around because it meant long hours of backbreaking work taking inventory. So I am going to turn our stock-taking into a contest and take inventory in a novel sort of way... an inventory of the future.

We want to hear from our readers. We want to know what they'd like to see on a Women's Page, whether it's styles, food recipes, politics, child guidance or a problem and answer column. We want to take an inventory of what our readers would prefer to see on this page for the coming year—and that's where you, Mr. and Mrs. Reader come in.

The best letter of not over 150 words, pointing out our short-comings as well as our good points and indicating a real interest in the Women's Page, will be awarded a free copy of Anna Louise Strong's famous book, "I Change Worlds" (retail price \$3.00). All we want is a letter that's straight from the shoulder and we don't care whether it's written with pen or with pencil. How about it?

Send your letters in this contest immediately to Mary Mack, Women's Page Editor, 35 E. 12th Street, New York, New York.

To the Ladies

A young veteran of thirty years of labor activity tells how to give Old Father Time the gate

BY ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, the flying cloud, the frosty light; the year is dying in the night. Ring out wild bells and let him die."

The words evoke a feeling of exhilaration, of escape from the past, a rushing forward into the future. So your columnist will indulge in a little New Year's reverie on "the past." I regret mistakes made, time wasted, follies not to be repeated. But if I had my life to live over again I would gladly do the same work, speak, write, agitate for Socialism, only more so.

I glory in my contemporaries, great comrades I have admired and worked with—such noble women as Mother Jones, Mother Bloor, Lucy Parsons, Dr. Marie Equi, Mary Vorse, Kate O'Hare, Rose Stokes, Anita

Whitney, Dr. Gertrude Kelly, Kate Sadler, Margaret Sanger, and fine brave men,



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

Gene Debs, James Connelly, Bill Harwood, Bill Fetter, Arturo Giovannitti, Vincent St. John, John Reed, Jim Larkin, Joe Hill, Frank Little, Tom Mooney. These are just a few. Their lives and deeds are

glorious—giving shining inspiration for the present and future. The past is only valuable for this. One cannot live either on or in the past and progress. We must justify our past by our present. As long as we look forward we are young, when we begin to look backward, magnify and glorify the past out of due proportions, refuse to accept new conditions and new needs, we are old.

To be a veteran is not sufficient. An "Old Bolshevik" must be a "Young Bolshevik" to stay one. Nor is the past actually cut off and separate. The present is the split second between the past and the future. My past thirty years are merely the experiences of yesterday, training for today and tomorrow. Oldsters stay young who can properly evaluate their past in proportion to the present, weigh their weakness, self-criticize, strive to learn more, keep step with youth, be alive.

Two such oldsters, "wobblies," of whom I am justly proud, are Harrison George and Vern Smith, Editor and Labor Editor of our new daily "The People's World" published in San Francisco. We say to them, paraphrasing Greely's famous advice, "Go West, young men, and grow up with the Party!"

I am happy our Woman's Page is going along with them. Greetings to all our new readers. We New Yorkers are addicted to an astronomical error—that the sun rises in Brooklyn and sets in Jersey. It is well to remember 3,000 miles of rich American continent between the Atlantic and Pacific and 120,000,000 Americans (half of them women) living outside our little metropolis. To these our new "People's World" in California and "Daily Record" in Chicago will carry the labor news of America and the world, international politics and the complex problems of white and Negro and youth under capitalist exploitation.

Let us go forward to make a three-point landing for Socialism in America.

Take a Tip

One of our readers sent in this handy tip. (If you have any pet household device, write us and let us publish it in this column.)

Home-made Fireless Cooker

It costs nothing to make your own fireless cooker and it saves time and gas. You simply put the pot you're going to use into a large box and stuff crushed newspaper around it on all sides and on the bottom. A hole is thus made for the pot.

Now, suppose you go away for the whole day and will be home late. Before you leave in the morning, decide on a boiled dinner—things that can be boiled all together. Prepare them, boil the food on the gas one-third of the time necessary for ordinary cooking. Without removing the cover, place the pot in the cooker. Then cover the pot with several layers of newspaper, and tuck in with an old blanket to keep the heat from escaping. It can be left for hours and will not be overdone. Neither does it need reheating.

Understanding Your Child

MANY parents today realize that music is a wonderful emotional outlet and a fine hobby. So, frequently with much deprivation to themselves, sincere fathers and mothers strive to give their children the opportunity of music lessons—only to find that children often don't appreciate them, show no interest, and occasionally are actively resistant.

Is it wrong to give children music lessons? At what age should music begin? What if they resist?

The first thing to be realized is that each child is an individual. Some children are gifted for music and some not. However, just as children in the United States learn English from hearing it around them, and children in France learn French from hearing it around them, so can we teach children the appreciation of good music by making provision for their hearing it.

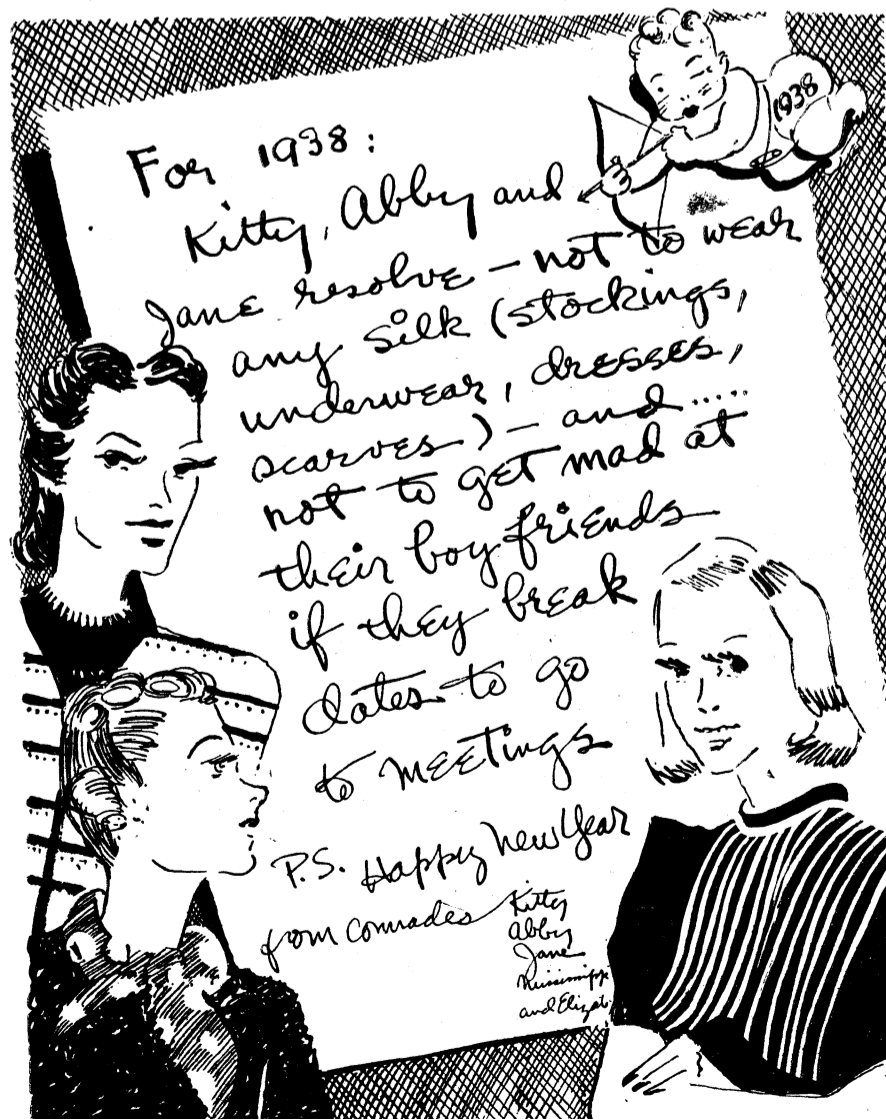
We can begin when he is very young, for then we sing him lullabies, later he is ready for nursery songs and simple rhythmic music such as is available on records—perhaps while he is quietly playing or during a short rest period before eating time or soft music before bed time. But remember that children cannot learn division in arithmetic until they have gone through the simple elements so in music don't expect your child to enjoy famous compositions until he has developed through simple music. As the child matures, he is gradually more able to appreciate the more important music.

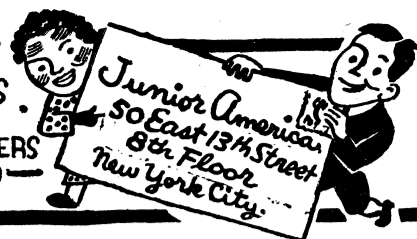
With this background of music appreciation, the playing of an instrument is within the experience of a child and now if your child wishes to play, it will be more than a mere fad. If he does not wish to play, do not coerce for he may be one whose ability lies in another direction. Be content that you have given him the basis for many happy hours in life—the early appreciation of music.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.

COMRADE KITTY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth





correspondence



A GIRL in far away Australia wants some girl readers of the Junior America Page to write to her. Sit down now and write her a letter, O.K.? The postage is 5 cents, don't forget.

Post Office Box 34
Darwin, Australia.

Dear Friend Johnny McGee:

I am writing to you in hope that you can put me in touch with some American girls to write to. I am 11 years old, with dark eyes and hair. It is very hot here now and we are all waiting for the "wet" season to arrive to give us a change.

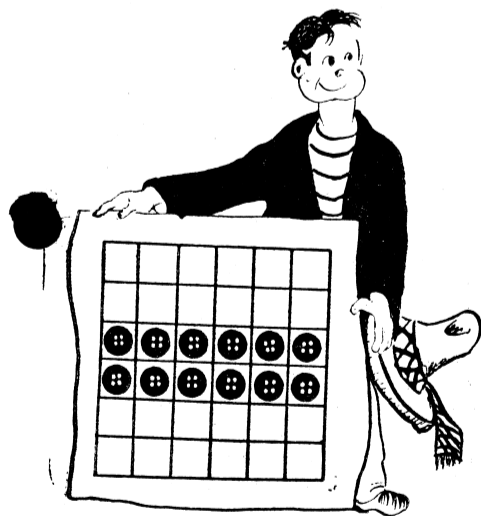
I am interested in most of the things that all girls are interested in, I guess. I collect stamps and pictures of film actresses and actors. Please publish my letter soon so that I will hear from America.

Yours faithfully,
STELLA LEE.

puzzle club



NOT long ago, Pepe took a short trip to Mexico. While he was there, he picked up a few good puzzles. This week he offers one of them. Get out some buttons, draw a diagram as shown, and put the buttons in their proper squares, as Pepe has them. Now try to place the buttons so that there are not more than two buttons in each row across or in each row down. If you can solve



this puzzle send in the answer (a penny postal card will do) and you will get a membership card in the Junior America Puzzle Club.

LAFFS

Jim: Are you letting your son drive your car?

Bill: Yes, he's still too young to be trusted out alone as a pedestrian.

—James Sintore, Chelsea, Mass.

Johnny to Will in a museum: Now don't start looking at things, or we'll never get around.

—Al Richie, Hoboken, N. J.

The Day Shall Come

By ANNETTE BUKSPAN, 16 Yrs., N.Y.C.

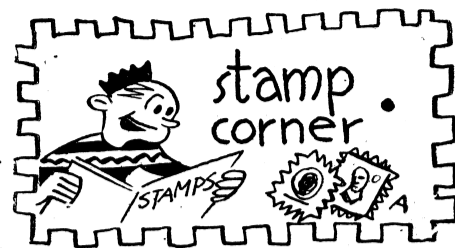
by Annette Bukspan, Age 14

*I do not envy those who boast
About their Xmas evening roast,
While children lie sick in bed,
Sick, because they were not fed.*

*No money to pay for doctor bills.
Because father was killed in a
lumber mill,
And for the home relief, they give,*

Enough for a person a day to live.

*But ah! the end shall come some
day,
When through the streets with
shouts of hurray,
The "red banner" shall fly in every
hand
For the workers shall win their
just rights and demands.*



IRELAND will soon issue a large stamp in honor of her new Constitution. We illustrate the design of this stamp here this week.

How many Stamp Club members know what a "bi-sect" is? Well, many small post-offices run out of stamps before a new supply arrives, and are forced to cut their stamps in half. For instance, if a



postmaster in some small town in the U. S. were to run out of the current three cent stamps, he'd have to cut some 6 cent stamps in half. Some countries have even cut their stamps in four parts Bi-sects are not at all common these days as most post-offices are well regulated.

The other day we came across what seemed a bi-sect, but in reality was only the result of a stamp being torn.

Looking through any ordinary bunch of mail one is apt to find something strange



CHOPSTICKS flew. Much too soon the chingtal and noodles were gone. Yet little Hsu-lung, cross-legged on the dirt floor, kept poking away hungrily at his empty bowl.

"Here, there, you little woodpecker," grinned his elder sister, Lian-Hwa, "you'll chop a hole in that wooden bowl of yours. Then your rice will steal away. . ."

His chopsticks clattered to the earth. "There is seldom enough to steal away."

His sister ceased to smile.

OUTSIDE their dim hut, not far from Nantao, a dried old rickshaw-coolie pattered his thin straw sandals over the sun-baked cobbles of the crooked streets. This old man was their father. Before he turned home he must have more than the few pennies that jingled in his pocket. For he had two children and himself to feed.

Suddenly his fists grew taut. He caught his breath. Like a busy ant-hill that had been stirred, those in this crowded city scattered in wildest panic. The grim drone of war planes ground to death the peace.

Hsu-lung—Lian-hwa! The coolie's fingers dropped the rickshaw. "My children must not be killed." Tiny, alone, he buckled low, zig-zagged, hurried through the now-deserted streets. He clambered over the fallen shoulder of a smoking house; his nostrils felt the sting of gunpowder and mounting flames.

THE gathering whistle of a shell threw him to the street. A moment—then up he bound, skirted the gasping steaming hole. About him he felt and saw Nantao ripped and torn to twisted heaps.

Now a flock of smaller planes swept low to pepper those people that might still be about. The old man heard the spattering, muffled scream of machine gun bullets, then, breathless, ducked into the door of his dim hut.

Two trembling children clung to him. "My little Dragon, my little Lotus flower." That's all he could say. His shoulders shook with soundless sobs.

ALL at once the whine of planes, rose like an answer to the unspoken thoughts of this old man.

The three hurried outside their hut—looked up—raised their arms in unbounded joy! The planes of China—the planes of united China, now nipped the tail of the fleeing fleet! Here and there a Japanese bomber spiraled to earth, bathed in its own smoke and flame.

The old man pressed his children close, his furrowed face raised in hope. "Robbing buzzards, burn to earth—China will yet be free!" Then with eyes glistening with joyful tears he whispered:

"Ah, my Lotus-flower, my little Dragon, when we rid our blessed China of its thieves, we will build it strong, strong for us poor families who have been unthought of these many centuries. . ."

And this new-born hope that rose in the bosom of the old coolie, echoed in the hearts of four hundred and fifty million in this new United China. For China was rising—is rising—out of the ashes—mightier than ever before.



in the philatelic family. Just keep your eyes open, and you might come across something to benefit your collection.

If you've not joined the stamp club yet, write in for a membership card now. Don't forget to say whether or not you want to correspond with other Stamp Club members.

Cook: Did you say you wanted your eggs turned over?

Seaman: Yes, turned over to the Museum of Natural History.

—Johnny Britt, Passaic, N. J.

EVERY once in a while the Post Office returns to us the letters we have sent out to readers of the Junior America Page with membership cards or stamps. Usually the reason is because of incorrect address.

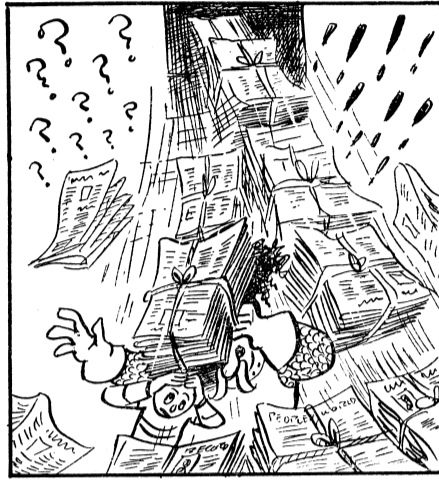
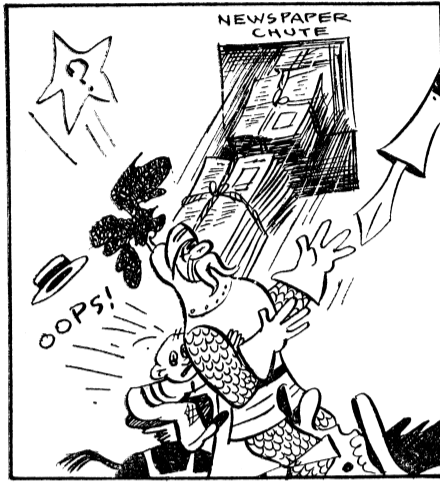
Be sure when you write that you spell out your name and address correctly and clearly. give their address at all, but put their address at all, but just send their name. Please co-operate in every way to make this page your page and a good one.

Will the following please send in their names and addresses again? Margaret Torr (Brooklyn?), Frieda Brown (New York City?), Minerva Miller (New York City?), Jaures Mazzone (Chelsea, Mass.?), N. Appelbaum, Bob Linder (Detroit, Michigan?), David Hollister (New York City?), and a reader who lives at 2980 Brighton 12th St., but gave no name.



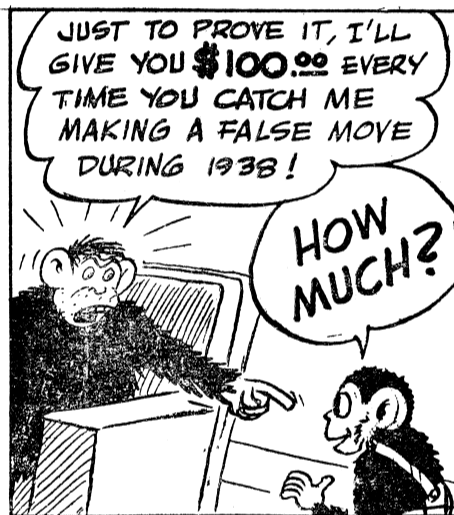
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman



(Christmas is celebrated in Spain on January 6)

BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff

