

“Caucasians Only!” – CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

New Masses

J U N E 2 0 , 1 9 3 9 • F I F T E E N C E N T S A C O P Y

England Without the King

By Theodore Draper

The “Mirror”: Hearst in Tabloid

By Robert Terrall

War Is an Epidemic of Injuries

By Dr. Leo Eloesser

May I Call Westbrook Pegler a Skunk?

By Robert Forsythe

Milk: For Buttons or Babies

By David Richards

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, GARDNER REA, REINHARDT, ESCOTT

BETWEEN OURSELVES

ROBERT TERRALL, who finishes his Hearst series in this issue, is on his way across the country. He plans to stop off at several way-stations for the lowdown on local newspapers.

Some of our friends in the public library in New York who were stimulated by NM's recent article on "The Private Life of the Public Library" by Harry B. Henderson, Jr., have written in to tell us that there is a standing order to all public branch librarians which gives them discretionary powers on the display of NM in their respective libraries. We are told that if enough inquiries are made for public display of NM, the librarians will pay heed. Is a hint a hint?

Our editors, who get around quite a lot, have been addressed with numerous queries by readers and friends of the magazine on the current status of the Save-NEW MASSES Campaign. "Is the drive over, and h'ya doin'?" they ask. The answer our editors give is "The campaign to save NEW MASSES is still on. The only change in its status is that it continues in a new form." On page 21 we publish an appeal to our subscribers which has as its keynote "Save NEW MASSES the Coin Collector Way." Roughly put, this means,

whether you weekend at the shore or the countryside you're bound to meet people who will toss a coin into that coin collector of yours. The point we're making here is, won't you please take your Save-NEW MASSES Coin Collector with you wherever you go? To those who have their coin collectors, whether full or only half full, please send them on to us, we need the money.

You've probably all seen NM's house ad announcing the inauguration of our Summer Forums for vacation resorts. This plan is designed to present distinguished lecturers who will talk under the auspices of the magazine and incidentally put in a few plugs for NM at the same time. The season has already started auspiciously. Last week Samuel Sillen, literary editor of NM, reviewed the accomplishments of the American Writers Congress, speaking on the lush greensward at Camp Unity. Sillen's lecture inaugurates the series at Camp Unity which calls for the appearance of Bruce Minton, this week-end, Prof. V. J. McGill the following week-end, and Arthur Kober the week after. Lecture series under NM auspices are scheduled for Camp Beacon, Chester's Zunbarg, Hilltop Lodge, Camp Copake, Green Mansions, and a host of other notable summer resorts. NM speakers get a little suntan, vacationers are brought in contact with the magazine, and we have the possibilities of effectively spiking that summer doldrum period in circulation that haunts most magazines. Inquiries from readers and summer resort managers about NM summer forums are cordially invited.

NM has received a swarm of orders for our benefit performance of *From Vienna*—scheduled for June 29 at the air-cooled Music Box Theater—as a result of our announcement last week. Ticket prices are \$2.20, \$1.65, \$1.10, and 83 cents. Mail orders will be honored accompanied by check or money order. If you like, telephone Martha Pearse at Caledonia 5-3076. The sponsors of *From Vienna* are Irving Berlin, Edna Ferber, Charles Friedman, Max Gordon, Sam H. Harris, Moss Hart, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Kaufman, and Herman Shumlin. It promises to be the best musical revue of the summer show season. The plot of *From Vienna* deals in part with the adventures of an old, broken-down steam shoe manufacturing machine who used to be in love with a Frigidaire; now, sadly disillusioned, he seeks to turn back time by having all inventions stopped, clear back to Galileo, Johnny Gutenberg, and the Garden of Eden. We saw a run-through the other night and there

were sparkling, liting rhythms and gay dances that promise much fun and entertainment. Order your tickets now. Don't forget, the proceeds go to NM, and boy, do we need the money!

Our readers who have seen performances by the Flatbush Arts Theater, progressive Brooklyn group, at NM affairs, will be particularly interested to know that this summer the group is at Chester's Zunbarg, popular resort at Woodbourne, N. Y., where they are staging a series of reviews, concerts, and forums. Lou Cooper is in charge of the programs.

Reminder to West Coast readers: The NM West Coast bureau is at 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Rm. 287, Hollywood, Calif.

Who's Who

DAVID RICHARDS is the author of a pamphlet entitled *Milk for Millions* and of other pamphlets on economic subjects, including *Your Taxes*. . . . Cora MacAlbert has contributed to the *New Republic*, the *New Yorker*, and *Coronet*, as well as to NM. . . . Joseph P. Lash is national secretary of the American Student Union. . . . F. X. Shanley is a Chicago librarian and a student of anti-Catholicism in the United States.

Flashbacks

MEMO to all who will see *Jaurez* this week: Emperor Maximilian of Mexico was executed June 19, 1867. . . . Memo to liberals who, loving culture and freedom, have mistakenly joined the Trotskyist Committee for Cultural Freedom: On June 18, 1936, Trotskyites assassinated Maxim Gorky. . . . Memo to Grover Whalen, who displays England's Magna Carta at the World's Fair: June 15 was the day on which that document was signed; the year, 1215. . . . Memo to the faint of heart who are worrying this week about the possible success of a Munich at Russia's expense: Baron Wrangel began his counter-revolutionary offensive against the Soviets June 15, 1919. . . . Memo to King George: You got off American soil just in time to miss the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The first serious engagement of the American Revolution took place June 17, 1775. . . . Memo to the CIO Executive Committee now in session: Among those who laid the basis for your present strength were the Molly Maguires, eleven of whom were hanged at Pottsville, Pa., June 21, 1877, for their union activity.



Dr. Leo Eloesser

Dr. Eloesser is known on the West Coast as one of the finest surgeons in the trade. He left a lifelong prestige and practice to volunteer to contribute to the people of Spain all the skill and craft of his fame. He did preeminent work at the Teruel front where he suffered the hardships of the men, sleeping on icy floors in sub-zero weather, and operating on the casualties under bombardment and shelling. Dr. Eloesser has returned to the West Coast to his practice and his tireless efforts on behalf of the Spanish folk.

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England Without King and Queen

Theodore Draper reports on the goings on in not so merrie England. Blackshirts and appeasers try to rig another Munich while the royal team does its act here.

London.

AN EXTRAORDINARY change has come over England since I was here at this time last year. It was discouraging to cross the Channel then because the popular moods were so different. Paris was intensely worried, feverish over the future. London was still stolid and unconcerned. There was no sense of crisis, of immediate and growing peril. Now that is changed. London is what Paris was. The people are thoroughly aroused and they show it in the most un-English ways. Today, if war came, the ordinary Englishman would be psychologically prepared, something that could not be said of him last year.

Every journalist and observer with whom I have spoken agrees fully with this impression, but I have had the opportunity to test it within my own experience. Here is one incident, typical of several. I have been staying in a quarter of London called Kensington, which in Victorian times was the residential section of the very upper classes. It is no longer that, but it is still preeminently the quarter of the middle class. As I stepped out of the local station three days ago, a meeting was in progress on the opposite street corner.

A man of about twenty-five, dressed in a black shirt, was speaking. The banner in front of him read: "British Union of Fascists." His leader was Sir Oswald Mosley, the local fuhrer. There were about one hundred people in the crowd, most of them well dressed. The blackshirt was saying that England was leading Europe to war by its commitments in Eastern Europe and its flirtation with Soviet Russia. He called Roosevelt a "criminal" and demanded the return of the German colonies to Hitler. He was for "peace at any price."

THE BRITISHERS HOOT

The crowd was distinctly hostile and, as he warmed up to his harangue, it became increasingly so. Respectable people began to hoot; at least they came as near to hooting as a British crowd ever will. When Roosevelt was called a criminal, a shudder went through them, a shudder that I did not need to imagine because from several parts came cries of "I say . . ." A few men began to interrupt, with shouts of "You're a fascist" and "Why don't you say that in Berlin?" Anybody who has ever seen a British audience



Ad Reinhardt

listen in utter silence to practically anything will find it hard to envision this scene.

But this was not all. The blackshirt decided that it was of little use speaking against the crowd, so he changed his attitude and asked for questions. He made two conditions: they could not come from "aliens" and he would not listen to anyone but those of military age. This was too good to resist, so I spoke up.

"I'm an American. Does that make me an alien?"

The blackshirt hesitated for a moment but then he barked out that an American was an alien in Britain and was I trying to pull his leg? At that, several men directly behind me cried: "I say. He's our cousin, you know. Let him speak." The blackshirt retreated and decided to let me ask him a question.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA CHANGED THEM

Such a scene would have been impossible only a few months ago, let alone a year ago. The turning point seems to have been the annexation of Czechoslovakia. It was at some time then that the people of Britain threw off their complacency and assurance. The workers, of course, had been bitterly anti-fascist long before but now this mood reaches

into all sections of the population. If it can happen in Kensington, it can happen anywhere in Britain.

There are plenty of reminders to everybody that the crisis cannot be avoided. The trenches are still in all the parks. The familiar play of searchlights, intersecting in the skies, can be seen any night. The newspapers are full of air raid precautions practice, now in one place, now in another. Even the advertisements are not free of the prevailing mood. This is the time when Londoners plan their vacations. The *Observer's* most prominent vacation advertisement last Sunday began as follows: "Every-body's Problem. 'Where shall we go this year?' is the question on everyone's lips. Hundreds wanting a peaceful holiday are finding the answer in our summer programs." And then the ad went on to describe the various countries: Britain—"homeland and holidayland." France—"our friendly neighbor." Scandinavia—"democratic and progressive." Switzerland—"the playground of Europe." Belgium and Holland—"so near." USA and Canada—"the 1939 holiday Mecca." The omissions are no less significant than the comments. The 1939 holiday Mecca, for example, was not always considered that.

THE PEOPLE VS. CHAMBERLAIN

Basically, this new mood explains the government's latest moves. Mr. Chamberlain, confronted with a truly aroused people for the first time, has given certain commitments to Poland, Rumania, and Greece, installed a supply department for the army, made overtures of a dubious kind to the Soviet Union, and above all, introduced a measure of conscription. If these measures indicated that the spirit of Munich is as dead within the ruling circles as it is among the people, there would be nothing to worry about for the future of democratic Europe. In the United States, judging from reports received here, there is a widespread tendency to forget and to forgive, to assume that the British government will now make a last stand. Here, however, except for the government crowd and its hangers-on, there is no such confidence. The entire left, from the trade union leaders to the Communists, are more than ever suspicious of Mr. Chamberlain's regime.

It would be a mistake to think that the Opposition voted against conscription merely

because it was not consulted in advance and because promises had been made to the contrary. These things, no doubt, were important because they are typical of the tory method. The trade unions were hoodwinked into accepting the system of voluntary military service, of which they were skeptical, because they thought they could control it. They were led to this belief because the prime minister made a point of "consulting" them and "informing" them and "asking their advice." This was almost like being in the government, without the responsibilities of power—not altogether distasteful as a vision of heaven to the men who run the Labor Party and the trade unions. Then, when he no longer had any need of them, the prime minister coolly decided upon the compulsory system, and the Labor men, as one of them, George Hicks, described it in Commons, "felt that they had been deceived."

THREE PROMISES

A similar case can be made out about the promises. There were three, though Mr. Chamberlain tried to reduce them to two, or rather, two and a half. The first was made on April 1, 1936, by Stanley Baldwin, three weeks after Hitler ordered troops into the Rhineland, at the height of the Italo-Ethiopian war and the controversy over sanctions. The second was made by Mr. Chamberlain in February 1938, one month before the invasion of Austria. Until March 29, 1939, after the annexation of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Chamberlain still thought that the voluntary system was good enough. Nevertheless, the prime minister insisted that the situation had changed, not only since February 1938 but since March 29, 1939, as well. He did not even pretend that it had changed objectively, for Hitler had already entered Prague just two weeks before March 29. It could only have changed in terms of the British commitments to Poland, Rumania, and Greece.

And here we come to the nub of the matter, for, as Winston Churchill remarked, the 200,000 or yet fewer boys to be conscripted in the next year can be of nothing but *symbolic* importance. A crisis within the next six months would find them of little value on two counts: it takes time to train an army even under ideal conditions, and those conditions are sadly lacking because "no one in the government at that time—March 29—had any idea that today [April 27] we should be introducing proposals of the kind [i.e., conscription] which I outlined to the House yesterday." Did ever a prime minister make a more damning confession of incompetence than that? Finally, the new English conscripts hardly compensate for the thirty superbly equipped Czech divisions which this same government gave away only recently. And these Czech divisions were in a position to fight for Poland and Rumania at the point of attack, which these conscripts are not.

In the opinion of many, including Leon

Blum, the symbolic value of conscription is what counts. Let us, then, deal with symbols, but not just one and not just the latest.

What was the symbolic value of Ambassador Henderson's sudden return to Berlin? It is a grim fact that Henderson is the outstanding Municheer in the British Foreign Service. While in London, during his recent recall, he went about freely asserting his continued support of "a free hand for Hitler in the East."

There is also to be considered the symbolic intimations that the prime minister has given concerning possible British recognition of Italy's conquest of Albania and Germany's seizure of Czechoslovakia.

Then, there is still not the slightest sign of any real effort to protect the civilian population against air raids, though these may be expected long before the new conscripts get near a war front. The half-trenches still mar the parks (though they have somewhat fallen in) but there are no deep refuges and, indeed, the government insists that there shall be none. A number of former British correspondents in republican Spain, including the Reuter's man, have published articles or written letters to the effect that the existing air raid precautions are worse than useless.

Somewhat similar in its effect is the new supply ministry to the army. It is so limited in scope that it means nothing more than a departmental adjustment camouflaged as an innovation in principle. Moreover, the post has gone to a Municheer whose qualifications for the job were non-existent. There is a certain importance, however, in the fact that Mr. Chamberlain can now be forced to take such measures, though he emasculates them in the doing.

The final, and most basic, bit of remaining symbolism is what the government press is pleased to call the "negotiations" with Russia. A real agreement between London and Moscow would do more to convince Berlin that the spirit of Munich is dead than any amount of conscription in Britain itself. It is acknowledged here, even by such men as J. L. Garvin, that the commitments to Poland, Rumania, and Greece depend for their fulfillment upon Soviet aid to those countries. Yet in the midst of the negotiations with the Soviet Union Mr. Chamberlain told Parliament:

I agree that we in this country are not prepared to buy peace at the price of concessions which will only lead to further demands, but surely that does not mean that we would refuse to discuss any method whereby we could satisfy the reasonable aspirations on the part of other nations, even if it meant some adjustment of the existing state of things.

If this is not thinly disguised appeasement, what is it?

There is cold calculation behind this peculiar behavior. The Chamberlain circles are still hankering for that war between Germany and the USSR as the perfect way out

for them. It is a hard war to arrange just now because the Nazis like to break through at the weakest point and the West offers far greater possibilities of "bloodless" victories than the East. The betrayal of Spain wrecked any chance that the Anglo-French front, by virtue of its own strength, could induce the Nazis to keep going east of Poland or Rumania.

What Herr Hitler has to fear is the British people, not the British government. In his speech of April 28, Hitler complained that the war against Germany was taken almost for granted in England. That is not quite true. It is taken almost for granted that Britain will fight if Germany stages another raid on the continent. It took a long time to arouse these British people, three or four years longer than it did the French. There still remains the practical problem of translating a mood into a concrete policy, for it is not enough to have aroused people, as the Czech and French experiences have demonstrated.

"AN OLD MAN"

It is a sign of the times that the present government was forced into some measure of conscription (mainly from French pressure), dubious commitments to three threatened countries, negotiations with Soviet Russia, and a caricature minister of supplies. Six months ago, Mr. Chamberlain made no such gestures, even as gestures. He has had to recognize that his own personal popularity is near the vanishing point. My landlady, who takes the most charitable view, dismissed him as "an old man." He has had to recognize the ascendancy of Winston Churchill, who threatens to displace the more cautious Anthony Eden as "the coming power." He has had to recognize that betrayal in the East takes its revenge in the West.

Nevertheless, the Opposition did not vote for Mr. Chamberlain's conscription because it does not trust his government. There is no reason to believe that this government would not again lead its people to the brink of a trumped-up war in order to lead them down again into a shameful "peace." Hitler carefully left the way open for something of this sort when he declared that "no one would be happier than I at the prospect of still being able to come to a clear and straightforward understanding." It will certainly surprise the left if the Municheers do not seek an opportunity to make the most of this "offer."

Certainly it is very much harder to stage another Munich today. The likelihood, however, of any such catastrophe is inversely proportionate to the confidence displayed in this government. Nothing could so much help Mr. Chamberlain to arrange his Munich as the knowledge that the people, in Britain and abroad, have so accepted his moves at their face value that their vigilance has been relaxed.

THEODORE DRAPER.



Shedding Her Skin

William Gropper

Doctors in War

Dr. Leo Eloesser, famed American surgeon, tells the story of those who pioneered with the Medical Bureau in healing the wounds of Spain's people. The first of two articles.

WAR is an epidemic of injuries. The work of a military surgeon varies with the intensity of the epidemic and also with his position in relation to it. Work in Spain followed these rules. In 1937-38 the Medical Corps of the Spanish Army had overcome the obstacles of the early days of the war: it was well organized and running as well as difficulties of equipment would allow. The large base hospitals of Barcelona and Madrid, and the American base hospitals at Villa Paz under the direction of Drs. Edward J. Barsky and Irving Busch had their daily routine, their ward rounds, their schedules of operations, their admission and discharge of patients, much like other surgical hospitals the world over.

Work at the front was different. The front was served by two kinds of mobile surgical units. One carried complete hospital equipment, sometimes even tentage with it, in carts and vans. Their equipment included lighting units, shower baths, and complete provisions not only for a surgical operating room but food, beds, bedding, linen, enamel and kitchen ware for a whole hospital of some fifty or more beds. The International units were of this kind. The other unit traveled light: its transportation consisted of perhaps a light delivery truck or a passenger car for the personnel and an ambulance. It took with it materials for an operating room: instruments, surgical supplies, an operating table, sterilizers, perhaps an instrument cabinet or some such article of surgical furniture, but nothing else. It depended upon the Quartermaster Corps for setting up the hospital, or would enter a hospital already equipped but not manned by surgeons and begin work, often operating under difficult conditions, with insufficient supplies and in inadequate quarters. Most Spanish units traveled in this way.

SURGERY AT THE FRONT

An excerpt from a letter of mine to the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy may give an idea of what the work was like.

"Having got these details off my chest I shall proceed to give you an outline of our doings since the first of the year. As I wrote you before, we returned from the Teruel front on December 26. There had been but few wounded toward the last and the expected counter-attack had not materialized. However, scarcely had we returned to Barcelona when fighting began, and we got orders to return to the front on New Year's Day. Our equipment was no better than when we left the first time—somewhat worse in fact, for we had expended some material and the intervening holidays had interrupted our replacements. However, there was nothing to do but leave. On getting to the

hotel late on the night of January 1, I found a note saying that our chauffeur, an A-1 man, was in the hospital and could not go: he had been wounded by shell fragments while in the street here, in an air raid that took place on the evening of January 1. So the next day I scouted around, got the necessary papers, and picked up the lad of sixteen who had been assigned us as chauffeur, but who turned out to be absolutely useless except in the matter of attending to his own stomach and sleeping quarters.

"Our party was comprised of Dr. Edward Weisfield, nurse Ave Bruzzichesi, myself, and little Andres. We left Barcelona in the snow: the Valencia orange groves were snowy and frozen and as we got into the mountains it was very cold and the snow from one to three feet deep. The road was crowded with all kinds of traffic; truckloads of men, victuals, and ammunition; artillery, tanks, and cars made an inextricable mess in a one-car lane. At each village ingoing and outgoing traffic would be jammed in the narrow street, neither willing to back out, so that Weisfield and I would get out, act as traffic officers, and curse our way through. We spent two nights en route: the temperature was sixteen to eighteen degrees below zero centigrade. At railhead we reported to the chief surgeon of our mobile units and got orders to proceed to the same place we had left a week before. We were a bit disappointed, at first, for we had expected to go to the Southern sector. However, we got under way, and the next day began to run hot on Barsky's trail.

"The trail got hotter and hotter, until that afternoon at Mezquita we found his outfit, ambulances, trucks, and all huddled in the snow and mud, occupied in setting up their hospital. We were delighted to see him and envious of the completeness and ship-shapeness of his outfit. We spent a few hours together, but then left, as I had an uneasy feeling that we might be needed. We were. We got to our destination, Alfambra, where the changes we had begun in the hospital during our previous stay had stuck midway, exactly as we had left them.

"We began to unpack our things and set up. No sooner had we done so than the wounded began to come in, so that for the first two days we worked right through, both we and the Spanish outfit who worked with us. Work was difficult. There was no heat, except for one small stove in the receiving and classification room. Crowded as this room was with incoming stretchers and men off the ambulances, we laid mattresses on the floor near the stove and put the worst-shocked patients there to get over their shock and

to warm them a little at least. The wards were freezing, what with no heat, stone floors, and no glass in the windows, as it had been knocked out in bombing raids. There was no light. The line from a neighboring town had been put out of commission, so that we had to work with candles and pocket flashlamps. I have one little pocket lamp with a detachable light that straps on the forehead. I did laparotomies with that but it wasn't very satisfactory, as you can imagine. In spite of being very careful with it, two sets of extra batteries that I had burned out; finally we had only candles. After about a week the line was strung and we rejoiced in light for one night: an air raid the next day did for that.

A STRANGE HOSPITAL

"Sterilization presented difficulties. We had an autoclave that burned alcohol. There were a few quarts of alcohol when we reached the hospital, but they gave out and we were several days without any. So we tried sterilizing on a kitchen stove that we had set up in the operating room. During our absence the chimney had become plugged: the stove wouldn't draw and almost smoked us out, and it took a very long time to get any heat out of it anyway. Coal gave out and we had to use what wood we could get.

The roads were snowed under. It was extremely difficult to get patients in or out; a number of them were frozen. Ambulances were far too few. Of our own we had none; everyone was clamoring for them at once, and it was very hard to commandeer those that were passing or unloading. Both as a consequence of the lack of ambulances and of fire along the road we got our patients only at night and sometimes after fatal delay. In promptness of ambulance service we compared very unfavorably with the International unit manned by Dumont, Broggi, and Barsky, which, a few days after our arrival, set itself up in Cuevas Labradas, a town some ten miles up the road. Their work was in every way better than ours.

"Of cots and beds we had about half the necessary number, so we had to put many of the wounded on the floor on mattresses. This wouldn't have been so bad had the floors not been of stone tiling and freezing cold. We had no sheets, perhaps half a dozen pillows for fifty, all too few blankets and coverings. Of strictly surgical material there was no lack; we have a very complete set of instruments, and the Spanish pharmacies are adequately equipped with all necessary drugs, serums, anesthetics, dressings, etc.

"Ordinary hospital furnishings were sadly lacking: there were two enamel wash bowls



ELOESSER REPORTS. *Dr. Leo Eloesser speaking on the problems of medical aid during the war in Spain at a dinner attended by Spanish republican government officials.*



HOSPITAL PIONEER. *Dr. Edward K. Barsky who set up the first volunteer hospitals.*



MEDICAL DIRECTOR. *Dr. Irving Busch, later in charge of the American hospitals.*

and four buckets. This completed the inventory of enamel ware—no, I forgot four bed-pans which we brought up with us from Valencia the first time. Cups, plates, saucers, etc., amounted to zero. The patients drank from condensed milk tins.

THE WOUNDED

“It may be hard to picture such a hospital to anybody who hasn’t seen one working. Two or three big mudstained ambulances are drawn up in the frozen mud if it’s a cold night, or in the slush and snow if it’s a thaw: they stand in the dark before the unlighted portal of an old stone house in a village street. Teams of four stretcher bearers are carrying the wounded up a flight of stone steps by the light of a flickering candle. Perhaps it’s as well there is no more light, so that you may not see the blood-soaked and mud-encrusted clothes and overcoats that cover them. They take them into a big room, some fifteen or twenty feet wide and twice as long. Near one end of the room is a little round stove—not much heat around it, for when the door is opened an icy blast blows through it and out of the paneless window. At the end of the room where the stove is, are an old marble-topped dining-room buf-

fet, used as a surgical supply cabinet and dressing table, an old sofa, an old armchair and a few other chairs, and a surgical table. This end of the room is lighted by some candles stuck around onto the furniture in various places; dimly lighted, so that if you’re very careful where you step you needn’t stumble over the wounded who lie on mattresses and stretchers placed on the floor near the stove—as near as possible. For those wounded who can sit, those shot through the arm and some shot through the head, are sitting on the sofa and the chairs, and they too are huddled over the stove waiting to thaw out their frozen bodies.

“A surgeon in uniform and a medical student are on their knees beside one of the wounded; by the light of a candle stuck onto the floor they are trying to give him a blood transfusion. It isn’t going very well, and they are in the way of the stretcher bearers bringing in more wounded. In the utter blackness of the far end of the big room another surgeon and a sanitary officer with him are moving about from one stretcher to another of the rows laid out there in the dark. The sanitary officer has a candle in one hand, in the other a pair of bandage scissors and a paper and pencil. The pair are sorting out

the wounded, examining their tags, uncovering and examining their wounds, deciding who needs operation, who is so shocked that he can’t be operated upon, who can be sent on to a better and safer hospital farther from the front—and who is beyond all help. The stretcher bearers wait impatiently for their stretchers in the flickering candlelight. They need them in order to take their ambulance out again.

NO HEAT AT ALL

“Up a stone step and through an arched stone portal is another room. It was perhaps a study or a lady’s sitting room, and the big room was the drawing room of this old converted villa. God, it’s cold in there. There’s no heat at all, and here too the panes have been blown out of the windows. The room is full of cots in which the wounded are lying; some are asleep after an injection of morphine, exhausted, some are groaning, some are crying out loudly at the top of their voices: ‘Sanitario! Sanitario!’ (Orderly! Orderly!). The mattresses are wet with fresh red blood, or crusted with old dark blood. The men are fully clothed, except where their garments have been cut off to make room for bandages. Most of them still have their

muddy boots on. Some of them are covered with a blanket; some with only their clothes and overcoats.

"Diagonally opposite the wall with the stone portal is a door leading out onto a winding stone staircase. It's a narrow staircase, about three feet wide. Look out that you don't fall onto the floor below. The banister has been chopped away to give the stretcher bearers room enough to bring down their stretchers. There is a stone landing with a glass door on the other side, and a light—not much but still light, after the blackness of the ward—shines through the panes of frosted glass. Some of these panes are out, and their place has been taken by pieces of pasteboard held in place with adhesive plaster. On one of the pasteboard panes is written with pretty lettering 'Quirofano. Se prohibe la entrada.' (Surgery. No Admittance.) The room into which this door leads is warm—warm and suffocating. The air is a mixture of smoke from a poor stovepipe, the fumes of burnt alcohol, steam, and unpleasant surgical smells, mainly iodine and fresh blood. The room was evidently a big dining room. A French window, closed and shuttered now so that the light can't be seen, opens out onto a little tiled balcony overlooking the broad valley that leads onto Teruel and the clear-cut range of hills beyond the valley—both of red earth, from which the little town gets its name. A brook flows below, just at the foot of the balcony.

THE VIEW IS LOVELY

"Tomorrow morning early, before the planes start bombing, you can go out and look at these things. The view is very lovely. The people who used to own the villa, the family of a Valencia doctor fond of shooting and fishing, probably used to sit out here and have their dinner and look at it. The walls of this old dining room are painted with these scenes, but someone has painted little tanks and airships into them, and one wall is spattered with red where blood from a pressure transfusion tube squirted onto it. In one corner of the room stands a little black kitchen stove: there is a bucket of water on it and a nurse is bending over it, rubbing her eyes and trying to get it to burn. Black smoke pours from the chinks of the stove and from the ill-fitting stovepipe, which has been mended with adhesive plaster. Next to the stove, on the floor of black and white checkered tile, is a small pile of wood, among which one recognizes the rungs of a chair and other bits of furniture. Along the wall is a tall wooden china-cupboard: the glass is missing from one of its windows. It is filled with surgical instruments and supplies.

"In the other corner of the room is a barrel containing tubes of sterile salt solution wrapped in pink wax paper; there is a big pile of similar tubes alongside the barrel. On the next wall is a rack with caps, coats, uniforms, and dingy white gowns hanging from it. Opposite is a little table on which sits, supported by a perilous contrap-

tion of condensed milk cans, a sterilizer of bright nickel. In a sardine tin under the sterilizer there burns some cotton with alcohol poured over it, and the sterilizer is boiling. On the table are also some shiny nickel surgical drums, somewhat battered, some gauze, some partly folded dressings, and about half a loaf of bread.

OPERATING TABLE

"In the middle of the room is a surgical table covered with a black rubber poncho: a man lies on the table. He has been shot through the forearm. The arm is shattered: both bones are sticking out of it, surrounded by dirty shreds of bloody brown muscles and whitish tendons; the wrist and hand dangle by a strip of skin. At the side of this table is another little high, three-legged, round one. It is hard to imagine what it might have been used for, if not as a pedestal for a piece of statuary. The little high table is covered with a cloth and surgical instruments are laid out on it. Two surgeons, clad in ridiculous, small, ill-fitting smocks which they have put on wrong side foremost so that they may button in the back, are busy with the wounded man. He has had a local anesthetic, but is quite conscious and is talking to them. They are cutting his arm off; cutting through the strip of skin that it dangles from, and cutting off the dirty shreds of flesh and the dirty ends of the bones. There is a single electric light bulb hanging from the ceiling of this room which emits a faint glow. It is helped out by candles held by an orderly. Each candle gives about twice as much light as the electric bulb.

"In one wall of this big room is another glass door, with light shining through it. It leads into a little room, about eight by ten feet. An autoclave is in one corner, and another sterilizer is in an alcove. In the corner is a nickel container with a gallon of sterile water in it. There is a little tap at the bottom of this container; by turning it on you can have sterile water run over your hands, drop by drop, and wash in it. The water runs into a Spanish washbowl with a hole in the bottom. The bowl stands on a rickety wooden stand and the water runs into a bucket below which is decently shielded from view by gauze, as befits a decent Spanish household. In this room too is an operating table with a wounded man on it, and along one wall a cloth-covered table on which instruments have been laid out. A Spanish nurse is deftly tending the instruments; two surgeons with their sleeves rolled up and white aprons on are operating on the wounded man; and pressed against the wall of the little room, trying to keep out of each other's way, are five other young Spaniards, medical students, the surgeon's helpers. There is a single bulb in this room too, which gives a little better light than the one in the big room. When you put this one out, the one in the big room is a little brighter, but not enough current reaches them for them both to burn together. That's about the layout.

"The self-evident question is, of course, 'Why do you put up with this, and why don't you get what is needed?' And the answer to that is: 'To have what is needed takes time and money and means of transportation. Money can be got, sooner or later, some way or other. Time can't, and when wounded begin to pour in, one has to take things as they are and make the best of them and leave improvements until later.' As for transportation, you may understand why I am clamoring so loud, long, and insistently for a Ford carryall and a light delivery truck.

FINDING EQUIPMENT

"The situation as regards equipment has improved. In the first place, before we left the hospital the town council had given me help with masons and carpenters and it was quite ready to make a nice little hospital by the time we moved out. That, however, will not help the next one. Enamel ware, etc., I provided myself with. I flooded Spain with requisitions for about six weeks; but these beseeching papers brought forth nothing but promises. So I went into Teruel one day in a fog that protected the road, and I found a nice shell-struck pharmacy and next to it a nice shell-struck bazaar with all sorts of things in it: brushes, pitchers, bowls, buckets, pots and pans. A real Aladdin's cave the cellar of that bazaar was; so I loaded up the little Ford. Tomorrow and the next few days I'm going to look around here for a small light generating plant; I am told they can be had for from 3,000 to 6,000 pesetas, i.e., about \$100 to \$200, and I'm going to get one. That should solve the light problem.

"We got back to Barcelona on January 18. I hope we'll stay here long enough to outfit properly."

This was in the town of Alfambra, where the fascists first broke through after Teruel. Our outfit stayed two weeks and was then recalled. After that the commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Vicente Tinaud, an energetic, courteous, spry little officer of the old army, transferred his wounded from the hospital to the church, as frequent bombings had made the hospital insecure. I was told at the surgeon general's office that he held out there with his wounded to the very last, when he reported: "I regret to have to report that I am leaving eight wounded behind: my stretcher bearers and personnel have all been killed or wounded and I have no one left to help me carry the men out."

LEO ELOESSER.

Raus Mit Ihrer Kultur!

FRANCO's official gazette, *La Vanguardia Nacional*, announces that Catalan may no longer be spoken in Catalonia after the end of June. The same issue carries an announcement in German of a large meeting in Barcelona on "Heroes Remembrance Day" or "Heldengedenkttag," at which the speeches will be entirely in German.

Who Reads Hearst?

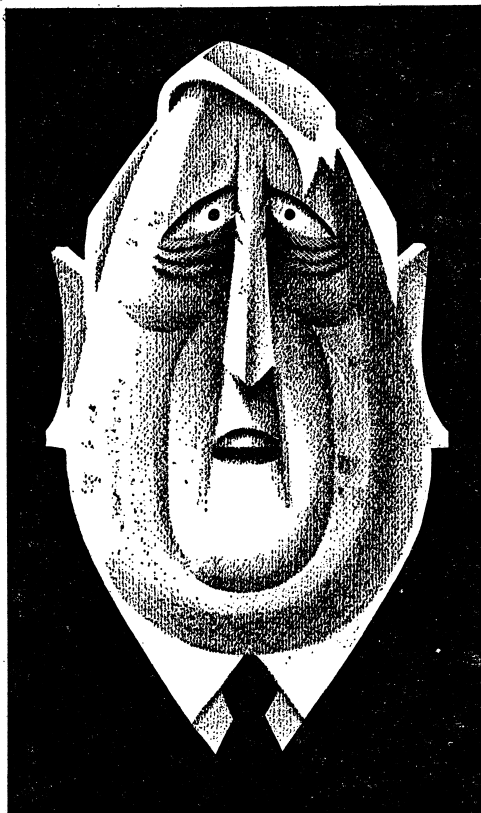
The "Mirror" and the "Journal and American," which are still read, for different reasons, by more than a million people. The second of two articles on Hearst in New York.

THE *Journal and American's* general manager, assistant general manager, publisher, associate publisher, secretary, treasurer, editor-in-chief, managing editor, and assistant managing editor are all afraid of Hearst. Hearst has a temper, and on the rare occasions when his executives have to make a decision they stop to consider what he would do in their place. Now and then, far down in the organization, there is an exception. The day before last New Year's the *Journal* city editor sent a number of reporters out to get the wives of striking taxi drivers to say how they wished their husbands would be less discontented. One of the new men brought back a story with a quote in it: "Mike wouldn't have gone out if I hadn't made him. Twelve bucks a week—could you live on it?" It was a big disappointment to the city editor.

After the *American* folded it was a year before Hearst could work up interest in the *Journal*. The *Journal* went on about as usual. Now he sends out orders again, some of them important. Editorials for the whole chain go to San Simeon and all the papers at the same time, and if they are all right Hearst releases them for publication. No point is too piddling for his attention. Once he wired: "When you deal with large sums, insist upon their being written out fully in text." A few months later, he was heard from again on the subject: "Chief noticed in Rukeyser editorial large amounts in figures instead of written out, and said, 'I have asked that letters be used, not figures. Please see that this is done.'" There used to be a rule that no more than two stories could be jumped from the front page, and no story beyond page five. After a trip to England Hearst began putting British heads ("A SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCE IN THE WEST END") onto all stories on the first page of the second section, which the staff immediately began to call the "Limey page." He has always liked to play around with heads. He spreads the papers out on the floor of his office to study the makeup, and the heads get bigger and bigger as he gets older and his eyesight fails.

NOT ASHAMED OF HIS NAME BUT . . .

Plenty of people still read the *Mirror* and the *Journal*. The total daily circulation of Hearst papers in the country is about four million. That sounds like enough votes to swing a presidential election, especially since Hearst also owns half a newsreel, a few radio stations, a lot of magazines, and the *American Weekly*, which is inserted into six million Sunday papers. It is barely possible that a few of the *Journal* readers agree that Roosevelt is a dangerous radical because he doesn't think the sales tax is the only demo-



cratic way of raising revenue. But half of the *Mirror's* readers take the paper because of Walter Winchell, and the other half because of the daily tips on horse races and the numbers game. For a long time Hearst pretended the *Mirror* wasn't a Hearst paper at all. Some of the Hearst executives think that was the reason the *Mirror* always made money, while the *American*, just before the end, was losing \$1,000,000 a year. Hearst never liked the *Mirror*. He started it to compete with the *Daily News*; and it competed with the *American* instead. Now everybody knows it is a Hearst paper, but Hearst still doesn't like it. It doesn't run his signed editorials. It treats his radio speeches, which the *Journal* treats as editorials, as news stories. It carries Pearson's and Allen's liberal "Merry-Go-Round"—naturally with a little italicized notice saying that the *Mirror* editors do not necessarily agree with what it says. But though the *Mirror* is an independent paper, it is not too independent. Sometimes, when Pearson and Allen lose all reason in their pro-Roosevelt remarks, the "Merry-Go-Round" doesn't appear exactly as written. Occasionally before elections the *Mirror* pretends to give equal space to both sides till almost the last minute, less because it wants to be fair than because it doesn't want to offend anybody. It is sufficiently independent to run an occasional editorial praising Mayor LaGuardia for being

hard-working, but when there is an election, it never goes so far as to urge its readers to vote for LaGuardia. The *Journal*, which everybody knows is not an independent paper, is against LaGuardia all the year round, and is perfectly capable of running editorials saying he is lazy.

WHO CARES ABOUT THE READERS?

The reason the *Mirror* and the *Journal* are such incredibly sloppy papers is that Hearst doesn't think the public deserves any better. Hearst has the most complete contempt for his readers. Ever since the American public turned overwhelmingly against German fascism, the executives of the *Journal* and the *Mirror*, knowing Hearst's feelings on the subject of Hitler, have been trying frantically to keep him from expressing them. The *Journal's* circulation is falling, but it still has more readers than the German-American Bund's *Weckruf und Beobachter*. In 1934 Hearst had his picture taken with Dr. Alfred Rosenberg and several other German patriots. It was a good picture, though Hearst looked a little pleased with himself at being in such distinguished company, but it made Hearst executives tear their hair. And Hearst had his own International News Photos distribute it—not through stupidity, but indifference. In the 1936 campaign he personally supervised an eight-column box about Communism at the top of the *American's* front page. The head was carefully written: "COMMUNISTS CAN JOIN . . . IN . . . SUPPORTING ROOSEVELT, SAYS BROWDER." The full quote was given in the box directly below, which was somewhat different: "We, the Communists, can join in such a common front with the workers supporting Roosevelt." Hearst must know by now that his employees hate him. He must know by now that the liberal press is anxious to get documentary evidence of how he fakes news. But when he orders a faked story he still puts it on the INS wire and makes a dozen copies, because he has a bigger circulation than the liberal press.

Hearst has never bothered, while he was writing editorials about the sanctity of the home signed An American Husband and Father, to keep his own private life secret. The whole Hearst organization is built on hypocrisy. When Hearst was running his greatest Buy American campaign the Hearst press was buying part of its newsprint in Finland and part in Canada. If someone pointed that out to him, he said that the United States-Canada border was, praise God, unfortified, and Finland was the only country which paid its war debts. He once wrote an editorial appealing to the patriotism of the nation's employers, to stop these wage cuts,

what America needed was PURCHASING POWER, and two days later he put into effect the first of three wage cuts in the depression, which lowered the wages of all subordinate Hearst employees 28 percent in three years. Another cut is in prospect now, to pay for the enormously expensive strike on the Chicago Hearst papers.

On both the *Journal* and the *Mirror* the guild has had to prove before the Labor Board that it deserved to represent both commercial and editorial employees. Mr. Charles McCabe, publisher of the *Mirror*, said there was no connection between commercial and editorial employees. The guild said that rewrite men on the *Mirror* were often assigned to write publicity for advertisers. Advertising men conducted editorial departments. The fashion editor called on advertisers with an advertising solicitor. The food editor and the night club columnist were on the advertising payroll. The music critic got a 10 percent commission on concert advertising. The trial examiner asked if the music criticisms were affected by this arrangement. "Somewhat," said the music critic. To get the Kitty Kelly Co. account the solicitor for shoe advertising had a whole display of sketches of the latest Kitty Kelly models published on the woman's page, which naturally pleased the company (not enough, said the shoe solicitor, to get the account). The travel editor's Sunday column consisted of publicity releases from advertisers, slightly edited. A rewrite man had run a Shirley Temple Doll contest, and the circulation manager had him award the prizes to fortunate little girls in boroughs where *Mirror* circulation was weak. The guild hadn't used up its witnesses, but the trial examiner said the point was proved. "O.K., commissar," said Mr. McCabe. Later, when the guild was proving the same thing on the *Journal and American*, the examiner asked William Curley, the *Journal's* editor-in-chief, if the paper had any business-office musts. "What are they?" said Mr. Curley. The examiner explained it to him. "Oh, no," said Mr. Curley. The guild said it would offer in evidence the *Journal* city room schedules, which had the musts listed at the top of each page. Mr. Curley said that perhaps he had been mistaken.

THINGS ARE QUIETER

Hearst reporters used to live fairly exciting lives. Even the fact that they were always broke two days before payday was made to appear glamorous. A Hearst city editor would go crazy every time a murder was committed by a showgirl who, in the course of her professional activities, had posed for publicity stills with not much on. Now there is no more sex and violence in the *Journal* than there is in the *Sun*. The *Journal* has one of the best society pages in town, and Hearst would like debutantes and captains of industry to be able to read it without feeling self-conscious. The paper isn't entirely respectable as yet, for a Hearst editor still can't resist a good bathtub murder, but captains of industry

don't mind a bathtub murder in a paper which thinks Roosevelt is a Communist. The Hearst papers drove Lindbergh out of the country, but they welcomed him back because of the friends he had made abroad. Mr. McCabe says that the *Mirror* has as large a percentage of its readers in the upper brackets as the *Times*, which of course is what he wants advertisers to believe. But Hearst re-

porters wouldn't be surprised if it were true. A Hearst editor doesn't send his men out to steal pictures any more. He is less interested in sexy showgirls than he is in 1940.

The coloration of news in most papers is hard to detect, but when the *Journal* is writing about someone Hearst doesn't like, its news stories are likely to start like this (when the Black committee investigating lobbies had

Daily Mirror Editorial Page

LOTTERIES ARE LICE

Editorial

Any craven legislator, looking for a "painless tax," who would vote to prey upon our people with the sneaking, louse-like drain of an "official lottery," deserves the scorn and condemnation which every civilized country in history has eventually heaped upon those pickpockets who promoted lotteries—the lowest racket ever devised to prey upon a people.

Fascinating Lady

Editorial

AW C'MON KID, TAKE A CHANGE

OFFICIAL TICKETS FOR SALE HERE



WHY EAT BREAD WHEN THERE IS ONE CHANCE IN A BILLION THAT YOU MIGHT EAT CAKE ?

THE LURE OF LOTTERIES is being dusted off again and dangled before weary State legislators as an easy way to raise revenue. Boiled down to its poison essence, a lottery is a sneak-thief's system of bleeding that vast majority of our people in the lower income groups which no politician would dare to tax openly.

PETE

By FRED WEATHERLY



WHY DO YOU ALLUS TAKE OFF YOUR HAT WHEN I TELL A JOKE ?

TO SHOW MAN RESPECT FOR OLD AGE !!

5069 Co 327

NUMEROLOGY

Following are the most significant numbers of the past 30 days. The figures in the third column indicate the number of times a certain number mixed straight has appeared since 1932. The figures in the last column indicate the number of times other combinations of the same number repeated.

January	Number	Times Repeated	Combination Repeated	Date	Number	Times Repeated	Combination
17	783	2	7	30	143	8	12
16	024	4	9	29	367	0	8
14	840	1	10	28	692	4	7
13	233	1	8	27	669	2	5
12	367	1	8	26	313	1	5
11	083	1	11	24	008	4	4
10	663	2	4	23	699	2	4
9	952	1	6	22	609	1	4

CURB EXCHANGE.
Total bond sales yesterday, \$1,300,000.
Total stock sales yesterday, 197,000 shares.

STOCK EXCHANGE.
Total bond sales yesterday, \$7,371,275.
Total stock sales yesterday, 1,152,980 shares.

U. S. TREASURY FIGURES.
Balance \$9,093,276,633.49.
Internal Revenue 4,822,545.72
Customs Rec'pts 776,537.28

CINCINNATI FIGURES.
Cincinnati bank clearing announced yesterday were \$12,480,399.

THE POLICY RACKET. No Negro can get a job on the "Journal" or the "Mirror." After a picture display on Marian Anderson in "Harpers Bazaar" last fall, Hearst ordered it never again to print any "publicity" about Negroes, whether talented or not. He doesn't let his papers print the picture of a Negro on the front page, or anywhere else "unless news necessity compels," which usually means that a Negro has committed some crime. Nevertheless, the "Mirror" has a large Negro circulation. Pete, the most popular feature in the paper, used to be called Policy Pete before prosecution of the late Dutch Schultz called public attention to the policy racket. Pete's dialogue is never very brilliant, but somewhere in the cartoon every day are tips on two numbers, one to be played straight and one in combination. The tabulation labeled Numerology, containing "the most significant numbers of the last month," and the number of times they have paid off since 1932, is designed to mislead people into believing that policy is like the races, the number of times a number has come up has an effect on whether or not it will come up again. Elsewhere on the sports page are the various sets of figures used in the payoff. The "Journal" runs the clearance figures of Italian banks for the downtown Italian lottery, the two papers dividing the field. This is more or less deplorable, depending on your personal feelings about the numbers game. The "Mirror" and the "Journal" both think the numbers game is terrible. The "Mirror" runs regular editorials about the viciousness of lotteries. The "Journal" every now and then runs a series about the great profits made by its operators.

just subpoenaed some of Mr. Hearst's telegrams): "Another one of the Polecat Committee's members indulged in a typical Black-guard speech on the floor of the Senate today, Senator Schwollenbach of the state of Washington, industrious lickspittle of the New Deal's servile majority . . ." Some people used to wonder if Hearst didn't publish so much faked news about Russia out of mere gullibility. Hearst reporters know better: he knew what he was doing. He would wire the *American* and order a Russian famine, and someone on rewrite that afternoon would type it up and put an INS dateline on it. Hearst fakes are no longer labeled INS, but "Special to the *Mirror*," or "Special to the *Journal and American*," which naturally doesn't mean that he is acquiring scruples. An effort is being made to give INS a good reputation and sell it to other papers besides the Hearst press. About a hundred radio stations carry it already. Hearst once sent out instructions: "Use display exclusive line only on very creditable news that makes for prestige. Do not use it over the life of murderers or some sensational story which may be good for circulation but which might be assumed almost to have a sort of discredit attaching to it." Whenever the AP or UP carries a story about something being wrong in Nazi Germany, the next day there is a special dispatch in the *Journal* or the *Mirror* saying that something much worse is happening in Soviet Russia. Last November all the New York papers ran long stories about how hard it was to get butter in Germany. The next morning the *Mirror* had an exclusive dispatch from Moscow headed, "FOOD SHORTAGE BRINGS RUSSIAN CRISIS"; that afternoon the *Journal* rewrote the *Mirror* story in a Special Cable to the *Journal and American*, adding a few details; and the next morning the *Mirror* rewrote the *Journal* story, adding a few more. Things had got so bad in Russia in that day and a half that the *Journal* saw it couldn't go much further without counter-revolution, so the story wasn't rewritten any more. On January 2 of this year the UP had a report of a mutiny in the Reichswehr. The next morning the *Mirror* ran another special story: "KILLINGS REPORTED IN RED ARMY RIOTS."

THE REDS

Hearst has said that the Methodist Church is Communist-controlled. He has insinuated the same about the *Herald Tribune*, *Time*, *Inc.*, and Nicholas Murray Butler. He pretends to think that Secretaries Wallace, Ickes, and Perkins are secret Communists. Several years ago a lunatic in Milwaukee set off a bomb which wrecked considerable property and killed several people. The *American* put his picture on the front page under the caption "Disciple of Communism"; pictures of the ruined buildings were labeled, "Communism's Menace," "Here Is Communism in Practice." The editor of the Hearst paper in Milwaukee wired that no evidence existed to link the lunatic with Communists, but the *American* went right on publishing accounts of "what

A Good Newspaper

IT must give reliable information.
It must give wholesome entertainment.
It must give useful service.

A decent newspaper goes into good American homes as a guide, philosopher, and friend.

Good people have confidence in it, and it must be worthy of that confidence.

It must be careful to relate nothing but what it believes to be the truth; it must bear the responsibility of making sure that the news it collects from every quarter of the globe and delivers to its readers is as accurate and trustworthy as human agencies can make it.

It must be careful to see that its entertainment is clean and suitable to the minds of the young as well as of the more mature.

Finally, a newspaper must be conscientious in its service to the community.

It must be remembered that whatever power it may possess is not in itself, but in the continual power and influence of its readers.

It must marshal the vast power of this body of the public for the public welfare.

It must not be prejudiced.

It must not be unduly partisan.

It must not be narrowly selfish.

It must have ever in mind the people who trust and support it and give it the position and the opportunities it has.

"A public office is a public trust."

Even more so is a public press a public trust.—From one of the dozens of bulletin board statements Mr. Hearst puts up in his plants.

happens when Red preaching is put into practice" till it found another story, "an invasion of United States postal ranks by Moscow agents." Hearst, with perfect justice, may feel that Reds killed the *American*. If he had insisted on several stories on the front page every day about donkeys, and a daily editorial about the menace of donkeys, he could say that donkeys killed the *American*, especially if the animals he was always referring to were not donkeys at all but mules. After the death of the *American*, Hearst writers got quiet instructions to think up a few new names. When Joe Connolly got to be general manager of the papers he sometimes called up San Simeon and asked Hearst, in the interests of the circulation, to lay off. Last October, when Nazis in Vienna attacked the palace of Cardinal Innitzer, Hearst sent out a message that he was "convinced" the attack had been made by Communists. So both the *Journal* and the *Mirror* ran a story that it had been "instigated by Communist quarters"; then Joe Connolly got Hearst on the wire and after one or two editions the *Journal* pulled the story.

Connolly never interfered with the campaigns against Russia, loyalist Spain, or more recently, Roosevelt's foreign policy. The Hearst papers literally ran no news of the

Spanish war except Franco victories and Red Atrocities. When the Italians bombed Barcelona Hearst started a "Humanize War" campaign. During the last World War Hearst advertised in all his papers that INS had the "greatest news-gathering organization the world has ever seen . . . more than eighty correspondents, many of them of worldwide fame"—Brixton D. Allaire, Herbert Temple, Franklin Merrick. Readers of the Hearst press, not unnaturally, had never heard of them before, for Hearst had just made them up; he was rewriting the other papers' war correspondence in the *American's* office. The *Journal* had a number of correspondents in Spain too, all of whom were Patriotic Expert Kent Hunter. Hunter rewrote the releases of Peninsular News Service, the Franco agency, and instead of signing his stories Brixton D. Allaire he called them Special Cables to the *Journal and American*. Signed articles by Franco himself appeared with Red Atrocity pictures, all of them faked. The worst of all the faked pictures appeared last February—a row of dead children lined up in a Barcelona gutter, with a story headed, "RED ATROCITIES IN BARCELONA." The picture was perfectly authentic. It had been made almost exactly a year earlier by a Hearst photographer, after an Italian air raid.

BECAUSE HIS HEART IS PURE

A Hearst editor is likely to get a wire like this at any moment: "Chief instructs that taxpayers' organizations with buttons be started in all Hearst newspaper cities." The organizations will be spontaneous, and they will campaign for the sales tax. *Journal* executives are always slapping their fist into the palm of their hand and saying, "We're going to break this strike," or "We'll get that bastard." There is a Hearst Mohawk Valley Formula for breaking other people's strikes, though he hasn't had much luck breaking his own. He calls the strikers Reds, to begin with, and says the strike is a danger to the health of the community. During the New York building service strike several years ago ("We're going to break this strike," said J. J. Karpf of the *American*), a reporter called up the late Sen. Royal S. Copeland in Washington. Copeland was a Hearst columnist, anxious to oblige. "Is there any danger to the city's health from garbage that can't be moved?" said the reporter. "Not at all," said Copeland; "not for a couple of days." I don't think you understand, senator," said the reporter, "this is the *American* calling." "Oh, yes," said Copeland, "it certainly is a menace."

Hearst reporters are always having to organize marches on Washington or Albany. Last year, almost single-handed, the *Journal* worked up the Paul Reveres, the army of public-spirited citizens which marched on Washington in protest against what was known to Hearst readers as the Dictator (meaning the Reorganization) Bill. The whole thing took approximately four days.

On Sunday the *Journal* made the first announcement. Anyone could be a Paul Revere; all he had to be was public-spirited. On Monday eight *Journal* reporters and rewrite men, including Kent Hunter, were assigned to write press releases and radio scripts for various friendly organizations in the city, the American Women Against Communism, the League for Honest Money of Greater New York, the Republican Builders, the Committee for the Preservation of America, and the Twentieth Century Minute Men. Late Monday night these organizations, out of gratitude, endorsed the Paul Reveres. By Tuesday the *Journal* was pretty hysterical. There was an eight-column box at the top of page one, giving the names and addresses of the organizations which had joined the march. Practically everyone on the paper was working on the story. The night club editor had to phone round town to get statements from important people. On Wednesday he ran out of important people, so he called up people like the former president of the Bushwick Taxpayers Association (Bushwick is a section in Brooklyn, which, so far as anyone knows, never had a taxpayers' association before that moment). On Thursday the army marched, a spontaneous outpouring of people descending on Washington. It was kind of laughable. Despite the special round trip rate of \$4.50 which the Pennsylvania made for the occasion, only a few people showed up besides *Journal* reporters. Paul Revere, in colonial costume, walked forlornly up and down the platform carrying a lantern. The Dictator Bill was defeated. The *Journal* made no attempt to work up popular indignation when Congress passed about the same sort of measure two months ago.

ROBERT TERRALL.

Fierce Chinese Allies

THE Animal Kingdom has declared war against Japan. In the Kyoto Zoo recently a drunken Japanese, Zenroku Suzuki, attempted to thrash a camel. The camel bit and kicked him to death. In the high mountains between Tsunghua and Taipingchang, thirty miles north of Canton, a Japanese cavalry platoon was reconnoitering for an advance, when two large and hungry tigers attacked. The soldiers fired their guns into the air and fell off their horses in the confusion. Three Japanese cavalymen were seized and devoured by the novel Chinese guerrilla forces, as the rest took flight. Later Chinese farmers came to the scene of the battle and retrieved the Mausers, boots, and other equipment of the vanquished.

The Good Neighbor

COMPLIMENT paid France by a Franco official in Seville: "France is an old lady who has lost her beauty and keeps a cloakroom where Chamberlain comes to leave his comic umbrella."

Lever Brothers' B. O.

Lux, Lifebuoy, Rinso, or Spry sales support Nazi Brown House in London and finance appeasement campaign.

ABOUT a year ago, when the Cliveden set began breaking into the news, there were rumors of another group—complementary and in some cases overlapping—that met in London and was known as the Anglo-German Fellowship. The leading members were said to be Andrew Agnew, of Royal Dutch Shell; Lord Barnby, of Lloyds; Sir Josiah Stamp, of London, Midland, & Scottish Railroad; Montagu Norman, of the Bank of England; and several of the directors of Lever Bros. & Unilever, Ltd., the international soap and margarine trust. Unilever, it was reported, was the moving spirit of the Fellowship, which enjoyed the hospitality of the firm's headquarters on Victoria Embankment in London.

Later in 1938, in the weeks immediately preceding Munich, there were more direct stories on the firm's activities. I gathered some of the documents, submitted them to as accurate a checking as was then possible, and published them in *NEW MASSES* of Oct. 11, 1938.

LEVER BROS. HERE

The material available at that time was not complete, but it did show that there was a very real link between the corporation and the Nazis. Checking on the relation between the Lever Bros. in the United States and the mother company in England showed that profits made in this country went to the London office and, hence, that money spent by Americans on Lux, Lifebuoy, Rinso, Spry, and other products eventually found its way into hands that were eager to pass it on to fascists and pro-fascists in Germany, Czechoslovakia, and elsewhere. This was verified by reports from Dun & Bradstreet, Standard Statistics, and the Lever office in New York.

Since October every charge made in the original article has been verified and new facts prove the company to be something more than a mere sympathizer with Nazism.

In October, for instance, I wrote that Unilever did, as many had charged, lend their headquarters to the London end of von Ribbentrop's Deutsche-Englische Gesellschaft; as substantiation I quoted a statement by the Fellowship's secretary, E. W. D. Tennant, thanking "the directors of Unilever for having allowed us the use of this room for our meeting today and on many previous occasions." I also wrote that F. D. D'Arcy Cooper, now president of Unilever, represented the company on the Fellowship's board.

Today, however, according to the last annual report, Unilever is an actual corporate member of the Fellowship. No longer is it a matter of indirection, of working through independent company officials. Unilever is also on record as having contributed 250 pounds sterling to this organization, which on Nov.

18, 1938, accepted unanimously this incredibly frank resolution: "The Council [of the Fellowship] . . . will steadily prosecute its efforts to maintain contact with Germany, as the best means of supporting the prime minister in his policy of appeasement."

NOW THEY BELONG

Another important charge in the earlier article was that the Czechoslovakian branch of the company had given a large sum of money to Konrad Henlein's Sudeten German Party. This was first published by Trikor, a reputable news agency in Prague, a few weeks before Munich. Trikor wrote that the Schicht Werke, in Aussig, the Czech division of the firm, had contributed 8,000,000 Czech kronen (about \$250,000) to Henlein. The news agency, which got the story from the Katowitz *Polonia*, submitted this charge to the company for confirmation. The company had nothing to say. Later the New York and London offices were invited to deny the story before it was published. No denial was forthcoming. Moreover, Czech refugees coming to this country after Munich said that the activities of the Schicht Werke were well known throughout Czechoslovakia, and that good Czech democrats had long been boycotting the firm. They said that when Hitler first threatened their country's independence in May of last year, Czech troops marching into the Sudetenland found the factories laden with arms—waiting not for them but for the eagerly expected Nazis. All Schicht trucks, it was said, boldly displayed the Sudeten-Nazi emblems.

Today, according to the Maison de la Technique in Paris, the Schicht brothers, who ran the plant for Unilever, have been rewarded for their pro-Nazi diligence and are the directors of all Unilever activities in Greater Germany. Heinrich Schicht served as an intermediary between the Messrs. Schneider and Krupp in the recent ceding of the stocks of the Skoda munitions works.

Lever Bros. & Unilever has never publicly denied any of these facts. Its membership in the Anglo-German Fellowship is on the books. Last year, when protests were made after publication of the article in *NEW MASSES*, they instructed salesmen to make private denials to clients, but they submitted no protest to this office, where the campaign began. Later they used letters from the Joint Boycott Council of the American Jewish Congress giving them a clean bill of health, but did not, so far as I am aware, ever publish any denial under their own letterhead. Today the firm's pro-Nazism is on record, and denials would be absurd and impossible. American progressives, however, know what to do.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

Milk: For Buttons or Babies

How the New York milk trust hides its cheating of farmer and consumer under an organizational smokescreen.

Things are seldom what they seem:
Skim milk masquerades as cream.

—W. S. Gilbert: "HMS Pinafore"

ON Monday, June 7, the Supreme Court handed down a decision upholding the Federal Milk Marketing Order in the state of New York. This was acclaimed—very properly—as a New Deal victory. The next day the press declared, quite correctly, that as a result of this decision, the New York consumer would soon be paying *more* for his bottle of milk, despite the fact that milk prices as a rule never increase during the summer. This is an ingenious paradox—a New Deal victory that means higher milk prices for the consumer. But the milk industry is full of paradoxes. For instance, the milk trust itself, which has no love for the New Deal, was hoping that the Milk Marketing Order would be sustained—yet its being sustained is a New Deal victory. You have to get used to paradoxes in an industry where it's more profitable to manufacture milk into billiard balls and umbrella handles than it is to sell it to mothers and families at a price they can afford to pay.

Of course, back of all these paradoxes is the milk trust, with its devious ways. New York has just gone through a sustained price war, in which the price of bottled milk was cut 2½ cents a quart. This war was initiated by the trust, with the full knowledge that it was in the unassailable position of "heads I win, tails you lose."

While the war went on, the farmer was receiving a starvation price for his milk, and the small independent milk-dealer, with his limited capital, was faced with the danger of being squeezed out of business. But now that the end of the war is in sight, the trust hopes to put the squeeze on the consumer—while continuing to pay the farmer an inadequate price far below his cost of production—and to put it on the independents through the legal weapon of a Milk Marketing Order, instead of through the offensive of a price war. I say they hope—because their success does not follow automatically from the sustaining of the Federal Milk Marketing Order. It all depends on *what kind* of a new order will be worked out in the coming days.

The trust has operated like a slick stage magician. Part of the formula is the use of mirrors—the dazzlingly complicated structure of the trustified milk industry. Part of the technique is the use of disconcerting chatter to attract your attention to one phase of the industry while the dirty work is being done elsewhere. And the magicians of the trust also have their stooges, in the persons of some leaders of farmers' organizations who appear to be just as befuddled by the trust's legerdemain as you and I—but who are really part

of the act. To see just how it's done and what can be done about it, we can best examine the industry in glossary fashion:

The Trust: We are not indulging in the luxury of name-calling when we refer to Borden's and National Dairy Products as the milk trust. They sell 50 percent of all store-distributed milk in New York City and 75 percent of all milk delivered to doorsteps. In Boston their affiliates control 63 percent of all fluid milk, in Chicago almost 50 percent, in Baltimore 66 percent. National Dairy Products alone buys 42 percent of *all* milk sold by farmers in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, and 25 percent of all milk sold in Ohio, Michigan, New York, and the New England states. Borden's is also a most important factor in these and other states.

The Industry: The trust has established a division between its business in "fluid" milk—i.e., milk sold in bottles—and the manufacturing of "surplus" milk into butter, cheese, ice cream, condensed and powdered milk, and the industrial by-products of casein. Profits in the fluid milk industry in New York are nominally 12 percent on invested capital annually, although bookkeeping transactions between various trust affiliates conceal even higher profits. It is, however, in the manufacture of surplus milk that the truly piratical profits are to be found—ranging, as Attorney General Bennett showed, from 33 percent to 108 percent annually on invested capital. Trust domination is strongest in the manufacturing field, where independent dealers do not have the necessary capital for effective competition.

The Classification System: Profits in manufacturing milk are maintained at such incredible levels through the unique system by which the trust buys milk from the dairy farmer. A clothing manufacturer, for instance, pays a price on a bolt of cloth with no consideration as to whether it will ultimately be used for neckties or awnings. But the dairy farmer's price for his milk depends on what purpose the trust chooses to use it for. Fluid milk brings the highest prices, milk for butter brings considerably less, and milk used for casein practically nothing. The actual price ultimately received by the farmer—his "blended" price—depends on how much of his milk has been used in each classification. The farmer never knows what price he will receive for his milk. Even though the price for each classification may be fixed, his blended price depends on how much milk has been used in each classification. The net effect of the classification system is to give the trust plenty of cheap milk for its manufacturing industries, while keeping the farm price on fluid milk relatively high, thus squeezing the independent fluid-milk dealers.

The Consumer: He is consistently victimized by the trust. The spread between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays is constantly rising. In March 1937, and again a year later, milk was selling at 13 cents a quart on New York doorsteps—but in the intervening year, the trust had cut the farmers' price on fluid milk 1½ cents a quart. Since the metropolitan market consumes four million quarts a day, of which the trust sells over 50 percent, the trust had thus *increased* its profits by \$30,000 a day! The fleecing of the consumer who

buys butter, cheese, ice cream, and other manufactured milk products is indicated by the prevailing rate of profit in these industries—33 percent to 108 percent annually.

The Dairy Farmer: The trust robs him with equal boldness. In New York the minimum cost of production of milk is about 5 cents a quart. During the winter, when the farmer's blended price is relatively high, he receives around 4 cents a quart; when milk production is at its spring and summer peak, the blended price slumps to under 3 cents a quart. The recent price war has driven the farmer's price down to almost 2 cents a quart.

Farmers' Cooperatives: In New York State the dominant cooperatives have failed to present an effective program to benefit their members—primarily because they are either under the domination or the undue influence of the trust itself. The Sheffield Producers Cooperative Association, including thirteen thousand farmers, is an outright company union in the judgment of the Federal Trade Commission. The trust's main base of influence among the farmers, however, is the largest and most influential of the nominally independent cooperatives—the Dairymen's League. The trust's influence over the Dairymen's League is caused not only by the fact that Borden's buys over 50 percent of Dairymen's League milk, but also because the league itself sells 20 percent of its own milk as a distributor, under its brand name of Dairylea. The league directors have undoubtedly been influenced unduly by their desire to show a profit on the 20 percent which they sell as distributors, instead of fighting for better prices for their farmers on the entire 100 percent. A year ago Attorney General Bennett cited numerous failures of the Dairymen's League to protect its members against price-cutting, and cautiously stated that it "inclined towards sympathy with the distributors' viewpoint." In view of the fact that the Dairymen's League directors took the initiative in voluntarily accepting the price cut which started the current price war, it seems as though Bennett would have been justified in using somewhat stronger language.

[Cooperatives referred to here and elsewhere in this article should not be confused with the Consumer-Farmer Milk Cooperative, Inc.—a genuine cooperative of farmers and consumers, selling milk to its New York customers at the lowest market price and sharing its profits with farmers and consumers. During the price war, farmers delivering to the co-op were receiving higher prices than those paid by the Dairymen's League.]

New York State's Rogers-Allen Act: This act, which was recently declared unconstitutional, served as the basis for fixing dairy-farmer prices during 1937 and 1938. The recently adopted Numan-Allen act still includes the most objectionable features of the Rogers-Allen act. Under this law, a Producers (i.e., farmers) and a Distributors Bargaining Agency were set up, to determine the price of milk by collective bargaining. Attorney General Bennett's study showed that the trust, through its influence in the dominant farm cooperatives, actually controlled both agencies, and collective bargaining proved to be a farce. Discontent grew within the Dairymen's League, for a number of small cooperatives were selling their milk to independent fluid-milk dealers, and getting better prices for all their milk, while league farmers were receiving the very low Dairymen's League blend.

The Federal Milk Marketing Order: The order was adopted last fall to reinforce the Rogers-Allen act. Rank-and-file farm opinion was receptive to federal control, for the farmers remembered that interstate milk from Pennsylvania, Vermont, and New Jersey had been used to break prices set under

state control, whereas the federal order covered the entire milkshed. Basically, the order was supposed to establish a uniform "pool" or blended price, which would be paid to all farmers throughout the milkshed, no matter what use was made of their milk.

Unfortunately, however, under the AAA, the directors of the Dairymen's League were given the power to cast a bloc vote for their entire membership. Inasmuch as these directors themselves cast two-thirds of all the votes in favor of the New York order, it can readily be seen that they held a veto power over any order detrimental to their own narrow interests. The deficiencies of the federal order are traceable, not to the principle of federal milk control, but to the way in which the Dairymen's League directors utilized this veto power to benefit the trust.

Judge Cooper's decision in the lower court, holding the order unconstitutional, specifically upheld the principle of federal milk control but questioned the detailed operation of the order. The two main points raised were: (1) Whereas independent dealers were required to pay the uniform blended price to their farmers, the trust-influenced cooperatives were not required to do so, and the Dairymen's League had been paying its farmers substantially less than the blended pool price. The trust was using the milk which it obtained at these cut prices to undercut the independents' retail prices in the city. (2) The order set up an equalization fund which only the large cooperatives were equipped to profit from. Thus, while the Dairymen's League was taking \$175,000 out of this fund in two months, Jetter Dairy, the independent fluid-milk dealer suing as plaintiff, owed the fund \$24,000. One year's operation of the order, the plaintiff declared, would have left Jetter completely bankrupt. The Supreme Court decision, without denying that these grievances existed, declared that they did not provide a basis for finding the order unconstitutional.

Now that federal control is being restored on July 1, it is of decisive importance that the new order shall not contain the objectionable features which made the former order serve the interests of the trust rather than the public.

Any *fundamental* solution of the problems of the dairy industry, however, will require the abolition of the classification system, a guarantee to the farmer of prices corresponding to cost of production for his milk, federal control to curb trust profits, and the building of a genuine rank-and-file movement among the farm organizations.

Classification must go because it is a means of subsidizing trust profits in the manufactured-milk industry at the expense of the farmers, whose blend price on milk drops catastrophically during the summer peak of production; at the expense of the consumer, who pays an artificially high price for fluid milk; and at the expense of the independent milk dealers, who are not equipped to purchase and use cheap "surplus" milk.

In establishing a minimum flat price on milk corresponding to cost of production, some form of government subsidy may be neces-

sary to keep consumer prices within range. But we know that, today, the trust is making tremendous profits in *every* phase of the milk industry—and that therefore it could afford to pay the farmer a flat price considerably higher than the blend price he has been receiving in the past. Such a flat price would not adversely affect the independent milk dealer, who now buys all his milk at fluid prices.

Trust domination of the industry is so strong that strict government control to curb trust profits and prevent trust finagling is necessary. The time to impose such control is now—before the trust succeeds in driving the independents out of business. The aim of such control should be not only the setting of a floor under dairy farmers' prices, but also a ceiling over consumers' prices. Control, to be effective, would have to extend to the manufacturing as well as the fluid phases of the industry.

Education of consumer and farmer in regard to the maneuverings of the trust would have a salutary effect on the directors of organizations like the Dairymen's League. The growth of the Dairy Farmers Union and the

Milk Consumers Protective Committee is a hopeful sign that the trust's sleight-of-hand act may soon be exposed among the rank and file of farmers and consumers.

DAVID RICHARDS.

Potato Chip Rebellion

THE proprietor of the Blue Bird Potato Chip Co., in Oakland, Calif., decided to get rid of the CIO union in his small plant when he installed some new potato chip machines. He fired a group of union men and hired scabs on the new machines. The whole plant went out and the men stood outside laughing at the comical efforts of the scabs trying to make potato chips without getting caught in the gadgets and being turned into potato chips themselves. Finally the scabs set fire to the plant accidentally and the proprietor announced he would move to Los Angeles where he would find scabs capable of making potato chips. But after three weeks he reconsidered and the union came back to work with a complete victory. Oakland police who had bullied the pickets are now being investigated by City Manager John Hassler.



"Don't you think, Orson, that we should have thought of the school cuts sooner? I'm afraid we've already educated them past the danger point."

More Power to You

Messrs. Morgan and Mellon want to turn your lights out. The Federal Power Commission turns on the spotlight.

THE Federal Power Commission has been battling these past several months with an industrial demon of whose size it was but dimly aware some years ago. For the sake of convenience, and of accuracy, this multi-tentacled monster may here and henceforth be designated the Morgan-Mellon utility octopus.

Now, anyone who has read the primer is not in the least surprised to find that the Morgans and the Mellons have dug their agile fingers very deep indeed into the utilities of this country. That's ABC. And the FPC knew in a more specific way just about what all of us knew in general.

And then the Niagara Falls Power Co. applied to the FPC for permission to use an additional 275 feet of water per second for power conversion. The commission decided to investigate what the company was doing with the power already at its disposal.

The Niagara Falls Power Co. is controlled by the Niagara Hudson Power Corp., a holding company itself controlled jointly by four of America's first families, the Morgans, the Mellons, the Schoellkopfs, and the Carlises. The Schoellkopfs and the Carlises are figures not quite so familiar as their more overbearing partners; but Mr. F. L. Carlisle would hasten to advise you, if you did not happen to be a federal investigating committee, that he is quite a person in the National City Bank of New York, that he is on Mr. Morgan's preferred list, wields a "controlling influence" in Mr. Morgan's United Corporation (top holding company for all Morgan utility investments), and that he has very close relations with Anaconda Copper, which is linked with Morgan.

WHO ARE THE SCHOELLKOPFS?

The Schoellkopfs, and there are several of them, derive most of their millions from Portland Cement, General Baking, and International Railway. They also have close relations with two friends of labor—Remington Rand and Republic Steel. Their interest in Republic Steel, incidentally, is shared by Mr. Mellon, and Mr. Carlisle's holdings in Schoellkopf & Co. tend to induce a certain friendliness for Mr. Morgan. One obvious consequence of all these intercorporate friendships is that when decisions are to be made, Morgan and Mellon make them.

The FPC discovered a trail through Niagara Hudson Power to Mr. Mellon's Koppers Company, which in turn controls a large interest in International Paper & Power, a dominating force not only among the multitude of newspapers that buy its newsprint, but also among the hydroelectric power plants in northern United States and

in southern Canada. The commission followed the Morgan scent through United Corporation to Electric Bond & Share and through a long and intricate network to virtually every major power company in the country. When the commission came to the end of the trail, the FPC's hard-laboring young counsels wrote across their records that between them, Morgan, Mellon, Carlisle, and Schoellkopf "control or have an influence in the control of practically every privately owned major hydroelectric plant project in the United States." Parenthetically they observed that there is but one single privately owned hydroelectric plant of fifty thousand kilowatt power or over in this entire country that is not so controlled. That one, the Lexington Water Power Co. of Pennsylvania, is owned by the Associated Gas & Electric Co.

These MMUO-controlled utilities do more than just pay dividends to the Morgans and the Mellons, however. They supply Morgan-Mellon-controlled industries with electricity. Mellon's Aluminum Company and Morgan-influenced Anaconda are in a position to beat down any would-be competitors not only by open competition in their own individual fields, but by concurrently applying the pressure of regulated power rates. In legal circles this is known as "combination in restraint of trade," and the commission may have something harsh to say before the present hearings are over. The FPC was also interested to observe that, even without the necessity of pressuring opponents, the utilities' rates to industries within the "family" were consistently lower than even the rates charged by the publicly owned power systems of Canada—while rates to individual consumers ranged from four to five times as high.

The New York State Power Authority, in a recent report, recommended a "little TVA" to set standards within the state, and avowed that, with such a "measuring stick" to rap recalcitrant knuckles, present monthly consumer rates of \$4.72 for 100 kilowatt-hours of electricity could be reduced to \$2.45. If New York decides to attempt the laudable, it will work against a well seasoned opponent, however, for, coincidentally or not, well up on the list of Morgan utilities stands the TVA-battling Commonwealth & Southern Corp. Nominally it is Wendell Willkie's concern. Actually, its board of directors is hand-picked and carefully groomed for its major task of saying "Yes, Mr. Morgan." And Mr. Morgan has made Commonwealth & Southern his spearhead in the drive against public power and the TVA. The record of the TVA's struggle against the octopus—the interminable series of court tangles, legal brushes, negotiating clashes and delays—is well known. Only the powerful influence of

the federal government has brought the conflict so close to a successful conclusion.

Yet, even today, in its final stages, the tentacles of the octopus can be seen at work. After six years of negotiations, the TVA has finally reached the point where all that is required for the creation of the first large-scale publicly owned power system in the United States is the flotation of a \$76,800,000 bond issue to make possible the purchase of Commonwealth & Southern's Tennessee Valley power properties. To be effective that flotation must be authorized on or before June 30 of this year, and congressional action must first sanction the bond issue. After the Supreme Court's recent approval of the TVA, scant opposition was expected from that quarter, however. And there wasn't—from the Senate. Senator Norris, of Nebraska, the "father of TVA," introduced the empowering resolution, and it skipped through with but a shadow of dissension. And then it went to the House and was referred to Andrew May's Military Affairs Committee. But Mr. May, an old-timer from Kentucky, an intimate of coal-field operators and "certain" utility interests, muttered openly around the cloakrooms that "the dern thing won't get out of my committee this year."

For nearly two months he was right. The resolution languished, and no pressure could move the committee to action. As the deadline approached, Norris, in the Senate, undertook a legislative sleight-of-hand to force the issue in the House. He tacked his once-passed empowering resolution as a "runner" to a Liberty Bond bill then pending, and secured senatorial approval for a second time. The measure was again relayed to the House—with this important difference, that now the bill would be referred to the less obstructive (on this issue) House Appropriations Committee.

SABOTAGE BY MR. MAY

Strangely, as word of Norris' move began to circulate, the Military Affairs Committee suddenly announced hearings. They were held—as desultorily as the original Commonwealth & Southern negotiations—and Chairman May used all of Wendell Willkie's arguments to force crippling amendments to the bill. As this is written, the committee is preparing its recommendations to the House, and two important limitations appear imminent: first, curtailment of the size of the bond issue, and second, a strict limitation of the proposed operating area of the TVA. (Mr. May and the coal interests fear that cheap TVA power will force down coal rates; the TVA contends that within the scope of its functioning in the Tennessee Valley, coal operations have increased as a result of cheaper power for mining, improved water-transportation facilities, and other factors.) Both will serve to hamper seriously America's venture into public ownership of public power for the public welfare. That's just what Mr. Morgan and Mr. Mellon have their eyes on.

PAUL G. McMANUS.

(3) That one essential, common standard be set up for admissibility of immigrants, the naturalization of aliens, and their non-deportability.

(4) That no immigrant be admitted, whether by quota or otherwise, who is not—

First, a member of the white race;

Second, the possessor of inherent personal qualities—physical, mental and moral—which are a definite asset to the people of the United States; and

Third, a member of family-stock which (judged by the inherent qualities of his father and mother) would produce offspring who in turn would, in high probability, constitute definite assets to the American people as future citizens.

(5) That for the purpose of American immigration laws, a white person be defined as one all of whose ancestors were members of the white or Caucasian race.

(6) That "quota-basis" be re-defined in terms of "white racial stocks in the United States derived as emigrants to the

country.

The Jew as an Immigrant Into the United States

In his special contributions to American life as an immigrant the Jew ranks high in scholarship, in the learned professions, in music and in business, but he has been slow to assimilate to the American pattern of life.

According to figures compiled by the Jewish Scientific Institute of Warsaw in 1937 the Jews of the United States total about four and one-half million, constituting 3.58 per cent of the total population of the

country.

In the matter of religion, the Jew is always free in this country to adhere to and to practice the faith of Judaism or any other religion which he may choose. But in carrying out the full intent of the law every welcome would-be immigrant, including the Jew, is expected to give ample evidence of his desire to assimilate with the American population and to prove beyond doubt that he, when admitted and naturalized, and his children born and developed here, are in every respect Americans first and Jews second. Their loyalty to the American institutions and people should, by practical tests, prove to be greater than their loyalty to Jews scattered through other nations. This is a needed test for all entrants regardless of race, which, if applied successfully, would sort the would-be immigrant Jews by the same standards required of all other would-be immigrants; it would aid assimilation; it would make

world's Jews live in the United States which is peopled by 1/16th (6.2%) of the world's total population.

In the matter of quota-admissible annually the Jew is in a particularly favorable position. Consisting numerically of only three or four per cent of the nation's total population, if race instead of place—where-born as the basis for national-origins-quota were in effect, the Jew as an immigrant entering the United States, would be permitted only three or four per cent of the total 150,000 quota allotment per year. As it is the Jew is permitted unlimited quota-admissions within the total quota-numbers assigned to Germany, Russia, Poland and all other countries from which the Jew emigrates. In each case his entry is chargeable to the national quota of the country within whose territory he is born. Thus many times his national-origins-quota as a race are available to the Jew.

inheritance too valuable for experimental purposes they can, by sound methods, build up the purity and capacity of their own racial inheritance.

If a race is to conserve its own basic, hereditary qualities, without racial change, it can receive into its mate-selection circles only persons closely related by blood to themselves. Racially the American people, if they are to remain American, are to purge their existing family-stocks of degeneracy, and are to encourage a high rate of reproduction by the best-endowed portions of their population, can successfully assimilate in the future many thousands of northwestern European immigrants, but only such of these as are carefully inspected and selected in search of inborn family qualities superior to the average of our own people. But we can assimilate only a small fraction of this number of other white races; and of the colored races practically none.

Race-Contact and Race-Crossing

Currently immigration supplies mainly change in economic compe-

changed also in type from pioneer land-settler to industrial laborer. Among these new immigrants came many thousands of excellent individuals of many different white races, a little more distantly related to the already established racial stocks than the earlier immigrants, with high promise as parents of capable future Americans. But mental tests in the schools show the average native intelligence of the "new immigration" to be definitely below that of the older-established white stocks. The newer stocks also rate low in obedience to law.

Under the new industrial pull, immigrants came so easily and in such great numbers that American economic demands and social conditions

"Caucasians Only!"

THESE clippings are not from *Mein Kampf*. Nor are they from any journal of the Ku Klux Klan, Silver Shirts, or the Knights of the White Camellia. They are taken directly from a report issued last week by one of the largest of American business organizations, the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. The report, interestingly called *Conquest by Immigration*, restates for America the race theories of fascism. Most of its words are directed against Negroes and Jews, but it spares no non-Anglo-Saxon group. It urges that we restrict our immigration to Caucasians, with preference for Britons and inhabitants of this hemisphere.

The report has not been officially adopted by the Chamber, but it is issued under its imprint and by a committee obviously loaded to bring the right results. Not one in a hundred reputable scientists would credit the race theories promulgated here, but the Chamber of Commerce found one who does: Harry H. Laughlin, of the Carnegie Institute of Washington. The chairman of the sponsoring com-

mittee was John B. Trevor, head of the fascist Coalition of Patriotic Societies and an official of the alien-baiting American Immigration Conference Board.

The report opens with a scientific fallacy. It takes for granted that race is a determining factor in history, that races differ in fundamental human qualities. "The strongest tie in the last analysis is race," it takes as a text. "In the end the white British leadership . . . will toss every other consideration aside and stand by race," it quotes approvingly from a report by the Imperial Conference in London. In its opening section, "Statement of the Problem," it takes a basic Nazi postulate, as false to real science as the rest of fascism:

In successful self-directed efforts to guide the evolution or development of a nation or race, it is necessary to establish racial standards, to hold the country against all alien would-be invaders, whether they come as enemies in battle or as friendly immigrants, and to set up standards for the admission of outside reproductive stocks into the mate-selection circle of the established race.

The sections above fit the entire tenor of the report. Pretending to be scientific, it bases its conclusions on such irrelevancies as the "race descent of the fifty-five members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787," and "race descent of the members of the United States Senate of the Sixty-ninth Congress, 1927." Anglo-Saxons predominate; ergo, Anglo-Saxons are superior. However, the report is far from explicit in backing up its statements on the native intelligence of immigrant school children as "definitely below that of the older established white stocks." The Chamber has no statistics, of course, because such statistics do not exist. Similarly with its charges about the adaptability of Jews, Negroes, Orientals, and Mexicans. Whatever figures are available show the races running parallel in all fundamentals.

This is perhaps the most pretentious report of its kind to be issued in this country. The Nazis, too, seek to give scientific prestige to their racial nonsense, thus influencing the gullible and unschooled.

Forsythe

Mephitis Mephitis Pegleri

WOULD you mind if I came right out and said that Westbrook Pegler was a skunk? Naturally this is not the proper way to answer an opponent but it is true and it seems much simpler to be direct about it. The only trouble is that it uses up a word which could also fit another Scripps-Howard writer named Joe Williams. All I have left for Joe is to call him a super-skunk or a double-dyed skunk, neither of which is strong enough to give me satisfaction.

Heywood Broun, in his *Nutmeg*, has been reproaching Pegler for his article on Tom Mooney but Heywood happens to know Westbrook and evidently thinks reason will show him the light. I have met the gentleman only once and have no excuse for thinking that soothing words from me will sway him. All I know is that if any radical columnist handled Pegler as Pegler handled Mooney, he would be suspected of irrationality and viciousness. So the best I can do with the man is express my true opinion of him, which is that he stinks. Why should we beat around the bush about these matters?

Perhaps it is psychologically sound that from the ranks of Scripps-Howard, which for years defended the cause of Tom Mooney, should come some of the most dastardly attacks on Tom as an individual. One Scripps-Howard editor in the West was telling me last year that Mooney purposely stayed in prison for twenty years just for the pleasure of being a martyr. That is a common charge and the easiest answer to it is that Tom's enemies could have spoiled his pleasure at any time during that period by releasing him. It seems strange that Mooney should work so hard on behalf of Governor Olson if his reward was to be a stab in the back in the shape of a pardon.

But they really don't want to listen to reason where Mooney or any other labor leader is concerned. As Broun points out, Pegler lambasts Mooney in the same breath for not paying attention to Warren K. Billings when they were in prison and paying too much attention to him now that he is out. You're damned if you do and damned if you don't.

The other complaint Pegler has against Mooney is that he came into New York several hours prior to the announced time of his arrival and then waited around for the reception. It would probably have been Pegler's idea for Mooney to miss the reception entirely. It would make little difference that fifteen thousand people had come down to Grand Central to welcome him. They were to be fooled for their pains. They could mill

around the station for hours without seeing Mooney, and that would please the sportsmanlike Pegler. Can you imagine the indignation of Pegler and his brother skunks if Mooney had done that? They would have accused him of everything from ingratitude to snobbishness. They would have said: "There's your Tom Mooney, the stuckup soandso; labor fights his battles and see how he treats the laboring man."

But you get to something genuine when you hit the ineffable, the superhuman louse named Joe Williams, sports columnist of the *New York World-Telegram*. The same day Pegler popped off about Mooney, Williams also wrote: "The other afternoon we saw Tom Mooney in a hotel dining room, looking sleek and prosperous, mangling a large order of fancy vittles, and our heart bled for the martyred labor leader." This is rather horrible of Tom Mooney—caught redhanded in a hotel dining room. What does the guy want anyhow after all those years of French cooking at San Quentin? If he wants to pretend that he is a real working man, why isn't he out rummaging around the garbage cans? Looking sleek and prosperous, too. If he had any decency, he'd be in dungarees with a dirty neck and a Roosian beard. How can the working man have any regard for a person like Tom Mooney who eats a hotel meal? Hotels are for men like Joe Williams, who are on the expense accounts. Next thing you know, Tom Mooney will be drinking cocktails and going to shows.

This comes with particularly good grace from Mr. Williams, who for so many years has professionally consorted with the finest sporting, gambling characters on Broadway. In all this time I don't believe I ever saw reference to the evil eating and drinking habits of that other figure with a name quite similar to that of Tom Mooney. I refer to Owney Madden. Mr. Williams has been drunk in many hotels. He has covered World Series games, Kentucky Derbies, National Opens, International Polo matches, world champion prizefights. He has had to rub shoulders with every heel, every crook, every thug in the sporting field, and nowhere are they more profuse. And this is the gentleman who undertakes to criticize Tom Mooney. The good things of life are for the Williams set; never for the Mooneys or other workers. Occasionally, however, Williams does have a kind word for labor but it is always for AFL labor (by which is meant the reactionary labor leaders) as contrasted with CIO labor. I very much doubt that he had this love for the AFL before the coming of the CIO.

What he is, in short, is a labor hater and a stooge for labor haters. He wouldn't like Tom Mooney if he were an angel with the manners of a Chesterfield, the courage of a Spartan, and the virtue of Sir Galahad.

But what these little citizens don't realize is that Tom Mooney has friends. The vili-fiers of old could destroy the reputation of Tom Paine, but they can't harm Tom Mooney. Luckily he has his own gang, he belongs to a marching group which is not annoyed by flea bites and not deterred by hate. If Tom Mooney were going to be destroyed, he would have been destroyed years ago. They have said everything evil that could be said about a man and he has survived. They hate him because he is a symbol. But they are wasting their ammunition if they think they can hurt him at this late day. They couldn't break the spirit of Tom Mooney when the mob violence incited by the best citizens bleated for his blood and they can't damage him now when labor is behind him.

There is a lesson in it for all liberal individuals. I mentioned it recently when I spoke of the tragedy of Ernst Toller. He needed the support of a mass movement but he could never bring himself to belong to it. What makes the Peglers and Williamses froth is that they *know* Tom Mooney is too strong for them. He is strong because he is a part of something greater and he knows at every moment of his career that there are millions of friends fighting the battle with him. No wonder it drives Joe Williams to drink; no wonder it drives Pegler, a fundamentally kind man, to write a column which is as unfair as anything ever penned by Father Coughlin or the press agents of Huey Long.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

Catholic Action

OVER the last weekend, two significant and cheering happenings were reported which concern all decent Americans. One was a speech delivered by John A. Lapp, prominent Catholic layman of Chicago, over WHIP in which he voiced the sentiments of millions of Catholics in the United States. He said:

Father Coughlin is not entitled to speak as a priest, representing the Catholic Church, either directly or by implication, or to receive any immunities as a clergyman. It is well that this is so, for a Christian church which would be responsible for the recent speeches of Father Coughlin would be unworthy of its Founder.

The other was the announced formation of a Committee of Catholics to Fight Anti-Semitism, with offices at 55 West 42nd St., New York City. They say:

Recognizing that the growing anti-Semitism in the United States is a serious threat to the principles of democracy and of Christianity, and that some Catholics, too, have been deceived into taking part in this campaign of hate, a group of Catholics in New York has organized the Committee of Catholics to Fight Anti-Semitism.

New Masses

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Reaching for Munich

“**A**PPEASEMENT Talk Floods England.” It sounds like a headline of last September during the Munich days. But it appeared in the June 9, 1939, issue of the New York *World-Telegram*. It tells the story in a nutshell. Out of their own mouths has come the evidence that the assurances of the British tory statesmen of their desire to build a solid front against aggression were not made in good faith. If confirmation of Molotov’s suspicions concerning British-French overtures to the Soviet Union was lacking heretofore, Chamberlain and Halifax have now supplied it.

In a cable in last week’s NEW MASSES our European correspondent, Richard Goodman, wrote that plans were under way for “a bigger and better Munich” in the form of a new appeasement conference from which the Soviet Union would be excluded. The day NEW MASSES came off the press Lord Halifax, British foreign minister, told the House of Lords that “the British government is not only willing but anxious to explore the whole problem of economic *Lebensraum* [living space] not only for Germany but for all European nations.” Thus the new German cover for international banditry, *Lebensraum*, is accepted by the British appeasers just as readily as they once accepted “self-determination” and “back to the Reich.” The day after the Halifax speech Chamberlain gave it his approval in an address in Birmingham. At the same time Sir Francis Lindley, pro-fascist former ambassador to Japan and Portugal, was sent to tell a meeting of the Conservative members of the Foreign Affairs Committee that “British prestige would suffer less if the negotiations with Russia failed than if they succeeded, because in the latter case it would be considered that we had been driven to accept an alliance on Russian terms.” These speeches found an immediate approving echo in the Italian

press which hailed them “as a return to ‘the Munich spirit.’” And in France Pierre Laval seized the opportunity to attack the proposed Anglo-French-Soviet alliance and to put forth his favorite proposal of a deal with Mussolini.

The Vatican too has been impressed into the service of the appeasers. The Franco victory in Spain, which Chamberlain and Bonnet handed to Hitler and Mussolini, has strengthened those influences within the Vatican which seek to align the Catholic Church with fascism. The efforts of Pope Pius XII to prepare the ground for a conference of the four Munich powers must arouse profound misgivings among all those devoted to the cause of peace.

But all is by no means smooth on the road to appeasement. It is the very difficulties which Hitler has encountered in his efforts to detach Danzig from Poland that compel him to seek more devious ways of gaining his ends. And despite all the nostalgic yearnings of the Chamberlains and Halifaxes, 92 percent of the British people, according to a recent poll, favor an alliance with the Soviet Union. In the face of this overwhelming sentiment, the Chamberlain government is able to continue its flirtations with fascism and its sabotage of peace thanks only to the divisive policies of the British Labor Party leadership which refuses to unite all forces that demand genuine resistance to aggression.

Pacts Britannica

GEORGE R. I. and Elizabeth R. have completed their stint for the American and Canadian trade under the watchful eye of Scotland Yard and the Foreign Office press agents and are on their way home. As on Queen Marie of Rumania’s visit there was a whoopeddoo in all the papers and lots of people who could stand the heat took a gander at their majesties to see what it was all about.

As the English would say, it was a “show,” but why was it put on? To give Chamberlain and the Conservative Party a lift and distract from the “appeasement” finaglings now going on, perhaps. We say “perhaps” because if it was so intended it hasn’t worked. To cement Anglo-American sentiment? An Anglophile minority here waves the Union Jack on all occasions, but all this fuss was hardly made to permit them to gaze upon their king and queen. The crowds who turned out for a look-see at the royal pair were moved by a healthy curiosity, steamed up by the press.

But the general effect and reaction from a political viewpoint turned out to be a friendly reception of two representatives of England as a country menaced by Hitler

and Mussolini (the Nazi and fascist press saw this instantly and howled their insults at both England and the United States.) All factions united in the reception of royalty to emphasize the spirit of peace and cooperation we Americans feel toward any nation menaced by the fascist brigands. But it was a good thing that they didn’t bring Chamberlain along with them.

To Outlaw Outlaws

THE La Follette-Thomas bill on civil liberties, now before Congress, was drafted by its authors after as thorough and extensive an investigation as has preceded any legislative proposal. The Senate Civil Liberties Committee, of which La Follette is chairman, held ninety-eight days of public hearings, listened to 485 witnesses, and studied eighteen million words of testimony. The results were a dozen or so highly informative reports on oppressive labor tactics and a carefully worded, airtight bill to eliminate the worst practices.

The bill as it stands has four specific prohibitions: It denies industry the right to hire labor spies. It outlaws the use of strike-breakers, defining them as persons receiving a bonus for taking the places of regular workers during a strike or lockout. It forbids the use of armed guards off company grounds and forbids the hiring, as guards, of men with criminal records. Industrial munitions—i.e., machine guns, sawed-off shot-guns, and gas equipment—are forbidden in or about a plant or during a labor dispute.

The Wagner act permits workers to organize and bargain collectively, but it is not, as the La Follette committee showed, a guarantee of safety in the process of organization. Tom Girdler must abide by Labor Board decisions, but he must also be stopped from hiring private thugs and strikebreakers. The Wagner act and the La Follette bill would be complementary. Both are necessary to civil liberties. The La Follette bill is receiving the support of the AFL, CIO, and all progressive groups.

Czechoslovakia Fights On

IT MUST be dawning even on Hitler that he picked up a live coal when he grabbed Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovakian people have a centuries-old tradition of struggle for freedom. Not even the jackboot of German fascism can stamp out that tradition. A Nazi policeman has been killed in Kladno, Bohemia, and a Czech policeman has met a similar fate at Nachod, near the German frontier. Czech workers are refusing to reveal the combinations of locks on underground tanks of oil. Passive resistance in all phases of life is growing. And though one

thousand Czechs were imprisoned following the slaying at Kladno, it is evident that there are no prisons big enough to hold the spirit of rebellion seething in the population.

What is happening in Czechoslovakia recalls the words of Georgi Dimitrov written shortly after the Munich betrayal:

The fascists are celebrating prematurely. Their "victory" is a Pyrrhic victory, a victory which is fraught with defeat for them. They have engulfed Austria, but seven millions of the Austrian people hate them. They have seized the Sudetenland, but have roused the wrath of the peoples of Czechoslovakia to the uttermost limits. . . . The fascists, by their effrontery, are rousing the whole world against themselves. By their brigandage they are generating the most profound indignation of advanced mankind. By their conquests they are undermining the ground beneath their own feet. And the hour of vengeance will come.

Good Work in Congress

THE New Deal is not merely holding its lines in this session of Congress, but is pushing ahead. A new Wagner bill, providing an additional \$800,000,000 for housing, was passed by the Senate; and the House enacted amendments liberalizing the Social Security Act: these represent victories over the coalition of Republican and Democratic reactionaries who seemed destined to have things their own way when the session opened in January.

The new Housing Bill will double the amount appropriated for slum clearance and housing and is specifically intended to provide for the needs of low-income groups in rural areas. A last-ditch fight against the measure was led by Tom Girdler's pal, Sen. Millard Tydings of Maryland, and Sen. Robert Taft of Ohio, who has offered to let the lightning strike him in 1940. Both these gallant fighters for bigger and better slums deserve to be remembered at the polls.

The amendments to the Social Security Act passed by the House follow the general outlines of the recommendations made by the Social Security Advisory Committee and endorsed by the Social Security Board. They extend the benefits of the act to about 1,100,000 additional persons, including seamen and bank employees. Old age insurance payments will start in 1940 instead of 1942, and the maximum of federal participation in assistance to the blind has been raised from \$15 to \$20 a month. Despite these increased benefits, social security taxes will remain at 1 percent each for employers and employees until 1942 instead of rising to 1½ percent next year.

Good work, but not good enough. A housing program of at least \$5,000,000,000 is required to stimulate recovery and make a serious dent in the appalling housing conditions that prevail throughout the country.

The benefits under the Social Security Act still are far from what they should be. Old age pensions, for example, should be raised to the 60-60 minimum set by the Workers Alliance—\$60 a month for persons over sixty. And the whole social security program should be financed by graduated taxes on income instead of the present levies on wages and payrolls.

Strike Victory for UAW

FIFTEEN THOUSAND auto workers in the Briggs body plants won a solid victory under the leadership of the United Automobile Workers last week, while less than a hundred took part in a futile, unplanned strike against General Motors in Flint and Saginaw, Mich., led by Homer Martin and his Lovestoneites. The numbers participating and the results give some picture of the relative strength of the two groups.

The Briggs victory is the UAW's first since its Cleveland convention in April. The terms of the contract give the union collective bargaining rights for all Briggs workers in Michigan and Indiana. Seniority rights and back pay for those unjustly discharged were granted. Out of fifteen workers fired preceding the strike, twelve are to be immediately reinstated; the cases of two others are now before the Labor Board. Of the twenty-seven grievances presented, fifteen were settled in the union's favor and five more await NLRB action. The strike was supported by the 55,000 Chrysler employees—whose work was stopped because of the shortage of automobile bodies—and by many thousands of others in the field.

The Martin strike in Flint has been a farce from the beginning. Realizing that the UAW was contemplating new action at GM, Martin tried to jump in the breach and come out with the laurels. But only fifty-two workers answered his strike call the first day, and at this writing he still has less than one hundred supporters. Even among those who had formerly accepted Martin's leadership, there were many who refused to participate in the wildcat strike. The GM workers, like others throughout the auto plants, want the unity and strength of the legitimate UAW.

MacLeish Appointment

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is eminently qualified for the post of librarian of Congress to which he has just been appointed by President Roosevelt. With his distinguished gifts as a scholar and poet, Mr. MacLeish combines practical editorial experience and a progressive point of view. His appointment, like that of Robert Morss Lovett as government secretary of the Virgin Islands, is a sign that the Roosevelt

administration is breaking down the old practice of purely political selection for responsible government offices. The administration is seeking out creative and independent citizens.

MacLeish's appointment is being attacked by reactionaries in Congress on the ground that he is a Communist. The charge is sheer nonsense of course. MacLeish is not and never has been a Communist. No more than Dr. Lovett, whose appointment is being fought on the same ground. The attack on MacLeish is not surprising in view of the fact that every progressive appointment has been met with an orgy of Red-baiting. The public is getting sick of having every government appointment turned into a political football. Only one test is relevant, and that is ability. Mr. MacLeish and Dr. Lovett cannot be challenged on that score.

Restore Education Cuts!

THE New York *Herald Tribune* wants to know why the citizens of New York are so bitterly aroused over the slash in educational services for which the Republican Legislature is responsible. Why shed tears over the discontinuance of night schools and kindergartens? "The adult class have a tradition behind them, but one wonders whether there is not rather more tradition than utility. And though kindergartens are not a 'frill' for working mothers, they are an innovation, not yet even recognized by state law." For unadulterated brass this takes the prize. It shows what we would be in for if the Republican Party should come to power again in the state and nation. "Down with Schools," we called our editorial last week. We were only saying ironically what the enemies of education said with a perfectly straight face the next day.

Meanwhile, the people are demanding a special session of the Legislature to appropriate more funds for education. The situation in New York has become a national scandal. Decades of progress in education are imperiled. The New York *World-Telegram*, aping the *Herald Tribune*, stupidly describes basic educational advances as "experiments and fads."

The "economy" propagandists have come forward with their solutions. Cut wages, one group says. Take married women off the teaching payroll, cries another. No dual positions, shouts a third. Enlarge the classes. As if classes were not already overcrowded! As if the status of women in Nazi Germany is to be a model for women teachers in America! As if it were "public-spirited" to agitate for lower corporation taxes at the expense of public education! This is a national issue. No effort should be spared to rally public opinion in behalf of a restoration of the educational budget cuts.

What's On Your Mind?

Is it true what they say about Sweden? An analysis of the "middle way."

QUESTIONS on various topics continue to arrive, some of them on themes that have been answered before in this department. We invite you to send in your questions; we shall make every effort to answer them promptly and satisfactorily.

Should any inquirer feel that he needs further details than the ones published under this department head, we will be glad to forward them upon request.

Q. Doesn't Sweden rather than the Soviet Union show how the difficulties of capitalism can be overcome?

A. It is an illusion to assume, as this question does, that the contradictions of capitalism can be abolished without the abolition of the capitalist system itself. Sweden is as good an example of this in its own small way as any capitalist country. The entire wisdom of the apologists of the "middle way" consists in raising mediocrity in capitalist economy to the level of an achievement. Actually, Sweden is subject to the same exploitation, the same crises, the same unemployment as the rest of the capitalist world, except that in Sweden this is supposed to be a virtue because it occurs on a small scale. To pick on Sweden as the great hope of the capitalist world—a small country with no particular influence on the course of world events except that it is in actual danger of losing its independence at the hands of Hitler fascism—is rather pitiable, if not perverted, logic.

Aside from the fact that Sweden is not characteristic of the situation and course of development in the dominant capitalist countries, it is gratuitous to suppose that Sweden will forever remain in its present state. If we ask in which country we can see the other country's future, then certainly it is not in Sweden that we see the future of the dominant capitalist countries; on the contrary, it is the big capitalist countries that foreshadow the future of Sweden, or rather, the future that Sweden would have were it not for the general decline of the capitalist system. If one were to pick a small country that is really comparable, in miniature, to the situation in highly developed imperialist countries, then a country like Belgium would be more in accord with the actualities. Belgium, with a highly developed industry, shows the same violent oscillations in all its economic indices (production, unemployment, etc.) as the bigger imperialist powers. However, these countries could hardly emulate little Sweden, even if it were within their power, and still remain highly developed capitalist nations. In any case, the actual future of the world is to be seen neither in Sweden nor in any other capitalist country but in the Soviet Union.

To verify this we recommend a study of the comparative figures given in the Statistical Yearbook of the League of Nations for 1937-38. Even the limited data given here indicate the tumultuous advance of a socialist economy freed from the bonds of private property and the comparative stagnation of capitalist economy in Sweden.

For example, if we take the index of industrial production, with 1929 as 100, Sweden, which showed a greater rate of increase than the other democratic countries, nevertheless registered a 10 percent de-

cline from 153 at the peak point in 1937 to 138 at the lowest point in 1938. Like other capitalist countries, Sweden is unable to escape from the effects of economic crisis. Compare this with the general index of industrial production in the Soviet Union which showed a steady increase from 100 in 1929 to 382.3 in 1936, to take the last figure given. This shows that socialist economy is not only free from economic crises, but, being free from the stranglehold of private property, is able to develop at an unprecedented rate.

Or take two other sets of figures, the industrial share quotations and the unemployment figures, both of which show that capitalist Sweden is likewise not exempt from the effects of the general crisis of capitalism. Taking 1929 as 100, the index of industrial share quotations shows 77.9 in December 1936, 84.8 at the peak month, and 75.1 in December 1937. The decline set in even before the level of 1929 had been reached. The unemployment figures are even more eloquent in this respect. Whereas in the Soviet Union the working class actually increased from eleven million workers in 1928 to 26,000,000 in 1937 with no unemployment, in Sweden there were 67,351 unemployed in 1937, the high point in the development of the economic cycle, amounting to double the number of unemployed in 1929, and this despite the increase in industrial production. Actually, during 1938, the number of unemployed in Sweden increased to nearly three times the 1929 figure.

The figures on wages are equally indicative. While wages in Sweden did not show the same sharp fluctuations as in other capitalist countries, nevertheless they remained practically stationary from 1929 to 1937. Thus the index number for hourly wages for men was 100 in 1929 and 103 in 1937, the daily wage was 100 in 1929 and 101 in 1936, the last figure given. For men and women the hourly wage was 100 in 1929 and 100 in 1936; the daily wage was 100 in 1929 and 101 in 1936. On the other hand, the cost of living index, with 1929 as 100 had gone up from 101.3 in December 1936 to 105.7 in December 1937. Compare the index of wages in the USSR. With 1929 as 100, monthly wages in mines and industries in the Soviet Union increased steadily to 240 in 1935, the last figure given, estimates indicating that the same index would be 300 in 1936 and around 380 in 1937.

To pursue the comparison any further would only reveal the "middle way" as even smaller than a dead-end street beside the great open highway of socialist society.

A. LANDY.

READER'S FORUM

Macy's 6 Percent Less

FROM R. H. Macy & Co. comes an urbane note, signed by Paul Hollister, executive vice-president:

"In Robert Terrall's interesting and sassy piece about the New York *Post* (NM, May 23) he got off the reservation at one point, and I believe the credibility of the story in general suffers from the misstatement. He says 'If after the Hague series

last year Hague put the screws on Bamberger's and Bamberger's put the screws on Macy's, Mr. Stern won't get Macy's back in the paper by laying off Hague.'

"That hypothetical sequence is so much marsh gas. Hague never put any screws on Bamberger's, nor Bamberger's on Macy's, nor has Bamberger's advertising anything whatever to do with Macy's advertising, nor vice with versa, nor either with Mr. Hague, nor has either anything whatever to do with the editorial antics of any newspaper. Macy's is just a department store that sells lots of good things people need at low cash prices, seems to suit an average of 137,000 citizens a day, minds its own business, and advertises where it gets the best sales results.

"Mr. Terrall or your office or my old friend Jim Rorty could readily have checked the matter with me before publication. Of course if you want to correct the statement, that would be sportsmanlike. But it isn't essential. This isn't the first wild statement that ever got into print about our humble store."

While we are not concerned with remarks on the efficacy of the *Post's* advertising columns, we are concerned with the misinterpretation of Robert Terrall's quote. He never stated that Hague put the screws on Bamberger's. He did say that Macy's advertising would not get back into the *Post* because of any leniency towards Hague, even should such screws be put. Mr. Hollister confirms this.

We are glad to hear that Macy's minds its own business. The Better Business Bureau and the NLRB also mind Macy's business, just in case it should need watching.

Altoona's R. R. Shop

AN INSIDE response to James Dugan's article on Pennsylvania comes from a railroad worker who gives a good example of pool piecework, a new system of sweating workers:

"As a subscriber to *NEW MASSES* and a railroad worker in Altoona, Pa., I read with pleasure, but a little disappointment, James Dugan's impressions of the town in his recent article, 'New Deal Bar and Grille.' Although Dugan neatly described certain tics on the outer body of the local mores he missed its backbone completely.

"Chinese Checkers may dominate the home life of many railroaders, but in the shops pool piecework, the shoddiest dodge of all which a large corporation may use to sweat its men and still pay no more than basic day work wages, has become the top headache.

"Recently I started in as a pool-leader and pacer for a gang of four men. Our job, as a working unit of a larger group or pool, was to turn out pressure tank casings, standard protective equipment on the underside of any railroad passenger car.

"A long pressure tank casing weighs 255 pounds and must be lifted, shifted, placed, and removed by two men and exactly no hoists. Basic constructive operations consist of drilling (with hand motor), tapping (with hand motor), and placing and tightening, with screw driver, all screws in holes made. To make \$5 a day two men must handle and work six casings as described and also perform same operations on eight flat pieces weighing one hundred pounds each. (The heavy casings are curved, making them mean to handle.) To 'make out,' that is, earn \$7 or \$8 a day (as you should, since the day work rate for 'fiddling' comes to \$5) two men must turn out about eight curved sections and ten flat sections.

"When the job was time-studied we worked

with serviceable motors and tappers. Once the time study was ended we found it next to impossible to get anything but worn, asthmatic motors and tappers, fit only for the scrap pile, with which to 'make our money'—and what a gag that phrase is! Consider the fact that when the time study was made aisles and walkways were clear of strewn or piled material which now clutters up almost all available floor space and makes dragging one of those 255-pounders over a splintery wooden floor more difficult and a damn sight more dangerous.

"Even if we succeed in somehow turning out enough to pay us off, the other operations, assembly attachments, etc., which pool in with us, may go in the hole. At least the management can tell us they did and then pay us off at \$5 a day and say, 'Too bad those other guys fell down; you fellows were swell; thanks a lot.'

"As pool leader (I work, but also act as spokesman for the gang) I have these guys coming to me, before the price is set, and saying: 'Are we making any money, kid? I'm tired as hell, but if we're making the money it's O.K.' One man on a heavy assignment is fifty-four years old and not husky. Then I tell them, 'Jesus, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid they're going to put the blocks to us again.' I mean that the time-study man, who has kept us waiting for a week or two, has released quotations demanding superhuman work for any kind of a payoff.

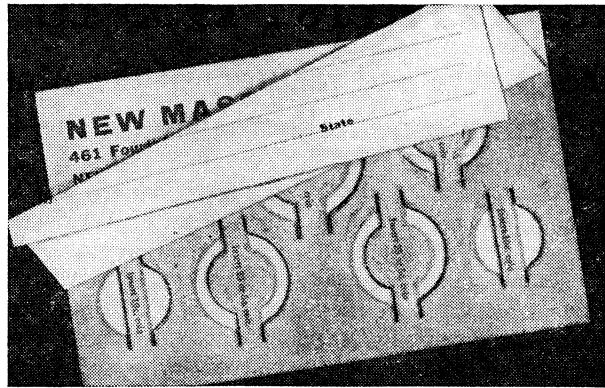
"Our union (the Brotherhood of Railroad Shop Crafts of America) is a phony, strictly paper, but some of the guys in it are sincere. I go to our shop committeeman and tell him I want a grievance handled right away. 'Listen, Pete,' I say, 'all my guys are going sour because we have rotten equipment. You can gun a motor and keep it from turning over by simply holding the chuck in your hand—and none of us are Sandows.' And he says, 'God damn it, Slim, I've taken that to the master mechanic ten times in the last two months. It ain't just your gang; it's all the gangs. But when the master mechanic checks with French [the shop foreman] French says we can piddle along. He says we don't need nothing. The bastard wants to get a medal for keeping down shop expenses.'

So we don't get any decent motors. Nobody gets any decent motors. The hundred-car program sweats along in our shop and in every other shop in the town. They've got to be rolling by July so the fat fans can ride in air-conditioned, rubber-cushioned comfort to the World's Fair.

"And as the cars roll, we'll roll too: roll cigarettes in front of the post office, roll a couple of pennies around in our pockets, roll around to the compensation and the relief offices, while the management rolls in the aisles. They've taken us again, pushed another one through on pool piece work and then given us a lovely summer and fall 'rest.'"



John Heliker



LIFESAVERS

We're talking about those coin cards we sent you. In the midst of our summer period of financial anguish and woe we did a little quiet figuring—and we found out that—526 readers have sent in \$720.89 in coins with their coin card collectors! Now you see what we mean when we say "They're lifesavers!"

When you break down that contribution in coins you find that 526 readers contributed an average of \$1.37 apiece!

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To those readers who have not received the coin card collectors through the mail, won't you please pull a buck out of your jeans now and mail it to us before you can say "General Moseley is a fascist!"

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American Writers: 1935 to 1939

A survey of the growth and maturity of the American Writers Congresses. The overwhelming identification of American intellectuals with the fight to maintain and broaden our democracy.

WHEN the First Congress of American Writers was held, it was accused of seeking to divert the attention of writers from their primary concern, good writing, to an irrelevant concern, politics. That was in 1935. The press clippings of the period already read like the bulletins of a far-off battle. They are an ironic testament to the mentality of the outraged dragons who guarded the ancient word-hoard which the proletarians, according to rumor, were about to raid.

The truth was, of course, that the "propagandists" were far more deeply concerned about the future of literature than the purists who shuddered at the thought of a writer taking sides. The first congress was called for two major purposes: to organize writers in the defense of culture against the menace of fascism and war; and to discuss the problems of literary craftsmanship in a cooperative spirit in order to enlarge the scope and enrich the quality of American letters. The 1935 congress drove home the fact that writers in increasing numbers were dissatisfied with isolation, cynicism, and the ivory tower; that writers were eager to identify themselves with the movement of the American people toward a greater measure of freedom and security. This earlier congress reaffirmed the great democratic tradition of our culture, and it established the truth that the writer has definite social responsibilities which he can ignore only at the peril of his creative work.

But the 1935 congress had serious limitations which were inevitable at the time. It represented a small though militant minority of American writers. It had to consume much of its energies arguing the elementary but then narrowly accepted truth that there is an intimate connection between politics and art. The congress had only the beginnings of the new social movement to give substance to its discussions. It could speculate about the desirability of widening the audience for progressive writing, but it did not actually come to grips with the problem. It was relatively little concerned with the specific economic problems of writers. Its social program was limited by the partial development of the democratic movement in the country. Considerable progress was made by the time of the 1937 congress, but some of the earlier inadequacies were still to be overcome.

I mention these limitations in order to underscore the great gains which have been made since 1935. The Third American Writers Congress unmistakably registered these gains:

1. *The delegates to this congress represented not a minority but a distinct majority of lead-*

ing American writers. In the past four years the League of American Writers has increased its membership fourfold, and its 750 members, as hardly anyone will deny, are a part of the best and widest movement in contemporary American literature. The newly elected list of officers, for example, includes Thomas Mann as honorary president; Donald Ogden Stewart as president; Van Wyck Brooks, Louis Bromfield, Malcolm Cowley, Langston Hughes, Ernest Hemingway, Vincent Sheean, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, George Seldes, Upton Sinclair, and John Steinbeck as vice-presidents. These writers are united in their determination to defend our tradition of democratic culture. Their ultimate goals, as writers and as citizens, may differ, but they are bound together by a common loyalty to the democratic idea. Anyone who attended the congress could not fail to be impressed by the spirit of solidarity which prevailed.

2. *This strongly united congress had no need to spend its energies arguing the connection between politics and literature; it could therefore concentrate on the practical literary implications of this connection.* As Vincent Sheean said, "I think we can safely agree that there is hardly any phenomenon nowadays which is not to some degree political, as has

always been true in time of great social change." Events have made the denial of this proposition so ridiculous that no sober writer any longer questions it. The presence of so many exiled writers—from Germany, Spain, Italy, Czechoslovakia—at a writers' congress, whether of the PEN or the League of American Writers, is a painful reminder of what fascism and reaction have in store for culture. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the PEN, which was once "unpolitical," this year spent most of its time on politics; whereas the league, having moved ahead, was able to spend most of its time on craft problems. It should also be noted that the expulsion of the disruptive Trotskyites—who tried to destroy the 1937 congress by turning it into a political fight—cleared the decks this year for a truly literary conference.

3. *As the basis for its discussion of craft problems, this congress could use an imposing body of first-rate social literature, most of it written by league members.* The prophecies of the first congress have been more than fulfilled. A questionnaire circulated by the Booksellers Guild asked the delegates to vote for the best writing published in America during the past year. The following were the first choices: novel, John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*; drama, Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*; criticism, Newton Arvin's *Whitman*; biography, Carl Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin*; radio play, Archibald MacLeish's *Air Raid*; screen play, *Juarez*; history, G. E. R. Gedy's *Betrayal in Central Europe*; other non-fiction, Ruth McKenney's *Industrial Valley*; poetry, Kenneth Fearing's *Dead Reckoning*. (Unfortunately, there was no provision for shorter fiction: Richard Wright's *Uncle Tom's Children* certainly belongs on such a list.)

There are several interesting things to note about this list. Each of these books or plays is what might have been described in 1935 as "political" or "propagandist," and yet there are few critics, even among the conservatives, who will deny that each is an important esthetic or historical contribution to the literature of our time. This solid body of achievement has made some of our old literary quarrels seem pretty academic. Three of the books deal with great democratic figures in our national past. The novel, play, and movie—each a militant affirmation of democracy—are the best sellers in their respective fields. The gap between the world of books and the world of radio and motion pictures is being bridged by progressive writers, as *Air Raid* and *Juarez* testify. A useful study could be made of the basic unity of conception which underlies the diversity of subject matter, medium, and ar-



Painting by Bo Beskov

JOHN STEINBECK. *His latest book, "The Grapes of Wrath," was voted the best novel of the year by the Third American Writers Congress. Steinbeck has just been elected one of the vice-presidents of the League of American Writers. His novel has sold over 100,000 copies in eight weeks.*



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tistic treatment represented in this varied list. The existence of this new body of literature was reflected at the craft sessions. At the fiction session, for example, the following novelists participated: Christina Stead, Edwin Lanham, Louis Aragon, Richard Wright, Albert Maltz, Wellington Roe, Benjamin Appel, Dashiell Hammett, Hope Hale, Millen Brand, Oliver La Farge, Frederic Prokosch, Pietro di Donato, Sylvia Townsend Warner. The folklore session gave striking and delightful evidence of the productive relation which can exist between the writer and the living literature of the folk. Lillian Hellman discussed *The Little Foxes* with a group of her fellow dramatists. *The Grapes of Wrath* furnished a magnificent text for critical analyses by Newton Arvin, Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, and other critics in their session. At the poetry session Dorothy Parker spoke on "Sophisticated Verse—and the Hell with It." And so on down the line. If anything, the congress was embarrassed with riches.

4. Perhaps the most striking new feature of the congress was its stress on the new technical media available to the writer. For a long time writers have talked about the importance of extending the audience for progressive literature. This congress got down to business. It listened to a round-table discussion of writing for radio by experts from CBS and NBC. It studied recordings of various forms of radio writings. And the delegates were able to get a fresh angle on screenwriting too. Michael Blankfort's report on the progress of the Hollywood chapter of the league was an eye-opener for many. We learned, as Robert Gessner put it, that long pants have come to Hollywood. These discussions helped to break down a certain lingering snobbishness on the part of some of us. The emphasis on mass media for writers was a healthy thing. At the same time, some of the delegates inserted the proper caution that writers must be careful not to mutilate their ideas in order to make the grade with radio and movie producers.

Readers of NEW MASSES will be glad to know that their favorite dramatists voted a strong resolution in favor of cheaper theater tickets, and that the novelists voted for lower-priced books. The price of admission is by no means the least factor in this problem of extending the audience for literature.

5. A great deal of attention was paid to the specific economic problems of writers. An entire session was devoted to a discussion of the relationship between the League of American Writers and the Authors League and the delegates voted for close cooperation between the two organizations. The Authors League is the trade union in the writing field. Beyond that, the extremely important place of the Federal Writers Projects in American cultural life was stressed. The maintenance and extension of these projects is surely the first measure in a program to ensure the economic survival of writers.

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the league reflects the maturity of the progressive movement as a whole. Starting out with the premise that the survival of our culture is contingent upon the survival of democracy and peace, the league adopted a domestic program based on support of progressive New Deal measures and opposition to the reactionary and fascist enemies of the New Deal. To safeguard peace, the congress voted in favor of concerted action by the United States, the Soviet Union, England, and France to resist the aggressions of fascism. A resolution was passed favoring the enactment of a neutrality act which would distinguish between the aggressor nations and the victims of aggression.

These six points are some of the highlights of a rich and varied congress. I should like to emphasize again that the single outstanding fact of the sessions was the mature integration of social and literary problems. In reprinting a number of typical talks at the congress, NEW MASSES hopes to show how very fruitful this integration proved to be.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

A Year in the USSR

"We Didn't Ask Utopia"—but they very nearly got it.

IN 1936 Rebecca Janney Timbres and Harry Timbres, with their two young daughters, went to the Soviet Union to work. Both had behind them rich experiences in medical and social work—famine relief in Poland and Russia, five years in India on malaria control, medical service in the Arthurdale, W. Va., cooperative. Quakers both, they were eager to work and to live in the Soviet Union because of their admiration for its people, their interest in its economic system and resultant socialized medicine, and their hope that the children might benefit by its educational opportunities.

Harry wrote home that "anything we can do here can be done just as well or better by Russians." But on the strength of their records they were both given posts at Mariiski Oblast, seven hundred miles east of Moscow, where a great mill was in construction. Harry did malarial control work, Rebecca nursing and laboratory technics, and the children, Nayda and Nicky, went to school.

The story of their year in the Soviet Union is told with artless effectiveness in letters and journals to which all four of the Timbres contribute (*We Didn't Ask Utopia*; with introductions by Walter Duranty and C. E. A. Winslow, M.D.; Prentice-Hall, \$2.50). Observations on the whole Russian scene are mingled with homely details of the hardships of family life in a pioneer community. Harry enjoys being able to give patients all the treatments and drugs they need, and contrasts this with India where treatments were spasmodic and expensive drugs were used sparingly or not at all on poor people. Health insurance, with 50 to 100 percent of pay for any disabling sickness and for the duration of the disability, is "one of the greatest satisfactions,"

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and he finds that patients recover faster when
thus relieved of financial worry.

Running the Timbres household is not easy
in this pioneer community. There is the fam-
iliar trial of shopping. Rebecca meets this
with characteristic understanding: ". . . the
nice things are bought up as soon as they
appear, the demand being greater than the
supply, because the standard of living is higher
each year and the people want things they
never dreamed of possessing before."

They are very happy among the Russian
people and have all sorts of friends, indus-
trious young party workers as well as a re-
ligious old peasant woman who keeps alight
the ikon candle blessed at her parents' mar-
riage. Again and again they marvel at the
popular fiction that all foreigners are suspect.
The pages of their journal give us vivid and
intimate pictures of their new life — Nicky
winning 25 rubles in a dancing competition
and contributing it to a fund for Spanish chil-
dren, the universal interest in and discussion
of the new constitution, union meetings of the
Medical and Sanitary Workers, the family
skiing in the beautiful winter countryside.
What Rebecca calls the "keynote" of Soviet
life is also a description of her own family life,
"patience in the present, faith in the future,
and joy in the doing." By the time we come
to Rebecca's account of Harry's illness and
death of typhus, we know the family so well
and admire them so much that we feel we
have lost a good and honored friend.

Rebecca concludes the story at Media, Pa.,
with "I have carried with me constantly the
memory of the kindness of the Russian people,
a kindness amazing and humbling." The kind-
ness of the Russian people expressed itself not
only in personal sympathy. In accordance with
the social security program, Nicky and Nayda,
as children of a worker who died in the line
of duty, receive a monthly pension of \$42.20
each until they are eighteen years old.

When Harry first went to Moscow he
wrote that "our being here may deepen the
understanding of Russia among a large group
of Americans." I hope that a large group of
Americans will read their inspiring story. For
Harry and Rebecca are fulfilling their purpose.

CORA MACALBERT.

The Corporate State

Carl T. Schmidt's new book examines
Mussolini's balance sheet.

HERE is an exhaustive yet compact survey
of what fascism has wrought in Italy
(*The Corporate State in Action*, by Carl
T. Schmidt, Oxford University Press, \$2.25).
It is written by the instructor at Columbia
University whose scholarly study of agricul-
ture under fascism, *The Plough and the
Sword*, was widely acclaimed last year for
the new material it assembled. The theme of
this book is that Italy under fascism has
been delivered over to big business and to
a vast all-pervasive bureaucracy in whose hands

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there has been general national deterioration. While the book is written with scholarly restraint and with Mr. Schmidt making every effort to emphasize the achievements of the fascist regime, the facts themselves turn the book into a tract against a regime which in 1924 promised that in ". . . five or ten years, Italy will be rich, satisfied, and prosperous."

What is the balance sheet of the "corporate state," that form of political organization advocated by Father Coughlin for the United States? It has enslaved labor by the destruction of the free trade unions, both the General Confederation of Labor and the Catholic unions. As a result of the destruction of all working class rights the purchasing power of the wages of industrial and agricultural workers fell by 20 percent ten years after fascism's rise to power. So arrogant have employers become under fascism that when the journal of the farm workers' confederation gently hinted that there were widespread violations of even the starvation-wage contracts, an industrial employer suggested: "It is necessary that the minimum wage be low enough to avoid the inevitable and unfortunately widespread violations"; in other words, the remedy was to cut wages further! This is the "social peace" of the corporate state.

Under the regime of the corporate state the consumption of almost every common type of foodstuff in 1936-37 was below the level of consumption of the 1920's. "In 1920," the author notes, "the people of France consumed per capita twice as much meat, three times as much milk, six times as much butter, as the Italians." No wonder Mussolini found it necessary to proclaim: "Fortunately the Italian people is not yet accustomed to eating several times a day, and, having a modest level of living, feels scarcity and suffering less."

Fascism vaunts the rural life and talks grandiloquently of a culture rooted in the soil and of a people bound close to the land in contrast to the superficiality and "femininity" of urban cultures. Although the peasant is idealized in the literature of the fascist state, in actual life he is victimized. Since Mussolini's accession to power there has been retrogression in the land distribution program, and Italian farmland continues to be owned by relatively few proprietors. Indeed, there has been a decline in the number of small, independent farmers and a vast increase in the number of sharecroppers. Nor has Italian agriculture benefited by Mussolini's effort to make the country self-sufficient in wheat production for war purposes. One of the results has been the unbalancing of agricultural production. Thus, instead of encouraging the more profitable fruit and vegetable production and animal husbandry, the emphasis on wheat has intensified the inefficient one-sidedness of Southern agriculture in Italy. Consequently, imports of live animals, butter, and wool have risen markedly. Eggs, formerly an export, have had to be imported. High wheat tariffs have boosted the price of bread. The story of the Italian effort

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to achieve self-sufficiency in wheat production is a story of deteriorating living standards.

Even a large number of business men, except for an inner oligarchy of monopolists and landlords, have found the fascist regime an increasing vexation. While fascism has introduced a period which the author declares "might aptly be termed 'the dictatorship of big business,'" the small manufacturer and merchant are constantly harassed by the bureaucracy. State regimentation has changed the position of many employers to that of minor functionaries in the state apparatus. They are constantly under the obligation of kicking in to protect themselves from local party and police. To what extent this sucks the blood out of the small business man will be clear from the fact that the corporate state spends ten times as much as before the war on police activities—indeed, the author calls the corporate state "the police state."

If fascism harasses the small business man it goes out of its way to help big business—essentially the armaments and related industries. There is extensive interweaving and interpenetration of leadership in the party bureaucracy with ownership of the big enterprises. The regime has frequently intervened to save the enterprises of the favored few, leading the author to comment: "Profits remained private, and only the losses of the favorites were socialized." This whole chapter on the relationship of monopolist and small business man to the fascist state might profitably be expanded into a volume by itself. Some people seem to feel that fascist economy is a new stage of capitalism, that it represents a form of socialism rather than a mechanism adopted by the ruling class to maintain itself in power. It is clear, however, that private ownership of capital and the profit motive are still effective under fascism. Nor has fascism solved any of capitalism's basic problems. The fascist states have not been exempted from the effects of world crisis. Indeed, the latter is frequently invoked by the spokesmen of Italian fascism as a reason for fascism's failure to carry out its promises.

Because the balance sheet of fascism has been one of starvation and enslavement, the dictatorship's only recourse was to foreign adventures: "With their attention focused on the glories of the battlefield, the people might be diverted from an uncomfortable concern over their domestic misfortunes." The result of the resort to war, however, has been to intensify the inner contradictions of fascism—increasing state regimentation of the economy, industries shifted to making war materials, price fixing, rigid control of foreign trade, increased taxes, expropriation of Jewish wealth, adulteration of bread. A few quasi-monopolies, like Montecatini, Fiat, Terni, benefited from autarchy and militarization. The author concludes: "Is fascism the first shadow of a black night of Caesarism, inevitably descending over the Western World? It is for men everywhere to answer and act."

JOSEPH P. LASH.



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"The Real Father Coughlin," as exposed by A. B. Magil.

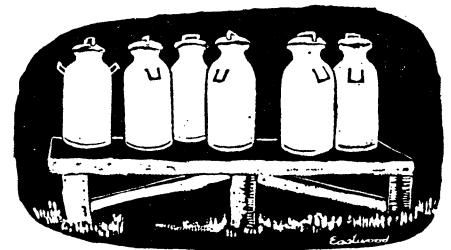
CLOSE to 300,000 people have read A. B. Magil's pamphlets on Father Coughlin. His first, *The Truth About Father Coughlin*, published in 1935, was the first considered warning the American people received concerning the man who hides his fascist gospel behind a Roman collar. Now, *The Real Father Coughlin* (Workers Library Publishers, 5 cents) traces the development of Coughlin and the definite big business and Nazi inspiration of his speeches and program, and exposes his disloyalty to our American democracy and to his own Roman Catholic Church.

Using the official lies of the Nazi Bureau of Propaganda and Enlightenment, from the notorious forgeries of "The Protocols of Zion" to the latest speeches of Goebbels, Coughlin has made cause with all the other anti-Semitic, fascist subscribers to *Welt-Dienst*, from William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts to Fritz Kuhny of the Bund. So successfully has Coughlin echoed the fascist ravings of the local fuhrers that Pelley, writing in his magazine, *Liberation*, in November 1938, stated: "This past week the aggressive Father Coughlin went on the air over a New York radio station and delivered what amounted to the prize Silver Shirt speech of the year."

It is necessary to read *The Real Father Coughlin* to see the whole development of this oratorical Judas, who claims to be a true disciple of Christ. Magil's pamphlet should be read by non-Catholics as well as Catholics because it shows why no American should confuse the ravings of Coughlin with genuine Catholicism as practiced by millions of Catholic Americans. The same organizations which cheer Coughlin also use his false teachings to libel the Catholic Church.

Magil shows that Coughlin does not stand alone, that he is not only aligned with openly fascist groups such as the Bund, but that his program is essentially the same as that of the anti-New Deal forces in the Republican and Democratic Parties. In the section entitled "Who Backs Coughlin?" he points to Henry Ford and to other big business tycoons as the paymasters of this fascist demagogue. In the final section, "Will It Happen Here?" the author indicates the steps that must be taken to prevent Coughlinism and all that it represents from destroying American democracy.

F. X. SHANLEY.



Eastwood

Mighty Blues

A love note on the blues, the neglected music of the American Negro, with a few records for your phonograph.

THE more I spin the turntable and litter the floor with albums, the more I like the blues. You don't hear the hot bands play the blues because the customers can't take it. Jitterbugs and even dancers have orientated themselves to hot jazz but you have to use the ear for blues. On records (about the only way you can hear the blues) this ruefully beautiful idiom of the American Negro has been segregated for years in its own kind of Jim Crow car. The record companies, through grim experience, issue a special line of popular music called "race" records, sold only among the Negro people. You can't buy race records in ninety-nine music stores but go down by the tracks or up to Harlem to that hundredth place and you'll find the blues on wax. You might listen on Vocalion Records to the curious personal art of Robert Johnson, a Southern boy mourning over his guitar in *Stones in My Passway* or *Preachin' Blues*, so much his own and untutored that he can break into a falsetto without outraging any but an ear deafened by concerts. You can hear Big Bill Broonzy from Arkansas singing sleepily about the remarkable *Truckin' Little Woman*, who can "look up as long as you can look down."

The blues of the twenties, dominated by Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong, is hard to find. You can get Bessie in a fine Columbia album but there are practically no early Armstrongs on the market except as collectors' items or, if you want to get them the hard and exciting way, you have to dig in second-hand furniture stores for the old, scarred originals. The Hot Record Society has reprinted a rare Armstrong record, circa 1925, in which he accompanies female blues singers on *Pratt City Blues* and *Good Time Flat Blues*. Armstrong has had as many periods as Picasso, which reminds me that I played *Pratt City* for a French painter who remembered having first heard it in Picasso's studio about 1928. When the records were made Louis was about twenty-five and still influenced by a legendary New Orleans cornet player named "Bunk." Today Louis' tone is husky and his manner explosive but here he is playing almost in a reverie, restrained and full of intense nuances. You can feel the uncanny power but the effect is like a July sun behind a mountain, lighting up the evening clouds rather than scorching the grass. He leads the singers like Svengali, playing close to tune as he creates his adventurous obbligatoes. The singers, Maggie Jones and Chippie Hill, are not so bad and Fletcher Henderson plays his piano on one piece.

Orchestral blues is lamentably neglected. Nobody recorded and few remember the brass bands of New Orleans of 1890 to 1920, but

the patient researchers of jazz students like William Russell suggest that something wonderful has been lost. Louis Armstrong's idol, "Bunk," lost his teeth a dozen years ago and we may never know how he played except when the tears come to Louis' eyes at the thought of him. Louis remembers that when he was eleven he used to follow Bunk as he played on a wagon carrying a band in funeral processions. On the way to the cemetery the band played proper dirges but once the corpse was lowered the band came buckety-buckety back to town, swinging the blues. Young Louis would say, "Learn me how to play the blues, Bunk," and the great man would display his fingering on *Ballin' the Jack*, a tune Louis will play today when the jitterbugs have gone. Mr. Russell discovered the original Bunk, now about sixty, working on a sugar cane plantation at New Iberia, La. A group of jazz lovers have subscribed to the romantic project of purchasing Bunk a set of teeth in the anticipation that he still might be able to play. Louis will send Bunk the horn. It will be like hearing Jenny Lind.

You can hear a great band playing the blues at Cafe Society in New York. On dull nights when the crowd thins out and the last request for rumbas and waltzes has been endured, Frank Newton's band will play for themselves. Some people wanted the performances

on records so they formed their own company called Blue Note. They have just released two records of the real blues with a small brassy band, the kind that played on the funeral wagons in New Orleans. The personnel is Sidney Catlett, drums; John Williams, bass; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Albert Ammons, piano; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; and Frank Newton, trumpet. There are enough wind instruments for blues because the rhythm men also contribute to the melodic effect.

On *Daybreak Blues*, taken very slowly, Frank Newton improvises a somber, muted solo performance, very far away as though it were heard from a riverboat a half-mile out on the breast of the Mississippi. Newton is the only Negro trumpet player I know of who has been inspired by Bix Biederbecke. He does not crib Bix's famous phrases or try for his intonation, but is influenced by Bix's *ideas*, his spirit. Newton likes mutes, usually a temptation to maltreat the instrument, but used here as a veiling for a rich musical statement. Newton's trumpet has an unmistakable "voice," as original as Sidney Bechet's soprano saxophone or Frank Teschmaker's clarinet. On the reverse side, J. C. Higginbotham, Armstrong's right hand man, leads the band in *Weary Land Blues*, another slow, smoky improvisation, with trombone elegies in Higginbotham's pensive vein.



FRANK NEWTON PLAYS "ZIG ZAG." The young master of the blues in front of his band at Cafe Society in Manhattan.



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The second is a twelve-inch record, five minutes to a side, of *Mighty Blues* and *Rockin' the Blues*, in a quickened tempo. The primitive drummer, Sidney Catlett, plays with the persistence and ease of breakers falling on a beach. Around his beat, the other rhythm men come together in a foursquare unity with Ammons taking crystalline riffs amidst the solemn brasses and Bunn's eloquent guitar strokes. I know of no other orchestra blues on records as true to the idea as these four Blue Note sides.

Billie Holiday, a blues singer who unites the naive blues style of the Bessie Smith period with the swing singing of contemporary popular songs, contributes to Commodore Classics in Swing an eclectic blues song called *Strange Fruit*. Lewis Allen and Toby Sacher, the composers, have made the first successful attempt of white men to write blues. The song is a superb outcry against lynching, remarkable because the lyrics are not too pretentious for the simple blues language. The score and arrangement lean to the art song tradition but Frank Newton's orchestra, Sonny White, the featured pianist, and Miss Holiday fill it with the dignity of blues. This is an indispensable record for any collection. I hope it will inspire other composers to think in the blues idiom, an admirable form for social protest, but only if the composer is humble enough to understand the blues. The reverse is a nice Holiday item, *Fine and Mellow*, containing Billie's thoughts on love, well worth hearing. A companion disc by the same group is also meritorious—Miss Holiday singing *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* and *Yesterdays*.

JAMES DUGAN.

John Ford's Lincoln

And a French picture about schoolboys with Eric von Stroheim.

FROM about the last quarter it might be expected, Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the Boy Bowdler, has issued an excellent film about *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Mr. Zanuck has curbed his cosmic habit of bringing the world down in ruins about the ears of the historical characters. There is no fire, flood, or simoom in the sketch, and Henry Fonda, as the backwoods lawyer, is motivated by impulses other than love. In forgetting his cataclysms, Mr. Zanuck effects his best historical film. This is *Lincoln* the young storekeeper and lawyer in Salem, Ill., the story made up of the plain textbook legends—the storekeeper, lawyer, the murder trial decided by the almanac—and a sophisticated treatment of scheming Mary Todd which is more like Herndon than McGuffey. John Ford, the director, gets most of the positive credits for *Young Mr. Lincoln*, but I still have to marvel that it was produced by Zanuck.

The first half of *Boys School*, a new French film at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse (N. Y.), is as humorous and real as last year's *Merlusse* in its treatment of French schoolboys. Three enterprising lads have their own secret

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GOINGS ON

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society, "Skull and Crossbones," meeting in the physiology lab after hours and dedicated to the project of delivering the members to America. The schoolmasters, among whom are Eric von Stroheim and Michel Simon, are not in sympathy with the infant romantics, until the whole school is alarmed over the successive disappearances of the members of Skull and Crossbones. In the middle the picture becomes a detective thriller, done with humor and not at all preposterous. But the plot gets in the way of the characters at this point and the ending with its en masse raid of the schoolboys on the counterfeiter's den is too much like the climax of *Boys Town*, the Hollywood movie. Michel Simon, as a drunken drawing teacher, won a French prize for his very original playing. Serge Grave, the impressive boy actor of *Sans Famille* and *Generals Without Buttons*, is the leader of Skull and Crossbones, and Eric von Stroheim is excellent as the misunderstood Mr. Walter. J. D.

"Billy the Kid"

Eugene Loring's ballet a colorful piece of Americana.

A MERICAN ballet put on its chaps, mounted a pony, fixed a gun at its hip, and with the talented Eugene Loring in the saddle, cantered back to the days of Billy the Kid to give us one of the best ballets we've seen in these parts for a long time.

The life and death of Billy (from his first impulsive slaying, avenging the death of his mother, to his betrayal in the Mexican hide-away and his death) is the second ballet Eugene Loring has done for the Ballet Caravan, and for the second time the inventive choreographer has dipped into the early American to produce dancing of a distinctly native flavor. *Yankee Clipper*, the first of the ballets, tended to the exotic. *Billy the Kid* is completely of the American soil.

The ballet moves against a background of sober simplicity, the quiet, forward-moving stream of the American frontiersman; it catches the unaffected rustic quality of the pioneer, at work and play; it builds on the expressively beautiful musical score of Aaron Copland, with its free and ingenious use of the native and tuneful cowboy ballads; and all with remarkable sensitivity and restraint.

The hero of the ballet is neither Billy the Kid nor the man who shoots him dead; the drama of Billy the Kid is not in its personal conflict, not in the story of the man, but rather in its delicate lyric portrait of a colorful and heroic era in American history. True, the picture is fragmentary, but Loring has portrayed that fragment with exceptional skill and considerable tenderness.

The *Air and Variations* of William Dollar, abstract ballet movement to the Bach Goldberg Variations, and the *Pocahontas* of Lew Christensen, a bit heavy-footed, were not in a class with *Billy the Kid*, which should be danced again and again, for the people.

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