

Anti-Semitism in America's Schools

# NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

August 1, 1939

A Nazi Church in America

*By J. H. Plenn*

Harold J. Laski

*"My Personal View"*

Give the Tories an Inch...

*By Paul G. McManus*

Vincent Sheean's 'Not Peace but a Sword'

*Reviewed by Joseph North*

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, RICHTER, GARDNER REA, OTHERS

# Between Ourselves

WE HAVE asked NM foreign correspondent Richard Goodman for a piece on Poland similar to last week's encyclopedic job on the Baltic. Goodman promises it, together with an article on the Tyrol, by an early flight of the *Yankee Clipper*. The development of trans-Atlantic airmail, by the way, will aid NM's foreign coverage immensely. We plan to solicit a good deal of material which ordinarily we could not have had cabled to us. We will continue with frequent cabled on-the-spot reports of European developments, but the new service will enable us to give you far more background material.

In the California elections of last year, a plan for old-age pensions known alternately as "Ham and Eggs to You" and "\$30 Every Thursday for Life" received 1,143,670 votes. It was defeated by a small margin but it was and still is a rallying point for people who feel the crush of a system that damns those

it can no longer use and many that it can. The "Ham and Eggs" plan will be the subject of an article by a favorite NM writer, Anna Louise Strong. The article is scheduled for an early issue.

Theodore Draper is now spending his time shuttling the English channel, picking up material in London and Paris for a book. He has sent us an article on Paris as it is today, the moods of the people there and the general sentiment in regard to the entire European situation. Readers will remember a similar piece from London, called "England without Her King," published in our June 20 issue.

Last week we mentioned the reader who crossed the country taking NM subs from people he met along the way. Whereupon several friends called in to say they were autoing across themselves and would we please send them subscription blanks? We were quick to oblige.

Editor Joseph North speaks at Camp Beacon this coming week, Sunday, July 30, on Hollywood, and the Camp Unity and other summer forum dates go on as usual. Look at our back cover. A book gift is being given free to every NM reader who obtains \$10 in subscriptions, with a choice of thirteen volumes. In order to stimulate the drive for ten thousand new readers by Labor Day, the offer has been made more liberal. Send us \$5 worth of subs (\$1 for 12 weeks, \$2.50 for 6 months, \$4.50 for a year) and we will send immediately the book you choose. NM will depend on typical reader loyalty for the balance of the subs.

This is the last plea for filled or partially filled coin cards. Please send them to us, whatever state they may be in, so the auditors can clean up.

Five young actors and actresses—Peggy Bruskin, Colfax Sanderson, Ruth Goodman, Charles Durland, and Anne Gould—who are known as the Liberty Bell Players are now touring the Catskill summer resorts. All have professional reputations and all are giving their time for the benefit of the Friends of the Lincoln Brigade. We advise readers who patronize the camps and hotels to watch for their appearances and, if they are not scheduled, to call for their program.

Art Shields, *Daily Worker* veteran, who acted as NM correspondent in Spain, will tell the story of his thrilling escape from the Casado traitors in Madrid, over a nationwide hookup Monday, July 31, at 8 pm, WJZ and the NBC Blue Network.

Joe Starobin, one of our contributors, has done the impossible

and thought up a new publicity angle on babies. Joe, upon being presented with a bouncing baby boy, which seems to be about all those ships from Moscow have been bringing us lately, sat down and broadcast the news to his many friends. Instead of asking for boxing gloves, bassinets, tricycles, and Marxist First Readers for the infant, he asked his friends to subscribe to NM for themselves as the best gift he could think of. Things like this make us oppose race suicide.

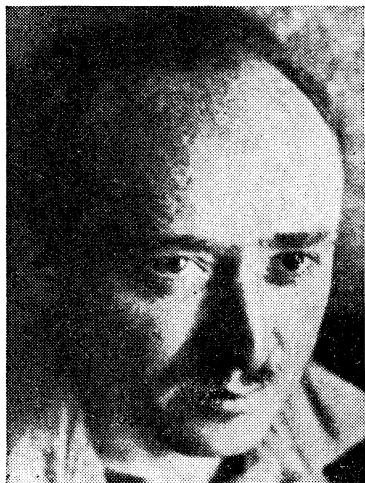
## Who's Who

PAUL G. MCMANUS is Washington correspondent for NM. . . . Alvah C. Bessie's story, "In the Line of Fire," is from a chapter in his forthcoming book on the American boys who fought in the Spanish civil war. He is also the author of *Dwell in the Wilderness* and one of America's best known short story writers. . . . Milton Meltzer, an editorial associate of the *Young Communist Review*, has contributed many articles and book reviews to NM. . . . Lee Hays is a member of the staff of Commonwealth College. A Southerner himself, he is active in the college's field work among sharecroppers and migratory workers in Arkansas and neighboring states. Hays, with his powerful voice, leading the singing of the songs he writes about around

an open fire in the Ozarks, with the staff and student body of Commonwealth College joining in the chorus, is something to remember. . . . Morris U. Schappes is a member of the English department of the City College of New York. . . . Alain Locke is a professor of philosophy at Howard University. . . . Rolfe Humphries is a well known poet and critic.

## Flashbacks

MEMO to Tories of today who don't like the Youth Congress, the Writers Congress, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, etc.: The First Continental Congress, marking a new stage in the struggle of the American colonies for freedom, met Aug. 1, 1774. . . . And another memo to present-day Tories: Pedro Albizu Campos, who was trying to do for Puerto Rico what Washington, Adams, Franklin did for the United States, was convicted July 31, 1936, with seven others, on a charge of "conspiring to overthrow the government of the United States." . . . To Norman Thomas: The Socialist Party which died as a party under your leadership was formed July 29, 1901, with ten thousand members. . . . And another memo to the remaining followers of Thomas: On Aug. 2, 1914, Social Democrats in the Reichstag voted overwhelmingly for credits for Germany's share in the war.



J. H. Plenn

The author of "Mexico Marches" has spent the greater part of his life in or very close to the country he writes about; he has traveled over it by airplane, train, bus, horseback, burro, oxcart, and on foot. Plenn was at the first press conference held by Cardenas after becoming president. In addition to his work on Texas and Arizona newspapers, Plenn has been Mexican correspondent for the *United Press and Federated Press* and, as manager of the *Starr-Hunt News Service of Mexico City*, has written for numerous American dailies, including the *New York Herald Tribune*, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Kansas City Star*, and *Los Angeles Times*. For a short while he worked on "El Universal," *Mexico City* daily.

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# NEW MASSES

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NUMBER 6

## A Nazi Church in America

Eduardo I, top hierarch of a schismatic cult claiming seven hundred churches in the Americas, plots "Der Tag" with the Gold Shirts.

Mexico City.

NOT until you meet the pope of the Americas can you realize the extent of Nazi penetration in the Western Hemisphere, and its subtlety. The pope of the Americas lives in an ancient house on Belisario Dominguez Street in Mexico City. There he has his combined office and residence. Belisario Dominguez Street is in the older section of the Mexican capital, where many of the buildings are former convents.

The pope is twenty-nine years old. He is tall, thin, dark, with deep brown eyes, plump and sensual lips, large ears, a strong chin, heavy shock of black hair, thick eyebrows. All in all, not a bad looking fellow, and somewhat effeminate. Since the Mexican laws prohibit the wearing of clerical vestments in public, Mexican clergymen do not use the familiar garb of priests. Instead, the pope wears a black shirt, black necktie, dark suit, black felt hat, and always carries a briefcase. On the third finger of his right hand is a ring with a big amethyst, or imitation amethyst, the "pontifical sign."

The pope's name is Jose Eduardo Davila. He occasionally uses the names of Jose Davila Garza, Eduardo Garza, Jose de Jesus Pardo, and Eduardo Garza Garcia, when on secular business. The Mexican press unblushingly calls these "aliases." The pope's ecclesiastical designation is Eduardo I, which he became follow-

ing the death of the first pope of the Mexican National Orthodox Apostolic Catholic Church.

### SCHISMATIC CHURCH

The Mexican church is the creation of Plutarco Elias Calles, former dictator of Mexico, who left his country involuntarily in 1936, carrying under his arm a Spanish translation of Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Calles now lives in Los Angeles, in exile, plotting revenge, following his run-in with President Lazaro Cardenas.

The Mexican National Orthodox Apostolic Catholic Church, which is usually referred to as the "schismatic" church, was established on Feb. 18, 1924, during the presidency of Alvaro Obregon, later assassinated by a young man described as "a religious fanatic." Calles was a high official in the Obregon administration, and president-designate of the ring in control at that time.

The church-state dispute had reached a new peak about that time, as a result of the government's announced intention of enforcing Mexico's laws on church matters. This involved, among other things, the nationalization of church property. According to Mexican law, all buildings used for religious services are the property of the nation. The government in 1924 turned over to the schismatic

organization one of the centrally located church buildings in Mexico City. It also encouraged the organization in other ways, in order to demonstrate that a church could function and still obey the Mexican laws, which most of the Roman Catholic clergy said was impossible.

### THE GOLD SHIRTS

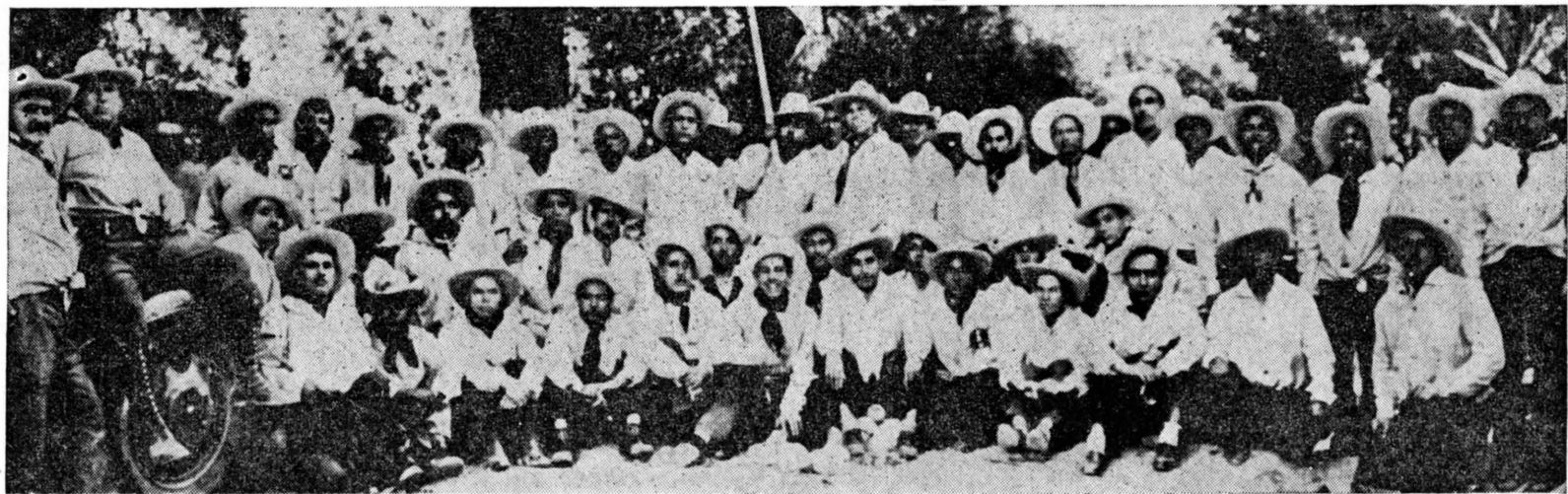
As first pope, Calles chose Patriarch Joaquin Perez, a Mason, who had fought with Benito Juarez and who was one of the founding fathers of the 1857 Constitution. With administration aid, the church developed into a full-fledged schismatic institution, and before long there were numerous clashes between schismatic churchgoers and Roman Catholic churchgoers, which suited the politicians fine. Following the death of the first pope, there was a dispute among the schismatics as to his successor. That was in 1931. Davila finally triumphed, and became Pope Eduardo I at the age of twenty-two. He also became, later, a member of the Accion Revolucionaria Mexicanista, known more commonly as the Gold Shirts, a fascist organization with direct tieups with Nazi functionaries in Berlin.

The pope of the Americas frequently has been the target of newspaper attacks, because of his streamlined methods of conversion. The



Wide World

**GOLD SHIRTS.** Pope Eduardo's group corresponds to our Coughlinites. Fascists no longer following church doctrine, they try to cash in on their Catholic affiliations. Likewise the Gold Shirts, although officially disbanded, correspond to the uniformed fascist groups with whom Coughlin cheerfully cooperates. As in this country, there is much intercourse, much overlapping of membership. Outlawing the Gold Shirts meant little letup in activity, for they quickly reorganized under aliases—Nationalist Union, Nationalist Vanguard, Nationalist Association, and Middle Class Confederation. Their ends and means are still the same.



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press charged that Eduardo I and his priests, among whom are many Gold Shirts, were "shamelessly exploiting the Indians" in the mountain villages of the state of Puebla, "taking advantage of their ignorance and superstition." Concretely, the charges were that the pope had organized a band of youthful followers to "borrow" images and religious ornaments from the Roman Catholic churches in Mexico City and Puebla, and then turned right around and sold these articles to the Indians and to believers in the towns and cities.

In answer to these charges, Eduardo I claimed, "Calumnies of the Romans!"

The schismatic pope claims no less than a million members of his church, with three archbishops, five bishops, 103 priests, seven hundred churches, in addition to sixty thousand members in Texas and California. Some of the clergy of the schismatic organization, which recently suffered another schism, state that these figures are grossly, very grossly exaggerated. They agree that a big following has been developed in Texas and the Southwestern United States, but they say that the pope would be delighted to have even 1 percent of the Mexican membership he claims.

To match the Roman Catholic Knights of Columbus, the schismatic pope has organized a lodge known as the Knights of Guadalupe, named after Mexico's patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe. Eduardo I, like his predecessor, is also a Mason. But here again a distinction must be made. Besides the regular Scottish and York Rite Masons, who have affiliations with the Masonic organizations in other countries, Mexico boasts a "Mexican Rite" organization. The schismatic pope is a member of the latter group.

#### PROPAGANDA METHODS

Before they were officially disbanded, the Gold Shirts had an openly-declared Nazi, Walter Steinmann, as main representative in the United States. He had offices in New York City, where swastikas and photographs of Adolf Hitler were prominently and reverently displayed. Throughout the Southwest, the Gold Shirts carry on propaganda and organization activities, not only with assistance of Nazi agents, but by using clergymen and leading members of the schismatic church as instruments in spreading the fascist cult.

In Mexico Nicolas Rodriguez, "supreme commander" of the Gold Shirts, gave Pope Eduardo I a letter "authorizing" him to make converts in the state of Puebla. The converts are usually made among persons who formerly attended the Roman Catholic church. The "bishop of Texas" for the schismatic church is a Nazi who calls himself Father Jeronimo Santamaria. The "secretary general and chancellor of the Archbishopric of Mexico" is Manuel Darvell Chavarri, an active Gold Shirt propagandist.

Chavarri is one of the principal tieups between the schismatic church and the Gold Shirts and those organizations which supplanted the Gold Shirts. Since the fascist be-shirted group was declared disbanded by Presi-

## Mexico—Another Spain?

MEXICANS know that the Cedillo uprising was only the first effort of the fascists. It has been rumored for months that another offensive is being planned and will come off in early fall unless it is staved off by counter-organization.

In the midst of an intense discussion over the forthcoming presidential campaign, all democrats are keeping an eye on both borders. At Guatemala on the southwest and in the province of Monterrey in the Northeast, smuggling of arms and munitions to elements hostile toward the Cardenas government goes on by night and day. Agents of the Nazi government are involved, cooperating with prominent members of the Japanese and Italian legations. The tieup runs through to General Almazan, the ultra-conservative who maintains contacts with both Plutarco Calles, exiled former president, and Nicolas Rodriguez, leader of the former Gold Shirts.

Juan Andreu Almazan, one of Mexico's wealthiest men, is a candidate for succession to Cardenas. He has the support of all of Mexico's reactionary forces as well as the sympathy of the oil magnates and American business interests who hate Cardenas almost as much as they hate Roosevelt. In a recent address to a group of teachers at Villa Hidalgo in the province of San Luis Potosi, Cardenas revealed that the Mexican government is maintaining close watch on the arms smugglers. "The enemies of the revolution," said the president, "are organizing rapidly and the possibility is not remote that they will use any weakness of ours, while we are already in the midst of a presidential campaign, to rise in armed rebellion."

Mr. Plenn's article gives a picture of one man who wants a part in the fascist game. NEW MASSES will soon present a full discussion of Mexico's political lineup, with special emphasis on the presidential candidates. The article will be by our regular Mexican correspondent, Marc Frank.

dent Cardenas, some of the leaders have been living in the United States, continuing their activities, which are not only directed against the Mexican government, but frankly aimed at spreading the Hitler gospel in America.

Other Gold Shirt leaders were not exiled, but remained in Mexico and reorganized the fascist group under a variety of names, such as Nationalist Union, Nationalist Vanguard, Nationalist Association. Some of them went into an organization known as the Middle Class Confederation, headed by Gustavo Sanz de Sicilia, an open and ardent admirer of Hitler and Mussolini and their policies.

#### BERLIN CONNECTIONS

Shortly before the outbreak of the Cedillo revolt in May 1938, the Mexican secret police, who had been tracing the plotters, raided a number of organizations and seized their files. Some of the communications plainly showed the relationship between the Gold Shirts and some of the other organizations that were formed after the "disbanding," as well as be-

tween Gold Shirt leaders and Berlin functionaries.

Among the letters was one from Chavarri, dated June 21, 1936. Chavarri, then living in Veracruz, and later a frequent visitor to the United States, wrote to Sanz de Sicilia that "progress had been made" among naval academy cadets, members of the Mexican Coast Guard, and among professional groups. The same Sanz de Sicilia wrote to M. Izawa, Japanese charge d'affaires in Mexico, on Nov. 30, 1936, congratulating the Japanese government on "its defense of civilization" in China. He also wrote, on behalf of his organization, congratulating the Nazi minister, Baron Rudt von Killenberg, for the completion of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo pact. In October 1938, the same organization issued a public statement proclaiming admiration of Nazism and lamenting that Mexico could not take the same route "because the constitution prohibits it."

On May 18, 1938, Sanz de Sicilia wrote to H. Carrasco suggesting that new collections be taken up among some of the business firms operating in Mexico. The letter describes a meeting at which the Middle Class Confederation was organized. Among those who attended, according to the document, were representatives of Beick, Felix & Co., German manufacturing chemists, makers of the most widely sold patent medicines in Mexico; Sommer, Hermann Co., a big German machinery house; Boker & Co., German hardware firm, the largest in Mexico; the Stein Co., German firm, owners of a chain of drugstores in Mexico.

#### "ANTI-COMMUNIST" STRATEGY

With the aid of the Nazi, Italian, Japanese legations, the confederation sought to organize what was ostensibly an "Anti-Communist Congress," to which all Latin American countries were to be invited. The real purpose, of course, was to develop sympathy for the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis and to prepare active support for it. Advisedly, the group tried to hold this meeting in Cuba, where the anti-United States strategy could obviously be most effective.

Cedillo's defeat sent a number of his Nazi counselors into exile, where they joined hands with the exiled Gold Shirts, and continue their agitation. Among them is Col. Ernesto von Merck, former German artillery officer, and later Cedillo's chief of police in San Luis Potosi and his confidential adviser.

The connections between Pope Eduardo's followers and the Gold Shirts confused a great many Roman Catholics who had been somewhat sympathetic to the fascist group because it pretended to be opposed to the restrictions on the clergy and because it ballyhooed its "anti-Communism." This was part of the Gold Shirt strategy to win over any possible group that might be dissatisfied, and they did not miss any angles. As schismatics, the Gold Shirts took advantage of official church restrictions in order to win over Roman Catholics to their dissident cult. As Gold Shirts, they seek help from Roman Catholics—Ameri-

cans as well as Mexicans—to fight the Mexican government. Blatantly anti-Semitic in Mexico, the Gold Shirt exiles in Texas and California seek financial help from Jews in the United States, promising concessions in Mexico when “Der Tag” arrives. While they solicit American Catholics, the Gold Shirts continue recruiting for the schismatic church, which took a stand “against Rome.” This tactic is part of the Gold Shirt labor in return for Nazi support. The recent strain of relations between the Vatican and Hitler made the whole Gold Shirt strategy quite clear, and exposed the Nazi agitation among American Catholics.

In Texas and California and also in other states, the Gold Shirt-schismatics continue making important inroads among the Mexican population. To some they promise abrogation of Mexican church laws and to others they praise the Mexican schismatic church as superior to the Roman Catholic.

DR. KRUM HELLER

Naturally, while soliciting help from American Catholics, the Gold Shirts conceal their Nazi connections. They completely forget about Dr. Krum Heller, for instance. Heller is a Mexican citizen of German descent, who has been Berlin representative of the Mexican Gold Shirts for some years. He is a functionary of the Nazi propaganda bureau. Heller was in the army of Gen. Pablo Gonzalez during the revolutionary upheavals after the overthrow of Huerta. The Nazis regard him as their chief expert on Mexico and he is now in charge of special shortwave programs aimed at winning Mexican and Latin American sympathy for Nazi plans. Heller was valuable to Hitler and to the Gold Shirts through his elaboration of racial theories which seek to show that the Mexicans also are Aryans, and that therefore they should side with the Nazis against the “Jewish” United States and “Jewish” England and “Jewish” France.

The priests of the schismatic cult make no attempt to conceal their connections with the Gold Shirts, as is evidenced by the letter that Davila carries “authorizing” him to make converts. The schismatic clergymen often carry fascist and Nazi literature.

The schismatic pope’s “certificate of consecration” is signed by fifteen of these schismatic priests, including Jose Vicente Linan of San Antonio, Texas. The certificate names Jose Eduardo Davila as Eduardo I, “pope and high pontiff of Mexico and all the Americas.”

J. H. PLENN.

*Congress Returns  
WPA Workers to  
Private Industry*



### Not Excepting Jefferson

“JACK GARNER is as experienced a statesman with as good a prenomination record as any candidate ever had with the exception of George Washington and Andrew Jackson.”—GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON, in his syndicated column.

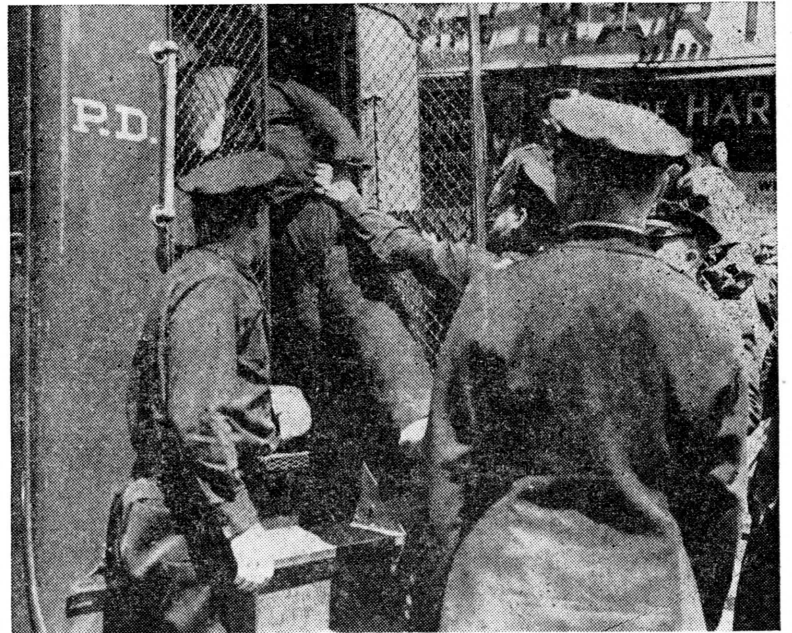
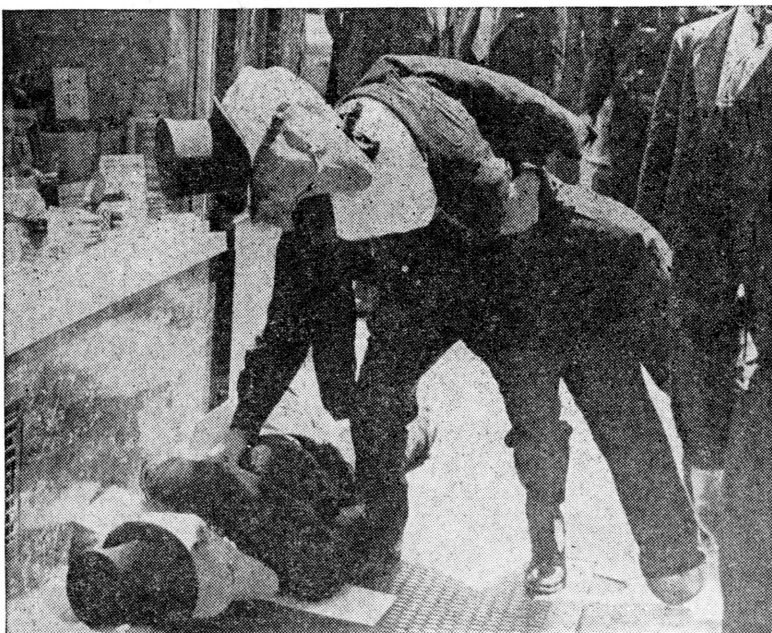
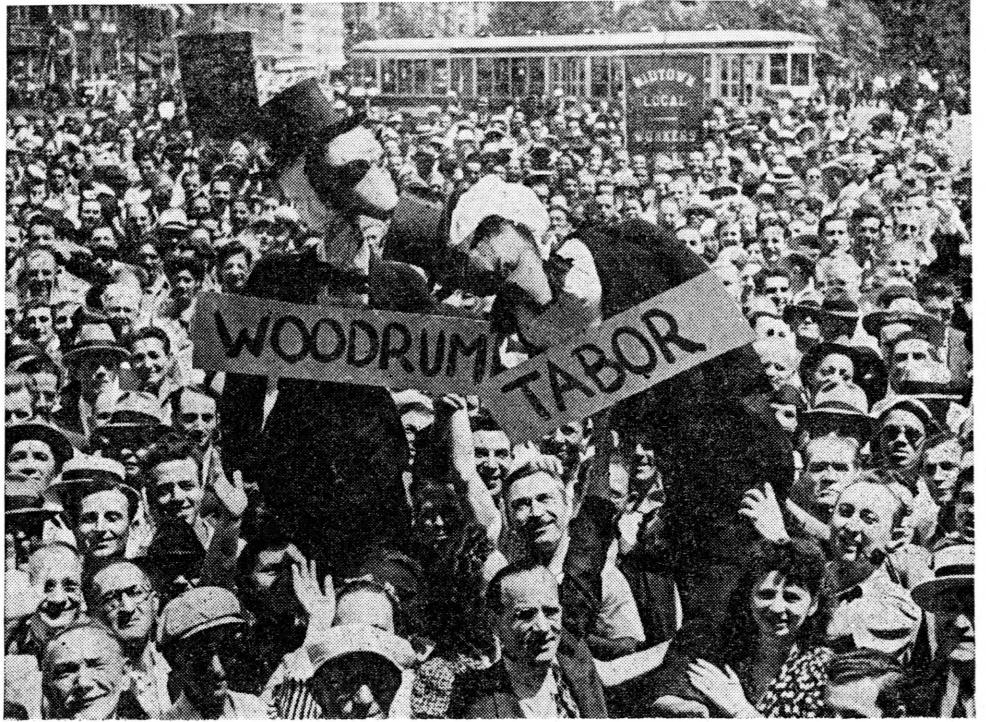


# Woodrum Pinched!

So is Taber at a Workers Alliance demonstration in New York City against cuts in the WPA.

PHIL STERN's photos cover an apt little drama that was enacted at Manhattan's Columbus Circle last week. The Workers Alliance held a huge demonstration against the starvation cuts on WPA, a meeting that was attended by the effigies of Representatives Woodrum and Taber, responsible for the Woodrum Deficiency Bill. The crowd paid an enthusiastic tribute to the statesmen. Cops pushed in to forestall the burning of the effigies, which is contrary to New York law. They carried the congressmen to a sidewalk but Inspector Schilling, in charge, would not allow them to stay there. The only place to put them was the black maria. Asked one officer, "What'll we charge these bums with?"

"Disorderly conduct," answered a colleague.  
"The charge should be murder," added Alliance leader Morris Kirstein.



# Give the Tories an Inch . . .

Appeasement is bad—both on Downing Street and in Washington. What is happening on the Wages-and-Hours Act. The “dime an hour” boys in Congress.

Washington.

CENTER of no particular publicity in past months has been the leaping tide of pressure to amend the Wages-and-Hours Act. Now, suddenly, as Congress dashes its madcap way toward adjournment, there emerges a drive, led by a potent political bloc, to disembowel the Fair Labor Standards Act.

Effusively fronted for by chubby, bejeweled “Happy” Graham Barden of North Carolina, the axmen have gathered behind them a group of Congressional sweatshoppers estimated, at last counting, to comprise approximately half the House of Representatives, while piloting the tory slave-ship of state is none other than face-slapping Eugene Cox of Georgia.

Prodded from the outside by a broad array of “dime-an-hour” employer outfits best typified by the “Agricultural Producers Labor Committee” (Associated Farmers in semi-disguise), Cox took control of things early in the session. The quietness with which he has worked is testimony at once to his own saturnine efficiency and the superb indifference of the press. Cox’s first break came as a result of the somewhat muddled thinking and dogged persistence of Wages-and-Hours Administrator Elmer Andrews. As part of the long-range game, Andrews had been flooded with protests and appeals for the rectification of certain “injustices” in the law. So plaintive were the appeals, especially those from Puerto Rico (5-cents-an-hour employers shuddered at the idea of paying 25 cents an hour to their peons) and the canners and producers of our own great West, that Andrews succumbed.

## EVERYBODY’S FRIEND

He himself was anxious for amendments to strengthen the enforcement of the law, so he lumped them all together—exemptions for Puerto Ricans (wages to be set by special industry committees), for country telephone operators, certain agricultural workers, and all other employees with a guaranteed \$200 income per month, plus provisions granting the administrator greater authority in law enforcement—and arranged for their introduction by Chairman Mary Norton of the House Labor Committee. The CIO warned Andrews that offering amendments at the time, even to strengthen the law (as all of the Norton amendments did not), would lay the measure open to complete annihilation. But Andrews, witnessing the employer wrath that had fallen upon the Labor Board as a result of its opposition to “clarifying” amendments, felt it would be wiser to palliate the tories, and thus make friends with everyone.

With the Norton amendments before the Labor Committee, however, the fun really began. Led by “Hap” Barden and Bruce

Barton of New York, the tories fell upon them, added conditions and exemptions, piled amendment upon amendment, until the very essence of the law lay crumbling in the dust. The comparatively minor exemptions offered by the administration grew to include lumberers, tobacco workers, packers of fruits and vegetables, canners, slaughterhouse workers, truckers, factory employees. The \$200 income level exemption fell to \$150; millions of workers were read out of the bill; and so on.

As the carnage grew, Elmer Andrews’ eyes opened wide. Belatedly he called upon Mary Norton to stem the tide. She sought to withdraw her bill from the House Calendar, where it lay after failing to secure an agreement whereby it might be considered by the House without further crippling amendments from the floor. But that was not to be. For here Eugene Cox and his solid tory bloc on the all-powerful Rules Committee stepped forth. Refusing Mrs. Norton the privilege of withdrawing her amendments, Cox called in sidekick Smith of Virginia (he of the anti-alien bills and the “investigation” of the Labor Board) and went to work on an omnibus bill to be substituted for the Norton measure. Between them they listed all sponsors of anti-administration amendments, then called them in for off-the-record interviews. In each case, the first question was: how many votes can you deliver? If there were enough, the amendments were included in the omnibus. If not—sorry, no soap. The heads of state delegations were consulted on their preferences in amendments and the number of votes they could throw to the omnibus. While from the outside, Associated Farmers, the National Grange, Puerto Rican sugar planters, every major sweatshop employer in the country, applied pressure, pressure, and more pressure. The total result was the so-called Barden bill.

The next step was to get it before the House. Cox and Smith sought to force it through the Rules Committee as an “amendment” to the Norton bill. When white-haired Chairman Adolph Sabath persisted in blocking it, Cox threatened: “There will never be another rule granted by this committee until a rule is granted for the Barden bill.” But President Roosevelt, at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, hearing of Cox’s obstructioneering, personally denounced the Barden bill and its “unconscionably low wages.” Whereupon astute Mr. Cox thought he saw his opportunity. If the administration opposed the Barden bill, perhaps it would agree to a compromise between it and the Norton measure (by now more Barden than Norton), the result to be known as the administration measure, and thus certain of passage. Last week the conferees were appointed, and the

success of Cox’s maneuvers probably will be tested in committee and on the House floor even as this goes to press.

## ANDREWS LEARNS A LESSON

Concurrent with this campaign, the tories struck on another flank. As July 1 and the new fiscal year rolled around, the Wages-and-Hours Division needed funds to continue its functions. Already hampered by the minuteness of its staff, with a backlog of eight thousand cases needing investigation, overworked and undermanned, the division requested \$3,350,000, sufficient to enable it to add a few investigators to its field crew and a few attorneys to simplify its appeals burden. Of the tory attack and the subsequent mutilation of the appropriation, suffice it to say that before the fiscal year was two weeks old, President Roosevelt found it necessary to submit to Congress a supplemental request for an additional \$2,000,000 for the Wages-and-Hours Division.

These things struck home to Administrator Andrews, and as the tempo of the attack increased, he found himself rapidly shifting ground. After giving the stop signal to Mary Norton, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the fight to halt what he had at last come to recognize as the mutilation and threatened dissolution of the law. Early in June, as “Hap” Barden was still tacking amendments onto the original administration proposals, Andrews issued a public statement denouncing the proposed bill as “a bill to lower wages and establish longer hours of work.” He lashed the “well financed lobby groups who are hellbent on taking from clerical and industrial workers the social gains which have been made during the last year.” He took to the air to defend the Social Security Act, the Wagner act, and the Wages-and-Hours Act, “the charter of industrial and economic democracy for the wage earners of the nation.” He excoriated Associated Farmers as that “notorious labor-busting outfit of the West Coast,” with its “long record of trying to solve their labor troubles by violence”—which for a government official is strong talk. Speaking from bitter experience, he warned a radio audience that “It is now clear that the high-priced lobbyists are not going to let any clarifying amendments go through Congress unless these amendments carry with them the emasculating exemption which they seek for the special groups they represent.”

Late as it was, Andrews had seen the progressives’ point of view. He had learned the cardinal lesson: compromise yields defeat. The armor of battle is more protection than the *lettres de cachet* of economic royalists.

PAUL G. McMANUS.



# Schoolboys on Anti-Semitism

A survey of the political and social attitudes of fifteen-year-olds in a Manhattan vocational high school. Hitler, Coughlin, Mussolini, and the Jews.

This is the story of one teacher's experiment with the racial prejudices of his students. Coughlinites, we know, are concentrating on the large cities, particularly on New York. The situation shown here may not apply to the rest of the country. It may not even apply to all of New York. But the actions of anti-Semites in the schools are of great importance, and information of this sort deserves full airing. We urge other teachers to comment both upon this material and upon their own experiences. We shall be glad to print further material, either general conclusions based on contact with students or the classified results of surveys like this.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN fourteen-year-old Melvin Bridge, Jewish student at Gwynn's Falls Junior High School in Baltimore, was attacked by some forty classmates during recess on June 9, and branded with a swastika on his forehead and an "H"—Hebrew—on his neck, it made national headlines. It was the first indication of Nazi racial warfare in our schools, revealing how far fascist propaganda has advanced in this country.

Schoolboys branded young Bridge. But no child is anti-Semitic without having learned it from others. And the propagandist activities of the Coughlins, Moseleys, and Deatherages are not restricted to Baltimore.

Recently, in one of New York City's vocational high schools, a teacher noticed increasing signs of anti-Semitism. Boys passing a blackboard would scrawl swastikas on it. On many of the desks in the mechanical drawing rooms were carved swastikas and little figures much like the ugly images of Jews conceived by Streicher. Scribbled on scraps of paper found on the floor and between the pages of books were such phrases as "Screw the Jews." Because of the disturbing symptoms and the interest in the refugee problem manifested by the students, the teacher felt that a black-and-white record of their prejudices would be a good opening for educational work to help eliminate them.

## PICTURE OF PREJUDICE

Making a distinction between a prejudice as an attitude of belief not founded on fact, and a dislike based on reason, the teacher asked his classes to make personal lists in both categories. No names were to be signed to the papers.

To appreciate the excerpts from these lists, you should know something about the students who made them out. Their average age is fifteen, and they are all (162 of them) in the first half of the second year of high school. Their average IQ is somewhere between 80 and 90. About 95 percent come from working class homes, and many have parents on WPA or home relief. Few of the students own a single suit of clothing and many wear sneakers

to school all year round. About two-thirds are second-generation Irish Catholic, and the majority of the remainder are first-generation Italians, with a few Jews and Protestants.

Of the 162 papers, about one-third (fifty-four) are confused and contradictory, reactionary and progressive in sentiment at the same time. Another third (fifty-one) are consistently anti-fascist. And of the remaining fifty-five, twenty-eight are non-political, with the students expressing such geographical animosities as "I don't like guys that come from the Bronx, they are sissies. The boys are almost like girls. That's why I don't like guys from the Bronx." Or such personal hates as "[student's name] I don't like because he is a general pest in the whole class." Or such amateur sports criticism as "I hate the Giants because they stink!" Another twenty-three are anti-Semitic, with no other prejudices listed in most cases, so intense and concentrated are their authors' feelings on this subject. And finally, six state they have no prejudices or dislikes.

## THE ANTI-SEMITES

Let's examine the anti-Semitism first. Besides the twenty-three "pure" expressions of anti-Semitism, among the fifty-four papers which I have labeled "confused and contradictory," there are twenty-five more anti-Semitic statements, giving a grand total of forty-eight. In that group of 162 young boys, almost one out of three declares his enmity toward the Jews. Here is how some of them feel about it. The boys don't consider these prejudices; they give "reasons."

1. I dislike all Jews because in an article I read and things that I checked up on make me dislike them. In this article it stated that all who is a non Jew or a Goy are beasts and dogs. In a book I checked up on it states that a Jew cannot and will not testify against his own kind and if a Jew kills a Goy it is not a sin but if a Jew or Goy kills another Jew it is a terrible sin. Jews are not allowed to tell what is in their talbut to a Goy. Jewish storekeepers fire Goyim help to hire Jewish refugees. Christians and other Goys do not fire Jewish help to make Christians get jobs. I dislike Hitler in some ways but in others I agree with him. (Goy a non Jew. Goyim plural for Goy.)

2. I don't like things that leave in the U. S. They always make it there business to get a head and they pop from nowhere. They start with nothing and end up rich. When they want something they fight for it and get it. In there Bible it said they should be kings and be waited on by us. And are not made for hard work but for white color jobs. They even threw a certain speaker off the radio for telling the truth. I don't hate them all but the most of them I do. They are Jews.

3. When jews had power in the high courts of Germany they let every jew get away with what he did and would charge him a small fee for a

lawyer. A Goy had to pay large and many fees and usaly was convicted when he was sometimes innocent. Jews are told to stick together, if one is in trouble the other should help if he could. The USA are taking in more jews every day without regarding any immigrant laws. The refugees take the job of good American citizens and if the USA doesnt stop we will have a greater depression than ever before. Let the jews go west and build big cities like New York and other large cities. They are too good for that.

4. I don not like the lower Class Jew. Don't get me wrong some of my best friends a jews rich and poor. But I just don't like the low cheap chiseler who tries to get all he can honest or Dishonest. Thier are other races with low chislers to But I only come in contact with jews. As I work with and know a lot of chislers. Would you call this a prejudice?

5. Some of the jews are a little to cheap. The jews who don't like America should be shot one by one.

Reading Nos. 1, 2, and 3 you are reminded of similar "arguments" read elsewhere. The phrasing and terminology are probably from Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*, even to the scholarly explanations anent Goy and Goyim. The sentence which I have italicized in No. 2 gives away the origin of that boy's anti-Semitism. Nos. 4 and 5 are typical of the reasons most of the boys give for not liking Jews, though the conclusion of No. 5 is more violently antipathetic than most.

In the fifty-four papers classified as confused and contradictory, there are, besides the twenty-five expressions of anti-Semitism, eighteen boys who don't like Negroes and three who don't like Catholics. This is the way some of them express their anti-Negro feeling:

1. Negroes I hate them they think they wise guys and think they can Boss anybody and they like to rob a lot. (Most of them, anyway.)

2. I have a slight prejudice against some of the negro people.

3. I dislike Negroes because most of them are filthy in their habits and dress.

4. I'm prejudiced against the negroes because there a lot of sneaks.

5. I am prejudice against the Negroes Because they do not live clean, and they spread a lot of Germs.

These examples do not show the effect of any organized campaign of hate. It is probable that the boys picked up these slanders in the street, or from random comments made in the home. But no matter how acquired, the prejudice is there in one boy out of nine, among the 162 in this group of students.

Yet these same boys who show such reactionary attitudes towards Jews and Negroes show at the same time and on the same paper their hatred and contempt for the very individual or form of government most notorious



for persecuting minorities. Take the boy who wrote No. 3 above. Directly below that statement he writes: "I dislike fascists because I think there idea of running the government is wrong." And the boy who wrote No. 2 above also wrote:

I hate even more the heads of German Government. Lots of the heads of Germany are not even Germans. They have ruined the greatest industries in the world for their hate against jewish people. All they do is prepare for war, try to influence the younger Generation and force the older Generation in believing in their horrible ways. If people just show a little bit that they are against the Government they are thrown in a concentration camp where they are kept like cattle. That is enough reasoning to make anyone hate and even more hate the German Government.

The writer of No. 4 went on to list his prejudice against Jews and then wound up with "I dislike Hitler because he's a punk and a rat he's making more trouble than any one man ever made. And the people of other countries are getting the idea it's the German people." Note in these last two anti-Hitler statements the careful and accurate distinction made between Hitler, the wrongdoer, and the innocent German people.

Perhaps the epitome of all the papers in this category is one which reads:

I am prejudice against the jews because they are cheap and stingy. I worked for some. I am prejudice against Klu Klux Klan for treating the negros they way they did. [Below this is a crude drawing of a gallows with a human figure swinging from it.] Stop the jews for taking away our country. [Next to this slogan is another drawing, of a bearded face with a big hook nose.] Stop Hitler also. He is a crazy fool. [And beside this is a sketch of Hitler with a swastika on his chest.]

That list almost cancels itself out, but the dislikes for Hitler and the Klan show something healthy in that boy's reactions.

For progressives the most encouraging papers are the anti-fascist. This group, one-third of the total, indicates that some of the boys and their families are very much aware of what is actually happening abroad, and of its meaning for themselves. The following are some examples from the fifty-one anti-fascist papers:

1. I as an individual person have a prejudice. I am prejudiced with one person (pardon the english) a "dirty lousy slimy rat," by the name of Adolf Hitler. Why I am prejudiced with Hitler I will tell you. (1) Persecution of my own race (2) Spreading Propaganda so as to make a second "World War" (3) Seizing countries, making prisoners of soldiers of the captured country, killing, robbing, destroying, and plunging nations into War. Here is a man with a subconscious brain, a madman, fanatic, the second Napoleon.

2. Hitler—because he declares war and kills the people in Germany. Japan—because she is fighting Chinese and says this is not a war. We did not declare war.

3. My first genuine dislike is that of Adolf Hitler, because he doesn't allow people to worship as they please and there are many other reasons I would not write on paper. My second is of Fritz Kuhn,

leader of the German-American Bund, because he wants this country made into a land like Germany with a tyrant for a leader. I hate all Nazis because of their thoughts and prejudices. My third dislike is the Ku Klux Klan because they are not only disguised cowards, murderers, and rats, but they do not allow a person to worship as he or she pleases.

I think that all their organizations should be wiped out.

4. Though I have never had the misfortune to meet that "European Maniac" Adolf Hitler, I hate him as though I had known him all my life. He has been one of the most inhuman merciless person I ever heard of. In the same way do I dislike Hitler's stooge Mussolini, because he unjustly took a country of which minded its own business, took this country Ethiopia.

5. I do not like Mr. Adolf Hitler cause he took Checkoslovakia away from the Checks against their will. I don't like Mussolini for his demands on France.

6. I dislike Hitler because he taking countrys that don't belong to him. I dislike Mussolini for the same reason.

7. I dislike X [a classmate, obviously of German descent] because he said he liked Hitler better than the President of the United States of America, I asked him why he don't go back to Germany, he said he would but he hasn't enough money. And he always curses the jews. He says the newspaper is a lot of bull. What they say about Hitler is not true.

8. I dislike Hitler because he is killing many people especially jews and cathlicks. I dislike Musilina because he mostly agrees with Hitlers methods of getting land and killing people.

9. I dont like Hitler because of the way he is carrying on his bloodless wars with other nations without reason. I dislike Mussolini because of the way he is carrying on and saying that eternal peace is a menace to the world and that there should be wars oftener. He also helped the rebels overthrow the government in Spain. I dislike Japan because of the way she went into China and started to destroy the cities in which hundreds of people were killed. I dislike Chamberlain because of the way he fixes arguments for Great Britain. Once Great Britain and France agreed to help Checkoslovakia if she was attacked by Germany but when the time came she left France in the dark.

10. I dislike Hitler for his cruelty to Jews. For his seizure of other peoples rights and property. Chamberlain for his weakness in giving up at Munich what was not his to give.

Most of the other anti-Hitler, Chamberlain, and Japan statements run the same way, some terser, others more elaborate. Besides these there are four papers containing nothing but large cartoons of Hitler and/or Chamberlain hanging from a gallows, and surrounding the cartoons are such lines as "Take Germany off the Map," "Stop Hitler," "Down with Chamberlain," "The Only Way to Make Hitler Stop Is to Invite Him to a Necktie Party," "Burn Hitler," etc.

When you remember that almost all these boys are from families that know little but unemployment, poverty, and insecurity, and that these conditions and the despair and anger and resentment that grow out of them offer fertile ground for fascism, you cannot be shocked by the violently reactionary attitudes of so many of them. The schools, even where there are progressives on their staffs, are not doing enough to counteract the growth of feeling that can culminate in the branding of a Melvin Bridge. The field of preventive action must be broader than the schools, for anti-democratic forces are intensifying their work all over the United States.

MILTON MELTZER.

## Race in Textbooks

HUGUENOT RACE  
SAVAGE RACE  
THE STURDY RACES  
A RACE OF CRETINS  
WARLIKE RACES  
CHRISTIAN RACE  
CAREFREE RACE  
THE TERRIBLE TURK RACE  
WILD INDIAN RACE  
A RACE OF SEA ROVERS  
UNCIVILIZED RACES

SPANISH RACE  
AUSTRIAN RACE  
RUSSIAN RACE  
FRENCH RACE  
POLISH RACE  
ALBANIAN RACE  
SYRIAN RACE  
PERSIAN RACE  
ITALIAN RACE  
HUNGARIAN RACE

SWISS RACE  
GERMAN RACE  
IRISH RACE  
ROMAN RACE  
BULGAR RACE

ARYAN RACE  
SEMITIC RACE  
SOUTHERN SLAV RACE  
ANGLO-SAXON RACE  
GOTH RACE  
LATIN RACE  
CELTIC RACE  
MAGYAR RACE

AS THIS article shows, the outside influences of Nazis and Coughlinites play a large part in forming the prejudices of school children. In addition, however, schools in thousands of American communities use textbooks that encourage racist thought. Some are simply outmoded scientifically; some frankly reactionary. In the listings above are textbook terms describing race that have no basis in scientific reality. The first group is the wildest of all, most of it having no application to ethnology. Those in the second group are nations, not races. Language names make up the third.

The American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom recently made a study of the use of the term race and the teachings that accompany it. The committee took 160 textbooks in various fields from all parts of the country. It was found that 66 percent of the books used "race" where nationality or people was meant. Twenty percent contained teachings of racial superiority. The division of the books according to subject was as follows: Geography, fifty-nine; History, fifty-three; Civics, fifteen; Biology, fifteen; General Science, seven; Sociology, four; Economics, three; Syllabi, four.





# Harold J. Laski's Personal View

England's famous scholar tells what he is doing to fight fascism. Another in New Masses' series of statements by leading intellectuals and professionals.

IT IS over twenty-five years since I, as an Oxford undergraduate, joined the Labor Party. In the years that have passed, events have only deepened my conviction that there is no way out of the problems of our time save through the socialist solution. But they have also made me feel, even more intensely, how little the individual can do, how helpless he is before the tempo of things. And the lesson of it all is, first, the inescapable obligation to stand united with one's fellows in the fight against fascism, and, second, the realization that whatever one does, however urgently, it is not enough. The sands run out so rapidly; there are so many who must be made to understand.

What do I, personally, do? Work for the Labor Party, as a member of its National Executive, as an alderman of the Borough Council of Fulham (where there is a Labor majority). With Victor Gollancz and John Strachey, I helped to found and to run the Left Book Club, which now has fifty thousand members, and over one thousand groups discussing our Left publications all over Great Britain. I belong to the National Council of Civil Liberties. I speak a good deal. I write books and pamphlets and articles. I devote a good amount of my time to assisting the refugees from fascist countries, especially those in professions analogous to my own.

To how much it all amounts, I do not know; pretty little at bottom, I suspect, though it brings to me a sense of fellowship with the workers that is about the most precious experience in life. Of course, I have grim failures. For the last five years, I have been convinced that the victory of Socialism depends very largely on healing the splits in the working class movement; only a united front against fascism can, in my judgment, really make headway against reaction. So far, the effort has been wholly unsuccessful. My own party remains adamant against the united front. I have tried, too, to put the case for a Marxian interpretation of history and institutions before the public interested in political science. I have tried to make my academic colleagues see that our age is watching the dissolution of middle class rule exactly as the sixteenth century was watching the dissolution of rule by the feudal aristocracy; that the moral confusion and intellectual crisis of our time is due to the breakdown of the economic foundations of our civilization.

I do not know that the effort has had much result; though I notice in the younger generation of students a far wider attention to this kind of diagnosis than was the case ten years ago. And I suspect that some of the indignation my writings seem to arouse is evidence that they may, here and there, strike



PROFESSOR LASKI tells the most important part of his own story in this article, but his literary and academic career deserves more documentation. Laski has taught in colleges in Canada, this country, and England. His name became known to millions of Americans when his academic work at Harvard was rudely interrupted because the authorities and Cal Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, didn't like the good professor's sympathy for Boston's striking policemen. Besides his frequent articles in the British and American press, he is author of "Parliamentary Government in England," "Liberty in the Modern State," "Communism," "The Rise of Liberalism," and many other books.

home. I believe, too, that the pressure of events is slowly but surely pushing the Labor Party toward the philosophy I hold. The problem is one of time. British Labor suffers, I think, from the same disease as the movements in Germany and the United States: the belief that British capitalists are so different from others that tradition and the habit of the "gentleman" will persuade them to abide by electoral defeat and cooperate in the constitutional erosion of their privileges. That seems to me, in the light of Spain and the Munich settlement, in the differential treatment of the Soviet Union, on the one hand, and Hitler and Mussolini on the other, to be sheer illusion. Our problem is to make the British working class realize in time that in a choice between capitalism and democracy,

their masters have no doubt that they prefer capitalism; that they will smash the constitution into pieces if it stands in the way of their privileges. No other lesson seems to me so clear in the post-war years. No other lesson does it seem to me so important to drive home. Accordingly, my effort is mainly concerned with driving it home while we have time left.

Out of it all, one learns continually. The first thing, above all, that I have learned is that the so-called intellectual cannot be above the battle. He is, whether he will or no, in it and of it; and if he stands apart from it, he merely adds strength to the side of reaction. The second thing I have learned is that the vaunted "objectivity" of the social sciences is only a way of concealing the basic assumptions upon which their makers build. Every writer has to select. Every writer, therefore, has a scheme of values by which he selects. He is usually called "detached" or "impartial" either when he says that he does not concern himself with the meaning of the phenomena he reports, or when he refuses to relate the idea to action.

One eminent American historian is now telling us, with great learning, that the tragedy of our age is the breakdown of the rule of law. But he carefully abstains from telling us why it has broken down. At the back of his analysis is the conviction that things went admirably before 1914, that the war and its aftermath are the causes of our present woes. But his refusal to see that the war was not an accidental disturbance of a satisfactory world prevents him from offering any counsel of action that might help us now. That inability, in its turn, aids reaction, since it suggests that we need not look into foundations for the causes of the crisis which threatens reason itself.

To make learning significant, by relating it to the roots of the problems we have to solve, seems to me the only justification for learning, and, therefore, for the teacher. That, in my own small way, I seek to do in my university work. Above all, I try to make my experience of the labor movement give meaning to my more academic effort. I think it does give it a realism it could not otherwise possess. It prevents it from dying in a vacuum, as does so much of contemporary scholarship. It compels me to ask myself, and therefore to seek to answer, what seem to be the significant questions. All in all, it is no doubt pitiful enough against the magnitude of the issues we face. My plea in mitigation at the judgment day will only be that at least I have tried to understand, and made such understanding as I have the basis of the action to which I have been led.

HAROLD J. LASKI.





PROFESSOR LASKI *tells the most important part of his own story in this article, but his literary and academic career deserves more documentation. Laski has taught in colleges in Canada, this country, and England. His name became known to millions of Americans when his academic work at Harvard was rudely interrupted because the authorities and Cal Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, didn't like the good professor's sympathy for Boston's striking policemen. Besides his frequent articles in the British and American press, he is author of "Parliamentary Government in England," "Liberty in the Modern State," "Communism," "The Rise of Liberalism," and many other books.*



# A Giagre Nalled Musstotler

Literary jam session in double talk and a hot weather reflection on the situation in Europe.

**T**HERE once was a giagre who was nalled Musstotler. This giagre feined on the blones of tittle babren and brimps from his foridst of Itagerm. But Musstotler was moroppy since he also loved the cutling chilbies. Poor little brimps! First the giagre loved them and then he dite them. This is known as twople jeopanger, a seriful fatoom.

Soon there were no more babren, brimps, or chilbies left in Itagerm. And Musstotler was hungarved, tch, tch. Now his domidence was buicated in the cendst of a huge contirope, i.g., Eurent. Eurent was bounded by oceater except to the neath, where a mystidable junglamp called Usiet was. Here the Englarx livode. The Englarx were a myriable

peolk who were peacappy, and who minended to their own busifairs. Strodd Englarx!

Anywell, Musstotler had dited all the chicks, the slovalbs, the scandislavs, the espafrancs, the pitipoor mittelbalks and the semiturks, loving them first, incurse.

Musstotler had a blound camed Chambadier, whom he traught to retrunt for him. Chambadier, faithible blound, retrunted Camer-oongo, and Majorzores, and Ethuez, and Bibrindia, and Chillyarg, and even Scotire which was Chambadier's taileg which Musstotler bipted off when his blound wasn't lokicing. But it didn't maketer since Chambadier could lexivist by selloupeasoup alone.

Befoon, Musstotler had masticherunched all of Eurent, and the giagre spold Chambadier.

"Chambadier, my fustful blound," he saike, "Retrunt me some Englarx."

But Chambadier put his noszle up and scrowled and heamed! He was scarighted no end.

So Musstotler frowmed, greached, and swal-lulped his blound in a furice.

But he yill was hungarved. So he greached for a nitble of Englarx in the borty counders of Usiet, but the Englarx *wasn't havin' any*, as they remarnted causticooly.

They bandathered together, chorckling, and anailoth they yollered, "Bu!"

And Musstotler, dyaint from hornic, and faying from panor, keepled over and poo'd out.

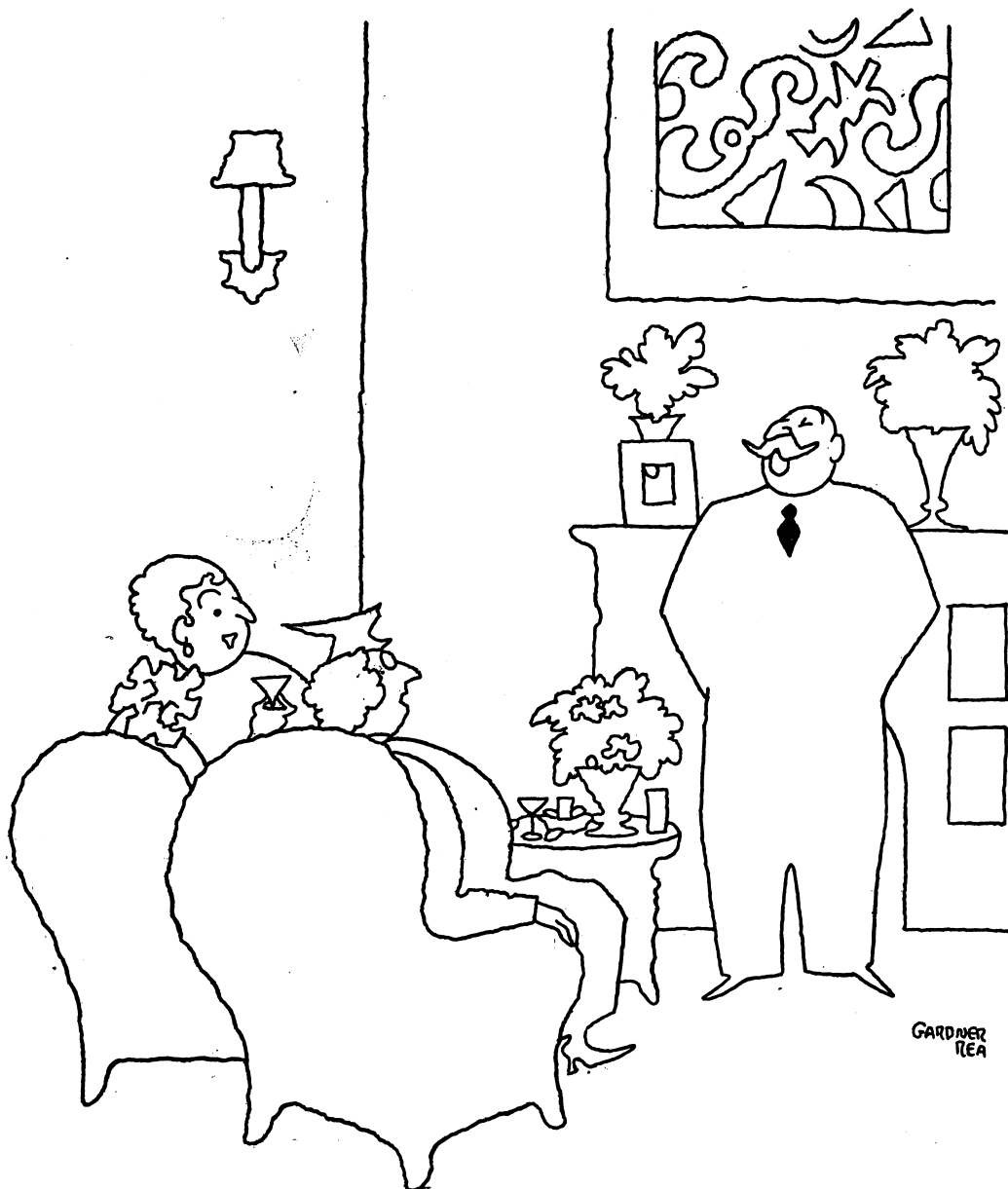
Then the Englarx slut the giagre's belstom with their razharp dialectiblooks, and out jopped all the babren and the brimps and the chilbies of Eurent, Amerasia, and the Sahafric, hapful and joypy.

The Englarx then tronted all the tittle dopes off to schoolege where soon they too were formuted by studiork and informmination and such into Englarx.

Musstotler's stincorp was disspected to find where Chambadier was; they placound him stranmothered to putrideath in Musstotler's vermipendix.

Soon Musstotler became just an obscient evehorse to the Englarx, and that is the finend of my storale.

NILCNOK.



MAJOR NERTZ OF THE FASCIST SHIRTS

"The Major's boring, I admit—but, thank God, never from within!"

## Wally and the Juke

**T**HE exiled Windsors are getting no smarter as age creeps up. On the eve of his forty-fifth birthday, the ex-king and his wife were entertained at a lavish party at the German embassy in Paris by German Ambassador Count von Welscek, with the extensive guest list kept secret. The count was formerly Nazi ambassador to Spain who organized Fifth Column activity from the embassy in Madrid in 1934, laying down the plans for Hitler's collaboration with the Franco putsch in 1936. Barcelona reports have the duke and duchess planning a trip to Spain, no doubt inspired by the Nazi intriguers in Paris. Later the Windsors attended a dinner party in the Eiffel Tower, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its construction. At their table, in animated conversation, sat the Franco ambassador to Paris, Felix Lequerica, and Sen. Leon Berard, author of the notorious Berard-Jordana agreement under which the French government has surrendered to Franco the arms and fleet of the Spanish republic, as well as the gold stores formerly in French banks.

## Wrong Answer

**B**RTAIN'S royal family has a favorite pose of visiting distressed areas, patting babies and chatting with victims of the upper classes. Recently the royal duke of Kent visited unemployed small holdings in West Yorkshire and singled out a stocky little woman named Mary Sutton for one of the democratic tableaux. "And how do you like your work?" beamed his highness. "Not at all," said Mary

Sutton. The duke grasped his lapels and turned away; another of his subjects spoke up with, "There is nothing but hard work and poverty here. We can stand the hard work but not the poverty." Mrs. Sutton's husband, an unemployed fitter, works a small holding, yielding the typical price of 83 cents for 520 pounds of spring cabbage.

### Mutiny at Melbourne

THESE is some doubt whether the British Navy has advanced much further than the conditions that brought about the famous mutiny of the *Nore*. British "officers and gentlemen," lent to the Australian Navy for instruction purposes, have been showing the natives a few tricks in sailor-baiting. Recently a steward in the Royal Australian Naval Depot received punishment No. 11-A because he forgot to lay out an officer's pajamas before bedtime. Because the embryo admiral had to pull his own pajamas out of the drawer the steward spent fourteen hours a day for fourteen days in alternating periods of heavy rifle drill and physical exercise.

### Webb Miller's Protest

WEBB MILLER of United Press has protested a recent NEW MASSES item which stated that he "is trying to explain a byline story from his typewriter that never occurred"—of a meeting between Gov. Harold Stassen of Minnesota and the English king and queen at Winnipeg. The meeting did not occur but Mr. Miller was not the reporter who sent the Minneapolis *Star* the fake story; on the contrary he was the first to write that Mr. Stassen was tapped on the shoulder in the receiving line and did not shake the king's hand, and states that the editor of the *Star* congratulated him for the correct version. NEW MASSES' information came from a reputable news agency whose correspondent undoubtedly mistook the *Star* man for Mr. Miller. The *Star*, which inspired the governor's Canadian trip, printed the fake story of the supposed meeting but Mr. Miller and the United Press had nothing to do with it.

### Poetic Justice

NEWSPAPER guildsmen in Denver are getting a wry laugh out of the case of C. A. Moore, business manager of the Scripps-Howard *Rocky Mountain News*. Some time ago, after great pressure and the overwhelming Labor Board certification of the Guild, Mr. Moore posted a substandard bulletin board agreement which called for only ten weeks' indemnity pay for employees dismissed after ten years of service. A few weeks later Mr. Moore, a twenty-year veteran of Scripps-Howard, was fired. He was handed a check for ten weeks' salary. "I should get a half year for twenty years' service," he protested. "Sorry," he was told, "you set the rate yourself."

## In the Line of Fire

The third and concluding installment of Alvah C. Bessie's story about the Lincoln Battalion boys.

THEY were moving up a narrow dirt road now, and Luke thought, We're really lost but it doesn't make much difference if you keep moving in the right direction; northeast is where the lines should be. Well, he thought, you wanted this and now you've got it. But the canneries had got under his skin after all those years; don't kid yourself, he thought; you'd been drinking too much and working too hard and sleeping around too much, and he thought, it would be nice now to be burning up the road with Dot and it would be light in the Imperial Valley, with a few million stars, and the gin bottle would be in the side pocket and tomorrow there would be work to do, organizing. At least you would know from the alcohol and the excitement of the woman by your side that you were alive and not just walking around to save funeral expenses. But that was all gone now, and there was no use thinking, When I get home, for perhaps (most likely) there would be no going home, and he put the thought of Fritz out of his mind. . . .

There were a few lights ahead, a town, and the column of eighty men was strung out for over half a kilometer; the men picking up their feet and putting them down. Even when a halt was called some of them kept on walking automatically till the thought entered their minds that the others had stopped, and they stopped too, standing still in the middle of the road, undecided whether to flop on one side of the road or the other; it was a difficult choice to make. It did not occur to them to wonder what town it was or who held it, but suddenly the sides of the road were strewn with equipment; they saw the stuff lying there and bent to examine it.

There were rifles and blankets, pack sacks crammed with the articles that soldiers collect (underwear and socks, a pipe, a notebook, a toothbrush, and an extra pair of *alpargatas*, a jacket). There were burlap bags with a few cans of bully-beef or fish; there was a stinking codfish in a bag, heavy and stiff. There were mess tins and knives, forks, spoons, and the men began to reequip themselves. They slung the blanket rolls over their shoulders; they rummaged in the pack sacks, walking all the time, opening the cans with a dull knife, shoving the food into their mouths. There was bread, sardines, cartridge belts, and ammunition.

It did not occur to Ben to wonder whose stuff this was; it might have belonged to the fascists or it might have been abandoned by another outfit. He picked up a plate, a spoon, a long kitchen knife, three cans of Argentine corned beef which he stuck in his pockets, hanging the plate on the hook on his belt; sticking the knife in the belt itself. It was

beginning to get light, but that did not concern him. He decided not to eat till they rested again; it was too much of an effort to think of opening one of the cans.

Then there was a truck standing abandoned in the middle of the narrow road; there were rifles (Russian rifles) leaning against the tailboard, and there were more blankets (Ben took two) and a cartridge belt that Hy took. "Do you think this is better than my own rifle?" Hy said, and Ben said, "How should I know?" and Hy said, "I'll keep both of them," slinging them over his shoulder. Someone said, "I wonder if the damned thing will run," and climbing in, started the engine and switched on the lights. Ben was standing on the running board of the cab, but as the truck started to roll, he got off; he didn't want to be ahead of the others. The truck moved slowly down the road through the few men in advance, and the men turned their faces in the truck's lights, and their faces were pale and lined. The red tail light disappeared into the distance.

Then the left side of the road rose and there was an embankment skirting the road. Ben saw the men but did not wonder who they were. They stood there wrapped in blankets, holding rifles, and they didn't say anything, and the men trudging along the road said nothing either. Hy was in front of Ben; Ben couldn't see him, but then he heard the men ahead start to run and they jumped onto the embankment and he followed.

Christ! thought Hy, here we are! He dropped the extra rifle and the blankets he'd slung over his shoulder and lit out after Luke and Hal. He heard Ben shouting behind him, "Hy! where are you? I can't see you!" and he turned his head, said, "Shut up!" and kept running. They were in a field now, and the field was full of sleeping men; men sleeping in blankets on the ground, and officers sleeping in pup tents under the olive trees. Bitterly, he thought, *we* have no pup tents, even for the officers. There were horses tethered among the trees, restless in the dark.

Ben tripped over a sleeping man and the man sat up and called him a name. "Hy!" he shouted. "Stop a minute, will you? I can't keep up!" but he didn't answer. I wish that sonofabitch would stop yelling, Luke thought; doesn't he know where we are? He strained his eyes to see ahead; heard the voices behind saying, "*Halto! Los Rojos! Halto los Rojos!*" and lengthened his stride. He thought of Fritz, dead at Belchite, running as he was running. There was a terrace just ahead, and he scrambled up it with Hal immediately behind, and Hy behind him. Ben had caught up and was panting, "Hey, what's the idea; wait a minute will you?" and Hy bent back to help him up the terrace, then

started running for the next one. "Drop your stuff," he whispered back, "get rid of it," and Ben slipped off the two blankets, threw away the plate and knife, but decided to keep the rifle and the machine-gun pans. He heard the voices now and he heard the rifles and pistols and the bullets snapping overhead. They made a dash for the next terrace and went up it; and then there was another, and another. Oh, Ben thought, I'll *die*; I'm at the end of my rope; I can't do it I can't do it I can't do it. He heard the others running ahead of him, moaning as they ran, and determined that he must keep up with them. Rather, his legs determined it; they would not stop although his body was growing heavier by the moment; it wanted to sink; it wanted to drop onto the ground, but his legs kept going.

It was light when they entered the woods on top of the hill and moved into the thick underbrush. They sat down suddenly, panting; they lay on their backs gasping for air, hearing the rifles in the distance and weird singing off to the left. "Moors," Hal said. They sat up and looked at one another. There were only the four of them. Ben reached in his pocket and brought out a can of corned beef; there was a key on the bottom of the can, and he opened it, cut it into four pieces and handed it around. "I got it off the truck."

"That was a good idea," Luke said.

"You better take that red star off your cap," Hal said, and Ben looked at Hy. They both took off the republican star pinned at the peak of their hats.

"I think it would be a good idea if we left the rifles," Hal said, but no one else said anything. They were silent awhile, listening to the strange singing far off to the left; watching the sun filter through the heavy underbrush.

"You dope," Hy said. "What made you keep yelling like that?"

"I didn't know," Ben said.

"We were in their camp."

"I didn't know."

Luke was looking at him and Hal was looking at him, and the two of them seemed, somehow, to be in league against him. He looked at Hy and said, "I didn't know. . ."

The land was folded like an accordion; hill after parallel hill grown with pine and oak, dark with sage, rugged with stone. Down below them there was a family of peasants evacuating, a large family streaming from a small hut, piling their mattresses and household goods into the burro cart. They were terrified when they saw the four soldiers slanting down the hill with rifles, and they replied to the "Salud!" with obvious relief. They gave the four men water and a bag of *avellanoes*; they thought that Mora was still in loyalist hands and they said that the main road was a short distance down the valley to the left.

The exigencies of flight were cruel; by common assent they avoided the beaten paths, climbed up and down the hills, moving always

toward the northeast. The sun was high and hot on their faces and they shed their remaining equipment as they went—the machine-gun pans in the sack, the little paper packs of cartridges (with the exception of a clip or two); their extra clothing.

"Where are we going?" Ben said.

"To Mora," said Luke.

"How do you know it's still ours?"

"I don't."

"Don't you think we ought to sleep now and travel at night?"

Luke did not answer; he was sick of this man's endless, pointless questions. This was a situation you met the best you could (he did not expect to come out of it, but he was going to try); it was no good to talk. They might still be behind the fascist lines; he expected at any moment to meet an enemy patrol, for they must know of the retreat; they must know there were countless men trapped behind their lines; they would be looking for them, and they did not like the Internationals. He wished he had some tobacco; he was annoyed with Hal for the suggestion that they abandon their rifles, for Hal knew as well as he did that in those days a rifle was worth more to the republic than a man. It set a bad example for these new replacements.

From the hill they could see the white, hardsurfaced road that twisted between the mountains. It shimmered in the distance, waves of heat rising from its surface. Nothing was moving on it, and they watched as long as they dared, but nothing moved. The land

was deserted; there was no living thing in sight; for as far as they could see there was no evidence, except the road, of man's habitation in this place. They were lonesome as they moved down off the hill toward the road, and when they reached it they sat down in the shade of a tree and looked at it. Bare, hard, white, silent; there was something sinister about it; they could not bring themselves to move along its surface.

"There's something weird about this road," Ben said. Luke laughed; he's like a guy reading the titles at the movies, he thought. He doesn't think anyone else can read. They crossed the road, slid down the steep embankment to the drying riverbed, and steeped their hot heads in the water. They washed their hands and faces, drank, soaked their caps in the water, but decided not to take off their shoes, for they were not sure they could get them on again. Their feet were swollen, bleeding. The other side of the river the heights rose again, almost perpendicular, and Ben said, "Christ! look what we got to climb." When did we sleep last? he thought; days and days ago. It was not like the years gone by when you could sit all night and talk and go to work the next day, and sit all the next night and talk. He was astonished that even in this state of extenuation he could notice the beauty of the place; the theatrical hills were arranged like a stage set, and he remembered how, just before dawn, before they walked into that trap, he had listened, stopping to hear better, to the liquid song of a bird, pure and crystal in the night.

## Red Clay Blues

I miss that red clay, Lawd, I  
Need to feel it on my shoes.  
Says miss that red clay, Lawd, I  
Need to feel it on my shoes.  
I want to see Georgia cause I  
Got them red clay blues.

Pavement's hard on my feet, I'm  
Tired o' this concrete street.  
Pavement's hard on my feet, I'm  
Tired o' this city street.  
Goin' back to Georgia where  
That red clay can't be beat.

I want to tramp in the red mud, Lawd, and  
Feel the red clay round my toes.  
I want to wade in that red mud,  
Feel that red clay suckin' at my toes.  
I want my little farm back and I  
Don't care where that landlord goes.

I want to be in Georgia, when the  
Big storm starts to blow.  
Yes, I want to be in Georgia when that  
Big storm starts to blow.  
I want to see the landlords runnin' cause I  
Wonder where they gonna go!

I got them red clay blues.

RICHARD WRIGHT AND LANGSTON HUGHES.

Mora, the peasants had said, was sixteen kilometers by road. And if it isn't ours? thought Hy. He moved along, his comical face hanging almost onto his chest. He regretted thinking that Hal and Luke were trying to ditch them, even more telling Ben of his suspicions. They were all in the same boat. He hoped no one would talk to him; he did not feel like answering. He did not question his convictions; he only regretted that, if it should be necessary now to fight, he would not be able to sell his life dearly; he would not be able to put up a fight. Nor could any one of them; they were men moving in a dream of exhaustion; carried along by nothing they could call will or a decision; their bodies carried them and not their minds, and they would go on until they had to stop.

Luke was in front when they reached the top of the hill and saw the men below, moving through the deep barranco. Hal was behind him; then came Ben and Hy. They found a can of bully-beef, bright and shining in the sun, and opened it; it was salty, but for another hour Ben carried it open in his hand, rather than throw it away. They were too tired to eat. But below them now were straggling columns of men, moving through the mountains, climbing the hills ahead of them. "They're ours," Luke said, and they moved down the hill and joined the men. They were the Germans, the French, and the Italian volunteers; they spoke no English and they were fresher than the four men of the American battalion. Short and squarely built, blond, the Germans were packing their heavy Maxims up and down the hills, sweating and silent, and the four men sat and let them pass in wonderment. Their faces were streaming; their breath escaped their lips with a hoarse, rasping sound, but they moved steadily along, looking at the ground ahead of their feet, changing off their heavy loads. Never, thought Hy, will I see so great an example of human courage and dignity as these temporarily defeated men, retreating from a stronger enemy. This is the proof that we can lick them yet—anywhere!

The Germans, the French, the Italians, the Czechs moved on ahead of them and up the next mountainside, and the four men, as by common assent, moved back onto the abandoned road to Mora. In single file they dragged themselves along the road, Luke in advance, looking neither right nor left; Ben, watching the sky for *avion*, turning to look at Hy whose head was bowed onto his chest, his arms at his sides; and Hal, far behind, his soft mouth wet and open, his red-rimmed eyes half-closed by the brilliant white light that lay over the road. He was limping. Far behind them they could hear the thunder of the artillery (at Gandesa?) and the high whine of the diving airplanes. Our boys are back there, Luke thought, putting up a fight, or where are they? But we'll be back; all of us who may survive, we'll be back to fight again. . . .

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

## "Let the Will..."

The Deep South is using its old hymns to aid farm-worker unionization. Here are a few examples.

*Mena, Ark.*

**I**N Cotton Plant, Ark., I heard a Negro congregation singing an old hymn, "Let the will of the Lord be done."

It is a fine song, what we call a "singout" song: the leader sings out each new verse and the congregation joins in. There is only one line change in each verse, and the pattern of each verse is the same.

I began to think, "Here's a good union song. Let's see— let the will of the union— let the will of the people—"

The song leader, an old Negro man, interrupted me. He had heard several of my parodies and knew what I was up to.

"Now, wait a minute. Don't you go changin' that song. It's all right just like it stands. 'Let the will of the Lord be done'—that says just exactly what we want to say. What do you think the Lord's will is, anyhow? It's freedom! You leave that song alone!"

Here is how we compromised. You know the hymn:

Let the will (let the will—)  
Let the will (let the will—)  
Let the will of the Lord be done;  
Let the will (His will—)  
Let the will (His will—)  
Let the will of the Lord be done.

Here is our parody:

Organize! (Organize—)  
Organize! (Organize—)  
Let the will of the Lord be done;  
Organize! (Today—)  
Organize! (Today—)  
Let the will of the Lord be done.

And: Freedom again; On the farm; In the fields; etc.

Here are a few hymns and their parodies, as they are used by Negro sharecroppers of the South. Some of them we introduced; some of them we overheard. Here is a hymn:

Somebody knockin' at your door,  
Somebody knockin' at your door,  
Oh, sinner, why don't you answer?  
Somebody knockin' at your door.  
Knocks like-a Jesus, etc.

And our parody:

Somebody knockin' at your door,  
Somebody knockin' at your door,  
Oh, farmers (miners, workers, etc.)  
why don't you answer?  
Somebody knockin' at your door.  
Knocks like a union, etc.

A hymn:

When the battle's over  
We shall wear a crown  
In the new Jerusalem.

And our parody:

When the struggle's over  
We shall all be free  
In the new society.

A hymn:

It's the old time religion, etc.  
And it's good enough for me.

And two parodies:

It's a wonderful union, etc.  
It's good enough for me.  
It will aggravate the planters, etc.  
It will help when we're evicted—

A hymn:

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now—etc.

The parody:

Join the union, join the union,  
Join the union just now—etc.

The parody of "Jesus Is My Captain" has traveled from a North Carolina textile strike throughout the agricultural movements of the South and even unto the far reaches of New York City's May Day parades:

The union is a-marchin',  
We shall not be moved!

LEE HAYS.

## Japan Throws the Dice

**J**APANESE gambling houses and opium dens, a standard product of the China invasion, have begun to invade the International Settlement in Shanghai, after flourishing in the Jessfield district just outside the settlement. Three new palatial gambling houses have opened in recent months in the International Area, one of them called the Hollywood, expanding so rapidly that carpenters are busy continually building additions. This place has fourteen chuck-aluck cages, two roulette tables, and a fan-tan table, with opium dispensed to the customers at a nominal charge. The Special Service Section of the Japanese Army operates the houses through Chinese puppet proprietors, and cars taking the guests home after curfew are not disturbed by the military police. The *North China Daily News* recently published the names and addresses of thirty-four new opium dens in Shanghai, licensed for \$600 a month by the SSS. Heroin from Jehol is smuggled into the settlement in automobile tires, which appropriately enough were seized from the Chinese during the invasion. The vice dens have a house organ of their own called *Shanghai*, an illustrated paper given to attacking "foreigners" for operating houses of prostitution.

# NEW MASSES

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## Chamberlain

ON TWO fronts last week, the British government moved toward appeasement of the axis powers. In the Far East, Sir Robert Craigie, British minister to Tokyo, agreed to six basic principles for negotiation of the Tientsin incident, which virtually grant Japan belligerent rights. The pledge not to interfere with the Japanese army and even to refrain from criticism of its savagery betrays British interests as much as it hampers China. Coming after the Gallup poll revealed that the overwhelming majority of British people want action against Japan, and 9 percent were even willing to fight, the gap between the Chamberlain policies and the desires and interests of the British people is emphasized. Chamberlain again revealed his unique capacity, not merely for betraying England but, just as important, prejudicing the rights and interests of the United States in the Far East.

For this is a major blow to America. It is a deal with Japan, a deal against American interests. Naturally, the American press, both New Deal and even anti-New Deal, is very much alarmed. All Americans must face the fact that our failure to take leadership in world affairs dovetails with the Chamberlain diplomacy, by giving him a free hand in collaboration with the aggressors. Sen. Hiram Johnson of California and other isolationists are quick to conclude that concerted action against the aggressors must fail on the rock of British perfidy. Progressives, however, must see in this all the more reason for defeating pro-Munich tendencies. This is a blunt warning that the United States must act with vigor against Japan, first of all, by applying the embargo, if Chamberlain is to be dislodged from the saddle of international affairs.

The Hudson affair complements developments in the Far East with classic irony. There can be no doubt now that the British government made overtures to the Nazis, offering a \$5,000,000,000 loan in return for the kind of pledge with which the fascists have littered the history of our decade. This could only be a war loan: to bolster the Nazi economy, not merely for aggression in Danzig and Poland, but for the drive toward Ru-

mania and the Ukraine. The Polish people, of course, must be properly incensed. But the dangerous thing, as the *Week* reveals, is that Polish Foreign Minister Beck and his clique will use popular indignation as a foil for continued secret negotiations with Berlin. That is the path toward the disaster which shattered Czechoslovakia.

No one should be misled by the superficial drama in which Chamberlain disavowed his own minister for overseas trade. Even if Hudson should resign, which he insolently refuses to do, the guilt and intention of the government remain. The prime minister publicly defended the idea of rapprochement with the fascists. His only complaint was the premature publicity which the peccadillo of his underling received. This insulting candor, of course, is only part of a whole development in policy. The haggling over the arms loan to Poland, the deliberate stalling over the Anglo-Soviet Pact, the efforts to demobilize public opinion, express the trend toward Munich.

Meanwhile the Nazis play their part with a fine mixture of righteous indignation and muffled scorn. Behind the scenes, as Genevieve Tabouis disclosed in *Oeuvre* last week, the Nazis continue to mobilize. Preparations will be complete by August 15. Vacations for Storm Troopers are over at the same time. Visitors and Gestapo agents are crowding into Danzig. The German Foreign Office expects to get Danzig on a silver platter.

If the situation seems bad, the positive factors which can overturn the pro-Munich appletart are powerful. A movement of the British people, a firm stand by Poland, and forthright action by the United States will spike the whole thing yet.

## The Mayors Should Know

CONGRESSMEN have the power to cut relief, but local officials get the kickbacks. In Washington the legislators are comparatively safe in slandering the unemployed and cutting their allotments; the people's only comeback is long distance protest by mail or telegram. But when mayors and county officials find themselves, because of Congressional action, forced to cut WPA and relief rolls, the people storm their doors; they must receive the protest for an action not of their own making.

Early this week the United States Conference of Mayors sent a three-thousand-word report to every member of Congress. The Woodrum Emergency Relief Act, they said, can mean the complete collapse of WPA. Not only did they feel that the \$1,477,000,000 appropriation was wholly inadequate, but they implied that even the money at hand would be unavailable under the provision that local governments bear a full 25 percent of expenses. "The full effects of this law [the entire act] can be properly analyzed only when its various phases are considered together," said the report. In consideration of all the destructive phases, it concluded that eight million people would lose all means of

support or move from their present low-income plane down to an insufferable subsistence standard.

The action of the Conference of Mayors was the week's biggest development in the fight against WPA, but it by no means tells the whole story of the growing protest movement. Last Thursday the Workers Alliance held a one-day work stoppage involving many thousands throughout the nation. There was a protest against the entire Woodrum measure. The AFL and the CIO continue to throw their full weight against the prevailing wage provision, the CIO extending its attack to all reactionary amendments.

Public support of the fight against the crippling and possible abolition of WPA can take several concrete forms. Sen. James Murray is sponsoring an amendment against the eighteen-month rotation plan which means the dropping of 650,000 workers. Senator Wagner is the author of an amendment to restore the Federal Theater and bring the other art projects back under government sponsorship; New York's Mayor LaGuardia is fighting for maintenance of the arts projects even within the framework of the act as it stands. Keeping in mind that the entire act calls for revision—and revision in this session of Congress—progressives can do no better than lend full support to every movement that will lessen the misery that the Tories have created.

## Congressional Home Stretch

CONGRESS enters the home stretch with reaction in the saddle. Whether it will stay there till the end remains to be seen. But there is no mistaking the meaning of the enactment of the Woodrum anti-WPA bill, the shelving of neutrality legislation, the passage of the Hatch bill and the Smith resolution to launch a witch-hunting investigation of the National Labor Relations Board, and the drive against the Wages-and-Hours Act. The right-wing Republicans and Democrats, after months of futile sniping and fumbling teamwork, have coalesced and taken the offensive.

The Hatch bill is one of those pious things that no one can oppose in principle. Who isn't in favor of barring political coercion on the part of federal employees? But concealed in its gloved phrases are such brass-knuckle provisions as a ban on contributions to political campaigns by workers on relief (how long before the ban extends to the right to vote?) and a prohibition against federal employees' holding membership in "any political party or organization which advocates the overthrow of our Constitutional form of government in the United States"—which the reactionaries may interpret as applying to trade unions and other progressive organizations.

The Smith resolution to investigate the NLRB is a particularly foul piece of skull-duggery. Since May 4 the House Labor Committee has been conducting hearings on proposed amendments to the Labor Relations Act and receiving testimony on the functioning of the NLRB. The usual procedure would be



for the House to wait for the committee's report and recommendations. But fearing that an impartial report would not bring the results desired by the National Association of Manufacturers, the reactionaries stampeded the House into setting up a rival body in the image of the Dies committee. For this and for whatever may happen to the Wagner act as a consequence, a major part of the blame must fall on the dihard majority of the AFL Executive Council.

The battle now shifts to the Wages-and-Hours Act. The Washington dispatch by Paul G. McManus in this issue tells the story. A united stand by the AFL and CIO, supported by all other groups whose income depends on workers' purchasing power, can still save this law from Wall Street's Congressional hatchet men.

### *This Fight Must Go On*

PROGRESSIVES can hardly be satisfied with the status of the neutrality laws. Certainly the moves for a new Munich for Poland

were given impetus by the failure of Congress to take the one course which harmonized with American interests as a nation, and the express will of the people. Likewise, the concessions which Great Britain is making to the Japanese bode no good either for China or the interests of the United States in the Pacific. Men like William Castle, Hoover's undersecretary of state, find the atmosphere congenial enough for open demands that the United States assist in appeasing Hitler; that in itself should give progressives warning.

Nor can we be satisfied with emphasis upon the mistakes and ineptness of the administration's leadership on the neutrality issue. Mistakes there were aplenty, mistakes of the same genre that permitted the United States to fail in its responsibilities to the Spanish republic. As Robert Allen and Drew Pearson reveal in their column for July 24, the Munichers in the State Department who are even now maneuvering to extend credits to Franco and return the silver which the republic banked in America were responsible for the delays,

hesitations, and miscalculations that encouraged Congress to prevent neutrality revision.

Especially disappointing is the shelving of the Pittman resolution to embargo war materials to Japan. Here is a phase of neutrality legislation which has the largest, most consistent popular support. Even the Republicans are most sharply split on this issue. For example, the New York *Herald Tribune* editorially attacked Senator Vandenberg's proposal that the United States examine its 1911 treaty with Japan and convene a Nine-Power Conference before further action. Vandenberg dug up the old treaty with Japan which provides that the United States give six months' notice before revising its diplomatic relations. He also proposed that the Nine-Power Conference of 1922 guaranteeing China's integrity be reconvened in order to determine whether the Nine-Power Treaty had been violated.

Obviously, no conferences are necessary to "determine" whether Japan is invading China. Nor do we have to immobilize our foreign policy for six months in order to obey those treaties which Japan has violated years ago.

Vandenberg's proposal (which gives us a clue to the type of leadership that can be expected if that tory Presidential candidate ever takes over the reins of government) is nothing more than a stall against the Pittman resolution—in the words of the *Herald Tribune*, a "great comfort to the Japanese Army in China."

On this issue, as on many others, renewed popular pressure is needed. If Congress adjourns without action, constituents back home should make things hot for the reactionary congressmen. Nor can we believe that the President intends to keep mum on the whole matter until the next session of Congress. Events are going to speak up, and speak out of turn. So must the people.

### *The Refugee Problem*

THE President's invitation to the Inter-Governmental Committee on Political Refugees for a September meeting in Washington contrasts with the failure of Congress to take effective measures against fascist aggression in Europe. However, just as in the case of the Evian conference last summer, action rather than more talk is necessary.

The key to the refugee problem is not funds. Private agencies are raising millions for refugee relief. With the incorporation in London of a Coordinating Foundation, underwritten by prominent figures in financial and civic affairs on both sides of the Atlantic, assurances of more funds are forthcoming. Likewise, the recognition by Great Britain of the need for direct governmental contributions opens the door for other nations to follow suit.

The real questions involve matters of policy. Where shall the refugees go? On what terms shall their exodus from Germany be expedited? The answer to the first question is that the refugees should be admitted to the larger, most powerful democratic nations, although smaller countries must undoubtedly contribute their share. For example, if the



Richter  
Mischa Richter



*Richter*  
Mischa Richter



*Richter*  
Mischa Richter

United States lowered its immigration barriers to admit one-tenth of 1 percent of its total population, 130,000 refugees could be rescued. Certainly, the first step to this end ought to be the passage of Senator Wagner's proposal that twenty thousand refugee children be admitted to homes which Americans have guaranteed.

In any case, at least one other thing is clear. Refugee relief must not become a pawn in the maneuvers for Nazi appeasement. Funds now being raised should be employed for the transportation and settlement of refugees in new homes, for their economic and moral rehabilitation. The diplomatic strength of the powers associated in the Evian conference is great enough to make it plain to the fascists that the world will stand for no blackmail on a problem created by fascism.

### *Fires in Iberia*

WHEN the war was over, it would be *Espagne Una*, the Franco propagandists used to say. Though organized military resistance has ceased, the war is not over, nor is Spain unified. Far from it. The original factions that banded together forcibly to destroy the republic are now at each other's throats. The Falangists—Hitler- and Mussolini-controlled—shoot it out more frequently than ever with the Carlists, the Requetes, the so-called "traditionalists" who want the return of the monarchy. Generals Queipo de Llano and Yague have been removed from office.

All this is aggravated by the continued encroachments of Nazi and Italian capital. The juicy jobs have gone to the Germans and the men from Rome. The profits, too, go to the "extranjero." Franco "won" the war, but not "rebel" Spain. Hitler won it, and Il Duce. Negrin's warnings have come true and sooner even than the friends of the republic expected.

There will never be "peace" in Franco Spain; not even the peace of the graveyard. For Franco Spain itself is not a unified entity. The hatreds between the fascist groupings equal, almost, the animosity of the rebels toward the republicans. And the latter have not finished their say yet. Civil Guardias are combing the Asturian heights for guerrillas; they may bag a few here, a few there, but they cannot destroy the republican spirit that beats in millions of Spanish breasts.

### *Behind the Bridges Case*

THE parade of "witnesses" in the Bridges case last week continued to resemble a night court. All that was needed was a platform and the glare of the searchlight. The score to date is something like this: Major Lawrence A. Milner, secret operative for the Oregon National Guard, now faces possible prosecution for false testimony against Bridges. John L. Leech, stoolpigeon, cannot explain the relative luxury he is now living in. Aaron Sapiro spoke with characteristic



Phil Stern

SUGGESTION. *Official photograph of Hermann Goering to aid the Over-Eating-Is-a Crime campaign in Nazi Germany.*

glibness but stammered a bit in his admission that he was disbarred in New York State and was indicted in Chicago with Al Capone.

The truth of the matter is this: the Portland Red Squad—most notorious on the coast since "Red" Hynes took to flatfooting the suburbs of Los Angeles—is doing most of the dirty work in the case. This squad happens to be an industrial spy agency financed by public and private—the wealthiest coast corporations—funds. This was revealed in a report submitted on May 24, 1938, by the Civil Liberties Committee of the Oregon chapter of the National Lawyers Guild.

The case assumes more serious dimensions daily: everybody recognizes that much more than the individual, Bridges, is in the dock. They recognize that if the unscrupulous employers are successful in labeling as a Communist a progressive, able leader such as Bridges, they can frame any labor leader on any charge through the use of similar highly dubious "witnesses." And there is another

point: the Strecker decision did *not* say that a person is deportable as punishment for membership in the Communist Party. The latter is a legal political party—it has been on the ballot for years; it promotes with all its strength the democratic institutions of the people. Indeed, progressives must not permit the Portland Red Squad—and their bigshot hirers—to get away with it.

### *Their Music Project*

CLOSE on the death of the Federal Theater Project comes the news that the rich have been unable to bear up. The Metropolitan Opera House has been put on the block. Of the thirty-five boxholders who bore the flambeaux high, more than half were maintained by the estates of deceased privateers. As the *New York Times* delicately had it, the trustees of these estates "cannot permit esthetic and sentimental considerations to outweigh material ones." The plunderers retreat, using the scorched earth policy of destroying everything in their wake. Opera lovers of the unprivileged purse are now deprived of their music by the same gang who burned down the public place of art—the federal projects. Now they fire their own house. They offer no alternative to the closing of the opera except the prayer that the small man will subscribe the cost of its maintenance, where the estates will not. Here is New York City's signal to take over another abandoned mansion for the use of the people.

### *Ambroise Vollard*

WHEN Ambroise Vollard came to Paris as a young man in the eighties, French painting had begun to turn from the academic decay of late romanticism to the experimentation of Renoir, Cezanne, and Van Gogh, to the esthetic ideas that have enriched the painting of our own time. To the young bourgeois from Reunion Island his first Cezanne hit him "right in the middle" and he resolved to surround himself with works of art. The young radical painters found at M. Vollard's gallery a kind of WPA, which financed them and gave them the liberties denied in the salons. The dealer became also the biographer of his painters in charming books on Cezanne and Renoir, and he found a fortune in their pictures when the vogue began. Now he is dead at seventy-two, the man who bought a Cezanne from Zola for \$800. He sold this canvas to a wealthy American for \$3,000 a little later.

Ambroise Vollard and the late Lord Duveen were the last of the collector princes, which art has outgrown. The painter today wants no indenture except to the people. The Federal Art Project in America is the model of the institution succeeding the patron, who has served since the Renaissance. The project is being dismantled by the barbarians in Congress; we must preserve and extend the agency that carries on where the Vollards have vanished.



Phil Stern

SUGGESTION. *Official photograph of Hermann Goering to aid the Over-Eating-Is-a Crime campaign in Nazi Germany.*



## The People on the Press

**F**ortune magazine has just tabulated the results of a remarkable survey on the American press, undertaken a year ago, within a cross-section of the public. The results show that the people are not humbugged by the overwhelmingly reactionary bias of the newspapers; that all sections of the population have come to distrust the papers. Despite the fact that 63 percent of the people depend on the press for their news as against 25 percent for radio, broadcast news bulletins are trusted by twice as many people as is the corresponding coverage in the press. On the question "If you heard conflicting versions of the same story from these sources, which would you be most likely to believe?" here is how the return came in: radio press bulletin, 22 percent; radio commentator, 17 percent; authority you heard speak, 13 percent; newspaper editorial, 12 percent; newspaper news item, 11 percent; newspaper columnist, 3 percent; and undecided, 19 percent. The figures on newspaper news items and columnists are startling; only three out of a hundred people put any trust in the Peglers, Johnsons, and Boake Carters. We would like to see this percentage broken down to indicate the relative trustworthiness of the handful of liberal columnists, who cannot be responsible for the dismal figure.

On newspaper ethics 65 percent believed the publishers soft-pedaled news unfavorable to friendly politicians; 60 percent that they soft-pedaled it for big advertisers; 50 percent for business in general; and 41 percent for labor. An average of less than 20 percent thought publishers were not guilty of such favoritism.

Twenty-seven percent as against 8 percent considered the papers too friendly to wealth, but 18 against 9 percent thought them too antagonistic to labor, and 23 against 12 percent too hostile to the President. Seventy-two percent thought newspapers should have the right to criticize a brand of gasoline; 60 percent an employer's labor policy; and 58 percent the way a company operates its business.

## The Coughlin Terror

**A**LL the tricks the Nazis ever used in Berlin, Vienna, Praha, and Danzig are in use today in New York City. Slugging, kniving bands of marauding Coughlinites infest the amusement and shopping areas, invade Jewish and working-class districts. Where the pedestrian traffic is heaviest, they fringe the streets, separated only by ten or twelve feet, selling *Social Justice*, taunting and provoking passersby. People who have tried to counter the Coughlinites by argument or with opposition publications have been knocked to the sidewalk, kicked and slugged; some have found knives planted between their ribs.

The full, documented story of what has gone on appeared in the *Nation* for July 22, in an article by James Wechsler. Names, places, dates, and affidavits were the substance

of Wechsler's five-page piece. Accompanying it was a statement by the editors calling for action by Mayor LaGuardia and the police. In this call **NEW MASSES** is glad to join its contemporary. For the most part the city police, out of apathy and in some cases sympathy, have failed completely to take adequate action. No issue of freedom of speech is involved; for the Coughlinites, speech is only a prelude to provocation and action. No new laws, no precedents are needed to put down at the very beginning this fascist group that is trying to make of New York and other centers the shambles of hate and violence that is Berlin.

## S. 1970

**T**HE Wagner act gives workers the right to decide on their representatives and bargain in their own interests. But it does not protect them from the violence of strikebreakers and company guards in the struggles that precede the establishment of bargaining rights. That protection is the substance of a bill reported out of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor last week. This bill, one of the few progressive measures the Tories have been unable to tie up or talk out of existence, prohibits the employment of labor spies and professional strikebreakers; the hiring of guards with criminal records; the employment of any guards off company property; and the use of tear gas, machine guns, and other industrial munitions. Listed as *S. 1970* and introduced jointly by Senators La Follette and Thomas, it was drawn up as a result of the Civil Liberties Committee hearings. It is a necessary supplement to our present labor legislation and the whole structure of democracy.

## Profits, not Recovery

**T**HERE is nothing mysterious about last week's spurt in the stock market. Basically it is a delayed reflection of the slow rise in production that began in the middle of May. The bullish movement seems to have been touched off at this time by the reports of greatly increased corporate profits for the second quarter of the year and by the statement of the American Iron and Steel Institute that the industry would be operating at 56.4 percent capacity during the week. The relative "lull" in the international situation may also have been a factor.

The blooming of profits is indicated in figures published by the *Wall Street Journal* which show that the net income of seventy-seven industrial corporations in the June quarter jumped from \$32,869,805 in 1938 to \$62,330,827 this year, a net gain of 89.6 percent. The rich are getting richer. But unfortunately the people are not sharing in this increased wealth. In an optimistic report on the business situation the *Wall Street Journal* notes:

Sharp declines in wheat and corn prices, how-

ever, following their long-continued sagging tendency, were disconcerting. They tend to aggravate the price disparity between what the farmer buys and what he sells, and raise the question whether farm purchasing power, as reflected in the Commerce Department's reported increase of 13 percent over last year in June merchandise sales in rural areas, can long continue.

For the industrial workers the situation is little better. The *American Federationist*, organ of the AFL, reports that while production has recovered 50 percent since the low point of the present depression in May 1938, employment has recovered only one-third. This means that the purchasing power of the workers continues to be dangerously low. And if the crippling provisions in the WPA bill are allowed to stand and the Wages-and-Hours Act is amended in Tory style, purchasing power will be lower still.

With capital expenditures continuing to lag despite the rise in production, a new economic decline is inevitable unless the federal government adopts vigorous measures to counteract big business sabotage of recovery. The new Roosevelt lending program, which the Hoover and Garner men are trying to mutilate, is a step, though a pitifully small one, in this direction. Others are the \$800,000,000 Wagner Housing Bill and the Mead bill to provide capital and credit for little business. What is needed to give a real fillip to recovery is large-scale government intervention in the field of capital investment through such measures as a \$5,000,000,000 housing program and federal purchase of the nation's railroads.

## Mark Twain in the USSR

**T**HE Soviet Pavilion at the Fair exhibits sliding panels of photographs of authors popular in the Soviet Union. There are six Americans, four Germans, three Frenchmen, two Spaniards, and one writer each for England, China, and Denmark, in addition to the leading Soviet and classic Russian authors. Of the Americans Mark Twain has been published in over a million and a half copies in three years in the USSR, a figure tremendously ahead of his sales in the United States. There have been 1,431,000 copies of Jack London, published in sixteen of the languages of the vast USSR; 305,300 of O. Henry, and 280,000 of Upton Sinclair, also in many languages. Dreiser and Hemingway are the other leading American favorites, among the many Americans translated.

In the period of 1935-38, 21,268,000 copies of Pushkin were distributed, over nine million books of Maxim Gorky, nearly eight million editions of Tolstoy, and figures in the millions for many contemporary Soviet novelists. These awe-inspiring figures would even be higher if paper quotas could keep up with the demand. European writers relished by the Soviet peoples include Zola, Romain Rolland, Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger, Heinrich Heine, Henri Barbusse, Rafael Alberti, Jose Bergamin, Shakespeare, Martin Andersen Nexø, and the Chinese short story master, Lu Syun.

## Readers' Forum

### Race and Immigration

**TO NEW MASSES:** Your timely and trenchant exposure of the fascist thinking and fascist intentions of the New York Chamber of Commerce report, *Conquest by Immigration*, is to be heartily commended and endorsed. For it should convince even the traditional optimists and laissez-faire liberals that there is imminent danger of fascism in America, and that it has internal and indigenous factors as well as external inspiration and imported propagators. Of course, as I have repeatedly said, every thinking Negro knows that there are seeds of fascism in the American political, economic, and social order. This is so obvious and trite to us, after generations of economic discrimination, political disfranchisement, social prejudice, and Ku Klux terrorism, that we are less shocked than we should be at signs of its spread and recrudescence. But the significance of the situation today does not and should not escape us—the trend toward linking up the reactionary factionalisms of the past into one general front of reaction. It is fast ceasing to be a case of isolated minority suppression pivoted on the status quo, but in the desperation of reaction facing a crisis of reform and reconstruction is becoming an alarming counter-offensive threatening democratic principles in general and the democratic position itself. And so the minority issue becomes the majority cause, if rightly and intelligently construed.

Take this instance as an example: how could such a restrictive policy of immigration as proposed do anything else but set up an internal hierarchy of the racial stocks already here? As it stands our immigration policy is undemocratic enough and has several brands of racial bias explicit in its restrictions. But it at least assumes that, with the exception of the Orientals, historical factors of past immigration are to determine relative quotas. Here in these proposals, however, the shift is to definite proscription based on arbitrary racial preferences; indeed the regulations, carefully analyzed, show the almost literal transposition of the doctrine of "white supremacy" into an official state code by way of a new immigration policy. This is why fascism is the precisely correct interpretation of the move and of the intentions behind it; and once this false identification of Americanism with racialism is allowed, the major premise of an American fascism will have been skillfully laid down as a basis for reactionary internal policy and action.

The attempt to traditionalize this as historical "early Americanism" would be ridiculous, if the general public were more enlightened on Colonial history. But relatively few know what large percentages of the early settlers were refugees, outcasts, and non-conformists, and that they were not as predominantly Anglo-Saxon as the historical legend would have it. Every stock which the new regulations would penalize had early and honorable representation in the Colonial settlement—French, French Huguenot, German, Polish, Czech, Italian, Jewish, Negro, and whatnot. Moreover the Colonial fathers were such pioneer miscegenationists that to represent them as founders and sponsors of "race purism" is so contrary to fact as to be laughably ironic. Instead of the "strongest tie in the last analysis is race," as the retrospective Nordics would have it, in those days the strongest tie was propinquity and mutual interest; not a bad example and heri-

tage for democracy still. But surely we know how vital it is for fascism to pervert history; it thrives on scientific myths and historical fables. Indeed, there is no surer sign of fascist doctrine than these: in detecting and exposing them in the Trevor committee report you have done a public service and have sounded an alarm to those whose duty and desire it is to guard democracy.

ALAIN LOCKE.

Washington, D. C.

### Refugees in France

**TO NEW MASSES:** In the good old United States of America the summer months are holiday time. It is hard to get a quorum for anything in town—the writers, the teachers, the artists, the professional groups are happily out of reach, rejoicing in the summer colony, the river bungalow, the hillside farm, the beach cabana, the mountain camp. Pretty soft, we like to say, we have it pretty soft in summer time.

In France, this particular summer, 1939, are also many people, much like us, who do not have it so soft, even though they have been enjoying since way back in February the fun of being in camp. They come from Spain, and as of the end of June include 250 lawyers, five hundred writers and journalists, two hundred engineers, 250 doctors, three hundred students, 360 painters, artists, and musicians, 1,250 teachers and professors. The places where they are staying are called Argeles, Bram, Montolieu, St. Cyprien, Gurs, Septfonds, Collioure, Oran, etc. They are rather off the beaten track of the regular tourists.

The foreign invaders and local reactionaries who drove these people off their native soil have boasted a slogan—"Death to the Intelligence!" They have exiled intellectuals, closed down schools, banned not only the old Spanish classics but even the work of contemporary neutrals—Pio Baroja, for instance, Ortega y Gasset, Perez de Ayala. They bore down remorselessly on the Basque renaissance, and forbade absolutely the use of the Catalan tongue. They had killed Garcia Lorca in Granada; they heard of Antonio Machado dying, just out of reach, at Collioure.

But the intelligence, they are finding out (if they are capable of finding out anything), is hard to kill. It refuses to be killed; and there are people in the world who persist in helping to keep it alive. The Spanish exiles do not sit down to mourn. They organize. They have Barracks of Culture, sports and educational centers, in the camps at Aude, Argeles, and St. Cyprien; and St. Cyprien, moreover, publishes a bulletin composed and edited, as well as illustrated, by the teachers resident in that camp. With the help of the French government the Federation of Spanish Educational Workers is consulting on ways and means for instructing the twenty to thirty thousand Spanish children who are on a refugee basis. It is hoped that three hundred French secondary schools with chairs of Spanish may establish provision for readers in return for a minimum guarantee of food and lodging. At Paris last month a remarkable exhibition was held testifying to the vitality and intellectual vigor of life in the camps—somewhere between thirty and forty artists displayed their work.

The Committee for Relief of Spanish Intellectuals, with headquarters in Paris, is well organized and knows exactly what needs to be done. Renaud de Jouvenel is the president of the committee, and Rene Blech the secretary. Up to last month the committee had supplied direct aid, of more or less emergency nature, to 1,037 refugees, disbursing in the process some 619,747 francs—say \$15 per

person for emergency railroad fare, clothes, food, medical care, temporary shelter, etc. The committee at present completely maintains and supplies the sole support of 137 persons. Through the aid of the committee, centers have been established at Rossy-en-Brie, at Toulouse, Montolieu, Perpignan, and elsewhere. The committee has assisted in the maintenance of other colonies, jointly maintained, and has made contributions to the organized centers of culture and sports within the regular camps. It has cooperated with the Junta de Cultura Espanola, of which Jose Bergamin is president and Juan Larrea secretary, in the work of finding for the refugees a second country, usually somewhere in Latin America (Chile and Mexico have been particularly hospitable), where the culture of Spain will not need to abandon its mother tongue.

These basic functions must be continued; the need for these various services will persist for some time. In addition, the International Association of Writers has resolved to create, in Paris, a center of Iberian culture, whence the rays of Spanish thought can continue to be shed over all the peoples who use that language. It is planned to issue publications, not only creative works but critical studies and reviews, classical and scientific studies, history, philosophy, etc., to maintain the spiritual heritage denied and betrayed by fascist ideology.

The list of the committee is one to inspire great pride and confidence. Beginning with Louis Aragon, who, as president of the French section of the Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture, and as editor of the great humanitarian daily *Ce Soir*, launched the first appeal for help, the roster includes Georges Auric, Julien Benda, Jose Bergamin, Jean-Richard Bloch, Jean Camp, Clara Candiani, Jean Cassou, Roger Desormiere, Luc Durtain, Marcel Gromaire, Arthur Honegger, Rene Laporte, Le Corbusier, Serge Lifar, Jean Lurcat, Jacques Madaule, Andre Malraux, A. Marquet, L. Martin Chauffier, Pierre Mille, Adrienne Monnier, Jean Painleve, Auguste Perret, Pablo Picasso, Leon Pierre-Quint, Jean Renoir, and Tristan Tzara.

The committee needs funds to continue its work. One heard, in May, that its budget would be exhausted late in June; and, in June, of one or two sad cases where men had to go back to the concentration camps. Americans have helped. I can testify from personal experience of the February and March days in Paris to the pride I felt at seeing so frequently and generously in the list of contributors the League of American Writers. Figures released by the committee indicate that about one dollar out of every four has come from the United States. Good! But in proportion to our capacities, have we done enough? I sometimes think that on this basis little Belgium has beaten us hollow, or some of the Latin American countries—Chile, or the Argentine. "It is easy," wrote Aragon a few weeks back, "to be generous at first: then things pile up, intrude, one forgets." But human need takes no summer vacation: and we who are lucky enough to be in the American outdoors in pursuit of our cultural enterprises must not forget our Spanish associates in the East Pyrenees. Yes, we remember them, with money as well as words. Yes, we admire them. Yes, we demonstrate that admiration with more than speech. Yes, we help them preserve their culture and create it anew. Yes, we inspire them with new confidence by the evidence we can give of the world's devotion: Yes, yes, and again yes!

Contributions should be sent to Spanish Intellectual Aid, at 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

New York City.

## “Not Peace but a Sword”

Vincent Sheean's history of a year's conflict in Europe—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain. Madrid versus Munich. Reviewed by Joseph North.

THIS very personal historian chronicles a brief year in his latest book:\* three hundred and sixty days in which he found time to witness the resistance at Madrid, the crossing of the Ebro, the cosmic flumduddery of Munich, the abandonment of Czechoslovakia. The terminus of the Thirteen Bus in London, somewhere near Downing Street, was as good a place as any from which to start his travels and Mr. Sheean made the most of this age of communication and transportation. Along with other practitioners of his craft, he attended the greatest events of this time, dodged those bombs the last black hours of Catalonia, motored across vanishing frontiers the final days of Benes. But he did cross a stream called the Ebro. That, and other Spanish episodes, rescued him from becoming a mourner hired to shed tears at press cable rates as so many of his colleagues have perforce become, these Chamberlain days. Sheean emerged from the dark twelvemonth with undamaged faith in tomorrow, for he has what most of his confreres of the commercial press lack, an abiding faith in the folk.

“When I left London Bridge,” he writes in his first chapter, “I gave it a good test with both feet. It still seemed solid.” Other bridges he crossed are gone now; one I remember having crossed with him several times, the flimsy one over the Ebro, is down. I daresay history will have much more to say about the bridge that no longer exists than the one Sheean tested with both feet. Sheean certainly feels so: “. . . As the days and weeks passed it was necessary to think of Spain very frequently: otherwise the general level of cowardice, treachery, bad faith, and cruelty throughout Europe was too oppressive to be borne.”

Republican Spain is the yardstick to today's political morality. “It was necessary to think of Spain very frequently” . . . the man who says that, feels that, in this day and age, is a decent fellow. And that remains the essence of this very decent book. It is Madrid against Munichism—Negrin versus Chamberlain (not to speak of Franco, Mussolini, Hitler). It is resistance versus appeasement. The book, at times, fairly burns with this dilemma—and the personal historian has chosen. I believe he made his choice some time ago. It was already apparent in *Personal History*; this man took his stand with progressive humanity, with decent people. The Irish-American lad from downstate Illinois

\**Not Peace but a Sword*, by Vincent Sheean; Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$2.75.



IN DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY. *Vincent Sheean addressing the memorial meeting at Manhattan Center, on Washington's Birthday, for the American dead in Spain.*

knocked about the world enough to see that the folk everywhere are just about the same. The Riffs of Abd-El-Krim on Africa's hot sands were motivated by the same objectives as the Colonials in Valley Forge's snows. He saw that. In one of his dispatches from Spain he likened the appearance of Milt Wolff, commander of the Americans, to that of Abe Lincoln. It was the highest compliment he could pay the American volunteer.

Sheean belongs to that group of American foreign correspondents who shed their Yankee insularity and became better citizens of their country by becoming, in the truest sense, citizens of the world. They, Sheean, George Seldes, Ernest Hemingway, Jay Allen, retained their birthright, unlike such confreres as Knickerbocker, Carney, Lyons.

I remember Sheean remarking after a visit to the trenches where the American boys lay across the Ebro, “By God, that's my public.” The lads, probably the most literate cross-section of the American public, knew Sheean's first book, *Personal History*, and respected him for it, for they felt he had ranged himself, like Lincoln Steffens, with the future. They were ready to die for it and they had pretty good instincts about friends and enemies.

This book is a panegyric to Spain, a lament for Czechoslovakia, a bitter reproach to Britain and France—and to the United States of the “Neutrality Act.” Sheean stands against the Chamberlain idea: “The Czechoslovaks, brave, calm, and disciplined, were called to arms and disarmed again at the orders of Chamberlain, Daladier, and Bonnet; their national independence was used as a ransom for the spineless West. The refugees piled up on the roads by the hundreds of thousands; the wandering Jew resumed his wandering. . . .” The writer is horrified at the treacheries of men who, by one chicanery or another, gained the seats of government in the democracies which should have helped the besieged nations. Instead they, with the sole exception of the Soviet Union and Mexico (a point which our personal historian should have made more clearly) abetted, by their manifold sins of omission, the greatest crime of this time—the destruction of Spain.

But Sheean sees, and rightly, that the fighting and the dying was not in vain.

The two years during which Spain was tortured and lacerated may have saved all Europe. It may have provided just that delay which was essential to the awakening of the democracies. Thus, though Spain itself is sacrificed, the world at large may have benefited by that sacrifice more than by any single movement or event in the course of recent history.

The author is at his best in arriving at the generality through the particular. He swings from discussion of the rhythms of contemporary history to the description of individuals and their interactions—and does it superbly. For the poet is much with this historian. I deeply enjoyed his chapter on Madrid; his description of the woman from Madrid (“Hombre, Soy una de Madrid”) is one of the finest things in the book. And I know so well how he felt in Madrid—then the capital of the world: “Madrid was, is, and always will remain a rebuke to the world in our time. . . .”

The poet speaks often—his instincts, nourished by his faith in the folk of all nations, serve him at all treacherous turns. “I know the world and most of the human beings in it can survive the most stupendous catastrophes, as they have in the past.” He relies ultimately “upon the will and instinct of the proletariat.” . . . Therein he “reposes such hope as we are justified in retaining for the future progress of humanity through and beyond the conflict which now divides the world.”

But a personal historian has his limitations.



IN DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY. *Vincent Sheean addressing the memorial meeting at Manhattan Center, on Washington's Birthday, for the American dead in Spain.*

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Though this one is gifted with a lively sense of history's dialectics, he derives too much from Lord Acton, not enough from Karl Marx. One wishes that he would spend a little more time becoming acquainted with the latter, so he would not be puzzled at such events as the speech of Pasionaria at the Madrid meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. That party, in voting, fighting, and dying for the Thirteen Points of Negrin, did not traduce one whit of its principles, as Sheean conjectures hesitantly. The defense of democracy has nothing to do with "the sacrifice of Communism." It is an essential stage in the long fight. The job for the Communist Party was to help save the republic. Every energy was expended to that goal.

But, in general, Sheean understood the role of the Spanish Communist Party. "Nobody," he writes, "seems to have the common sense to say the plain truth, which is that the Spanish Communist Party has been one of the most powerful influences for discipline and order in support of the bourgeois republic. Without the Communists Madrid would have been lost in the winter of 1937. . . ."

This observer, like Herbert Matthews of the *New York Times*, like Frank Jellinek of the *Manchester Guardian*, like all honest reporters there, saw things the same way—in contradistinction to the spurious "General Krivitsky" and his cabal. "The Communists," Sheean writes, "had never 'controlled' the government; for a long time they were not even represented in it; in 1938 they had one ministry [Agriculture]. Their parliamentary representation was tiny in comparison to that of the Socialists and the liberal republican parties."

One wishes, too, that Sheean would have commented on the treacherous treatment of Spanish news in many of our American journals. They gave Madrid to Franco a dozen times before Casado did the job; they threw doubt on the brazen intervention at critical moments when the embargo might have been lifted. They did a shameful job. For that reason Sheean's lighthearted banter that the *Daily Worker*, which I represented in Spain, transformed all "military actions into loyalist victories" is not quite funny. If by that he means we did not hand Spain over to Franco after every major action, he is quite right. Modesty may forbid a *Daily Worker* man from saying much about his paper's role in building support for Spain, but Lord knows, I have no inhibitions about the *Herald Tribune*. Printing Sheean's dispatches was the only good thing that paper did during the Spanish fighting. Then they did their best to cancel an honest man out; their daily usage of handouts from Franco's Continental News Agency was a journalistic scandal.

I used to gauge my colleagues of the commercial press in Spain by their reactions to the International Brigades. More perhaps than any other man save Ernest Hemingway, I was struck by Sheean's regard and deepest respect for the IB's. One need but read his



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fine chapter on Ring Lardner's boy, Jim. It is truly the measure of this historian, perhaps the finest thing in this difficult work of setting down on paper the tumultuous events of the past year.

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Yes, the best of Sheean's "public"—the lads of the International Brigades—will understand, and appreciate, that passage. It is, I think, the best and truest thing in the book.  
JOSEPH NORTH.

## Pilgrim's Progress

The life of Orestes A. Brownson, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

IN 1829, Orestes Augustus Brownson was a "corresponding editor" for the *Free Enquirer*, the famous weekly published in New York by Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright. Eleven years later, he unwittingly helped "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" defeat the Democrats, when his essays "On the Laboring Classes" challenged the apostles of Inner Reform First with a sharp picture of the class struggle. Brownson, at that time a Democrat, was too much for his party; his ideas were too far ahead of mass needs to win a base. By the summer of 1844, he had entered the Catholic Church.

This unusual evolution has for many years fascinated students of American thought. "Respectable" contemporaries naturally abhorred Brownson. And the liberal intellectuals of New England, with whom he was closely associated in the 1830's and 1840's—Channing, the Transcendentalists, the Brook Farmers—explained his final vagary in terms of instability of character and superficiality of mind. With a compound of amusement and annoyance, they reviewed this pilgrim's progress from Presbyterianism to Universalism to Atheism to Unitarianism to class struggle to Catholicism. The man was never satisfied. But to those who seek the thread of history in the development of social forces, that could not be the whole story. Recent analysts have begun to fill the gaps. Catherine Sullivan Mims made a good beginning in *Science & Society* (Spring 1939), and now Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has produced a full-length biography (*Orestes A. Brownson. A Pilgrim's Progress*, Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50).

Mr. Schlesinger has done a very good job.

see

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The intricacies of Calvinism, Kantian Idealism, and Catholicism are handled well. The relations between ideas and social conditions, on the whole, emerge clearly. And the book is always readable. The central thesis is that Brownson developed a mystical faith in the masses, and that their hoodwinking by the politicians in the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" campaign of 1840 shattered this faith and sent him into the arms of the Mother Church. (Incidentally, it should be noted that Mrs. Mims came to substantially the same conclusion in the article mentioned.) At the same time that he moved toward Catholicism, Brownson rationalized his disappointment in the understanding of the people and the possibilities of democratic processes by establishing close intellectual and political connections with John C. Calhoun. Since the workingmen and the slave-owners had a common enemy in the Northern employing class, ran the superficial argument, a united front should be made. Calhoun's extreme states'-rights doctrine, and his neo-Athenian-democracy concept of rule by the elite, provided for Brownson in the political realm what Catholicism did in the spiritual realm. Once anchored there, he changed little—abandoning states' rights only with the Civil War.

With this interpretation, the reviewer is inclined to concur. Nevertheless, the riddle of Brownson is not completely solved in those terms. There were many other progressive people in that day. In comparison with his neighbors of New England and New York, he seems to have gone a little further—in the sense of becoming an active Democrat when they were Whig or Whiggishly "neutral." But one bump made him face about, while the others continued their milder way. Consequently, one is entitled to ask whether his faith in the masses was ever what Marxists mean by that phrase. Brownson made a contribution in exposing the inner contradictions of capitalism. But he had very little to offer in the way of an immediate program of action. And, except for occasional addresses to "workingmen's" groups whose precise nature is not made clear by either Schlesinger or Mims, he made no sustained effort to carry his message to the masses. His political approach was abstract. Even his essays "On the Laboring Classes," though straightforward in language, concluded on a note of belligerent generalities. Then, when the great word had been spoken, and it was not heeded, Brownson decided that the masses were too dumb to get the point. His "faith in the people," in short, was thoroughly idealist.

This point, unfortunately, is not brought out by Schlesinger; he does not see it himself. Brownson's advance beyond the Utopians, in appreciating the historic role of the factory system and rejecting a back-to-small-towns-on-the-land movement, is well explained. But serious misconceptions of the differences between Brownson and Marx mar the study. Both Brownson's attempt to meliorate class antagonism and Marx's theory of class struggle are described as "states of mind toward



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society"; they are not "objective" pictures of social development. The writer believes that Marx "simply" worked up into a rounded theory the bits produced by the philosophers of previous generations. He misses entirely the essential contribution of Marx: the dictatorship of the proletariat and the independent organization of the working class to prepare for it and carry it through. Thus Schlesinger notes that Brownson's venture with the Workingmen's Party of New York left him cold to independent labor action; but the significance of this reaction, in contrast with Marx, is overlooked. Moreover, confusion is worse confounded because the author (and Mims also) discusses the Workingmen's parties generally as though they were composed principally of workers. This approach is more or less traditional, but it is inaccurate. The New England party of 1833-34, for example, was composed largely of farmers; and the New York party of 1829-31 was nearer what we would call today a people's front in its class composition, so far as we can tell from the scanty evidence.

One final point. Of the pre-Marxists, Schlesinger discusses Thompson and Hodgskin of England; and he states that Brownson was the only American who probed industrial society so deeply. Those familiar with Stephen Simpson's *Manual for Workingmen* may want to take exception to that. Despite these shortcomings, *Orestes A. Brownson* is an important book for those who value our democratic traditions and their halting, uneven progress.

STANLEY ARCHER.

## Propaganda Study

Lasswell's and Blumenstock's report lacks historical basis.

**H**AROLD D. LASSWELL and Dorothy Blumenstock, who seek to apply psychoanalysis to politics, exhibit a fundamental and devastating weakness—a lack of a sense of historical connections and development. If they were to write a study of the Russian revolution of 1905 (which failed), and if they followed the technique of this book (*World Revolutionary Propaganda, a Chicago Study*, Alfred A. Knopf, \$4.50), they would convince themselves that the October Revolution of 1917 had never taken place. That's what a perverted use of psychoanalysis, plus a sprinkling of Pareto and Trotsky, can do to a "scientific" sociological study of the operations of the Communist Party in Chicago from 1930 to 1934! Yet a progressive social historian like Frederick L. Schuman takes the book seriously at its face value in a review in the *New Republic*.

Chicago is today without question a New Deal stronghold. In the spring elections this year, for example, Mayor Kelly, owing to popular pressure, had to run as a straight New Dealer, and was elected as such. Prof. Paul Douglas, former colleague of Professor Lasswell at the University of Chicago, now fills



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5. The first contest winner will be announced in the issue of NEW MASSES that appears July 6. In that issue and in each of the next nine issues we will reprint the winning slogan and award the weekly prize of \$10.00. One month after the closing date of the contest, we will announce the winner of the grand prize of \$100.00.
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an elective seat in the City Council. The South Side—an area populated largely by Negroes, in which the Communist Party and the Unemployed Councils were very active from 1930 to 1934, as the book under review shows—voted Democratic for the first time in its history: even Roosevelt had not been able to carry that district in 1932 and 1936! But surely such popular movements have a history, and that history includes the Communist Party and other progressive organizations in the years of the crisis of 1929.

"Our report," the authors write, "is a study of how Communist propoganda failed." Failed in what respects, failed to achieve what goals? Of course, it "failed" to establish socialism in the United States (although future historians may well show how those years and that work contributed to the development of mass movements that finally did lead through democracy to socialism). Nor did it succeed in "the addition of new members to the Soviet Union" for the simple reason that it was never designed to do so, despite the fact that the authors conclude with comic solemnity that "it seems highly improbable that world unity will occur by the incorporation of all states within the USSR."

But did not the Communist Party of Chicago (and elsewhere) succeed in helping to arouse the unemployed to struggle for a system of government relief and jobs which definitely improved the condition of the unemployed? The authors contradict their own denial by the figures they supply in an appendix to show the increased expenditure per capita for the unemployed. Did not the Communist Party raise the standard of militant struggle for equal rights for the Negro, and help lead the Negroes on the South Side for the improvement both of their condition and their political consciousness? And finally, did not the Communist Party gain valuable experience in those struggles, profiting even by self-criticism of its mistakes? Such considerations and judgments, however, are outside the ken of these politico-psychoanalysts.

Yet, strangely, within their scope are the familiar falsehoods about the Communist Party spread by reaction and given a "left face," the authors fleetingly admit, by Trotsky! Thus Chicago was "an active relay center for propoganda directed from Moscow"; Communist functionaries "are financially dependent upon the central authorities in New York, and hence in Moscow" (although the authors' own study of party finances leads them to conclude that "the Communist Party has been greatly restricted in its activities by lack of sufficient funds"). They speak continually of the party's "affiliated organizations" although there are none such. Their views of the Soviet Union they frankly derive from Trotsky and the anarchists. Whatever sociological evidence for their main thesis that the authors do present needs to be scrutinized. Most of it is admittedly gathered from the police files in Chicago. No effort was made officially to communicate with Communist Party headquarters in Chicago.

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But the most ludicrous of all the conclusions in this book is that the Communists in Chicago really stabilized the capitalist system by keeping many people fruitlessly busy! To appear profound, of course, such a theory is called "restriction by catharsis." The last sentence in the book reads: "Communist propaganda contributed chiefly to the catharsis of the insecurities of the unemployed and to the strengthening of defensive tendencies against what was conceived as the threat of Russian control of American life and bureaucratic control of the destinies of the proletariat itself."

The pseudo-psychoanalytic premise which underlies this jargon is basically reactionary, for it assumes that any struggle against the "deprivations" inflicted by capitalism is "abnormal." Of course when capitalism is the "norm," members of the Unemployed Councils are simply maladjusted! This sneer is most offensive in passages such as the following:

The depression was not only a blow to the income position of those who lost jobs and savings or whose pay was cut; it brought wholesale reduction of deference (granted by self and others) for those who had previously been somewhat successful. Participation in propaganda was a means of improving the deference position of persons who craved the immediate and excited response of an attentive crowd, or who enjoyed sacrificial absorption in the stirring life of the mass demonstration.

Stripped of its protective contempt, this statement seems merely to point out that the unemployed were frequently saved from despair and suicide, and helped to maintain their self-respect, by trying in an organized way to improve the lot of their families and their neighbors.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

## Brief Review

Eric Lucas' "Corky" an excellent book for children.

WRITING for children has seldom been a well-paying and never an honorable profession in America. And let no one think it is easy! So there is no inducement to adopt it as either hobby or career except a burning realization of its importance. Eric Lucas, author of *Corky* (International Publishers, 25 cents), a book of short stories for boys and girls, has this. In addition, he has a pleasant style, a sense of humor, and a sure knowledge of his audience.

Preoccupied parents are still at loss what to give their offspring to read after having recommended Grimm's *Fairy Tales* and Louisa M. Alcott, which do in fact have their place in any child's reading. There isn't much. There are Marjorie Fischer and Geoffrey Trease, true; and there is Margaret Thomson Raymond, not nearly well enough known, whose books for girls (*Linnet on the Threshold*, *The Bend in the Road*) are excellent.

It is with gratitude that we add to these names that of Eric Lucas, whose book has been described by Jack Dempsey as "corking." It really is. The stories are nicely written and interesting, and you don't have to worry about the social angle. It is there, but it is never obtrusive as a pattern artificially hammered on.

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## Vaudeville Comes Back!

Despite Sophie Tucker, night club and variety actors get themselves a new democratic union. AFA becomes AGVA as Ralph Whitehead runs afoul of AAAA and the Ferrets.

**B**IG-HEARTED Sophie Tucker stood up for her friend Ralph Whitehead, and the whole thing hit the papers with a bang. Sophie was president of the American Federation of Actors, and Mr. Whitehead was the executive secretary, facing a seething revolt in the ranks of fifteen thousand vaudeville, night club, and variety artists. Sophie stood up and addressed the buzzing crowd as her children. "My integrity has been attacked after all these years. You know how long I've been on the stage. You know how hard I've worked for humanity and the actor, and who knows better than you what I've done for the actor . . . I have given unselfishly to you and for you." Sophie's gallantry was totally unnecessary. She was not under attack but Mr. Whitehead was.

The American Federation of Actors was organized in 1934, at the inspiration of Equity, to unionize artists in night clubs, presentation in variety houses, and all forms of entertainment not covered by Burlesque, the Hebrew Actors Union, and Equity. While its brother unions, the Screen Actors Guild, Actors Equity, the American Guild of Musical Artists, Chorus Equity, the Hebrew Actors Union, and the American Federation of Radio Artists—all children of the AFL union, the Associated Actors and Artistes of America—were forging ahead with the upsurge of unionization among creative workers, the AFA was a loose, inefficient organization. Until a year ago membership was voluntary even in enterprises under contract, and there were few benefits of membership. Mr. Whitehead ran the union in a mysterious way. A national membership meeting of the union would be held without notification to the members. At one such meeting, there were twenty-nine members in attendance, seven of them on the payroll of the union.

Early this year grumbling in the rank and file against Whitehead's arbitrary conduct reached a high point. At the same time the alert screen guild, Equity, and the radio guild were getting no cooperation from Whitehead in their mutual problems. A motion for an investigation of the Whitehead administration came up in a membership meeting, but a two-thirds majority was needed to authorize it, according to the AFA constitution, which most of the members had never seen. Whitehead decided to bluff it out and offered to allow an investigation. The membership took him up and the brother guilds quickly formed an AAAA trial committee.

In the meantime several hundred AFA rank-and-filers held a meeting in the interests of union democracy to hear grievances. Hun-

dreds of protests came from swimmers at the Aquacade, vaudeville artists, night club singers, ventriloquists, dancers, and trick bicycle riders. Among other things, they charged that Whitehead had made secret contact with Billy Rose without consulting the Rose employees, that one death benefit payment in arrears forfeited the entire sum paid over a course of years, that contracts did not specify salary minimums. They evolved an eight point program to be submitted to Whitehead. In direct contrast to the Sophie Tucker white-wash meeting, which ended in a riot, the "Ferrets," as the rank-and-file became known, conducted a "tolerant, orderly meeting," according to *Variety*. Their program called for: (1) admittance of delinquent members to meetings but without a vote; (2) liberal dues schedules for members in arrears; (3) the elimination of duplicate dues payments by members doubling in another field such as radio; (4) compulsory use of standard contracts without one-day clauses; (5) licensing and regulation of agents; (6) working agreements with other AFL unions such as waiters

and dishwashers; (7) elimination of all death benefit assessments; (8) a higher minimum wage scale and a maximum of performances. This is what Whitehead had been dodging all along, despite cooperative overtures made by the other unions.

On July 10 the AAAA trial committee began its investigation. The moment he realized how deeply the probe had gone into his affairs, Whitehead, with the duped Sophie Tucker and his agents, got up and withdrew from the hearings, indicating he would refuse to abide by the verdict. The investigating committee heard the testimony of Bernard J. Reis, an accountant, who had gone over the union books. Mr. Reis revealed that, of \$6,661 turned over to Whitehead from theatrical benefits for use in actors' charities, only \$678.92 had reached the designated charities. Three annual benefits run by AFA had amassed \$7,150.81, after payments of large unnamed sums for salaries and expenses. These sums were paid despite Whitehead's sworn statement that no expenses or commissions were paid. The law requires an accounting



Hirschfeld

TAC DANCERS. Lotte Goslar, Katherine Demille, Felicia Sorel, and Jack Cole, who will appear in the TAC Midsummer Cabaret at the aircooled YMHA auditorium on 92nd Street, New York, Wednesday, August 2, at 9 p.m., with the Village Vanguard Revuers.

for benefit performances within ten days of the show. Whitehead accounted for a 1934 benefit show in June 1939, after the AAAA charges were made. More than \$25,000 in dues received from the Pacific Coast during the single year 1938-39, was unaccounted for and the coast office could not get money from Whitehead to pay their bills. Their telephone was disconnected for non-payment. The union funds provided Whitehead with a \$1,700 car, although no bill of sale was found in the books.

Fred Keating wrote an open letter in Hollywood revealing that, as a member of the executive council of AFA, he had received no notifications of meetings. Eddie Cantor appealed to Sophie Tucker to resign and not allow herself to be dragged down in the Whitehead debacle. Allan Corelli, head of the Theater Authority, the organization that regulates benefits, asked the resignation of the Whitehead clique, and actively backed the Ferrets in their democratic program.

On Friday, July 14, the AAAA investigating committee pronounced Whitehead's guilt by revoking the charter of the American Federation of Actors, immediately chartering a new organization called the American Guild of Variety Artists. To give life to the eight point program of the Ferrets, the parent union quickly organized a temporary governing committee of representatives of the brother unions and the Ferrets, with Eddie Cantor as president pro tem, and allotted organizing funds from their treasury. The new union went to work with great speed and efficiency. Within two days several thousand membership applications were flooding in. All over the country the rank and file cheered and responded. By Monday the radio and screen guilds had voted cash loans as an emergency fund for AGVA.

A new democratic constitution came into being, closely modeled after the admirable one of the radio guild, giving local chapters financial and organizational autonomy and genuine representation on the national board. Paid officers will be elected by this board, according to the new constitution.

By Tuesday there were five hundred applications in from the West Coast and Eddie Cantor, Edgar Bergen, Dick Powell, and James Cagney had made a national broadcast to speed the growth of AGVA. Billy Rose's Aquacade was signed up 100 percent, with Little Old New York's variety artists right behind.

Whitehead had reaped a whirlwind and Sophie Tucker bitterly hung on to his coat tails, despite the pleas of old and dear friends to resign. The old guard slapped an injunction on the new union, while Whitehead issued statements yelling "frameup!" AGVA acts with furious speed before the matter comes to court. Dues payments to the old union have virtually ceased as paid up members of the defunct AFA are admitted to AGVA without fee, and delinquent dues payers on the payment of arrears.

The vaudeville and night club people have

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shown the labor movement how to clean out the pie card artists. But the Last of the Red Hot Mamas, Sophie Tucker, persists in being the Last of the Buffaloes. JAMES DUGAN.

## Movie Week

Cagney, the Iron Mask, and the Museum of Modern Art.

WHY Warner Bros. persists in imprisoning James Cagney in phony jailbreak stories is my major annoyance of the week. *Each Dawn I Die* is loud and gripping but, damn it, Cagney is better than this sort of stuff. *The Man in the Iron Mask* is exactly what you expect it to be, picturesque, colorful, creepy, and utterly yawn-making.

The Museum of Modern Art Film Library writes about my recent scolding for omitting Soviet material from the cycle of historic films being shown there daily at four. The museum states that the omission was unavoidable since it has so far been unable to secure the most significant Soviet works. The museum has just been advised from Moscow that the films are on the way—examples of the genius of Kuleshov, Kozintsev and Trauberg, Eisenstein, Pudovkin and Room, which will be used in next year's presentations. With the addition of this key material the Film Library becomes the most important archive of cinema. J. D.

## Radio Verse Drama

Columbia Workshop production of "John Brown's Body."

IN 1928, Stephen Vincent Benet won the Pulitzer poetry prize for *John Brown's Body*. Should a similar prize be awarded for radio writing and directing, Norman Corwin, attached to the Columbia Broadcasting staff, should be regarded as a top flight competitor on the strength of his adaptation and direction of Benet's poem. Presented last Thursday over Columbia Workshop, the show, both in technical treatment and entertainment value, was an important production.

Good radio adaptations are scarce, usually because authors are not given sufficient air time in which to present their ideas. It is to Columbia's credit that it extended the customary Workshop period of a half-hour to an hour in order not to mutilate Benet's work. Corwin's handling of the material deserved the additional time. The writer lost none of the color and flavor of the poem. If anything, he brought it out even more vividly. In fact, Benet, appreciating Corwin's ability, insisted that the writer make the adaptation.

In presenting *John Brown's Body*, the radio writer used an interesting device. Narrators appeared as personal representatives of the leading characters. One spoke for the North, another for the South, and a third represented the love interest. Impressionistic montages injected realism into the drama and the background chantings of the title song produced

a stirring and gripping effect. For a change, strife was depicted without the monotonous noisy din of battle sounds, and instead was suggested by the characters themselves. Leith Stevens composed some excellent music and his sense of synchronization is remarkably accurate and acute.

Besides an orchestra of thirty, and a choral group of fifteen, thirty actors were cast in dialogue sequences. Ray Collins, who played the title role, turned in a particularly good performance. One of radio's best, Collins demonstrated that capable talent can surpass itself when given intelligent and meaty lines. Everett Sloan, who played the Northern soldier, and Florence Robinson, as Melora his sweetheart, should also be mentioned, as well as the narrators, Santos Ortega, David Gothard, John Carroll, and Arnold Moss.

Michael Loring, baritone, now heard regularly over CBS at 7:15 p.m. on Mondays and Wednesdays, and at 7:30 p.m. on Fridays, seems on the way to a further recognition of his talents. Placed on sustaining about a month ago, Loring has been well received by the radio audience, who evidently is better able than Hollywood to appreciate quality.

The singer originally aspired to be an actor and, after appearing in a few plays, went to the West Coast for a fling at pictures. Universal signed him for a picture, gave him a number of songs, and then cut them out of the film, because he stole the picture. Disgusted, Loring returned East, going into the TAC shows where he scored distinct hits throughout the series. Now with CBS, he is rapidly becoming as popular with the listening audience. The singer has a decidedly appealing voice and hits his notes squarely, which is something rare for a baritone.

JOHN VERNON.



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I heard it performed by a chorus of a hundred of the camp's guests who had rehearsed it only three days. The cantata was conducted by Dean Dixon, a brilliant young Negro, with Mr. Kleinsinger at the piano in lieu of an orchestra. Arthur Atkins sang the tenor solo passages. Whitman himself wanted his poetry shouted in the wilds and on the rivers and by the sea, and here is a consummation he could have devoutly wished—the whole gang singing him, roaring out the immense, big-breathing catalogues of the jobs, the towns and states, and the heft and feel of the land.

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I will make the most splendid race the sun ever  
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I will make divine magnetic lands,  
With the love of comrades,  
With the life-long love of comrades.

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I will plant companionship as thick as trees along  
the rivers of America, and along the shores of  
the great lakes, and all over the prairies;  
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about  
each other's necks;  
By the love of comrades,  
By the manly love of comrades.

The chorus sings it back again. And then:

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve  
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For you! for you, I am trilling these songs!

I sat in Unity's huge hangar-like social hall hearing this with the chills running up and down my back. If any of our music sings of democracy, "for the brood beyond us and of us, for those that belong here and those to come," Unity's *I Hear America Singing* is that sweet song. Unity will perform it again Labor Day weekend. It will be sung in great halls for throngs, with great singers.

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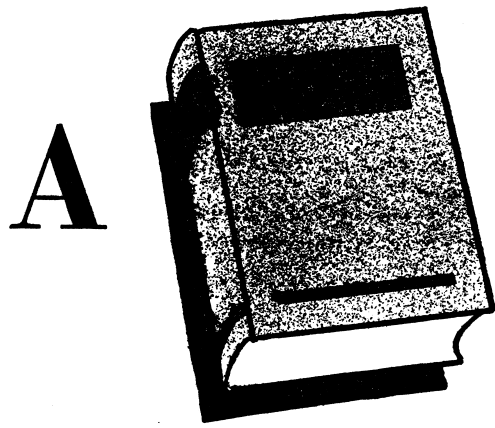
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 Robert Graves *Claudius, the God* (\$3.00)   
 Sylvia Townsend Warner *Summer Will Show* (\$2.50)

(Figures in parenthesis are retail prices of the books)

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