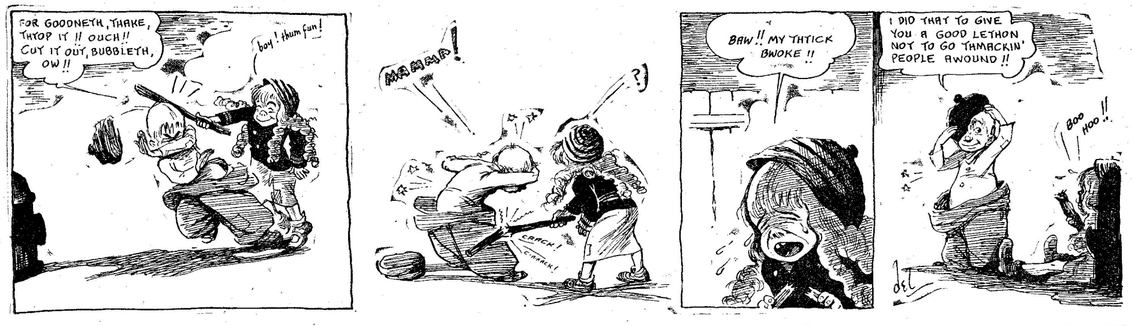
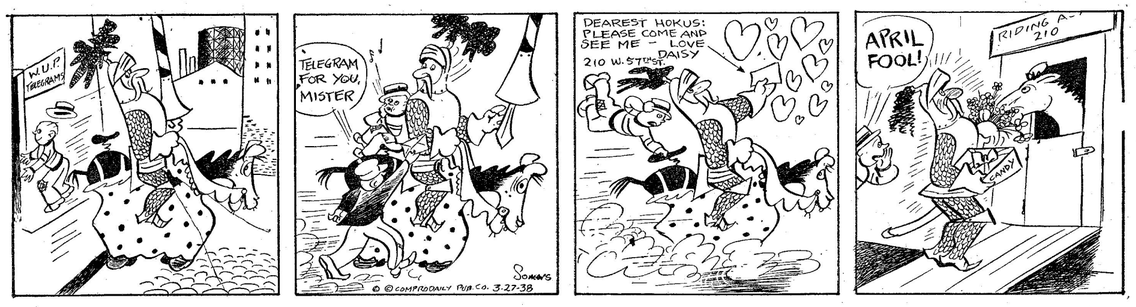
LITTLE LEFTY

by Del



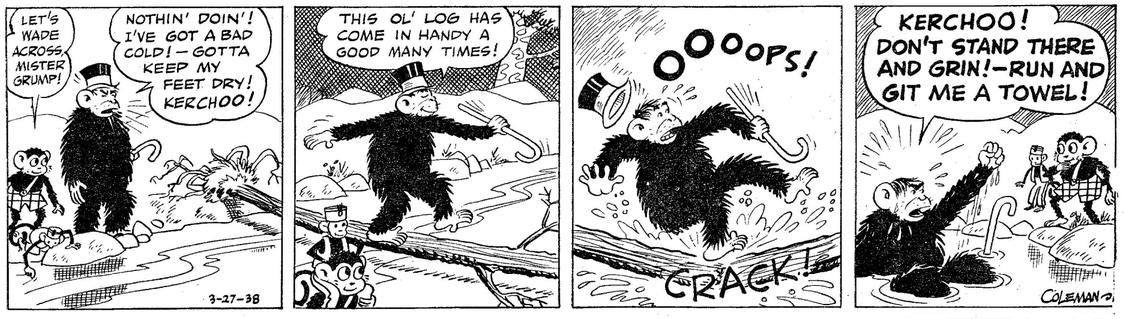
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman

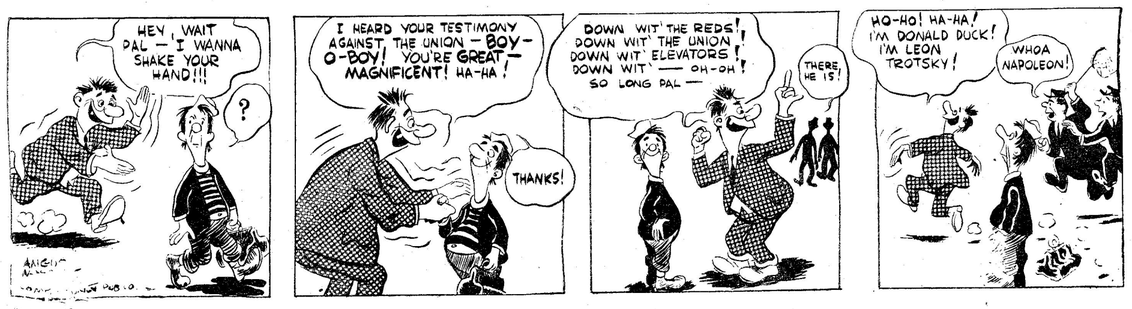


TEX TRAVIS

by Richards

BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff



The Daily People's World

MAGAZINE

MARCH 26, 1938 SECTION TWO

Thief in a Silk Hat

Illustrated by ELLIS

Wall Street's latest scandal reveals its ex-president as a blue-blooded pickpocket who lifted $780,000 in one of the boldest steals in the history of the stock market

THERE is honor among the thieves of Wall Street! A few weeks ago when Richard Whitney of the blue-blooded Whitneys was caught red-handed in the act of stealing $780,000, his cronies of "the Street" and Park Avenue wailed that there wasn't any justice.

Silk-hat row rocked to its heels when the lid was lifted on this latest grab at the public pocketbooks. Mr. Whitney was gently hauled off to jail and police officers almost wept because they had to put a blue-blood, who had five times served as president of the New York Stock Exchange, behind the bars.

A few cells away another thief who perhaps had stolen a few dollars from a grocery store, was manhandled and told that "it's twenty years for you, bud." But not Whitney. He stole hundreds of thousands but a friend of the House of Morgan was immune from such treatment despite the magnitude of his crime.

But the fact could not be hidden, even though the newspapers bound close to Wall Street, tried to soft-pedal the evidence.

The Stock Exchange president had taken securities entrusted to him by his friends, his relatives and his clients, and used them for his own purposes!

He stole the securities of his fellow thieves in the Yacht Club, that "cream" of the social register. He took securities from a trust fund left him by his father-in-law as far back as 1932. He took other securities and used them for his private speculations.

It's the old game of the broker playing against the customer. He chisels, by making the customer take a little less on a sale of stock than he, the broker, actually got, to pay a little more on a purchase. There are dozens of ways of doing it. Often, when securities are entrusted with brokerage firms, the partners help themselves. That is felony and Whitney did just that.

All the time that he was stamping up and down the country making speeches to Congress and on the "immorality" of the Federal government supervision of the stock market, he was robbing right and left.

He wasn't the first of the stiff-shirt gangsters and he won't be the last.

There was another blue-blood, Banker Harriman, who fleeced thousands of depositors. The court gave him a light sentence and Park Row mourned. The Straus Real Estate Bond Company was another. They drew in the savings of teachers, widows, small merchants and then gave these trusting people the fleecing of their lives. Wall Street's "biggest" men were caught when the payoff came.

Public morals and the safety of the small investor demands that the whole crew of blue-blooded gangsters be brought out into the spotlight of publicity and strict regulation.

Wall Street "insiders" gamble and speculate with other people's money. They must be put up where the people can see how they operate.

Americans know how much stock to put in the rantings of these big-time crooks when they appear to protest about the "unbalanced budget" and the "waste of relief appropriations." These crooks are the loudest red-baiters and the most violent yelpers about "individual liberty."

Once in awhile, as in the Whitney case, one of these blue-bloods gets caught and then the whole country can get a glimpse of what real big-time robbery as practiced by the "Best People" looks like.

America then holds its nose.

a short story
by
HOWARD RUSHMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

". . . a right hook that deposited the pudgy one behind the water-cooler . . ."

Two Hours Late

NUMBER Eight huddled up in his seat and his body shook with sobs. An hour ago he had started to whimper: now his body shook with uncontrolled fear and his pudgy hands were clamped violently over his ears as if to shut out the noise of the motors outside.

Rosalie hurried down the aisle of the cabin. Up to now they had all been quiet, but the strain was telling. The ship had been circling in the fog for two hours and they all knew by now that the gasoline couldn't last forever and that the big monoplane had to come down sometime. In a few minutes Number Eight would become hysterical and the others would follow his example.

Rosalie bent low over him. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself," she whispered. "A grown man blubbering like a baby just because there's a fog outside and we're a little behind schedule."

SHE was violating Rule 3, Section 2 of Eagle Airway's Rules for stewardesses ("the passenger is always right") but Rosalie didn't give a darn. Rule books don't keep passengers quiet when there's a fog outside you could cut with a knife and they know the ship can't stay up forever.

"Shut up," said Number Eight, "shut up, you —— ——!"

Up in front white-haired Number Two turned around and looked primly at Number Eight over her old-fashioned glasses.

"What he needs, miss," she said, "is a pair of diapers and a good spanking."

Rosalie smiled back at the little old lady gratefully. In the back some one guffawed and the tension eased a little. Number Eight glared at them all, then slumped down in his seat and whimpered.

IT was the moment Rosalie had been waiting for. She walked slowly up front and eased into the control cabin. Jim and Rodney were tense figures, outlined against the sparkling instrument board. Their jaws were set tight and she saw white showing on the knuckles of Jim's hands as he gripped the wheel.

"Scared, kid?"

"A little," said Rosalie. "I've never seen a ceiling like this. The passengers haven't either: one of them is ready to blow up if we don't come down pretty soon."

The three were quiet as the two Wright's droned outside and the fog swirled dense against the nose of the big Douglas. The clock showed two hours and fifteen minutes behind schedule. Somewhere below Rosalie knew the administration building was a buzz of anxiety: the field manager telling Jim through the radio that the field was covered with fog, that the searchlights couldn't pierce it and that he'd have to bring her in blind as a bat at ninety per.

SHE slipped out of the control room. The passengers watched her hopefully, but Rosalie only smiled at them and made her way to the washroom. Looking in the mirror, she frowned at the reflection of a pretty but very white girl whose big blue eyes were scared and whose lipstick had smudged from too much nervousness. Rouge and plenty of it was needed: Rule Six said that a stewardess had to be "neat and attractive at all times."

When Rosalie came out, Number Five was standing near the rear window looking at the fog. She had noticed him before: a quiet young fellow with broad shoulders and a handsome ruggedness to him that she liked.

"Nervous, sir?" Rosalie asked politely.

"Nope, just curious," he grinned. "I'm wondering how a guy looks when a ship like this digs five feet in the ground.

"I don't know," said Rosalie. "I've flown about a thousand hours with Eagle Airways and haven't seen a person scratched."

Rosalie didn't like to lie but there were times when a stewardess had to. But she remembered the crash near Cheyenne last year. A Douglas, set aloft in a snowstorm, had hit a peak at full speed. A week later twelve curiously twisted and frozen bodies had been brought on the backs of packmules. Rosalie shuddered.

Number Five smiled at her. "Don't get mad. I'm just wondering why your line sends a ship up in such weather as this. They have accurate weather reports and they knew this pea-soup was coming in at Salt Lake. Doesn't the lives of thirteen people mean more than profits to them."

"Aviation," said Rosalie, "is safe as . . ."

"You mean it should be safe," corrected Number Five. "You see, I'm not exactly a greenhorn at the game. I think it's a swell thing and that's why I spent five hundred dollars to get my student license. But when you work in a steel mill, you're not always able to buy your own ship and fly whenever you please. I've been saving dimes and quarters for a year to make this hop. And I know your line made a mistake by making the pilot take us up tonight."

Rosalie dropped her eyes and trembled a little. He was telling the truth and she knew it. All of a sudden she was a scared little girl and the long cabin was swaying around and around: there was a roaring in her ears louder than any Wright engine could produce.

SHE was conscious of a husky, friendly arm around her and a voice saying softly "remember the passengers: if you pass out they'll panic."

Then Number Eight did just that. He leaped from his seat and with a high-pitched scream floundered towards the rear of the cabin. Rosalie started toward him and his flailing fists struck her and knocked her down. And suddenly there was quiet in the cabin for the motors had spluttered and quit. The gasoline was gone.

The other passengers came out their seats with a rush: Rosalie struggled to get up and out of the corner of her eye she saw Number Eight tugging at the rear door.

"Stop him, Number Five," she screamed.

Number Five did, quickly and efficiently with a right hook that deposited the pudgy one behind the watercooler in an inert heap. Then Number Five faced the other passengers, his arms outstretched.

"Folks," he said, "let's keep our heads. The pilots up in front are doing the best they can. We're going in for a dead-stick landing and rocking the cabin won't help us any. Our friend here who just tried to jump out is Mr. J. Ellington Lippincott of General Steel, a pillar of might in society but a scared rat in a pinch like this. I'm sure none of the rest of you folks want to follow his example."

Number Fives boyish grin had it effect. The passengers sat down and looked at him with white faces. Rosalie got up and wiped the trickle of blood from her nose.

"Anyhow this could be a lot worse," Number Five went on, "why I remember once in the rolling mill where I worked the metal got loose and . . ."

Rosalie tiptoed to the control room. "I'm bringing her in," said Jim. "If we hit those high tension wires of the west of the field it's curtains, kid."

THE reassuring rumble of Number Five's voice came through the door faintly as the big transport glided down. The snub nose of the Douglas split the fog: then they were in a weird flood of searchlights. The ship was over the port.

Wires loomed suddenly, greedy and menacing. Jim yanked the wheel and the ship cleared them by inches. Then they were down on three points, rolling towards the administration building and

(Continued on Page 9)

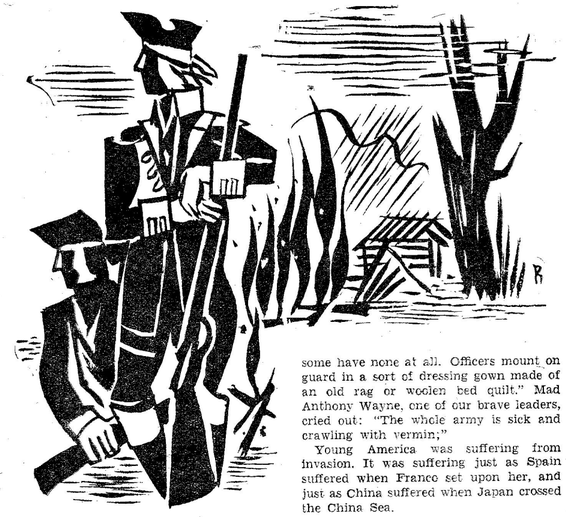
JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO— Junior America, 50 East 13th Street, 8th Floor, New York City.

Conducted by Johnny McGee and Mary Morrow

VALLEY FORGE

Story By ERIC LUCAS
Picture by AD REINHARDT



PART ONE

ONE hundred and sixty-one years, 2 months and 6 days ago. . .

He leaned over the muzzle of his flint-locked gun. The winter wind howled through the valley and beat his tattered trousers against his trembling legs. A cast-off legging tied his three cornered hat against his head of straggly hair.

He wasn't the only one. The rolling, snow-stung valley, one mile long and three thousand feet wide, bore 11,000 raw militia, Yankee soldiers housed in low, log huts and ragged tents. Workers, farmers, trappers, even merchants, mill and factory owners who wanted to produce freedom. This was the fuel to the last flickering flame of the fires of America's Revolution. . . .

Twenty-four miles away, safe and snug in Philadelphia, the British Gen. Howe in gold epaulets, white periwig and big red coat with white cross bands, raised his tumbler of port wine and barked a toast well-known then: "Here's to the quick death of a bloody Revolution. May the Yankee Rebel bones soon rot under the British boot!" His 50,000 red-coats had good reason to think the same. And why not?

HAD not the weary army of Washington just been licked at Germantown, and had they not been nced at Brandywine and flung out of ..iladelphia?

Washington, despairing, penned a note to Congress: "There's not a single hoof of any kind to slaughter, and not more than 24 barrels of flour . . . Part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest, three or four days. Evening after evening the cry of 'no meat, no meat' can be heard along the line of huts. . . My soldiers sit up all night by fires instead of taking rest in a natural way. Few men have more than one shirt and many have only shreds of one, and some have none at all. Officers mount on guard in a sort of dressing gown made of an old rag or woolen bed quilt." Mad Anthony Wayne, one of our brave leaders, cried out: "The whole army is sick and crawling with vermin;"

Young America was suffering from invasion. It was suffering just as Spain suffered when Franco set upon her, and just as China suffered when Japan crossed the China Sea.

CONGRESS worked poorly, the army was nothing more than untutored militia, there was no trained quartermaster to send supplies, and there were little supplies to send. . . .

For six months and one day this army of men, dying in all but hope, stayed on. Stayed on and bided their time. . . .

And at this lowest ebb, when all seemed lost, came Spring—and Hope. Baron Steuben of Germany, crossed the sea, marched straight up to Valley Forge, briskly rubbed his palms and said: "Well men, we have just won our fight for liberty in Germany, now maybe we can help you fellows win yours. . . ." And he took that pack of raw militia and whipped it into a perfect fighting machine.

Gen. Lafayette, a 20 year old military genius, came over to give the Yankees a hand. Pulaski and Kosciusko of Poland and de KaKlb of France joined our ranks and pitched in. Mad Anthony Wayne took a bunch of soldiers and rode through the hills gathering herds of cattle, wagons of grain and droves of pigs! Gen. Greene opened means of transportation, had carts rebuilt, threw up bridges, fixed roads . . . White Horse Harry Lee and his Cavaliers struck out for the outskirts of Philly and made it plenty hot for the British! And Washington tugged up his breeches and told Congress to keep the army or else . . .

And now things began to buzz. . . .

(And more, next week)

LAUGHS

Teacher: What is the longest word in the world?

Jimmy: I guess it's "smiles," because there's a mile between the first and last letters.

—*Karla Laengerich, Jersey City, N. J.*

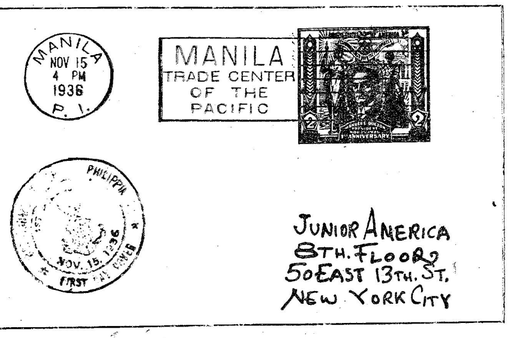
Teacher: What are you going to be when you leave school?

Jimmy: An old man, I guess.

—Darwin Soljacich, Chicago, Ill.

STAMP CORNER

..... CONDUCTED BY JOHNNY McGEE



A CLUB-member recently wrote in asking for information about "First Day Covers." These are commonly known as "FDC" for short. An FDC is an envelope mailed with a new stamp, on the day the stamp was issued.

In the example shown, the two-cent brown Philippine stamp was issued on November 15, 1936, and the cover was cancelled at Manila the same day. Usually FDC also have a colored "Cachet" telling about the stamp. This cover had a purple seal, shown in the left-hand corner.

Are you a member of the Junior America Stamp Club? If not send in for a membership card; don't forget to say whether or not you want to correspond with other Club members.

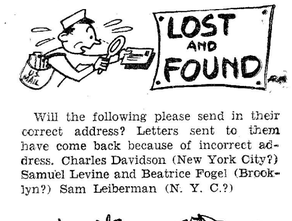
puzzle club

HERE we have a puzzle contributed by a puzzle club member. Pepe has been doing some reading lately but wants you to puzzle out the books he has read. The titles of the five books are scrambled up—see if you can unscramble them.

If you aren't a member of the Junior America Puzzle Club, send in the answer to this puzzle for a membership card. (A penny postal card will do.)

NEW STAMP CLUB MEMBERS.

NEW ZEALAND: Grace Smith. MASS.: Jacob Roseman, Sven Johnson. WISCONSIN: Arthur Jensen. NEW YORK: Walt Beckdahl, Julius Shields, F. Weissman, Tillie Barsz, Benjamin Hilik, Max Polisar, Paul Feldman, Harold Turkel, Abraham Cohen, Joseph Bernstein. ILL.: Paul Steiner. CALIF.: eggy Miller. PENN.: Sydney Greenstein, Albert Goloff, Ann Zorn, Herbert Weissman, Shirley Goloff, Marvin Kohn, Lotty Waxman, Adeline Frigond, Nryma Appelt, Lorraine Shapiro, Belle Krause, Rebecca Goldberg.



Will the following please send in their correct address? Letters sent to them have come back because of incorrect address. Charles Davidson (New York City?) Samuel Levine and Beatrice Fogel (Brooklyn?) Sam Leiberman (N. Y. C.?)

DOING any reading lately? Here are a few suggestions. Try to get these books at your local Public Library.

Bear Twins, by Inez Hogan (Dutton).

Gone is Gone, by Wanda Gag (Coward McCann)

Lost Corner, by Charlie May Simon (Dutton)

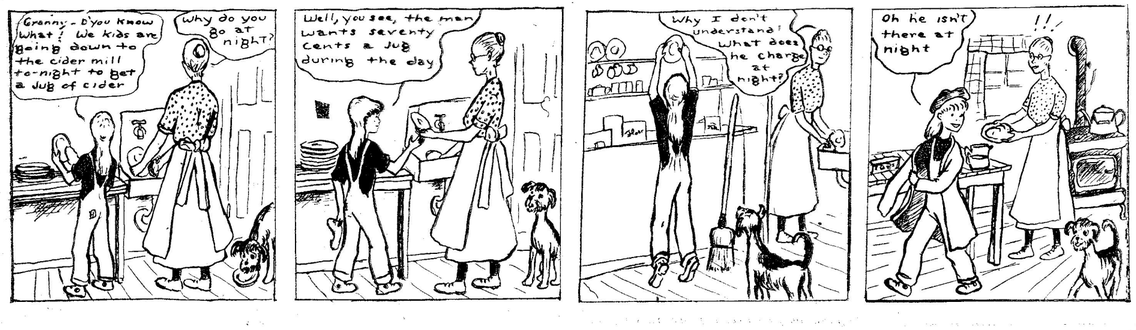
Harpoon, by Foster Rhea Dulles (Mifflin Co.)

Indian Brother, by Hubert Coryell (Harcourt Brace Co.)

Uncharted Ways, by Caroline Snedeker (Doubleday-Doran)

MOLLY McGUIRE

by Ida Baily



Let's Talk It Over

Should parents 'financially embarrassed' be deprived of having children? Fanny raises a vital question

By MARY MACK

I HAVEN'T any children but that doesn't mean that I don't plan some day to have them. And that doesn't mean that I don't know how a mother feels about her child.

The couple in the apartment below me have a little boy of four. And when he comes into my house, with smudgy, rosy-cheeked face, sticky hands, and rumpled hair, he makes my home suddenly seem as though it's lived in. And his childish voice asking questions, why this? and how come that? and what makes it? is like music. Don't you think—playing with him, talking to him, and explaining—that I've thought how swell it would be if he were really mine, flesh of my flesh, to care for, to cherish, and to guide into manhood.

And I think women readers will agree that most of us feel the same way. That's why Fanny's problem is an important one. Fanny, too, wants to have a child, but her husband says no, and in her letter she tells why.

Mary Mack

DEAR MARY MACK:

As so many others before me, I'm coming to you with my problem. We read your column regularly each week and Robert (my husband) and I have decided that we will wholeheartedly abide by your decision.

My husband is twenty-nine and I'm twenty-six. We've been married four years and we love each other very much. Robert works in a store and he doesn't make very much. I work when I can in order to help out.

But here is our problem. *I want to have a baby.* I haven't been able to find a job during this business "recession" and staying home I've begun to realize how much a baby would mean to us.

Robert says we have no right to bring a child into this world unless we are sure we can take care of it financially. He says we owe that much to the child. But how can any working people ever be sure financially? We are never sure about anything, much less our jobs.

I think that if we give our child love and care and companionship, it's more important than money. But Robert says he remembers how he suffered when he was young, that plenty of times there was no food in his father's house for the children and the worry how to take care of her children was what killed his mother. He doesn't want that to happen to me. He says poor folks have no business with children. With me not being able to work, and another mouth to feed we will hardly keep the roof over our heads.

I would be willing to go to the city clinic. I would be willing to take my chances on how to be able to support him. I don't think that just because we are working people, we should be denied the joy of parenthood.

Robert says I'm looking at it from a selfish angle. That I'm only considering myself and not thinking of the child, of what advantages I could give him.

Robert is reading this letter as I write it and he says to add that he wants a child too. He is not trying to shirk responsibilities. He just wants to be sure that he can take care of his responsibilities, he couldn't bear having his children go hungry.

I guess that's about all. We'll be looking forward to seeing our letter in your column.

FANNY.

Well, folks, here's a problem which cannot fail to touch your hearts. It's a poignant and moving problem of two young people in love who want to have children but who are afraid they will not be able to take care of their baby financially.

There *is* a solution to Fanny's problem, but I'd like for our readers to write in and give their opinion. And I'm offering a new book as prize for the best letter of not more than two hundred and fifty words. So send your answers in to Mary Mack, Women's Page Editor, 35 E. 12th Street, New York.

This time we offer as prize your choice of: MOST FOR YOUR MONEY, the Browns' latest cook book; Earl Browder's THE PEOPLE'S FRONT; or CHANGING MAN by Beatrice King. So mention which book you want when sending in your answers to this letter!

Milady's Bonnet

'It's not only what's on the head but what's in the head that counts,' say women in defense of their headgear

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

A FRIEND, who is a bit of a sceptic about "female equality" challenges me, "How can women be intelligent and be such slaves to style? Look at the fool hats they wear!" Women are slaves to variety and change in style. But men are just as much slaves to uniformity and monotony, as every woman knows who tries to buy them shirts or ties! It took centuries for men to stop wearing heavy suits, summer and winter, to abandon stiff shirts for soft collared ones and for sport shirts. Colors were taboo until recently. Their hats are stuffy—conducive to baldness.

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns not to "thoughts of love," but to hats. Easter is hat changing time for young and old, who have the price. It's natural at the end of a long winter to put on light weight raiment and gay headgear. I confess that high heels, the teetering kind, red fingernails like blood stains, and hats like pots, pans, plates, baskets and helmets are hard to explain under the banner of female intelligence. But I remember styles are not made by women, but by manufacturers.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

Designers are paid to keep them changing seasonably. They are purposely switched from one extreme to another, large hats to small, long skirts to short. Cheap copies are made of expensive models, to sell in large quantities, neither to wear well or last long. Women are compelled to replace them often because they wear out quickly and because the styles change about the same time.

It's part of the profit system, the style racket. With men who are more conservative dressers than women, clothes are better made, of better materials and last longer. But they cost more, so the manufacturers get their profits, just the same. The jobs of thousands of needle trades workers depend upon the market. Their seasons are too short now. So its futile to advocate radical dress reform under these circumstances. We know if garments were made of really good materials, cut to measurement and in artistic styles, appropriate for groups (fat, thin, tall, short, dark, fair, young and old), it would be a relief from the sheep-like similarities of today. They would last a long time and remain beautiful. But capitalism makes for profit, not use.

Women wear what is in the market to be sold. Men wear what's there when they go to buy, too. "This is what they are wearing!" is the maddening dictum to all. Poor people can't afford to be individual, to have custom made clothes. They have to take at the price they can pay. Even textile workers, who make the best in fabrics, can't buy them. They must wear shoddy.

But women's clothes have evolved, because of the change in women's activities. Think of the bustle, the hoop-skirt, the hour glass corset, the skirts that swept the ground! Mrs. Bloomer was ridiculed in 1849 when she wore Turkish trousers. Soon the use of the bicycle introduced divided short skirts. As women entered industry and sports, clothes were modified. We accept overalls, bloomers, shorts, tailored suits, shirts, one-piece dresses today. Hats were creations, made of flowers, feather, ribbons, weighed several pounds and were anchored with long hat pins in our grandmother's day.

Today the very nonchalance with which girls perch hats on the back of their heads indicates that it isn't all they have on their minds. So don't judge our heads by their covers, gentlemen, and we promise to do the same for you.

Understanding Your Child

TOYS STAND for objects and people in the world of the child's imaginings. A doll may be a baby, a child, a truckdriver or the mamma in play. Hence the more adaptable the material given the child the better.

Dirt, sand, clay, paint, boards, cooking dishes, spoons, wood or nails, simple tools, these are the stuff. Nothing fancy or complicated. Refined, expensive toys do not necessarily fill the need.

Blocks of soft pine, cut in varying shapes and sizes and sand-papered against splinters, may be made easily by anyone. You may add simple materials, small boats, aeroplanes, cars, trains and trucks obtained at the dime store. It is wiser to spend little on these toys for the small child. Toys are bound to get broken anyway in the child's handling. And the toys lose some of their value if an adult thinks in terms of preserving them rather than of enhancing the child's free play.

Home-made tables and chairs, paper and crayons, paste and brushes are good. One thing always to keep in mind about toys for children, try to forget yourself and your ideas of how you think the child should use the material. Watch and see what he does with it. For if you try to put his play into a form you will be having a definitely limiting effect.

Toys also have educative value. They furnish the material with which the child can play out his ideas. Through play he can give expression to his imagination, he can relieve his experiences, work out his problems and difficulties, relieve his pent-up emotions.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.

Editor's Note: The Board will answer all the letters received from their readers with a full page feature in a coming issue of this magazine. Don't fail to watch for it.

KITTY AND ABBY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth

"Got good news for you, kid," Kitty tells Abby. "Remember that man who asked you about the red fingernail polish? Well, Spring is here, you know, and so is pale polish. Look at me," she says brandishing her petal-pink nails. "I got a swell polish for ten cents. Clear as crystal and it dries in about two seconds. Really. And when you're rushing out and want to make your nails look a little better, but you haven't got all night to spend on a regular manicure, this is the stuff. You can almost splash it on your nails because it hasn't any color." Abby agrees. "Also," she says, "the matter of little bottles. That's important too, because the best nail polish made gets thick if you keep it too long. Hold it under the hot water faucet," Kitty tells her, "and it will smooth out. But I never spend more than a dime on nail polish."

Take a Tip

TODAY'S MENU SUGGESTION

BREAKFAST: Stewed prunes; oatmeal with thin cream; poached eggs on buttered toast; coffee.

DINNER: Lamb roast; browned potatoes; gravy; canned peas, buttered; hot biscuits with honey; jellied fruit; coffee or tea.

SUPPER: Spinach souffle; hot buttered corn; hot muffins; floating island dressing; cookies; coffee or hot chocolate.

Radio Station T-R-U-T-H

The merciless Storm Troopers and Hitler's secret police have failed to silence a voice that is resounding throughout Europe

by LELAND BORDON

THE supper dishes had long since been cleared away and the family was spending the evening quietly at home. It was a typical parlor of any hard-working German family: neat and tidy, with little framed photographs of grandfathers and grandmothers and a snapshot of the father taken during the war.

The mother was knitting and the father, weary after a hard day's work in the factory, was reading the evening paper. Even the children were quiet in their play, but throughout the house hung an air of expectancy.

The father glanced at his watch and went over to the little radio set. "It's time," he said. His wife put away her knitting and the children came over quietly and leaned against the wall to listen.

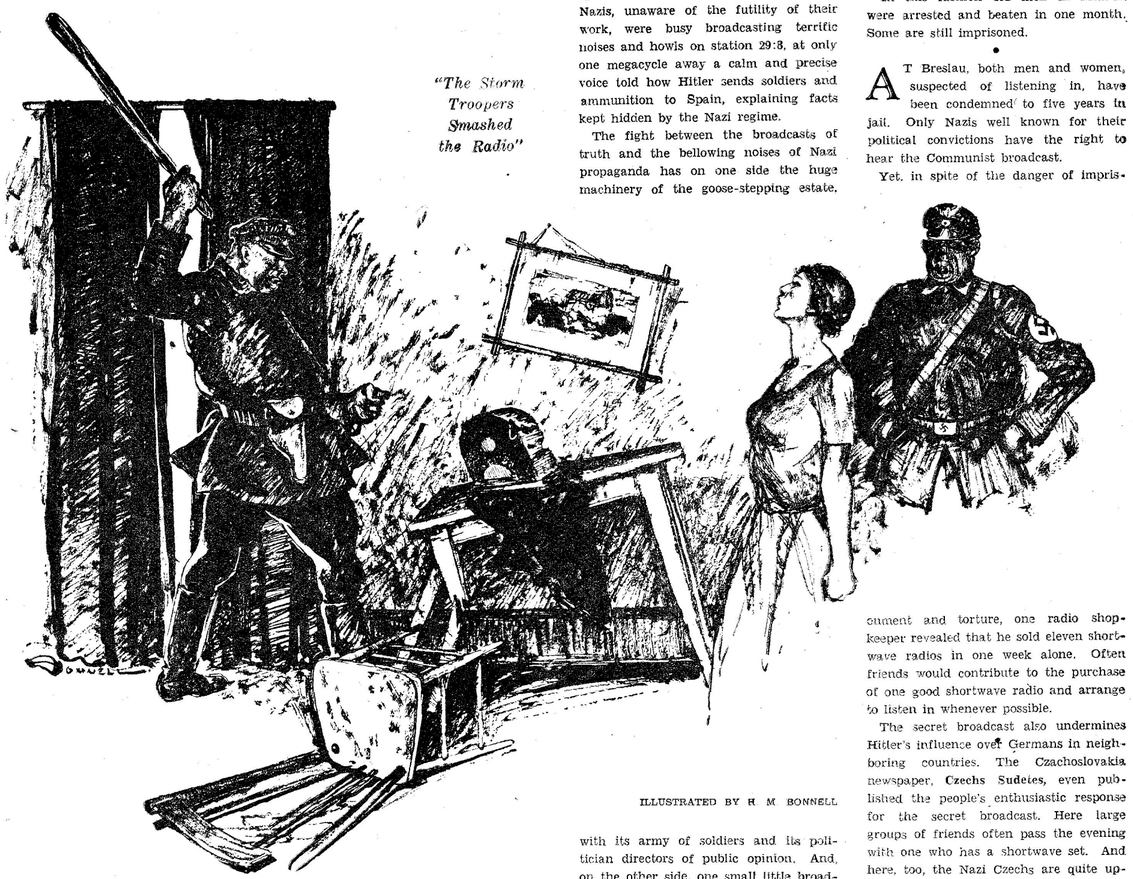
The dials were turned. Blasts of martial music, gruff voices, a bit of opera. Then the high-pitched wail of the short-wave length as the father turned the dial impatiently. Out of the radio came the voice they had been waiting for. The family sat tense, listening, nodding silent agreement as the quick, clear voice of the speaker droned on.

Then the door burst in with a crash and the room was full of burly brown-shirted figures. The children fled to a corner and the father and mother stood up and faced the Storm Troopers.

The captain smashed the radio with one blow of his club. Two others grabbed the father and led him through the door into the night. The Nazis finished their job quickly: one went through the little bookshelf quickly and tossed several books into the fireplace. The captain kicked the radio into bits and with a gruff warning to the mother ordered his men to leave.

The children came over and clung to their mother anxiously. "Where did they take father?"

"He'll be back," she told them, but her voice was not too certain and she turned her face away to hide the worried look in her eyes. "But they can't smash all the radios in Germany, they can't still the voice of truth . . ."



"The Storm Troopers Smashed the Radio"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BONNELL

IN Germany, every night around 10 o'clock, the people listen for the voice. Every night, on short wave 29:8, a voice tells the truth behind Hitler's newest maneuvers and the real meanings of Nazism. In spite of the Gestapo and searching Storm Troopers, the location of the German Communist Party broadcasting station remains an unsolved mystery.

Hitler's agents have combed the woods, the boats and the cities with a fine-tooth comb, but to no avail. Every night the "voice of freedom" continues on the air.

Unable to find the secret broadcasting station, Goebbels of the propaganda department, and Himmler, German chief of police, held conferences on how to stop the hidden voice of truth.

For a few weeks afterwards, the Nazis set up such a howl on shortwave 29:3 that it was impossible to hear the secret broadcast. But one evening the mysterious station was heard again: "Take care. Take care. If we are obliged to change the length of our short wave, follow us. Please follow us. . . ." And then the war of the waves started again in the ether.

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BUT turning the dial slowly and carefully, you could hear again the voice of the German Communist speaker on shortwave 30:8. While the Nazis, unaware of the futility of their work, were busy broadcasting terrific noises and howls on station 29:3, at only one megacycle away a calm and precise voice told how Hitler sends soldiers and ammunition to Spain, explaining facts kept hidden by the Nazi regime.

The fight between the broadcasts of truth and the bellowing noises of Nazi propaganda has on one side the huge machinery of the goose-stepping estate, with its army of soldiers and its politician directors of public opinion. And, on the other side, one small little broadcasting station secreted away, but powerful enough to make the Nazi bureaucracy spit blood and fire. A clear enough indication of the weaknesses of Hitler's "power"!

While his agents continue to search throughout South Germany for the secret station, Hitler announces "proof" that the station is in the Soviet Union. The Voelkischer Beobachter, his central organ, stated: "The so-called Communist secret broadcast pretends to broadcast from Germany, but we have proof that the station is in Russia. Their greatest pleasure is to tell the most ridiculous lies about Germany and Spain." And at the same time Goering's press "revealed" that the station was in Luxembourg.

BUT the interest in the secret broadcasts continued unabated. Even the threat of dire punishment hanging over the heads of all listening in, failed to halt the growing number of listeners.

Nazi police and Storm Troopers, who have the right to invade private homes at any hour under any pretext, continue to raid workers' homes, destroying short-wave radios. In the town of Hagen, for instance, all radios were confiscated. At Munich, a ruthles campaign against all suspected of listening to the secret broadcast—a campaign which began to cover the entire population—was launched.

Men, mysteriously kidnaped as they left their places of work, were questioned: "Have you listened to the secret broadcast?" No matter what answer they gave, they were beaten. And, always, the questions continued: "What did you tell your comrades about the Communist broadcast? Who listens in with you?"

In this fashion 432 men in Munich were arrested and beaten in one month. Some are still imprisoned.

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AT Breslau, both men and women, suspected of listening in, have been condemned to five years in jail. Only Nazis well known for their political convictions have the right to hear the Communist broadcast.

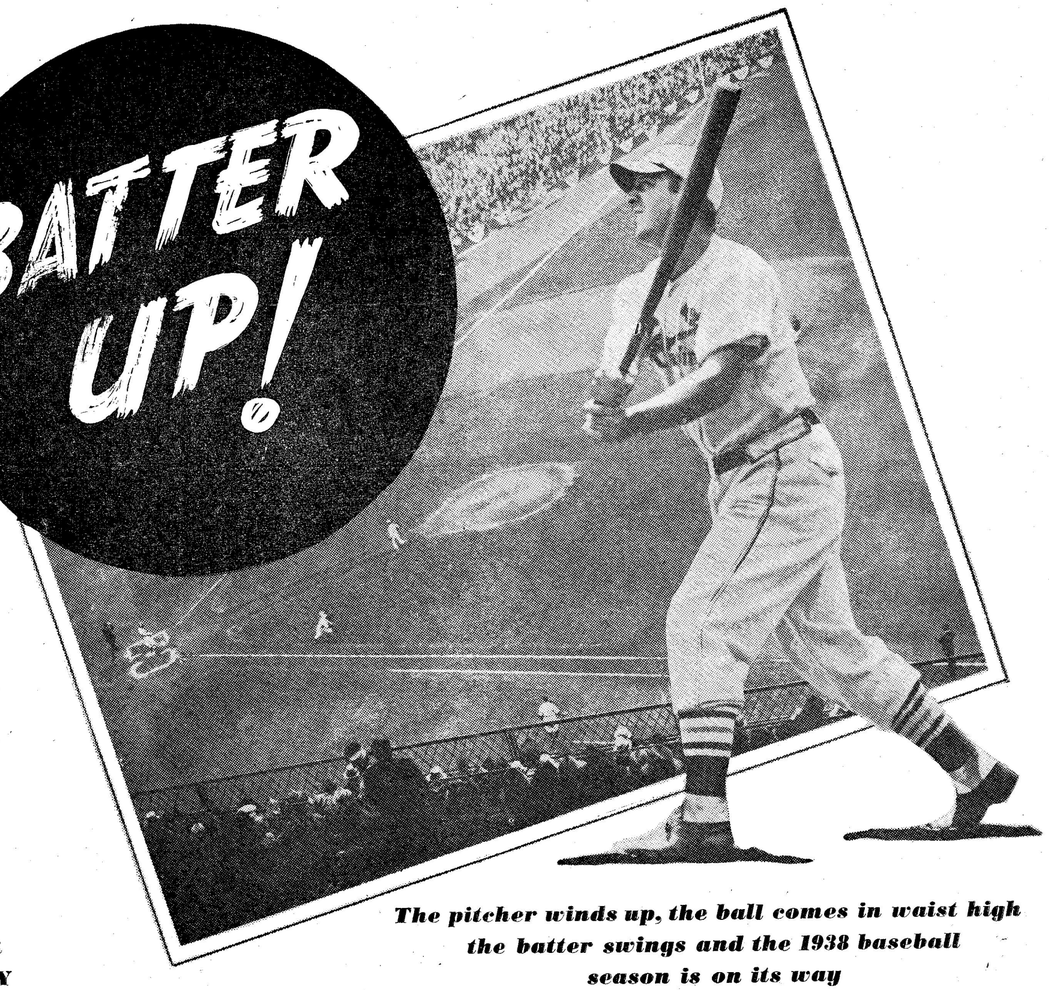
Yet, in spite of the danger of imprisonment and torture, one radio shopkeeper revealed that he sold eleven short-wave radios in one week alone. Often friends would contribute to the purchase of one good shortwave radio and arrange to listen in whenever possible.

The secret broadcast also undermines Hitler's influence over Germans in neighboring countries. The Czechoslovakia newspaper, Czechs Sudetes, even published the people's enthusiastic response for the secret broadcast. Here large groups of friends often pass the evening with one who has a shortwave set. And here, too, the Nazi Czechs are quite upset. They search for the station around Karlsbadt.

How truthfully can the station now be called the broadcast of unity! At a recent conference called in Paris to organize the German popular front movement, it was proposed to transform the secret broadcasting station into the "organ of the popular front." All present, including Max Braun, Rudolf Breitscheid, George Bernhard and Thomas Mann, knowing the popularity of the broadcast, endorsed the proposal.

Now the mysterious broadcasts call upon the German people to unite against the actual leading Nazis who are only 10,000 strong. Now the shortwave speeches express the wish of those who want freedom to think, to write and to speak. It is a hidden but powerful voice, heard all over Europe and its echo over the world.

BATTER UP!



by
LESTER RODNEY

The pitcher winds up, the ball comes in waist high the batter swings and the 1938 baseball season is on its way

WHAT Is America's National Pastime?" teacher asked little Willie, tensing herself for one of Master Willie's traditional and much related perversions of fact.

Imagine then, teacher's amazement when Willie popped smartly into the aisle, wound his right arm around his head three times in a circular motion before letting fly an accurate spitball to the back of little Audrey's neck, and answered concisely and to the point—"Baseball."

"Baseball. That is correct, Willie," said teacher, smiling benignly.

IT'S truly a national game, in interest if not in participation. You'll see every section of the population in the ball park on opening day. The President will throw out the first ball, the bankers, politicians and assorted "lens louses" will fill the front boxes. In the bleachers are milkmen and delivery boys in uniforms, and salesmen with their little brief cases under their seats casting a furtive and worried look at the big clock on the wall occasionally. Steel workers fill the park in Pittsburgh on Sundays, auto workers follow the Tigers in Detroit.

It's "scorecard, peanuts—can't tell the players without a scorecard." And when the white uniformed home team trots out onto the field, the pitcher kicks the dirt around the mound tentatively and takes a few easy practice tosses, the first gray-clad batter steps into the freshly outlined batter's box and the ump dusts off the plate and bawls, "Play Ball!" they all lean forward expectantly and watch.

IT'S just a few weeks to another opening day. Sixteen teams in the two major leagues, well trained since the beginning of March in the sunny Southland, start the 154-game season which is climaxed when the winners in the National and American Leagues meet in the World's Series.

About a hundred minor league circuits, ranging from the International Pacific Leagues and American Association to the smallest "bush leagues" start their schedules at the same time. The sandlots of every city will see hundreds of kid teams in earnest and surprisingly skillful action. Trade union baseball, sparked by the fast-growing CIO leagues in the industrial centers, looks to a bigger and better season.

Main interest centers in the American and National Leagues, the "Big" Leagues, goal of every baseball-playing American's dream. Can the powerful New York Yankees repeat in the American League? Will the "Gas House" Gang of St. Louis, led by Dizzy Dean and Ducky Wucky Medwick, crash through in the National League to stop the New York Giants? Is Hubbell really slipping at last?

Let's look 'em over.

THE National League should present an interesting fight between the Giants, the St. Louis Cards, the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Chicago Cubs, with an outside possibility of a Cincinnati Red menace.

Boston, Brooklyn and Philadelphia are the perrenial weak sisters of the group and no great flash of light looms on the horizon to guide them to the upper brackets in '38.

The motif of the year in the National League will be the Western drive to unseat the Giants.

THE New Yorkers have somehow slipped through twice in a row against apparently much more powerful and definitely noisier teams.

Their manager is the "Terrible" Bill Terry of magazine article fame. William has incurred the wrath of the denizens of the press box through his uncommon discourtesy to the men who publicize his trade. But the terrible one isn't a bad manager judged by any standards. Since taking over the reins from the late John McGraw he has piloted the Polo Grounders to three pennants in five years.

The steadiest pitching in the league, led by the dour, screwball throwing left hander from Oklahoma, Carl Hubbell, has offset the lack of murderous punch. The Giants are opportunists who never waste a chance to cash in on a break. Mel Ott, boy wonder ten years ago and still going strong at 26, "Rowdy Dick" Bartell, shortstop and the only noisy man on the team, and Jojo Moore, anemic-looking left fielder with the whiplash bat and rifle arm, are the bright stars of the combine.

LOTS of opposition will be forthcoming from the St. Louis Cardinals, called (most loudly by themselves), the "Gas House" gang. The Cards are a picturesque group of swashbuckers on and off the field, and give the impression that they would have made swell pirates if they'd have gotten together in the 18th century.

There's Dizzy Dean, the loquacious boy from the farms who never learned to speak very good English, but speaks it frequently and with assurance. Behind the verbal smoke screen surrounding the Dizzy one, is one of the greatest pitchers of modern times. A big, strapping fellow with a smooth delivery and sweeping follow through, Diz can "fog them thru" all day without tiring. With a good team back of him and a few breaks he may go all the way up to 35 games.

Then there is "Ducky Wucky" Medwick, brawny armed slugger from the plains of Jersey. Ducky rates with Joe Di Maggio of the Yankees as the greatest outfielder in the game. He is a slashing hitter who has led the league twice, a daring fielder and base runner.

PEPPER Martin has lost a little hair off the top of his head since his hectic debut of 1927, when he sparked the Cards to a pennant and stole the World Series right out of the Athletic's hands with the most daring base running ever seen in the fall classic. That's about all he's lost. Another one of the boys "from the other side of the tracks" who never had a chance to finish public school, Pepper is an irrepressible spark-plug whose spirits never sag. He'll dive for home head first with the same abandon whether the score is 1-0 or 11-0.

Other outfielders are "Frenchy" Bordagary, speedy and colorful little Basque from California, Terry Moore, best fielding center fielder in the league; Don Padgett, a big boy who made a promising debut last year, and Enos Slaughter, a powerhouse slugger who led the American Association last year and bids fair to round out a Murderer's Row capable of blasting the Giants off the top rung.

Johnny Mize, big first sacker, led the league in runs batted in, a vital department, and finished second to Medwick

(Continued on Page 9)

'Batter Up'

(Continued from Page 4)

in the batting averages. They say he's still improving.

THE Chicago Cubs, with a well balanced outfit and lots and lots of pitching, a pennant threat until proven otherwise. The watertight quartet of Collins, Herman, Jurges and Hack forms the best infield in baseball. Old red-faced "Gabby" Hartnett, who was a factory worker in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, provides the big "lift" for this team with his loud and spirited catching.

Pittsburgh's Pirates are perennially the mystery team of the league. Overloaded with star performers and "big names," the smoky city lads win all their pennants on paper and usually fold late in the season. If the necessary inspirational s" "k is found, players like Paul Waner, . ; Vaughan, Gus Suhr, Cy Blanton and Forest Jensen may well surprise the league. A fast moving rookie slugger named Rizzo may help this year.

A spirited fight for eighth place looms for the other outfits, with the Philadelphia Phils a good favorite. Cincy's Reds look like the best of the second divisioners, while Brooklyn should be improved through the acquisition of Dolph Camilli, the honest to goodness left handed slugger they have lacked since the heyday of Babe Herman. Boston is a team of old men, baseballically speaking, which reached its heights last year at fifth place and isn't likely to improve.

The American League has been dominated for the past two years by the New York Yankees, the most murderous collection of sluggers ever put together.

ONLY New Yorker on the team is Lou Gehrig, smiling durable first sacker who played the first part of his career in the shadow of the great Babe Ruth and is finishing up in the rising shadow of baseball's new sensation, young Joe Di Maggio. Withal, Lou will go down in the record books as the greatest first baseman of them all.

There's not much need of running over the champ's line-up. You heard all about them in the past World Series. Right down the line, Crosetti, Rolfe, Gehrig, Di Maggio, Dickey, Selkirk, Henrich—they are a pitcher's nightmare.

Opposition to the Yankee's third straight, which incidentally is a rare achievement, will come mainly from the Detroit Tigers, Cleveland Indians and possibly the Boston Red Sox.

The only team with the potential pitching to halt the Stadiumites seems to be the Indians, who have a pitching staff that includes the fast coming schoolboy sensation from the Iowa corn fields, Bob Feller; Johnny Allen, owner of the best pitching record of the year; Mel Harder, veteran ace, and stars like Hudlin, Whitehill and Galehouse.

Detroit, with its big bombers in Hank Greenberg, a Bronx boy who grew up within a few blocks of the Yankee Stadium; Charley Gehringer, league's most valuable player in '37, and Rudy York, full blooded Cherokee Indian who looks like another home run king in the making, may give trouble if its pitchers hold up. The Yankees are good, but not invincible.

A pre-season prediction of the finish of the two leagues:

National: 1. St. Louis; 2. Chicago; 3. New York; 4. Cincinnati; 5. Pittsburgh; 6. Brooklyn; 7. Boston; 8. Philadelphia. American: 1. Yankees; 2. Cleveland; 3. Detroit; 4. Chicago; 5. Boston; 6. Washington; 7. Philadelphia; 8. St. Louis.

BOOKS

Reviewed by Jack Conroy

THE question of how to reach the American people quickly through fiction is a pertinent one just now. There is indubitably an enlightened vanguard of working class readers who enjoy proletarian novels embodying qualities generally recognized as those indispensable in enduring work, but there is also an appalling majority still immersed in confessions, spicy sex, western and gangster pulp tales and their no more admirable likenesses published between boards.

Upton Sinclair has struck close to the heart of the problem with his two pamphlet novels, NO PASARAN and THE FLIVVER KING. Here we have all the attributes of romance as the pulp reader understands and relishes it, with the significant difference that the ideological direction is healthily progressive rather than static or reactionary. William Rollins, Jr., author of that splendid strike novel, THE SHADOW BEFORE, has turned to war-wracked Spain for the setting of his new novel, THE WALL OF MEN (Modern Age, 25c.). He has utilized all the trappings of melodrama: hairbreadth escapes, sneering villainy, theatrical speeches for the groundlings, nick-of-time rescues, secret passages and many of the other hoary devices.

It's all probably a bit amazing and distressing to the literary purist, but there is a place for what is sometimes contemptuously named "tract" fiction. Rollins' book will prove an effective means of reaching men and women of essentially good will now immured behind walls of pulp paper splotched with vacuity or viciousness.

ADDITIONAL evidence of the increasing richness and variety of Soviet fiction is seen in Benjamin Kaverin's first novel to be translated into English, THE LARGER VIEW (Stackpole Sons, $2.75). Though Kaverin's talents are more meager than those of Sholokhov or Kataev, his tale of 1929 in the Soviet Union—with its students whose eyes are fastened on the rising sun of the future, decadent relics of the aristocracy still pursuing their vulpine schemes, and other representative people of an era now distant—is thoughtfully conceived and valuable as supplementary reading to the history of the U. S. S. R.

JEREMIAH, relentless biblical complainer, according to Clayton Reeves in Franz Werfel's new novel, HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE (Viking, $3.00), was "a sensitive man who was implacably opposed to his world and his age. Though he was timid, even the evident and potent iniquities of the earth could not vanquish him." Werfel's thesis is that a prophet of doom must inevitably encounter hate, persecution and misunderstanding. The inherent possibilities of such a theme are great, but Werfel, despite his literary viruosity and painstaking detail as to historical background, has accomplished a little more than an elaboration of the Old Testament version

VERY few blueprints are accurate to the minutest detail; every skyscraper requires a little reaming of gusset plates and lining up of holes. Likewise, the relief program of the United States has not been operated as successfully as its press agents would lead one to believe. AMERICA ON RELIEF, by Marie Dresden Lane ant Francis Steegmuller (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), leans too heavily on official documents, though the authors have assembled a fairly adequate picture from the social worker's point of view. What is lacking is the worm's-eye view that might be given by an applicant for relief who has waited throughout a long night in a queue outside the office of inquisitors who often send him away with empty hands, empty stomach and desperate heart.

Two Hours Late

(Continued from Page 2)

the ambulances that were speeding towards them with sirens screaming.

"Nice work," Rosalie said. But Jim didn't hear. He was staring straight ahead and there were sharp lines in his face. Rodney slumped down in his seat.

Rosalie hurried back to her passengers. They were clustered around Number Five, shaking his hand. He was blushing she noticed, like a little boy who had unexpectedly won a spelling bee.

"I had a son once," Number Two was saying. "He was a pilot in France. If he'd have lived, he would have done just what you did tonight, young man."

THE field managers milled around anxiously outside. "Everybody OK?" they were asking. "Our pilots shouldn't have . . ."

"Don't you blame them," prim little Number Two said. "The people who ordered them up in that weather are to blame, and you know it." The other passengers joined in and Jim, climbing slowly down from his controls, listened appreciatively.

But Rosalie and Number Five didn't join in. They were walking across the field towards the Coffee Pot and Number Five was saying "This is no racket for a little girl like you. Why, you were scared stiff."

Rosalie laughed. "Maybe the others didn't see it, but you were mighty white yourself when we came down."

"Well, aviation still is a mighty fine game. We meet such interesting people—don't we," Number Five grinned.

"That," said Rosalie coyly, "is a matter of opinion."

'I Saw the Wreckers'

(Continued from Page 5)

tion where food runs all out of the stores and the people have money to buy it."

Then to prove how the Soviet people are "starving" he pulled out a picture of his three and a half year old son, Juan, whose flashing eyes peeped from a round little chubby face glowing with health. Sutton married in the Soviet Union five years ago.

"Yes, the Soviet trials were one of the finest things that could happen for the Soviet Union and for people outside the Soviet Union as well. The Soviet people are very pleased with their intelligence service, and they are 100 per cent behind Stalin, the Communist Party and the Soviet Government.

"The Soviet people understand that Stalin stands for ending the murder and wreckage carried out by the Trotzkyist fascist spies. This is something concrete to them. They can see fine houses arising all around them with built-in frigidaires. They have food, work, leisure, peace and all these things are increasing. They know Trotzky stands for just the opposite—murder, fascism, destruction, war. Isn't it simple enough why they love Stalin, the Communist Party, the Soviet Government?"

It's Monday and time to work on the next issue of the magazine. The editors select manuscripts for the coming issue, debating their merit and their appeal to the reader. One writer may have had a good idea but lost it in a flood of words; another may have prose that is smooth as a Lincoln V-12 but somehow his ideas are out of gear. We suggest to the author how he may improve it. Then we turn the accepted manuscripts over to the art department.

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Then Dixon or Bonnell or Ellis read the manuscript thoroughly, picking out an incident that will lend itself to a good drawing. We've seen our artists spend hours reading accepted articles just in case you're ever tempted to ask an illustrator "Do you read the story before or after you make the drawing?"

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Down goes the manuscript to the composing room where the deft fingers of the linotype operator turn it into little slugs of type. To the engravers go the drawings. Then when the type is up and the engravings are finished the printers set to work. Page proofs are made and corrected again and again. Eventually the presses whirl and your magazine is ready.

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That's our job and we get a kick out of it. But one thing the editors and artists miss is some word from our 100,000 readers as to just what they liked and what they didn't like in the last issue. Was the short story interesting? Did our Washington correspondent give you an idea of the relief situation? Do the children read the Junior America page? Does the whole family like the magazine?

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The best of editors can't guess at the readers' reactions. They have to KNOW and there's only one way—letters from John Doe in Frisco, Bill Smith in Chicago and Jane Jones in Pittsburgh. If you aren't satisfied, your complaint will give us an idea of what you want. If you are satisfied, we'll feel mighty proud and try to print more of the type of articles you like. So, Mr., Mrs. and Junior Readers, let's hear from each and every one of you.

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We're happy to announce that Paul Burns, whose short story "Michael Kelly Reports" was our most popular fiction item in months, will appear in next week's issue with another powerful of Americans in Spain. We understand that publishers have been after Paul to do a book on his experiences and when you read his story next week, you'll understand why.

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Also coming next week is one of those bits of Americana we've been asking for. This one is all about a union mule-driver and his mule Barney. It's both funny and tragic and we're sure you'll like it.

Top: Benny Goodman, whose swing band is internationally famous, writes his name on an ambulance donated by stars to the Spanish Government; second from top, (left to right) Clifford Odets, author of "Waiting for Lefty" and others plays; Leopold Godowsky, musician, and Sylvia Sidney, one of Hollywood's top-ranking stars; third from top, Frances Farmer of Hollywood, now appearing in "Golden Boy" on the New York stage and her husband; Lief Ericson, Hollywood actor; bottom, Constance Cummings of Hollywood and Benn Levy, well-known English author—all contributions to the fight against fascism in Spain.

The Stars Aid Spain

Kings of Swing, famous actors and writers do their bit for the cause of Democracy across the sea

by JAMES DUGAN

BENNY GOODMAN, the King of Swing, was packing up his clarinet one night last autumn when a young man came over and said he'd like to talk to him. Now, Benny is a most obliging fellow, and he makes it a practice to courteously listen to all enthusiastic jazz fans, autograph connoisseurs or just plain earbenders. This young man proved to be none of these. He had a cablegram for Benny to read.

The message had been delivered that day to the New York office of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. In the chopped up, laconic jargon of the transatlantic cables, it described the mass flight of the refugees from the Basque and Asturian provinces, scattered upon the wasted land like outcasts of the medieval Black Plague. This time it was the black and brown plague of Hitler and Mussolini, and the women and children in rags were tramping in thousands the roads to Catalonia.

Around Barcelona, the refugee centers were unable to deal with the flood of human misery: there was no food for them, no clothes against the cold winds of the Pyrenees, no roof. The Manhattan room of the Hotel Pennsylvania is a bright substantial place and this was the message read while the happy crowd of middle class Americans were going to their taxicabs and air-conditioned hotel rooms, in their warm furs, full of good food and drink.

THE idol of swing pulled out his checkbook and wrote out a figure that staggered the emissary. As Benny waved it drying the ink, the young man tried to express his thanks.

"Now look," said Benny, "this isn't going to be enough to feed anyone very long. Let's do something on a bigger scale. There are a lot of other people in the theatre, in music, who'll help out. If we run some kind of a big affair and get all these people to perform, we can raise plenty more."

The affair was held in December in New York City. Among the artists who appeared that night were Rex Ingram, the famous Negro actor, Constance Cummings, Benn Levy, the English playwright, Leon Barzin, conductor of the National Symphony, Yoichi Hiraoka, Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler, star of Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy." More than $5,000 was sent to Spain the next day.

Meanwhile movie and theatre people were forming Spanish committees of their own. In Hollywood, the Motion Picture Artists Committee, including Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, Gale Sondergaard, Luise Rainer, Sylvia Sidney, Paul Muni, Ernest Hemingway, Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, Lionel Stander, Lief Ericson and his wife, Frances Farmer, were busy.

This committee has sent more than a dozen ambulances to Spain, one being driven to New York as a traveling exhibition of the Spanish war. At every small town and city, hamlet and crossroads, across the continent, the cortege of mercy stopped and showed movies with a lecture on the war. Miss Farmer and Mr. Ericson have adopted a Spanish orphan boy, whose name they do not know, and who is being sheltered at one of the ten children's homes, established by American lovers of democracy in Spain.

LAST fall, Agna Enters, famous American mime, who was in Spain at the outbreak of the fascist rebellion, gave a benefit for the Hollywood committee, which bought another ambulance. The Theatre Committee and the Musicians Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy are functioning in New York. Among the world-famous musical figures who have participated are Arthur Bodansky, Leopold Godowsky, Serge Koussevitzky, Josef Lhevinne, Fritz Reiner, Paul Robeson (who sang in the trenches at Teruel), Efrem Zimbalist and many others.

American dancers held a "Dance for Spain" program in January, sponsored by the American Dance Association, which drew probably the largest crowd this country has ever seen for a dance recital. The leading dancers, Martha Graham, Tamiris, Hanya Holm, Anna Sokolow, Paul Draper, Arthur Mahoney and Lincoln Kirstein's Ballet Caravan, performed and assured 100 Spanish children of support for the coming year.

WRITERS and artists have met the challenge of the bombers of babies with enthusiastic support. Dorothy Parker, our sharpest woman writer, went to Spain and came back aflame at the miseries of fascist war. She wrote two stories of what she saw among the bomb ruins of Madrid—one for the *New Masses* and one for the *New Yorker;* the latter Mrs. Roosevelt endorsed in her syndicated column.

Miss Parker left her typewriter smoking from these impassioned indictments of the Hitler-Mussolini-Franco murderers to plunge into organizing the Women's Division to Aid the Children of Spain. At one of their fund-raising dinners in February appeared Robert Benchley, Covarrubias, Herman Shumlin, Isamu Noguchi, Arthur Kober, Luis Quintinilla, famous Spanish artist, Liam O'Flaherty and others. That night another hundred children were given a chance to live in the shadow of fascist aircraft.

To this date, the only cultural figure in America, to align himself with the murderers of Spanish children, is Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Sedgwick was bought and paid for by Franco before he took the boat and the New York Times got down in the bloody gutter with him by printing his infamous account. There is a certain amount of sympathy with Franco which has not dared to come out into the open. The opposition takes the form of sabotage, and in Hollywood, the attempt of producers to bulldoze the stars into silence by claiming such activity hurts European markets. Hitler and Mussolini have already ruined their European markets but these people would place the blame on the entertainment folk who have aided the Loyalist cause.

'I Saw The Wreckers'

An American Negro chemist working in the Soviet Union tells how the recently convicted spies operated against the people

by BEN DAVIS, Jr.

A FORTY-YEAR-OLD Negro agricultural chemist, who arrived two weeks ago from a six and a half-year stay in the Soviet Union, has revealed that M. Chernov, one of the 21 Trotzkyist-Bukharinist spies convicted in Moscow, had moved "heaven and earth" in an attempt to block his work in the Soviet Union.

The Negro scientist, John Sutton, of San Antonio, Texas, said:

"From my experience and that of other Negroes carrying on work in the Soviet Union, it is clear that such Trotzkyist wreckers as Chernov were bent on alienating the sympathy and support of the Negro people from that great Socialist country.

"But the Chernovs did not—and cannot—succeed with us there, and I don't believe that will succeed with the Negro or any other oppressed people outside the Soviet Union."

HE EXPLAINED that once when he suffered a nervous breakdown, Chernov tried to have him sent to a sanatarium, "knowing that this sanatarium was not the place for me and that I could not have received the treatment there that I needed.

"Soviet physicians prevented this," Sutton continued, "and advised if I had lost the time to go to this sanatarium, where I could not have gotten the necessary kind of medical attention, I would have been lost.

"This was Chernov's way of sabotaging work in the agricultural field," the Negro chemist stated.

Sutton's disclosures of Trotzkyist sabotage were similar to those of Martin Littlepage, American mining engineer, who wrote recently in the Saturday Evening Post of the connections of the Trotzkyist Piatakov with the German Nazis, and the sabotage of his work in the Soviet Union.

Sutton came to America for a three-months' stay with his parents and relatives in San Antonio, after which he will return to the Soviet Union to complete his work. His father, S. J. Sutton, is principal of the Phyllis Wheatley Senior High School in San Antonio.

SUTTON attended Prairie View, a Negro institution in Texas, took his machelor's degree at Drake University, in Des Moines, Ia., and did graduate work at the State college of Iowa. He worked four years at Tuskegee Institute, Ala., with the great Negro chemist, George Washington Carver, prior to his agricultural work in the Soviet Union, which began in 1931. He works in the Caucasus.

During experimental research in the Soviet Union, Sutton made the original discovery of producing a strong fibre from rice-straw, which was suitable for tough cord or rope. This fibre can be used as a substitute for jute and horsehair, saving the Soviet Union thousands of dollars in importations of these materials.

Sutton's experiments were so valuable that the Soviet Union appropriated 100,000 roubles (about $20,000) providing also a special laboratory for his work. He was assigned four assistants, one Ukrainian girl, two Great Russians and an Uzbek chemist.

HE BROUGHT the work through the experimental stage, by original productions of such by-products as furniture stuffing, building boards and other such materials. It was in the midst of the factory production of these products that he encountered the sabotage of the Trotzkyist wrecker, Chernov, former Commissar of Agriculture, and his subordinates.

"Suddenly I discover that my work doesn't go," Sutton said. "For some so-called technical reason, I find that the money appropriated for my work doesn't reach me. I complain to the Narkom (the Commissar of Agriculture) who was Chernov.

"Chernov called me in and gives me a nice sweet sort of talk about what he was going to do to help the work. He even gave a special order that the 'Negro fellow must get what he wanted.' Right away I found that Chernov was a big bluffer," Sutton said.

"Then I found that Chernov was not only a big bluffer but worse, he was a double dealer. He would give these special orders to aid the work, and then turn right around and give secret instructions to prevent the orders from being carried out.

"With the aid of the Communist Party members, I catch up with him and find that he has used the money for other purposes. Who knows, maybe some of that very money used by Chernov went to that scoundrel Trotzky and to the Hitler spies."

I WAS furious and wrote to Stalin about it. Then my letter was sent back to Chernov as a 'control task,' and believe me, the Communist Party made it unpleasant for Chernov. I also reported him to the Agricultural Section of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and soon everybody was finding out that Chernov was a dirty guy. For he did this not only to me but to many others of the Soviet people."

Pointing out that workers always have their redress against the enemies of the people, Sutton said:

"In the Soviet Union there is always someone to appeal to. And if you do appeal, you are sure to get redress. That's another wonderful thing about the Soviet Union.

"I remember once I argued my own case before a workers' court for 2,000 roubles which one of Chernov's men had deliberately withheld from me. I won it, too. And I'm glad that there is no place in the Soviet Union for the Philadelphia shyster lawyers," Sutton said with pointed jest.

BUT as is the policy of the Soviet Union and the Communist Party, the Negroes in the Soviet Union get the very finest opportunities. Now that policy is written into their Stalin Constitution. They know that we have not had these opportunities in America and elsewhere, and they try to make up for it there."

He mentioned that George Tynes, American Negro and graduate of Wilberforce University in Ohio, who is a poultry expert in the Soviet Union, works in North Caucasus. Tynes has won prizes in the Soviet Union for increasing the productivity and laying capacity of chickens.

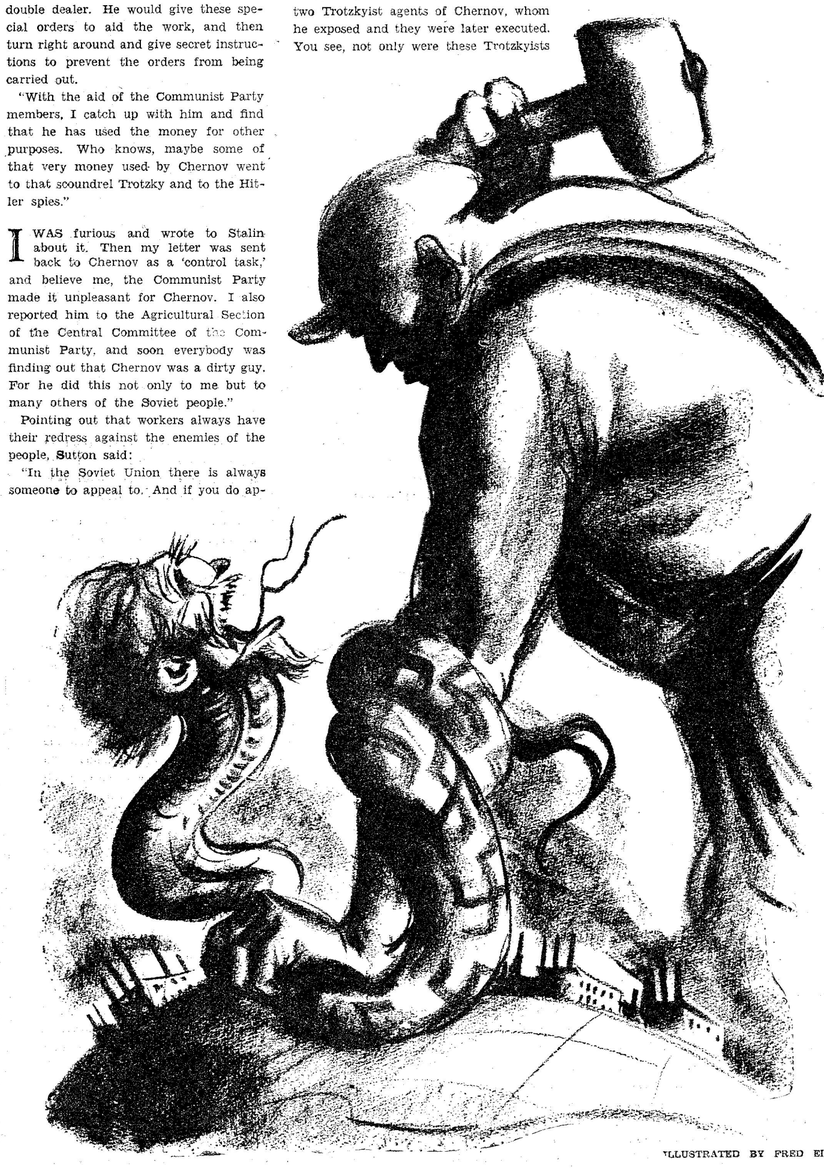
"Tynes also was seriously hampered by two Trotzkyist agents of Chernov, whom he exposed and they were later executed. You see, not only were these Trotzkyists active against Negroes, but they were particularly active in an attempt to wreck agriculture, the bread-basket of the Soviet people.

"The Soviet people almost worship Marian Anderson [great American contralto]. One of the most prominent Peoples Artists of the Republic, tried to get her to remain in the country as a member of one of the leading Conservatory staffs. Paul Robeson is also one of their great heroes.

"I shall never forget the wonderful day when the elections to the Supreme Soviet took place. It was a holiday of joy and singing. The Negro singer Arle-Titz sat up the greater part of the night to be the first in her county to vote. I know she got a special thrill out of it, because she never had this privilege in America.

ASKED about food conditions in the Soviet Union, Sutton replied: "The whole Soviet people are becoming well-to-do now. I've seen the country go from the bread card system to a situa-

(Continued on Page 9)



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ELLIS

Arctic Closed Shop

Cordova, Alaska, is America's only one-hundred per cent union town and they're mighty proud of that record

by LOWELL WAKEFIELD

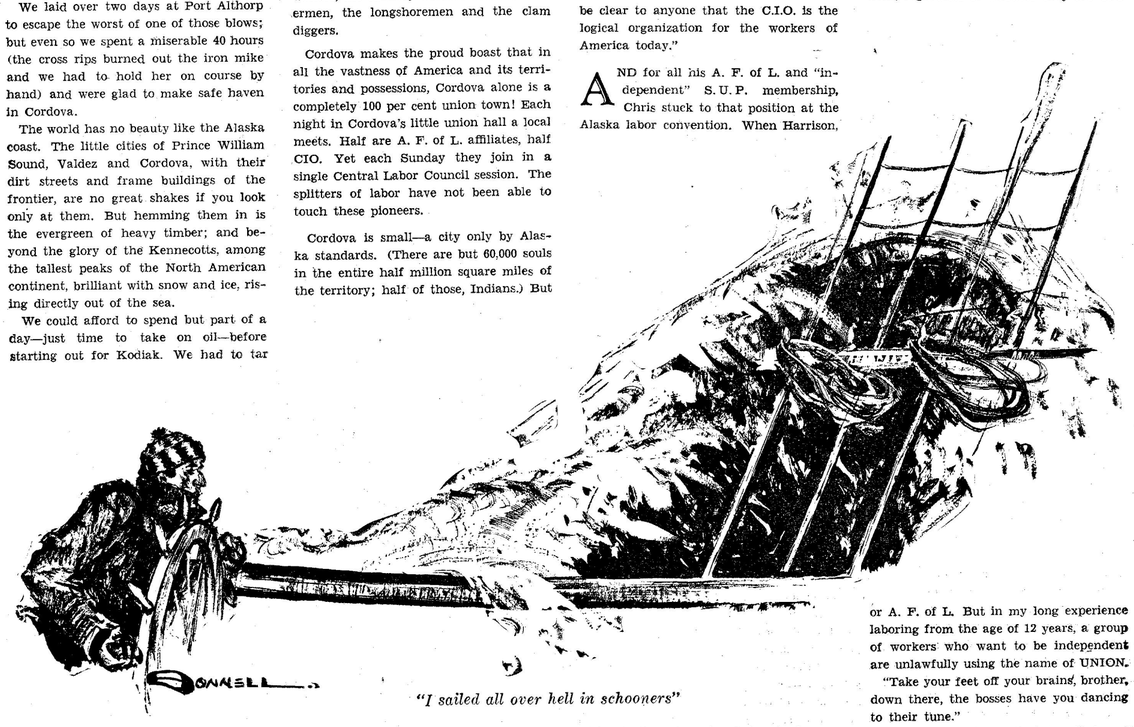
Cordova, Alaska.

THE long run from Hinchenbrook to Cape St. Elias is the terror of the Far North's fishing fleet. The Gulf can be like glass, but in Spring and Fall storms sweep in from the Pacific to meet strong winds from down across the Copper River flats, and the chop can make trouble for even the liners of Alaska steam.

We laid over two days at Port Althorp to escape the worst of one of those blows; but even so we spent a miserable 40 hours (the cross rips burned out the iron mike and we had to hold her on course by hand) and were glad to make safe haven in Cordova.

The world has no beauty like the Alaska coast. The little cities of Prince William Sound, Valdez and Cordova, with their dirt streets and frame buildings of the frontier, are no great shakes if you look only at them. But hemming them in is the evergreen of heavy timber; and beyond the glory of the Kennecotts, among the tallest peaks of the North American continent, brilliant with snow and ice, rising directly out of the sea.

We could afford to spend but part of a day—just time to take on oil—before starting out for Kodiak. We had to tar and hang seine and the season opened the 15th. So I looked up old Chris directly.



"I sailed all over hell in schooners"

HARDY Norsemen named Chris are common amongst the fishermen and trappers and prospectors of the territory. But the granddaddy of Cordova labor first saw light on the little island of Icaria off the coast of sunny Greece, 65 years ago. The whole of his name is Christos Xiros.

Chris is no ordinary seaman or fisherman. He ranks at the top of American maritime labor, for he holds book number one of the Sailors Union of the Pacific and book number one of the Alaska Fishermen's Union and book number one of the Copper River and Prince William Sound Fishermen's Union. (Officers of the Deep Sea and Purse Seine Fishermen's Union told me in San Francisco last fall that they regarded his book number in their organization—number 2917—an "outrage"; that they would attempt to correct the situation when new books were issued this spring.)

I knew that though Chris was retired and held no official union position, his words would carry great weight at the coming Alaska labor convention, and I wanted to hear what he had to say. But first, let's talk of the old man himself. Here's what he told me of a past full of drama and color and work and hardship:

CHRIS founded three of the eight local unions in Cordova. To those eight locals belong every man, woman and boy eligible to join a labor organization. Everyone is organized: the ore truckers, the taxi drivers, the hotel workers, the bar tenders and the cooks and waiters, the cannery workers and the fishermen, the longshoremen and the clam diggers.

Cordova makes the proud boast that in all the vastness of America and its territories and possessions, Cordova alone is a completely 100 per cent union town! Each night in Cordova's little union hall a local meets. Half are A. F. of L. affiliates, half CIO. Yet each Sunday they join in a single Central Labor Council session. The splitters of labor have not been able to touch these pioneers.

Cordova is small—a city only by Alaska standards. (There are but 60,000 souls in the entire half million square miles of the territory; half of those, Indians.) But to organize it was not easy. Labor there has more than once faced the roaring guns of the great Guggenheim trust which stifles all Alaska in its death grip.

FOR Cordova, terminus of the amazing railroad (remember Rex Beach's Iron Trail?) which pierces inland to the richest copper deposits in the world, is a center of the Guggenheim empire. In one week, during the war, $1,000,000 worth of copper ore left the little port. Profits of the Guggenheims from the Kennecott mine alone have made the $7,200,000 the United States paid Russia in 1867 for Seward's Folly seem like pin money.

Chris knows this history like a book, for he's been on western waters for a long time.

"I joined the International Seamen's Union of the World in Cardiff, England, in 1899. But we dared not show our union books to anyone. In 1901 I landed in Boston with that union book still in my pocket and joined the American navy. In those days any sailor was welcome in the navy, citizen or not.

"I joined the ISU when I came out of the navy, in 1905. I sailed all over hell on schooners, deep water ships, for 30, 25 and 12 American dollars a month. My last hell ship was the four-masted bark Acme from Newport News, Virginia, to San Francisco in 1909. Those days we had to work from sun to sun and at any other time the slave drivers wanted us to. For night work we got no overtime pay. The eats were rotten."

Chris stayed in the West. He fought the stupidity and bureaucracy of the S.U.P. leadership. "With the backward examples of those days still fresh in my mind," he told me, "and with the present day progress in the ranks of the C.I.O., it should be clear to anyone that the C.I.O. is the logical organization for the workers of America today."

AND for all his A. F. of L. and "independent" S. U. P. membership, Chris stuck to that position at the Alaska labor convention. When Harrison, delegate there from the Sailors Union, reported back to the states a tall tale about Alaska fishermen wishing to leave the A. F. of L. for the "independence" of the sailors, rather than for the C.I.O., Chris poured forth his wrath in columns of the Voice of the Federation.

In answer to Harrison's boast that with Alaska's fishermen as affiliates the sailors could "go places," Chris said, "You mean you want to organize an army to cause more trouble? Or are you going to give a trip to the place across the street from Heaven? If you are thinking of the latter place, you may take that trip yourself; we would like to stay in our beautiful Alaska.

"We would like to be, and we try our best to be, on friendly and respectful terms with any and all labor organizations, regardless of whether they are CIO or A. F. of L. But in my long experience laboring from the age of 12 years, a group of workers who want to be independent are unlawfully using the name of UNION.

"Take your feet off your brains, brother, down there, the bosses have you dancing to their tune."

No, as Chris told me that day, he is not afraid "to expose my own brother if I found him harming a workers' organization."

Well can every veteran of labor's struggles in our nation send to Cordova's union men and women Chris' own quaint greeting, "Friend and relationship," wishing that grand old man and his fellows the full fruits of the future they are working so hard to help carve.

"The world has no beauty like the Alaska coast"

'Society' on the Loose

A new set of playboys and playgirls are sowing their wild oats on Broadway and Mr. Beebe is their prophet

by S. H. GREEN

THE third of her three chins bobbed up and down as she snuggled the ivory mouthpiece of the phone close to her lips. It was a bit before Mrs. Ellington Wiffington's waking time—twelve o'clock, noon—but the news was worth it.

The maid came in with the breakfast tray and smiled to herself as she opened the mauve blinds and let the Central Park sun in. There was only one thing that could bring forth the gurgling Wiffington whinny of delight.

"The old fool," the maid told the butler later on, "had her name in Lucius Beebe's column again."

SINCE 1934, a new body of socialites has arisen, a circle which their historian, Lucius Beebe, dubbed Cafe Society. This latter group, an assorted collection of dimwits, from all divisions of society, make it a practice to frequent certain New York night clubs in a mad chase for diversion. Their antics are faithfully recorded every Saturday by Beebe in his Herald Tribune column.

A typical day in the life of a Cafe Society lady runs something like this: In bed till noon; a quick snatch of breakfast and off to the beauty salon for a parafin bath, body massage, and hair-do; then to the Colony House for a salad and exchange of gossip; a bit of shopping and then, exhausted, down to the 21 Club or Jack & Charlie's for a cocktail lift and more gossip; home again for a manicure and touch of dinner; then a long dolling-up process and away for the night.

Held in tow by hubby or boy friend, our heroine in the evening's course visits El Morocco, the Stork Club, La Conga, the Persian Room of the Plaza, Harlem, and winding up in the beautiful Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria.

They generally amuse themselves with such pranks as the Hot Seat, an electrically controlled chair which shocks the victim, painting mustaches on all murals, scrawling pornographic messages on tablecloths, getting wildly and hilariously drunk. The Waldorf management is reputed to have a standing contract with a prominent decorating company to daily touch the lovely Sert Room wall paintings, embellished by Cafe Society the night before.

ITS vocabulary is limited to four expressions. Everything is either "divine," "lousy," "foul," or "it stinks." Night club owners vie for Cafe Society trade as their liquor purchases could underwrite a WPA project, as one proprietor put it.

Leader of this mad group is Mrs. Marion Tiffay Saportas whose pink hair of startling design and outlandish clothes of peppermint stripe colors, sets fashion for the rest and gives a fair idea of the brain content of the lot. Other members are the William Rhinelander Stewarts, Alfred Gwynnes, George Vanderbilt, Gloria Baker of Bromo Seltzer millions, Frank Redaker, Tommy Manville of secretary fame, Gloria Hatrick and Woolworth Donoghue.

Lucius Beebe, gourmet, snob, and ass, is, according to Kyle Crichton, sandwich man for the rich. With an income of $35,000 yearly, a $200,000 inheritance, and large holdings in Florida and Washington State, Beebe pals around with Cafe Society and lovingly writes of its doings.

Anti-union, anti-social, Beebe's best friend is Cecil Beaton, the English fascist painter and photographer, who recently created a small scandal with Jew-baiting phrases he etched into a Vogue magazine cover design.

REGARDING the Newspaper Guild, Beebe once wrote: "I am not a member of the Guild and will never join any union unless a closed shop necessitates it and then it would merely be an even choice between my integrity and my job.

"I do not believe in gangs of any sort and a union is just that, organized for the benefit of the worthless, discontented, and incompetent to harass their betters and prevent ambitious, hard-working people from getting ahead.

"The Guild is, of course, nothing but a racket of the most patent order and why newspapermen should want to associate themselves with anything so shabby, degraded, and spurious, I'm damned if I know."

BEEBE'S classic column was written during the coronation exercises in England last year when he said that New York was like a "ghost" city, with everyone "worthwhile" abroad. Another time he told with glee of the great sport "society" was riding about town hooting pickets.

Outstanding among other Society scribblers is Hearst's fatuous, paunchy, deeply perfumed Cholly Knickerbocker, born Maury Henry Biddle Paul. Expensively clothed and sleek, Cholly is syndicated in 60 newspapers, drawing an income of $25,000 a year.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DUGAN

"Lucius Beebe, anti-union, anti-social"

Little is known about Cholly save that he came from Philadelphia where, socially prominent, he swindled his way to a job by sending spurious items to the newspapers and then personally coming around to protest the inaccuracies. He was hired and when the paper folded, came to New York.

UNDER a variety of names, he contributed to many papers until 1919 when Hearst placed him under contract. Legend has it that Hearst, calling upon Marion Davies, one day, found her reading Knickerbocker's column in a non-Hearst newspaper. Annoyed at Marion's interest in a competitor's publication he immediately ordered his editor to search out Cholly with a contract.

Cholly, grown fat with the years, is avidly read by every old guard dowager in the country and when the New York American folded, one millionaire matron was heard to remark: "Life won't be the same for me without Cholly alongside my coffee and rolls."

But he now appears in the Journal-American so perhaps the old gal will find life the same, only a few hours delayed. Cholly's joy and pride are his solid gold garter clasps, beautifully engraved with all his four initials, which he displays on slightest provocation.

"A typical day in the life of Cafe Society"