

WHAT INDIA MEANS FOR US by **R. Palme Dutt**

A London Cable

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CHURCHILL IN MOSCOW

The world looks for a second front

I RODE THE CONVOY TO RUSSIA

BY SAM HAKAM

THE ALLIES IN MOSCOW

An editorial

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S visit to Moscow came at a moment when the whole democratic world was experiencing a profound crisis of morale, a sense of gnawing disappointment and frustration over the issue of the second front. For two months, difficult and unbearable in the face of the steadily deteriorating military situation, the peoples of the western world were being told by some newspapers that a second front was unlikely, impossible, and even unnecessary—despite the agreements of last June. What people wanted so badly was a reassurance from our highest military and political leaders. They wanted some kind of sign that would cancel out all the newspaper stories. They wanted the certainty, for example, that the kind of thinking expressed by defeatists and conservative-minded "experts" (unfortunately echoed by Mrs. Roosevelt in a Hunter College, New York, speech last week, deprecating the whole idea of a second front this year) was not really representative of the decisive policy-making circles. In the absence of such assurances, people were getting desperate: the specter of a much more difficult, long drawn-out war and the renewed activity of the "peace-mongers" faced them; some people were worrying about the very character of this war and questioning the very existence and workability of the anti-Hitler alliance. And these moods were aggravated by propaganda against the very idea that people should be expressing themselves on the whole issue.

MR. CHURCHILL'S negotiations with Stalin are in the first place a reassurance. This event serves to clear the air. It greatly improves morale and heightens everyone's readiness for action, no matter at what sacrifice. It establishes a deeper sense of the interdependence of our own fortunes with those of the British and Soviet peoples. It undoubtedly strengthens Mr. Churchill's position at home, which was being shaken by the second front mystification; a new lease of deeper national unity behind the Prime Minister is important for Americans as well as Britons. Those who were so openly drawing all the extreme conclusions from the second front delay—such as Mark Sullivan, speculating about peace terms with Hitler—are at least momentarily rebuffed. For all these reasons, the Churchill and Harriman meeting with Stalin is a welcome thing.

THE chief problems in connection with the second front are those of *scope* and *timing*. In all these months, we have not doubted that the second front is the established strategic outlook of Great Britain and the United States—despite the exaggerated emphasis by some on air power and the very definite minority group in Washington and London who were working toward a stalemate and an exclusive Anglo-American domination of the postwar world. We have not doubted that in the decisive circles concentration on Western Europe and a front on land had been decided. The issue was one of scope and timing. It seemed to us that delay, or limited action combined with delay, would not only force our Russian allies to lose valuable territory and material, but above all, it would jeopardize our position as Americans: it would open up dire

perspectives of the loss of the Middle East, India, uprisings in Latin America, a terrible struggle of attrition by separate states with their backs to the wall instead of a struggle of coalition by United Nations with a real perspective of victory. The agreements of last June meant a great step forward in the political understanding of the anti-Hitler powers; but the failure to open the second front, whose urgency the Washington conference recognized, was injurious to all aspects of the war effort, military as well as political.

If Mr. Churchill's visit to Moscow has reemphasized political understanding among the great powers, this is all to the good, and certainly necessary after these two months. *But its chief and distinctive contribution lies in whether agreements of time-coordination of military efforts have been reached.* This is what laymen cannot estimate; events of the immediate future, the disposition of Soviet forces, and so forth will tell. But the grave situation on the Eastern Front and the fact that high military men on both sides, Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial Staff, General Wavell, the Soviet Chief of Staff Marshal Shaposhnikov, and Marshal Voroshilov participated so prominently increases the odds that the question of time and scope of the second front are now more clearly understood than they were in June.

"TIME is short," said Gen. Dwight Eisenhower last week. The war is not waiting. The Nazis are pushing ahead, cutting up the western Caucasus, throwing their main weight at the decisive position at Stalingrad, undoubtedly planning to open up at Leningrad, as well as in the Middle East. The RAF's bombardment of Rhodes is a key to German preparations there; so were the convoy battles at Malta. The Soviet bombardments of east Prussia are the clue to what is brewing around Leningrad. The Japanese war-lords must be making up their minds, too. Timely action, complete coordination, a full and whole-hearted will to a full scale offensive is what the moment demands.

After the Churchill visit the morale of the western world is improved, and the desperate appeals for reassuring action that were being made in the last few weeks are in part satisfied. But it would be fatal to fall back into the assumption that the people need no longer manifest their desire for full-scale offensive action in the west.

On the contrary, there is much work to be done, to clarify all the problems of the second front among ever wider sections of the people, to strengthen every phase of the war effort. There is need for solving the acute crisis of production, the shortage of raw materials, the failure to control the production program. There is need for a sharp heightening of war morale in expectation of decisive months of the immediate future.

There is need for an irreconcilable attitude toward everything that damages the war effort, combined with a broad perspective of deeper understanding among all peoples and governments on our side. Given this activity among the people, it will become a force that must influence our military and political leaders in a healthy and decisive way.

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OUR COUNTRY IS IN DANGER

These aren't the Marines that landed on the Solomon Islands, but the Marines are there all right—a thrilling proof of what an offensive spirit can do.

WE HEAR a great deal about a second front to help Russia. Very little is said about the necessity of a second front in western Europe to help America. Yet the fact is that it is not only Russia, but our own country that is in mortal peril as a result of the advance of the Nazi armies. Unless we realize this and grasp its implications, we shall be unable to act with that resolution and decisiveness essential to save ourselves, our independence, our liberties from extinction. Our pledge to Russia is, above all, a pledge to America. And it is America's own interests that constitute the most powerful argument of all for the immediate opening of a second front in western Europe.

As the noted military writer Max Werner pointed out in the August 3 issue of the "New Republic": "The second front should be considered not as a means of relieving Russia, but as the only effective way of waging an Anglo-American war against Hitler Germany." And because the situation is so critical for us, as well as for Russia, Britain, and all the United Nations, any further delay in opening that front only compounds the danger. The element of time has become all decisive.

CAN we afford to gamble with time—with the lives of millions of Americans, with the freedom of our country?

Unfortunately there are some who are willing to make this terribly dangerous gamble, involving far greater risks than even an unsuccessful invasion of Europe. That doddering fuss-budget, Mark Sullivan, masks his opposition to a second front—which is tantamount to opposing the Washington-London-Moscow agreements—by the sage discovery that "A second front in Europe at this time would be at once premature and also belated." (New York "Herald Tribune," August 14.) It is premature, says Sullivan, because we aren't ready, and it is belated because the ideal time was last winter and spring, when the Russians had the initiative—but we weren't ready then, either. It is not surprising that thereupon Sullivan, forecasting a Hitler

peace offensive by winter, himself accepts part of the future Hitler propaganda. He tells us that Hitler "will tempt us with one thing that he may to some extent mean. He will say he wants to leave Britain and the United States free to conquer Japan." In other words, according to Sullivan, Hitler does not aim at the subjugation of Britain and the United States. All he seeks is the conquest of Russia, and he even wants America and Britain to remain strong enough to lick Japan.

This has a familiar look—the old, venomous Munich look. That it is related to talk about the second front being "premature" and "belated" is only natural. What this Munichism is driving at is: why fight for Russia?

BUT we are not fighting for Russia. We have built a mighty army, turned our factories into arsenals, and prepared ourselves for every sacrifice because we are fighting for America, because we have no faith in Hitler's word (even with Mark Sullivan's endorsement), because it is either we or they—either we smash the Nazi and Japanese military machines and together with Britain, Russia, China, and all the United Nations free the world from their frightfulness, or we die as a nation.

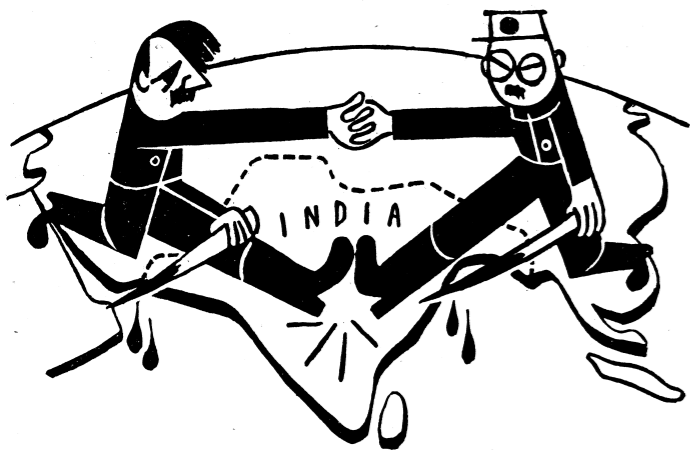
And because we fight for America, the Red Army is our army, just as are the British, the Chinese, and all the Allied armies. Today our main army is being pressed back as relentlessly as Washington's ragged Continentals were in the summer and autumn of 1776. And just as Washington, after being driven through New Jersey and into Pennsylvania, faced the decision: to cross the Delaware and attack, or continue on the defensive, so we face the great decision today. Had Washington in that dark hour heeded the timid and hesitant, our first War of Independence would probably have been snuffed out in a few months. If we, in our new war of independence, permit the defeatists and confusionists and fainthearts to prevent the carrying through of the offensive strategy agreed upon by the American, British, and Soviet governments, we may seal our own doom. Here is what we risk:



OUR COUNTRY IS IN DANGER

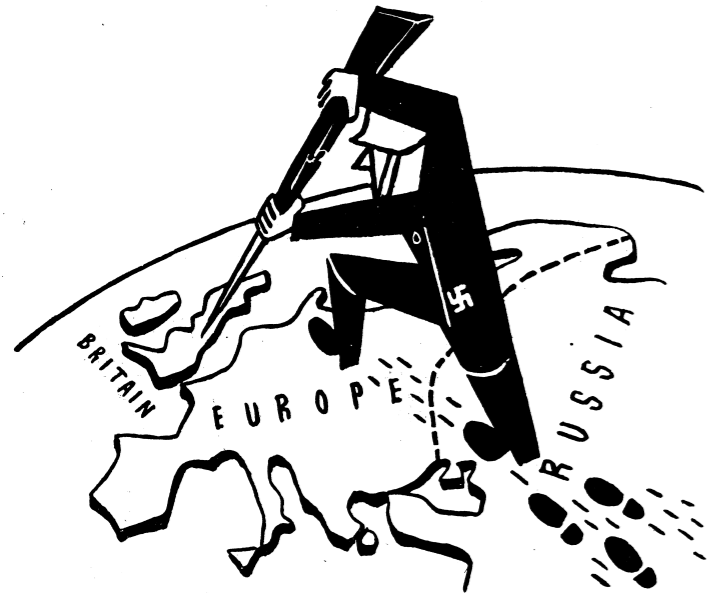
These aren't the Marines that landed on the Solomon Islands, but the Marines are there all right—a thrilling proof of what an offensive spirit can do.

No Second Front Now Would Prolong the War



Nazi-Japanese Junction

"If Hitler should smash the Red Army in the South and take all of the Caucasus, the United Nations would face the darkest chapter of the war, politically and militarily. Then Turkey might be won over to the Axis; the entire Middle East would be gravely imperiled; the trans-Iranian supply line to the Soviet Union would be virtually worthless; and with our Russian ally hard put to it to keep on fighting, with Japanese intrigue and action in India, the Nazis and their Far Eastern partners might be able to achieve a real junction, in which case they would control the larger part of the Eastern Hemisphere, and our side, facing a struggle of indefinite length, would be forced to fight on a global periphery, against awful odds."—Providence, R. I., "Evening Bulletin," August 3.



Invasion of Britain

"If the Eastern Front collapses, the Nazis can send 100 divisions to the West in case they choose to move in that direction. With no first front left in Russia, when could a second front be opened in western Europe?"—Freda Kirchwey, "Nation," August 8.

"Even a child can see that if Russia is beaten, the position of Great Britain would be desperate. Hitler might then invade and subdue the British Isles. If he did that, the United States would be left alone in the world with the Japanese attacking her on the Pacific side, and Hitler attacking from the Atlantic side—possibly taking over in Canada first and then sending millions of soldiers down into New England."—Springfield, Mass., "Evening Union," July 25.

The Conquered Peoples

"Existing trends in the country's [France's] economic life obviously cannot be reversed until Germany's hold on western Europe is shaken. With every day that passes, the restoration of pre-war physical conditions becomes more difficult, and the damage—which has indirect repercussions far beyond the borders of France—more nearly irreparable. The establishment of a second front in western Europe may therefore literally be termed a life-and-death matter for the future of the French people."—Foreign Policy Association report, August 1.



Latin America

"The inevitable sequel [to the junction of Nazi and Japanese forces in India] would be an invasion of the British Isles, accompanied by an intensification of the campaign to sever communications between America and Britain and between the United States and South America. This in turn would prepare the way for the economic, ideological and military penetration of the Latin republics and for an ultimate frontal assault on the United States from three directions."—Frederick L. Schuman, "New Republic," August 10.

Millions of American Lives

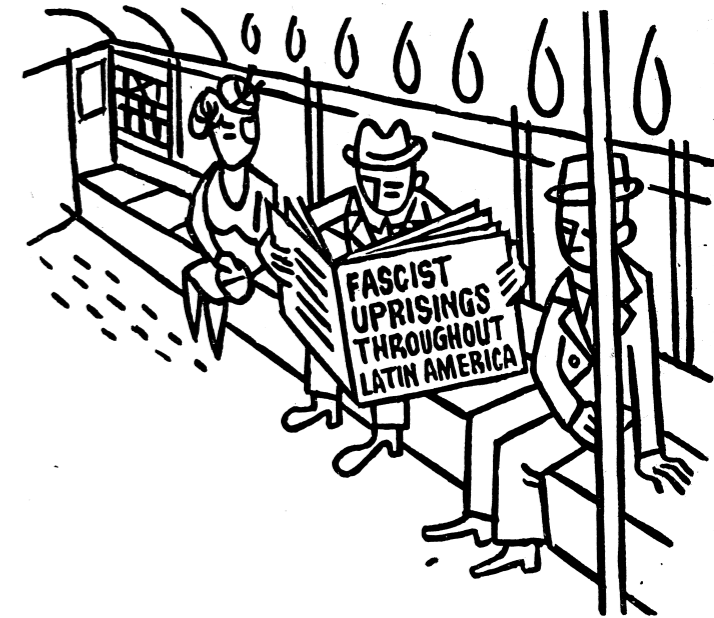
"Somewhere we will have to help defeat the German army in Europe. The longer we delay this actual fight, the more deaths we will be obliged to give in the end for our victory. We pay death now for delay and we pay with Tom's life and with Dick's life."—Ben Robertson, "PM," August 10.

Our Economic Burden: "The fear of inflation is making the rounds again. There will be plenty of reason to anticipate inflation if a second front does not get going this year, and with it fades out the hope of beating the Axis before our nation is burdened with debt out of all proportion to national income for supporting it."—Harland Allen Economic Letter (Chicago), August 10.

Negotiated Peace Clamor

"Probably the Germans hope that they can push the Russians back far enough, and deprive them of a sufficient amount of their supplies so that Germany can switch to the defensive on the Russian front, with minimum forces, and confront America and Britain with the bulk of her power in western Europe. . . .

"Then all the old arguments will be trotted out: How can you invade Europe now? How can you hope to overcome us when we have gained so much strength? All Europe is organized under our direction—and, incidentally, the pressure on Vichy and Madrid to join the European bloc will be tremendous. We don't want to injure Britain or America, the Germans will continue. We just want to be left alone in Europe."—Maj. George Fielding Eliot, New York "Herald Tribune," August 10.



AND PERHAPS LOSE THE WAR



“**WE** COULD lose this war. We never have lost a war; but it has been remarked that this means only that our ancestors never lost a war; and our ancestors were never up against a war like this. . . . It is a total war in which defeat by our enemies means destruction.”—Office of War Information, August 7.

“It is time to face the facts. The hour-glass of the Anglo-American democracies is running lower than it has ever since the Declaration of Independence. The United States and Britain are in immediate danger of losing this war—and can lose it in the next forty days. . . .

“The Caucasus seems terribly remote from American schools, American elections, American free speech—but for all that, all these cherished democratic institutions can receive their mortal blow if ever, and on the very day, that Nazi troops enter Baku. Britain and America cannot defeat Germany and Japan unless at the very least they have Russia as an ally in Europe. Britain and America cannot claim any future right to the support of the huge Russian army unless Anglo-American forces speed to the aid of the Russians in their greatest hour of peril.”—Leland Stowe, Chicago “Daily News” and New York “Post,” August 4.

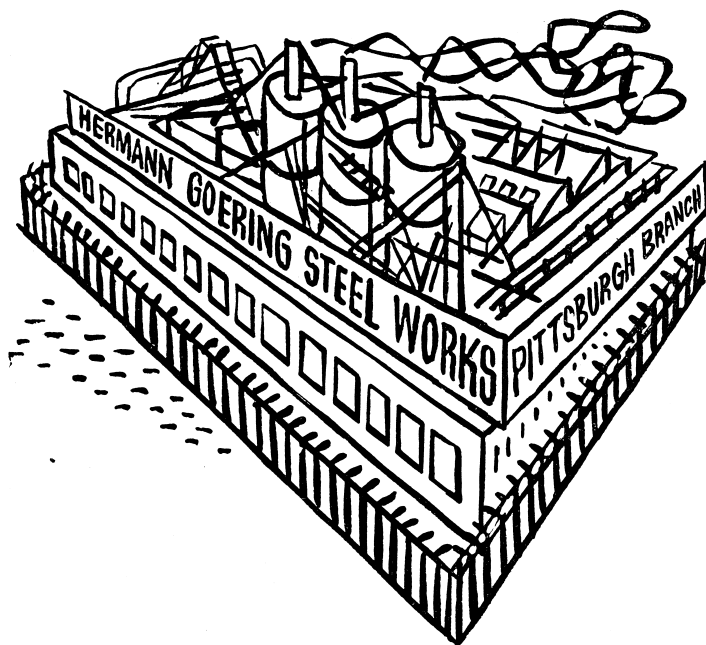
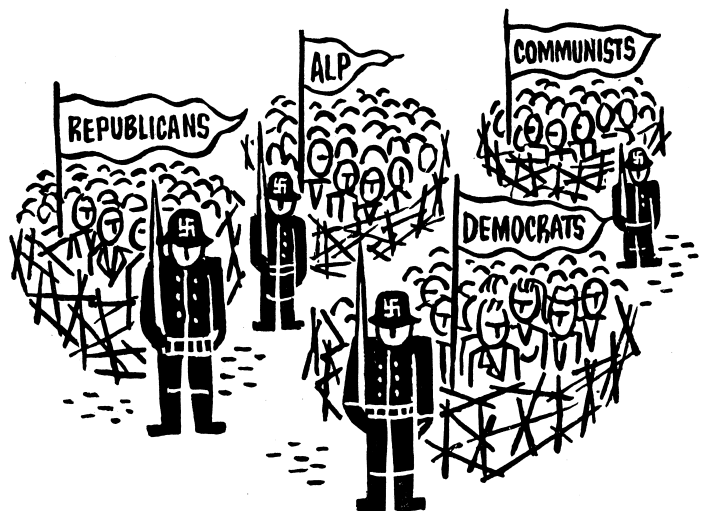
“Most of us murmur to ourselves now and then: ‘We can lose this war.’ Nevertheless, scarcely any of us has even the faintest mental conception of what losing a war today may mean. . . .

“There would be German control forces on parts of our East Coast. There would be Jap control forces on our West Coast. Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, and the Panama Canal Zone would be lost to the enemy. The government in Washington would be headed by some pro-Axis crackpot like William Dudley Pelley. The cabinet, the high posts in the Army and Navy, the G-men, the governors of the states, the local mayors and police chiefs, would be selected from the Silver Shirts, German-American Bundists or Christian Mobilizers.

“A dummy Congress at Washington would speedily enact the Nuremberg racial laws and millions of Jews would be herded into concentration camps, at least a quarter of them being slaughtered or starved to death on the way. . . . The Negroes in the cities would be herded back to labor in the fields of the country’s farms. . . .

“Large sections of the country would fall into prolonged stagnation. . . . Our literature, our radio, our drama, our science would wither and almost die under the deadening influences of military censorship, throttling German-Japanese monopoly competition, and wholesale corruption and incompetence in the civil government.

“That picture is no idle fantasy. It is an accurate picture of what we will have in America if we lose the war. It is a literal description of France today—and France, as late as June 1, 1940, was the second largest and most powerful republic in the world.”—Arthur Hale, “Confidentially Yours,” Mutual Network, August 11.



HOW BRITONS FEEL ABOUT INDIA

R. Palme Dutt cables that democratic opinion has taken "a critical line on the arrests and urged immediate negotiations." Trial ballots in big factories show a ten to one vote for independence.

London (by cable).

THE situation in India is grave. Grave for the Indian people. Grave for the British people and grave for the cause of the United Nations. It is of the most urgent concern for all the United Nations to exert their endeavors to overcome the present crisis and find a basis for the free and honorable cooperation of the great Indian nation in the alliance of the United Nations for the defeat of fascism and for the freedom of all nations, including India. With fascism at the gates of India, threatening directly to conquer India and to utilize India for its aims of world domination, there is internal crisis and conflict, division between rulers and ruled, arrests of the principal and best known popular leaders, sporadic disorder and police firing—a conflict that must be watched with grim satisfaction by the Japanese generals on the frontiers, or the Axis propagandists in Berlin.

In this most desperate stage of the war when the Axis is making its supreme thrust; when the Soviet people are straining all their forces to resist the Nazi offensive; when the Chinese people are battling against odds; when Japan threatens to attack Siberia; when the Anglo-American powers are straining their resources and need all for the external enemy, not for internal fronts; when the Moscow conference is meeting and the issue of the second front is in the balance—the opening of conflict in India is equivalent to a victory for the Axis and a defeat for the United Nations.

IT IS today universally admitted by all observers that the loss of Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, Java, Borneo, and the speedy advance of the Japanese in these regions, was above all due to the lack of cooperation between the governments and the peoples. Will the lesson be learned or must this experience be repeated in India with deadly consequences for the whole world fight against fascism? We cannot afford to thrust aside 400,000,000 potential allies and turn them into enemies. We cannot afford to provoke a needless conflict in India for the benefit of fascism.

For this conflict is needless, unjustifiable, indefensible; it is a conflict between opponents of fascism—between two nations who are equally opposed to fascism. The 400,000,000 of India, one-fifth of mankind, are no allies of fascism. They passionately desire national freedom and have struggled for it for decades, with signal self-sacrifice, heroism, and solidarity; but with the exception of an insignificant minority represented by Subhas Chandra Bose in Berlin, they no less passionately hate fascism.

Their sympathies are with the Chinese people, with the Soviet people. Their leaders have understood and proclaimed that the cause of Indian freedom is bound up with world freedom and with world victory over fascism. For the past ten years, under the leadership of men like Nehru, they have played their part in the vanguard of the international anti-fascist front. And they played it at a time when many who now, from the places of power in Britain, denounce them for failing to fight fascism were themselves praising and helping fascism. India is far more deeply and sincerely anti-fascist than many national government ministers in Britain. The demand of the Indian National Congress today is for the recognition of a free India as an ally of the United Nations to mobilize the armed resistance of their people against fascist aggression, under a popular government of their own leaders in whom they have confidence, but fully accepting the supreme military leadership and command of the United Nations.

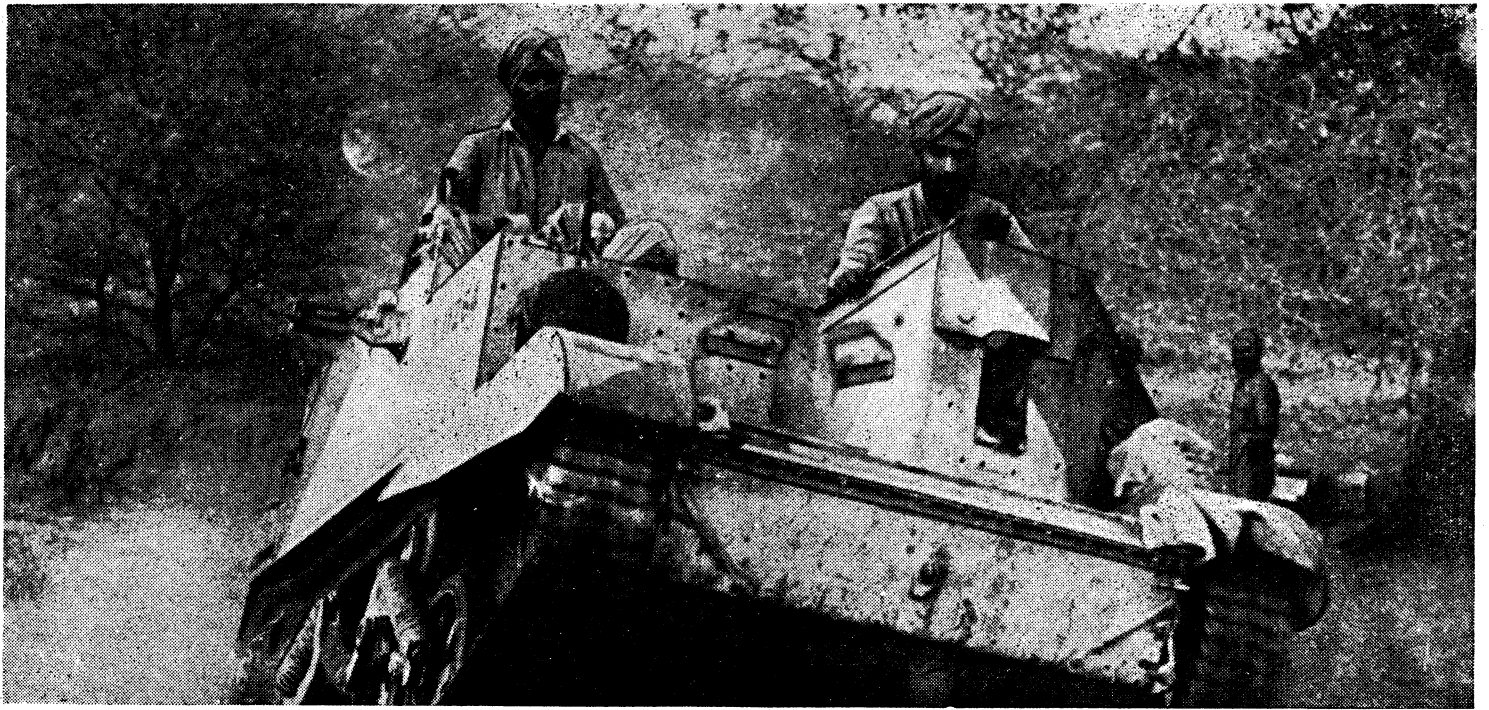
What sincere democrat or supporter of victory over fascism could oppose such a demand? Yet with all the cards stacked against fascism in India and on the side of the United Nations, with ninety percent of articulate political opinion eager to fight on the side of the United Nations, the policy of the British government has succeeded in performing the brilliant feat of turning the bulk of this popular movement and feeling into bitter hostility, or even active resistance. What are we to think of a policy which produces such fruits? The most outstanding military fiascos of this war can hardly compare with this political fiasco. What are we to think of a policy by which a man like Nehru, a symbol of international anti-fascism, finds himself against his will thrust into a position in which he appears to be struggling in a front opposed to the front of the United Nations?

How has this tragic situation come about? The significance of the transformation of the war in June 1941 was well understood by the Indian national movement. The release of the principal Congress leaders opened the possibility of a new orientation and the beginning of cooperation. The Bardoli resolution of the Indian National Congress in December 1941 declared for armed resistance to the Axis as an ally of the United Nations, provided India could mobilize under a national government. Gandhi passed out of the leadership because of his disagreement with this resolution and the abandonment of non-violence. The way was open, given only a minimum of statesmanship and favorable response from the side of Britain.

The Cripps mission in April destroyed this favorable position. The Cripps mission did immeasurable harm in India. It failed because, under cover of a highly dubious postwar plan, it rejected out of hand any form of responsible national government now. For Indian participation in the war the Congress went to extreme lengths of concession, offering to serve under a British viceroy provided they had real responsibility and powers, and to accept a British commander-in-chief. In vain. They were told that British power must remain dictatorial and absolute, that Indian ministers might at the most control canteens and stationery. They were told to take it or leave it. This take it or leave it attitude gave the impression that there was no real desire to negotiate but rather to prepare the grounds for a future conflict.

Deterioration in the political situation rapidly followed. The British government declared that nothing more could be done. The National Congress, frustrated in its desire to cooperate, slid down the inclined plane toward non-cooperation. Leadership passed back into the hands of Gandhi, the pacifist evil genius of Indian politics. Realistic anti-fascist leaders and advocates of cooperation like Nehru and Azad passed into the wake of Gandhi and his dangerous proposals for a non-cooperation campaign. Unscrupulous reactionary propaganda at once seized on the characteristic utterances of Gandhi, advocating pacifism and appeasement, to smear the whole national movement, although such policies were explicitly repudiated by the national movement.

The Congress resolution was promulgated in July and finally adopted on August 7 (against an opposition vote of thirteen led by the Indian Communist Party, whose restoration of legal rights was a recognition of their growing political influence and strength). The resolution, while reaffirming sympathy for the United Nations and the demand for recognition of India as a free ally under a national government for armed resistance to fascism, added the threat of a civil disobedience



Indian soldiers have distinguished themselves fighting the Nazis in Africa. India's independence would mean mobilization of its people for armed resistance.

campaign in the event of refusal. It is not difficult to understand how sincere Indian patriots and anti-fascists, goaded and provoked by the refusal of their reasonable demands and unable to see the possibility of the positive alternative policy which the Indian Communist Party advocated to combine the pressing of their just political demands with active cooperation in the war effort and resolute resistance to all policies of non-cooperation—it is not difficult to understand how they fell into the fatal trap of adopting the policy of non-cooperation, which could only mean division in the face of fascism, suicidal to the interests of Indian freedom.

BUT while we must deplore this failure of leadership, we cannot but recognize that the heaviest responsibility rests with the reactionary policy which refused India's just demands and thus provoked such an outcome. At last the Congress showed every desire to reach a settlement and to negotiate; the resolution was revised to stress the desire for a practical settlement and for cooperation in armed resistance to fascism; the final speeches of Gandhi and Nehru stressed the desire to negotiate. Within a few hours the wholesale arrests followed, and in turn provoked civil conflict and some sporadic disorders disowned by the Congress, and active repression with widespread police and military action.

It is difficult to see how the policy of repression in preference to negotiation can be regarded as justified by the situation. There was no immediate urgency. No order to civil disobedience had been given. There were obviously no plans ready. The aim of the Congress was manifestly to negotiate. It is not easy to escape the impression that the precipitation of the conflict in this way was dictated by reactionary interests in ruling circles which were more concerned with utilizing a favorable tactical opportunity for crushing the Congress and the popular movement in India than in winning Indian cooperation against Japan.

We need now to do all in our power to remedy this dangerous situation. We must press for the immediate reopening of negotiations with a view to the speediest establishment of a provisional popular government in India, representative of all political sections and leaders who are prepared to cooperate in the common task of armed resistance to fascist aggression as an ally of the United Nations. On this basis we must strive to end the crisis and to establish that cooperation which is equally essential in the interests of India, of Britain,

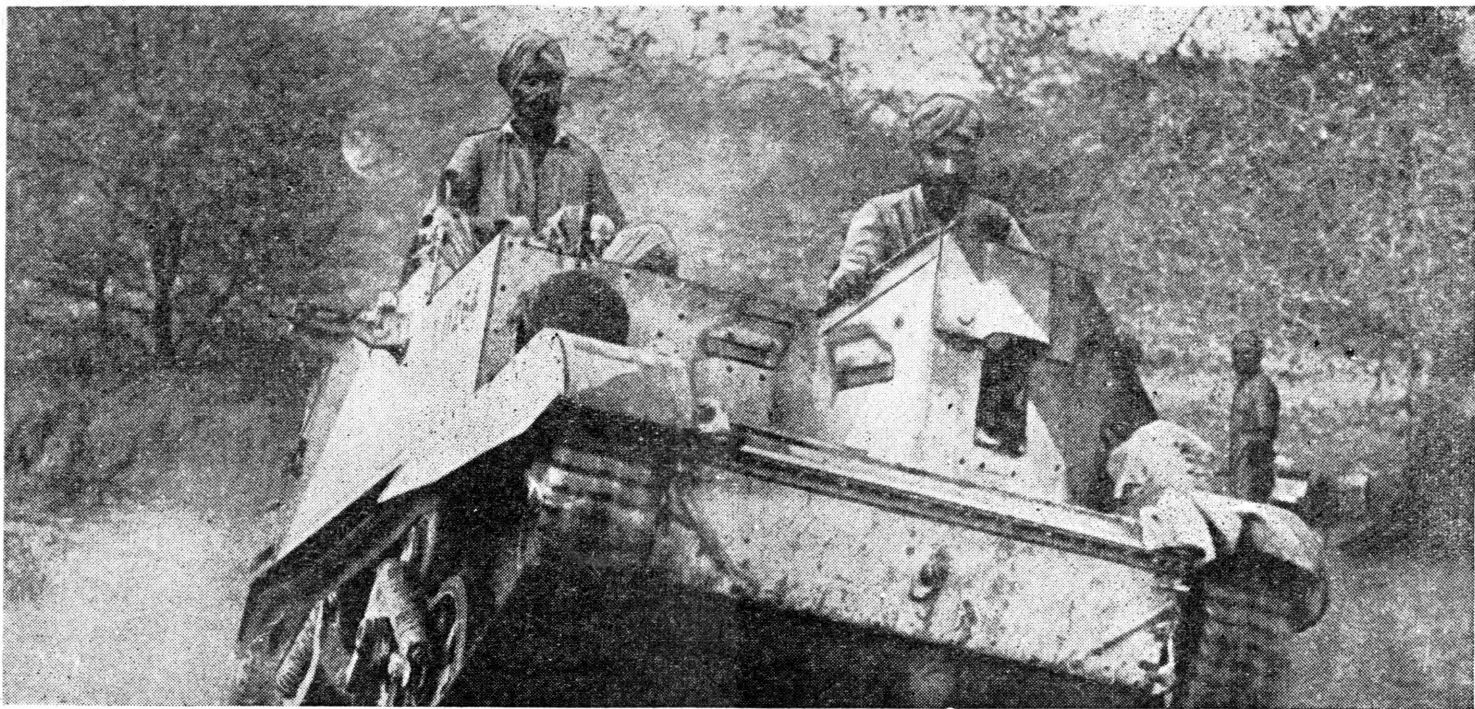
and of all the United Nations. Important sections of democratic opinion in Britain are already pressing for such a solution.

It is unfortunate that the declaration officially issued by the Labor Party and Trades Union Congress on August 12, by swinging completely behind the reactionary policy pursued, and directing its criticism only against the Congress, has failed to respond to the urgency of the situation and is only calculated to deepen the gulf between the peoples of the two countries.

BUT this is not representative of the general body of labor and democratic opinion. Such press organs as the *Manchester Guardian*, *News Chronicle*, *Evening Standard*, and also the *Daily Herald* (until the official Labor declaration compelled it to reverse its policy) have taken a critical line on the arrests and urged immediate negotiations. The Miners Federation national conference on August 1, representing 500,000 miners, unanimously adopted a resolution for the reopening of negotiations on the basis of the recognition of India's claim to independence. Trial ballots in big factories have shown a ten to one vote for Indian independence. The campaign of the 50,000 members of the Communist Party has followed the lines of the national conference resolution adopted on May 25, 1942, which declared: "To win the cooperation of the 400,000,000 of India in the common struggle, we must recognize the independence of India as an equal partner in the alliance of the United Nations and reopen negotiations with the National Congress for the establishment of a National Government with full powers, subject only to such restrictions as the Indian people are willing to accept in the interests of India and of the common struggle against the Axis powers."

This demand has won enthusiastic endorsement at crowded mass demonstrations all over the country, as at the mighty rallies of 60,000 Londoners in Trafalgar Square on May 25 and July 26, which combined the demand for the second front with the Indian demand. There is no doubt that the influence of world opinion, and especially of the other chief partners of the alliance of the United Nations, will make itself felt in relation to the present Indian crisis, which is of urgent concern to all, and assist in reaching such a solution. American democratic opinion can play a very important part in mobilizing support for such a policy and exerting its influence to help in securing its adoption.

R. PALME DUTT.



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THESSE are not yesterday's newspapers I am looking at; the latest is dated August 5, most of them go back through July and June, and many—the cheap paper already yellow, the print smudged—bring back memories of spring and the talk of spring offensives.

These are not as stale as yesterday's newspapers. Their headlines cry out at us with an urgency the more poignant because it has been so long in reaching here, because so many of us have not known before that in Latin America, too, millions pin their hope on the opening of that second front.

Packed in with nitrates from Chile, hides from the Argentine, the tin of Bolivia, sugar from Cuba—these newspapers have passed through the submarine-infested waters of the Atlantic and the Caribbean. The files are not always complete—what were they saying, in Buenos Aires, that week in June whose record is so ominously missing, that week when the torpedoes hit their mark?

"*El Segundo Frente!*" Those words are front page news in any language, transcending in importance the news from the home front in every land, and at the same time inextricably linked with that home news.

Saturday, May 30, Chile. . . . "GENERAL MARSHALL ANNOUNCES A SECOND FRONT!" Below is another headline, drawing the inevitable conclusion for Chile's men of good will: "CHILE MUST SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF DEMOCRACY AND DIGNITY."

Friday, June 12, Chile. . . . "ROOSEVELT AND MOLOTOV AGREE TO OPEN A SECOND FRONT IN EUROPE THIS YEAR." And below, "RADICAL PARTY LEADERS SAY CHILE MUST BREAK RELATIONS WITH THE AXIS."

Saturday, June 20, Chile. . . . "ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL CONTINUE CONVERSATIONS ON A SECOND FRONT." Below, again, "In more than fifty mass meetings tomorrow, Chile demands a break with the Axis, relations with the Soviet Union."

IT IS the same in Argentina, the cry only a little muted by the strict censorship imposed under President Castillo's state of siege. It is the same in Venezuela, Uruguay, Cuba, Costa Rica. In Mexico even the declaration of war is scarcely bigger news than the promise of speedy victory held out by that second front.

All over Latin America the Churchill-Molotov and Roosevelt-Molotov agreements were considered guarantees that the Western Hemisphere will be defended, that the enemy will be crushed before he can launch his attack—from Africa against the bulge of Brazil, from Japan against the long, inviting, coastline of Chile, from island bases against the Panama Canal and the whole southern continent.

For Argentina and Chile, still maintaining the dangerous fiction of "neutrality," still hesitating to fulfill the pledges given at Rio, the news of a second front agreement had special significance. Here was the weapon the people needed to force their governments to act. Here was the answer to those who asked, some with honest fear, "How can the United States help us if we are attacked?"

"The United States will attack *first*," cried the people of Argentina and Chile in those first confident days after the signing of the pacts. "The United States, with Britain and Russia, will smash Hitler in Europe, and Argentina and Chile will be saved."

Military commentators explained the strategic significance of a second front in Europe. All the arguments by now so familiar to us here are known to our good neighbors down south. The nut-cracker simile is equally persuasive in Spanish and Portuguese.

Statesmen, congressmen and senators, labor leaders, artists and writers, spokesmen for all groups except the fascists, hailed the second front agreements.

Because they would save Russia? No, because the second

"EL SEGUNDO FRENTE!"

The magic words you read in the headlines from Mexico City to Valparaiso. What they mean to Latin America. The pro-Axis plotters bank on its delay.

front was recognized as the salvation of Mexico and Cuba, Colombia, Peru, Brazil—of the whole hemisphere. Because it was the answer to those defeatists and fifth columnists who say that Argentina and Chile must remain "neutral," since they have not the strength to defend themselves and cannot count on adequate aid from the United States in the event that they invite attack.

Aid from the United States can take many forms: none as effective as the second front in Europe and victory in 1942. They know that in Latin America, and that is why the democratic forces in Chile and Argentina were strengthened last spring and their hopes of bringing their countries into the fighting front of the United Nations grew brighter.

IN URUGUAY the trade unions organized a great mass meeting, in which official representatives of the government participated and the call for national unity in support of the United Nations rang out. Dr. Emilio Frugoni, leader of the Socialist Party, declared, "The great importance of this act is that the alliance forges a formidable instrument of war. Its first result will be the opening of a second front this year."

It is sobering to look through these old newspapers, to realize afresh how much time has elapsed since that great upsurge of hope and confidence in Latin America greeted the promise of a second land front—soon. For Sevastopol still stood fast, and the Russian offensive power on the long central front was unimpaired. The war seemed far from the Don and the oil of Maikop safe.

There was, in those May and June papers, a tremendous enthusiasm and admiration for the heroic defenders of Sevastopol. And there was something more, a new note of enthusiasm and admiration for the United States.

The old fear and suspicion of the "Colossus of the North" had given way to a pride in this great neighbor; pride in our strength, our offensive spirit, our pledge to match the valor of the Red Army with mighty Yankee blows struck, not for ourselves alone, but for our sister republics of the hemisphere, for all mankind.

Here is a picture of William Green, speaking at the June 22 rally in Madison Square Garden and calling for a second front—now!

Look at some of these headlines from Chile: **YANKEE WORKERS AND FARMERS IN THE FIRST LINE OF THE COUNTRY'S DEFENSE.**

Here is a tribute to General MacArthur and the fighters at Luzon.

Here is praise for Doolittle, and another headline: **THE**

AGGRESSIVE SPIRIT OF THE UNITED STATES DEMANDS THE
OPENING OF A SECOND FRONT!

Yankee production records come in for their share of glory. The trade union movement is called "*El Paladin del Segundo Frente, el Primer Patriota de Estados Unidos.*"

Latin military men, returning home from the United States, boast of the US Army, its men, its training, and its equipment.

In Latin America they were saying, back in June and July, that the Colossus of the North would soon show Hitler a trick or two. And they gloried in our strength and fighting spirit, seeing in these their own bulwark against Nazi enslavement.

Part of this new respect and friendship for us stems from the conviction that we will use our strength well and boldly, that the American giant will not sit idly by while the Russian giant bears the brunt of battle alone.

NOR is there any disposition in Latin America to shirk, and leave the job to Uncle Sam. Everywhere there are committees of aid to the free peoples, to the fighters in the common cause. Workers and peasants dig up their hard-earned centavos and pesos. It is touching to read that, in Uruguay, the collections are to be divided equally "between Britain, Russia, the United States, and China." Have we earned our share of that aid?

Not only contributions of food, clothing, and medicine are called for. The cry for more production goes up all over the hemisphere—production for that second front. Argentina has just sent its fourth shipload of relief supplies to the Soviet Union. But in Argentina the main job is to break through the stranglehold of Castillo's state of siege and let the anti-fascist will of the Argentine people prevail. The battle against the fifth column goes on, and this too is closely bound up with the problems of the second front. In Uruguay they say that the *Herreristas*, the native fascists, will be easily overcome when the fascist centers in Berlin and Rome are destroyed. The Spanish Falange is everywhere in Latin America, carrying on the work of Hitler agents expelled after we went to war and nineteen republics broke relations with the Axis. A second front will mean that at long last we shall cease appeasing Franco—and in that Latin America sees the only guarantee of a final accounting with the Falange.

BUT, meantime, the fifth column remains a powerful and dangerous tool in Hitler's hands. It is using the delay in the opening of the second front to sow suspicion and defeatism in Latin America as elsewhere.

President Castillo is also using our delay in taking the offensive to bolster his government and excuse his pro-Nazi policy. He recently told a closed meeting of Argentine military men that the United Nations will lose this war, and that if the second front comes it will come too late.

From time to time in the last few months I have talked with a young Argentine businessman temporarily in this country. He is honest and intelligent, but politically illiterate. I have not found those conversations very comforting. Up to the time of the torpedoing of the Argentine ship, the *Rio Tercero*, my friend defended the Argentine policy of "neutrality," while condemning Castillo's domestic policies and passionately declaring his hatred of Hitler. After the attack on the *Rio Tercero* he was ready to fight and denounced Castillo as a traitor to his country. In these last days my friend has become cynical and bitter. All his latent distrust of Britain and the United States expresses itself in a conviction that we are deliberately letting the Soviet Union down, that our promises were made in bad faith. He has lost hope of a United Nations victory, and with it all will to fight.

Of course, it is not well to generalize too much from a single example. But if there are many like my friend in

Latin America, the Axis will know how to use their disillusionment and defeatist mood. Disappointment in the good intentions and courage of the Colossus of the North is a dangerous thing, especially if coupled with the belief that the Colossus is no longer all-powerful, but on the contrary temptingly weak. Why take seriously the promise of the Good Neighbor Policy if the promise of the Roosevelt-Molotov agreement is not kept? Why rely on a strong neighbor who will not use his might to defend even his own national interests?

That kind of logic leads to conclusions better left unexpressed. But, while the majority of Latin Americans firmly reject such logic, we cannot ignore the fact that the longer we put off the decisive act, the longer the Axis has to exercise its powers of persuasion.

Not only our military defeats, but our political mistakes as well, give ammunition to the Axis propagandists. Nor is the apparent success in the Solomons enough to outbalance the classic stupidity of British policy in India for 100,000,000 Latin Americans who have their own reasons for hating imperialism. The opening of a second front involves both political and military factors. It can only be achieved through the defeat of those American and British cliques whom our Latin cousins most hate and fear.

For these reasons, too, delay is worse than dangerous and time, in Latin America as elsewhere, works for the Axis.

There is a healthier tone in the latest papers from Cuba and Mexico. The great second front meetings in Trafalgar Square, in our own Madison Square Park, in Glasgow and Liverpool, are headline news. They sent Latin American faith and hope soaring again.

Recent speeches by Vicente Lombardo Toledano, Mexican labor leader and president of the powerful Latin American Confederation of Labor (CTAL), have helped to rally the Latin American masses to the side of the United Nations. Lombardo's trip through the principal Latin American countries this fall will undoubtedly further clarify for them their stake in the war and their own obligation to help speed the victory.

"If a second front is opened now," Lombardo recently told a press conference, "the war can be won within a few months. If not, it may go on for several years. A second front represents a rapid victory not only for Russia, England, or the United States, but for all the peoples. And a second front now also means saving the Latin American countries from incalculable sacrifice."

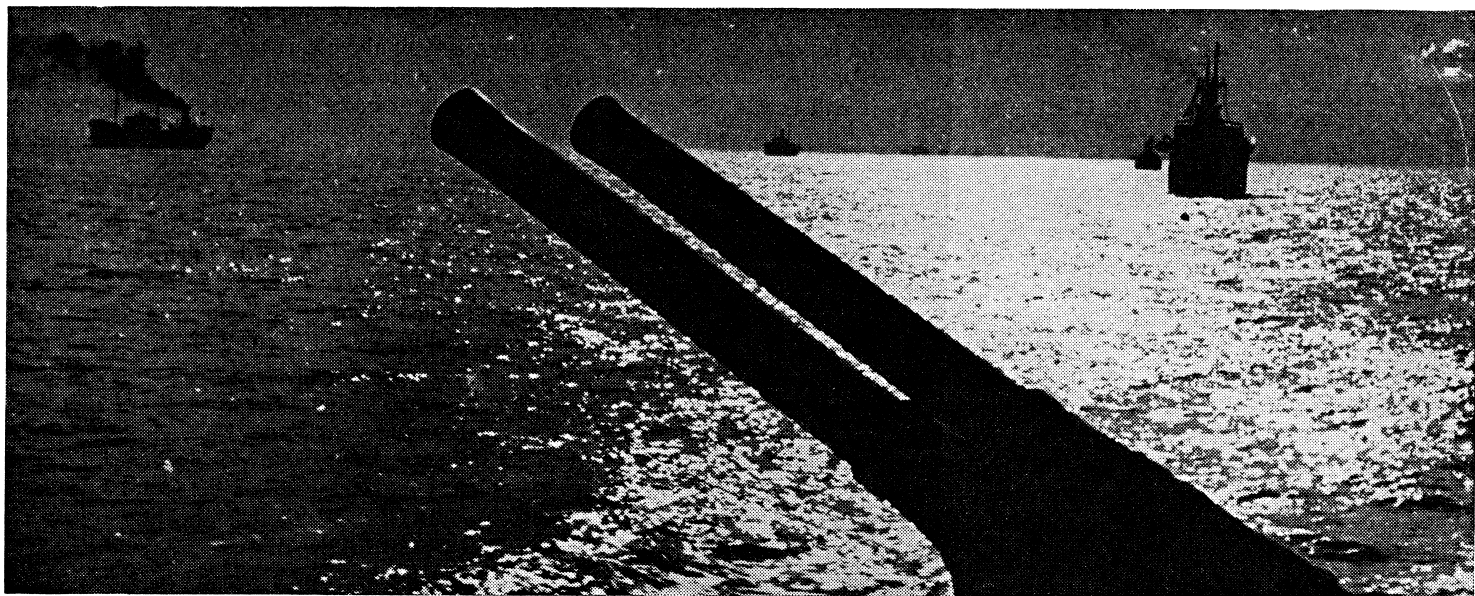
WHILE our neighbors in Latin America have an equal stake with us in the immediate opening of a second front, the job of carrying out the pledge of the Anglo-Soviet-American agreements rests primarily on our shoulders.

Our neighbors are fighting valiantly against their internal enemies, demanding the end of the "neutrality" farce in Chile and the Argentine, exposing the fifth column, stepping up production, calling for universal military service, for national unity, for the establishment of diplomatic and trade relations with the Soviet Union, and organizing committees of aid to all the fighters against Nazism.

Yes, our neighbors are doing their part. And they believe we will do ours. They believe in the good faith of President Roosevelt, in the courage and military skill of our MacArthurs, Marshalls, and Eisenhowers. They believe in the fighting spirit of the American labor movement—that "*paladin del Segundo frente*"—and they are dead sure the Yanks have got what it takes to beat Hitler.

We believe in those things ourselves. We know the Axis fifth column in Latin America lies when it says we will "let Russia down." The point is that we cannot and will not let ourselves down—and by "ourselves" we mean all of the Americas.

MARION BACHRACH.



In the shadow of a destroyer's guns, a convoy moves across the ocean, bearing war supplies and food to a United States ally in the war against fascism

I RODE THE CONVOY TO RUSSIA

"The planes came on, wave after wave . . ." But the Luftwaffe wasn't so brave under fire. The sad end of Herr Sneaky McNasty. A firsthand account by Sam Hakam.

FROM SENIOR BRITISH NAVAL OFFICE LONDON
GENERAL TO ALL SHIPS:

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY AND THE FIRST SEA LORD CONGRATULATES ALL OFFICERS AND MEN OF ALL ALLIED MERCHANT NAVIES AND ALLIED FORCES CONCERNED ON THEIR MAGNIFICENT EXPLOITS IN FIGHTING CONVOY [X] THROUGH TO NORTHERN RUSSIA IN THE FACE OF ALL THE ENEMY COULD DO IN THE AIR AND IN THE SEA.

WE STUDIED this notice on the bulletin board with mixed feelings. Someone remarked, "Nice of the admiral to send his congratulations." We grinned in agreement.

Little did we realize on that day in May 1942, when we left an Atlantic port, Arctic bound, that a full scale blitzkrieg was waiting for us, just around the corner. American supplies pouring into north Russia were giving the Axis serious concern. It had to cut this supply line at all costs and our convoy was to be the first to meet the full fury of Hitler's subs and Luftwaffe.

For the first couple of days we had little action. Then a thick fog enveloped the convoy and several collisions were narrowly averted. On one occasion a huge ship loomed suddenly out of the mist bearing right for us. The lookout stared, pop-eyed. His feet worked up and down, but he remained rooted to the same spot. The cook sauntered out just then, to get a bit of air. He gave one look, then whizzed back into the galley. The ship went by us with perhaps an inch to spare.

Later, when the fog lifted, we found ourselves passing through a mine field. Several good-sized icebergs were drifting around quite close and overhead an enemy observation plane was spotted. Things were beginning to look up.

THE following afternoon hostilities opened with a bang—a very big bang. A number of bombing planes were seen approaching our port side. Alarm bells sounded. All hands took action stations. The bombers circled about the convoy and then came in to the attack in small groups. They were greeted by a hail of shot. Machine guns, pom poms, big guns, all opened up on them. One or two went down in flames. The others sheered off for a short interval, then returned. Each time the guns clattered and roared to a fiery crescendo. A bomber dived and

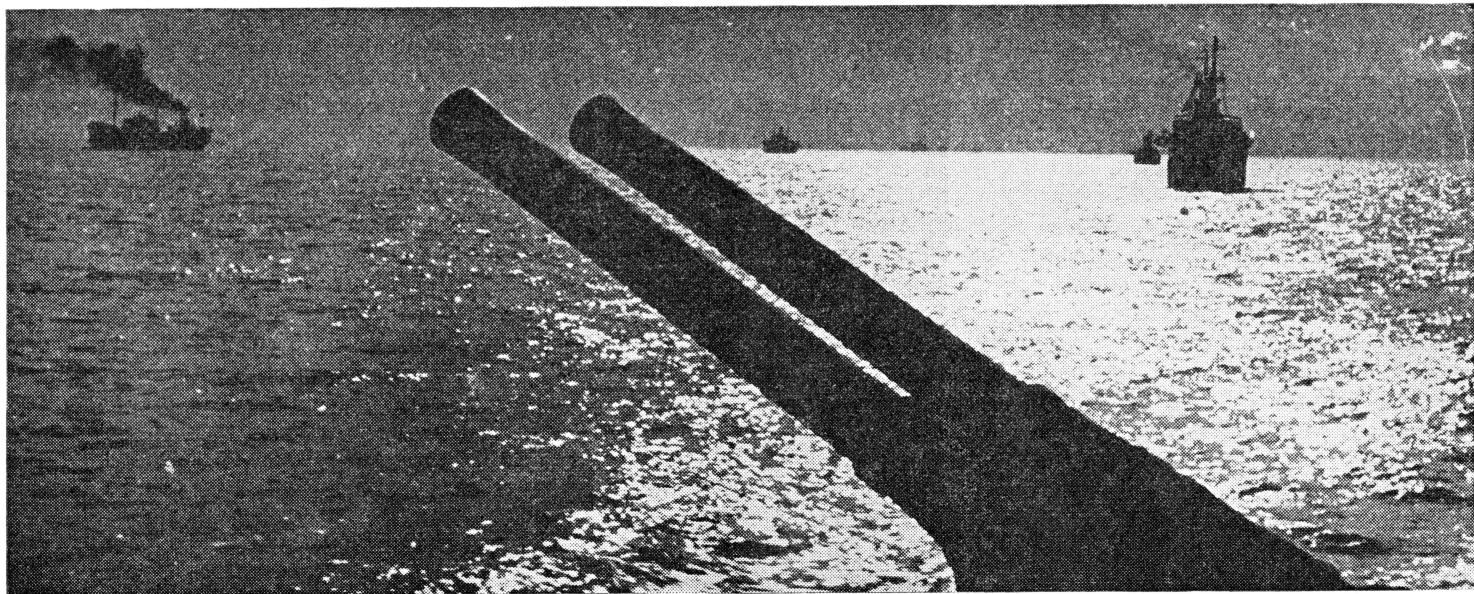
his bombs just missed us. We did not miss. The bomber crashed. About nine others came in high and dived for the anti-aircraft cruiser in our midst. Every gun in the convoy opened on them. The sky broke out with a smallpox of bursting shells. Somehow they got through this barrage and the water about the cruiser was churned in huge white geysers. But they scored no direct hits, and the bombers must have been riddled with machine gun bullets and shrapnel. It is highly doubtful that many of them got home.

This was the only incident observed where the Nazi bombers showed anything approaching courage. On no other occasion did they attempt to dive through our concentrated fire. They always kept a safe distance from ships putting up a good heavy barrage, and they loved to go after ships whose fire power was small. The highly touted Nazi Luftwaffe became very brave only when there was little or no opposition. When a lot of shells were being thrown at them, their courage vanished.

Our naval gun crew was magnificent. It was amazing how these young lads, none of whom had ever been to sea before, stood up under fire. Their commanding officer, Ensign Howel S. Murray of Chicago, coolly scanned the sky with his glasses and called out the range and firing orders in a calm, clear voice. One would have thought he was out shooting ducks on a nice summer day instead of being in the midst of a heavy aerial blitzkrieg. Under such inspiring leadership, his crew, typical good-natured lads from the deep South, whom you might see hanging about any corner drug fountain, turned into a deadly fighting machine. They stood up against Hitler's Luftwaffe and beat it off time and again.

The regular merchant crew was right on the job too. Under Ensign Murray's direction they had voluntarily organized themselves into an efficient team, handling shells and passing drums of ammunition to the gunners. When opportunity offered they took a hand at the machine guns, giving the Nazis plenty of lead souvenirs to take home. The engine cadet, John Doyle, a lad of nineteen, was at the gun so often I called him "Machine Gun Johnny."

When the attack commenced, I wrapped a small Jewish flag about my arm with the six-pointed Star of David prominently displayed. I did this because I had heard that Hitler was making all Jews in subjugated countries wear this



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star as a sort of stigma. I thought it high time someone carried the flag of the people Hitler has so cruelly treated, in action against him. Possibly this was the first time the Jewish flag was carried in action against him, but I don't believe it will be the last.

Submarines were always about, but our escort ships took good care of them. Despite continuous under-water attacks over a period of a week only one ship was hit and the sub which got in that torpedo practically committed suicide in doing it. It was quickly blown into oblivion and, from reports, about four other subs suffered the same fate.

One of the British ships carried a fighting plane, fitted on a catapult. During the heaviest part of the attack the plane was launched into the air. I later learned that the two pilots assigned to the plane were both eager to go up. The plane could carry only one so they pitched a coin for the privilege of going into certain death. The winning pilot took off in a sky full of enemy planes. He received a bad hip injury at the takeoff, but headed right for where the enemy bombers were thickest. For the fifteen minutes he was up, he raised havoc. One bomber went down, another limped off badly damaged, and the others fell all over themselves getting away from him. The fighter plane was finally hit and the pilot bailed out. He was picked up by one of the destroyers and we were glad to hear he got back to England safely.

Toward evening the air attacks lessened, but the large number of depth charges going off close by indicated that the submarines were still carrying on. Fog and snow set in and we had a comparatively peaceful night.

Early the next day the planes were back. They attacked from a high level. Huge bombs, weighing at least a ton, came plummeting from above the clouds. They were so large we thought at first they were planes and some of the ships actually fired at them. None of these large bombs scored any hits.

Then came attacks by torpedo-carrying planes. These planes fly low and come at you in a straight line, so our gunners could get a good bead on them. Their straight shooting hit some and forced the others to launch their torpedoes a good distance from us. We had time to twist out of the path of the oncoming torpedoes and no hits were scored.

THE day passed with us beating off sporadic attacks. We passed through areas of fog. The enemy would plant mines in the fog-covered waters ahead of us, but we were wise to this stunt. Every time we entered a fog bank we would change course, giving the mines a wide berth. We kept doggedly on our course and early the following morning found us going through a large area of field ice. We were at a most dangerous spot in the run.

In these latitudes, at this time of the year, the sun never sets. The continuous daylight was only dimmed by an overcast sky. As the day wore on, the sky cleared. It was perfect flying weather. We regarded the blindingly bright sun in the cloudless sky with considerable apprehension.

The day's hostilities started with attacks from a high level. Then came the dive bombers. More and more of them came. We were close to the enemy bases in northern Norway and Hitler was throwing every bomber he could spare at us. We counted over 100 of them coming—in wave after wave.

We fought continuously for some twenty hours. Bombs screamed and burst all about us. Several ships were hit. My antenna was shot down twice and twice repaired. Our ship's carpenter dropped dead from a heart attack. A British vessel just ahead was mortally hit and began to sink rapidly. The guns were abandoned as all hands took to the lifeboats. Just at this point several enemy bombers came in close and dropped every bomb they had on the sinking ship and the lifeboats nearby. This was not war—it was plain murder!

We thought at first none of that crew had lived through that hell, but later learned that almost two-thirds had been

saved through the courageous rescue work of the destroyers.

These rescue operations of the escort ships were magnificent. Any time a ship was badly hit they were right there, picking up survivors, regardless of how hotly the bombs were coming at them. Frequently every single member of an abandoned ship's crew is saved.

Shortly after noon there was a let-up in the attacks and a ship near by hailed us, asking for the radio officer. I quickly reported to the bridge and answered the hail. Then, to my astonishment, a voice shouted across the intervening space of water, "Hey, Sammy, how'd you like to be back in Brooklyn now?" The ship was commanded by my old friend and shipmate Willie (Capt. W. E. Green). He shook his fist at the sky and shouted. "The dirty b—— hit me twice, but I'll get this old tub in yet." The big Irishman was actually enjoying the fight. When the bombers returned, Will's ship was hit again. Later I learned that the engines were damaged but the Chief Engineer, Simmons, stayed down below and singlehandedly effected an emergency repair. They brought the ship in.

A Russian ship received a hit which wiped out the forward gun crew and set fire to the magazine below. She fell out of the convoy with smoke pouring from her in a huge cloud interspersed with flashes of bursting shells. Nazi bombers came in close for the kill. We all looked for the crew to abandon ship, but they did nothing of the kind. All day they fought the flames, holding the Nazis off with their remaining guns. We heard later that a woman stewardess led the way into the inferno of bursting shells with the hoses. The fire was brought under control and the ship came back into its convoy position. Led by the commodore ship, every one of us hoisted the signal "WELL DONE."

That Russian ship got through safely, delivered its goods, repaired its damage and at last report was in an American port, loading up for another voyage. We had heard a lot of the courage of these fighting Russians, but it's different when you see an actual exhibition of it.

SOMEHOW the terrible day came to an end. The sky became overcast and the attacks fell off. We had had a very hard day. All hands were weary, smoke-grimed, and haggard. Things looked black, but our spirits never faltered. If our courage needed any inspiration, the Russian ship furnished it in plenty.

The gun crew had graduated to veterans. Every time an enemy approached, our gun deck became a belching roaring inferno, erupting so deadly a fire that the enemy invariably sheered off. So effective was our shooting that some of the crew remarked that ships near by would come in close to get the benefit of our covering fire.

All of us, from the captain to second cook, were open in expressing our boundless admiration for Ensign Murray and his navy boys. Without doubt their action had saved the ship that day and they saved us again on other days during subsequent attacks.

The night passed in ominous quiet. Those not on watch dropped off anywhere, sleeping from sheer exhaustion and still wearing their lifebelts and tin hats. In the morning two vessels were reported coming over the horizon. We looked at each other with the same thought in mind, "enemy surface raiders." Grim-faced, we took action stations. Then came the welcome signal, "Vessels are friendly." They turned out to be Russian destroyers, capable and efficient looking. And they proved to be as good as they looked.

We buried John Thomson, the ship's carpenter, that morning. The service was necessarily short but impressive. The body had been sewed in canvas, covered with an American flag, and laid out on a plank. One end of the plank rested on the ship's rail. All hands not on duty assembled nearby among the tanks and planes which composed our deck cargo. The sky was overcast, the day gloomy. The captain preached a short sermon. We listened in silence while casting apprehensive glances at

some enemy planes which were exchanging shots with the vessels on the other side of the convoy. Our flag was at half mast and the navy boys under Ensign Murray stood rigidly at salute. When the captain finished, the plank was tipped and the body slid out from under the flag into the sea. No sooner was the ceremony completed than the alarm sounded and we all hastened to action stations.

The planes came on, wave after wave, but not quite as numerous as on the preceding day. Our shooting had taken a goodly toll of them and our fire was becoming more effective. Our gunners were learning to hold their fire until the planes were well within range, then they blasted away with deadly effect.

The newly arrived Russian destroyers displayed their mettle in beautiful fashion. They would race up to where the action was heaviest, heel over broadside, and belch forth with every gun they had. Bull dogs we called them—savage, snarling bull dogs.

The torpedo planes came back. Again we were kept busy twisting and turning out of the paths of these projectiles. The escort ships on our flank would signal whenever a plane launched a torpedo which got by them. This signal sounded like a well known noise on a radio program. A nearby destroyer sounded this signal and one of the navy lads sang out, "On land, on the sea, in the air."

At the same time one of the crew members kept jumping up and down, his finger following a rapidly moving object and yelling, "Torpedo, torpedo!"

Fortunately it missed us.

WE WERE getting close to our destination but the attacks never let up. Hitler was determined to stop us at all costs. Every available Nazi plane and sub was being thrown at us. Berlin was broadcasting fantastic claims of our losses. We would listen to them with huge amusement. It was funny to hear of ourselves being wiped out.

The following day was heavily overcast, we noted with relief. As long as we did not have to shoot at planes diving at us from out of a blinding sun, we were all right. Torpedo planes could operate in this weather, but we had learned how to take care of those fellows.

But even the torpedo planes did not come and the sky was clear except for one enemy observation plane which had been with us continuously for the past six days. This plane would keep his headquarters informed of our position, report on our damage, and keep them posted on weather conditions. His continuous hovering about our flank like a bird of ill omen was beginning to become exceedingly irksome. We all longed for him to come close enough just long enough for us to get in one good salvo at him.

We had our pet name for this plane. It was "Sneaky McNasty." Other ships had their own pet names for him. One referred to him as the "Stobl Pigeon," and another as "Long John." One of the British radio operators happened to tune in on the wave on which "Sneaky" was talking to headquarters. The operator cut in saying, "Hey Fritz, do you understand English?" The German, astonished, replied that he did. The Englishman then said, "Well, bugger off then, mug, we're getting tired of looking at you." To which the German replied with a guttural laugh.

But poor Sneaky came to a sad end. He misjudged his bearings and came out of a heavy cloud bank to find himself directly over the convoy. It was the chance we had all been praying for. Every ship in the convoy banged away at him with everything it had. Sneaky's momentum carried him back into the clouds, but we heard his motor conk out and pieces of wreckage came falling down out of the sky. One of the boys picked up a piece of his carburetor on our deck. A general long, loud laugh went up at Sneaky's finish. We all felt fine—just fine.

Later the convoy split up, one section going to one port and

the other to a second. As the ships were taking up their new positions, the enemy attacked. The two groups drew apart and by some error we found ourself in the wrong section. We were ordered over to the other section, now some five miles away.

We raced across this distance all by our lonesome. It was the longest five miles I ever traveled. While still some distance from our goal, three huge bombers came at us. But our navy boys were right on the job. A hot stream of heavy caliber machine guns bullets made the first bomber sheer off. The second got one of our three-inch shells in the face, and his bombs dropped short as he limped off home. The third, possibly not liking the medicine we were handing out, kept his distance. This was another occasion when our navy boys saved the ship, but by this time it had become a routine matter with them.

ON OUR last day the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky. It was ideal weather for the enemy and our gunners were kept busy every minute. The convoy steamed along at its slow but steady pace, fighting all the time but drawing nearer and nearer to our destination. Quite abruptly the attacking planes fell away. We looked about and spotted a squadron of fighting planes racing out to us. With their arrival came the signal we had all been waiting for. "Planes are friendly." We let out a general cheer.

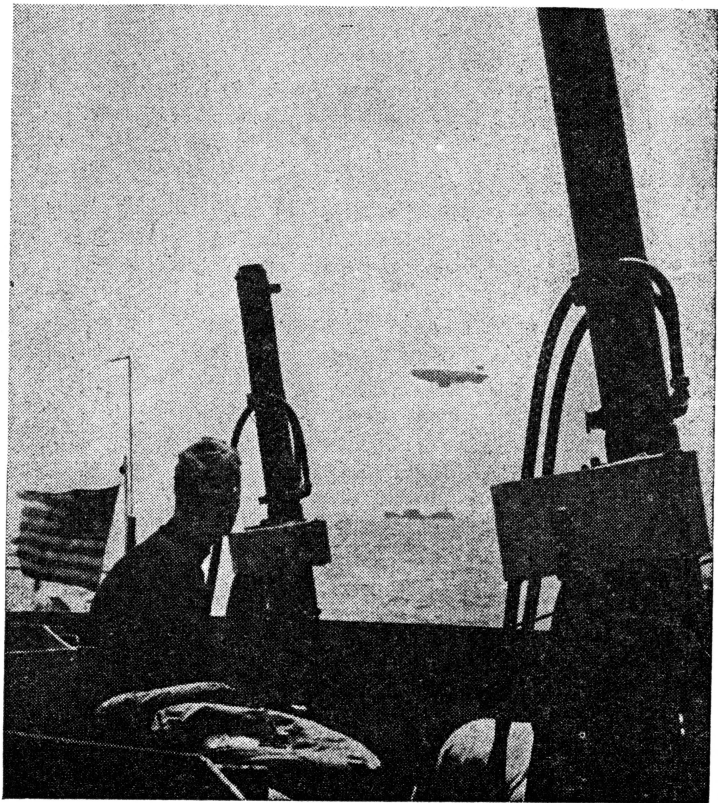
But our joy was short lived. No sooner had the Russians passed over us, hot on the trail of the Nazis, than about a dozen other enemy bombers which had been hiding way up in the sky, came plummeting out of the sun, right for us. The bombs showered all about us. Water and shell splinters came over the deck. The ship was jarred violently, but by some miracle we emerged unscathed. Then more squadrons of Russian fighters roared up and the Nazis headed for home at high speed. The fighters kept circling about the convoy, vigilantly guarding us on all sides. But our boys stood by at action stations until the last minute. we were not going to be taken by surprise again.

And so with all hands at their stations, Russian fighting planes circling overhead, the convoy steamed into its destination and dropped anchor in the shelter of the shore batteries. The voyage was over. We had delivered the goods.

SAM HAKAM.



All's quiet at the moment but this machine gunner on a convoy doesn't relax—he has to be constantly on the alert.



All's quiet at the moment but this machine gunner on a convoy doesn't relax—he has to be constantly on the alert.

KEY TO THE KEYSTONE STATE

The political lineup in America's second greatest state. Take a look at Governor James. The defeat of Sen. James J. Davis, ally of John L. Lewis. What Joe Pew doesn't like.

YOU may not believe it, and I can't blame you—but a pair of old-fashioned high-top shiny-black buttoned shoes, worn (and how!) by Pennsylvania's Governor James, is a pretty fair key to the politics of the Keystone state, past and present.

Those shoes of the governor's remind me, somehow, of the late Clarence Darrow's suspenders. Remember how Darrow, as he stood facing a jury, endeavoring to convince them that they shouldn't hang a Leopold and a Loeb or some other product of our social system who happened to be his client—remember how he would stand there in his shirt sleeves, vest unbuttoned, and how, reaching under his armpits, he would haul out those suspenders and start snapping them, as he rolled the tobacco quid in his mouth and now and then took a pot-shot at the nearest cuspidor? All by way of showing how homey he was—really talking to his peers.

Similarly the chief executive of the state of Pennsylvania, whenever he is asked to pose for the camera, always manages to get those buttoned shoes in the picture, if he possibly can. There's a reason, just as there was in Darrow's case: a social reason with a very practical slant. When the paper with that picture comes out, the Amish and the Mennonites and the "Pennsylvania Dutch" and, in general, a large majority of the 3,500,000 upstate farmers will, unfortunately, nod their heads in approval. He's a good man, our governor is; no new-fangled ways about *him*. And at the next election they will vote, as they commonly do, three to one or four to one Republican. They will likewise approve (or so it is hoped) when those Buttoned Shoes proceed to knife, as they have been doing, the President's rationing, price control, and anti-inflation program. These, too, are new-fangled contraptions, and Buttoned Shoes knows what he is about.

In other words, Pennsylvania's Republican governor, whom everybody knows to be the office boy of the notorious Pew-Grundy machine, is simply playing on the old reactionary blue-law prejudices of the state's huge rural population, by way of holding in line this ordinarily decisive vote, as against the popular vote of the cities and of the steel and mining regions.

IN BRIEF, it may be said that without some knowledge of the state's economic background and social (class) composition, one cannot hope to get a clear picture of the political situation in Pennsylvania as it exists in this all-important second front year, 1942.

To begin with, we must realize that, as the WPA State Guide boasts, Pennsylvania is *the largest industrial commonwealth in the world*. It is the largest mining and the largest manufacturing state in the Union, its manufactures running to heavy industry. It produces nearly one-half of the nation's steel supply, and has vast electrical, metal-fabricating, ship-building, and other enterprises. It is not surprising, then, if it has the largest working class of any state in the country, the majority of the workers being in basic industry. Half the membership of the United Mine Workers is here, and the Philadelphia area has the greatest single block of ship-building workers to be found anywhere.

On the other hand, Pennsylvania has a smaller percentage of white collar workers than other states, while over against the working class, and frequently arrayed against the workers politically, is that great rural population which has been mentioned, nearly twice as great as the total population of a "farm state" like Minnesota—only Texas can compare with it in this respect. It is these 3,500,000 up-staters, engaged in or dependent

upon agriculture, who give to the Pennsylvania political scene its peculiar hue. Thus, even in the Roosevelt landslide of 1936, the up-state vote went to Landon.

Thanks to a system of land ownership which has come down from colonial times, the natural fertility of the soil, and the nearness to markets, the Pennsylvania farmer as a rule is better off than are the farm dwellers in most states; he does not suffer from the same economic uncertainty and distress. A descendant often of early German, Moravian, Scotch-Irish or English settlers, he is inclined to attribute his well-being to that conservative way of life and outlook on life which he has sedulously preserved. He has a suspicion of the culture of cities and of the political thinking of other groups, especially labor. The prohibition of alcoholic beverages and Sunday movies is for him an issue of paramount importance. Hence, once again, the wisdom of those buttoned shoes.

THERE are signs, however, that things are beginning to change at last. After all, Pennsylvania is the state not only of Boies Penrose, the Pews and Grundys, but of Benjamin Franklin, Thaddeus Stevens, and many another fighter for freedom and the democratic way of life. Its largest city, Philadelphia, is the historic cradle of American liberties, home of the Declaration of Independence and the Continental Congress. In the great struggle for human liberty and the preservation of the nation in the 1860's, and in the Abolitionist movement that preceded it, Pennsylvania's role was a militant and a glorious one; and to this day Negroes of the state, even when victimized by Jim Crow, discrimination, and police brutality, will proudly recall how a grandfather or a great-grandfather came here via the "Underground Railroad." The up-state farmers, the Quakers, Mennonites, and others had a hand in that, and they too have a tradition of freedom which is being fanned into flame once more by the threat of a Hitler and a Hirohito and the crisis of our nation.

The Buttoned Shoes are accordingly finding it increasingly more difficult to make the state, by means of that up-state vote, safe for reaction, defeatism, and political corruption. This became evident in the primaries last May, when Pennsylvania was swept by what appeared to be an upsurge of progressivism, which was in reality a stinging rebuke administered, in more than one instance, to the defeatists and opponents of the President's win-the-war policies.

The outstanding result of the primaries was the defeat of the old Republican wheelhorse and John L. Lewis' ally, Sen. James J. Davis, a pillar of the America First Committee that was—and is! His victorious opponent, Gen. Edward Martin, in order to win, was compelled to campaign on an anti-isolationist platform, thereby forcing the issue of the war into the foreground, much against the will of the machine politicians. Martin himself, the truth is, has the backing of the Pew-Grundy crowd. A military man with a none too savory record on labor and other questions that goes as far back as 1910, he insists that Pennsylvania needs a general as "war governor"; but his anti-isolationism is, one suspects, not much more than skin-deep. As for Martin's running mate, John G. Bell, Jr., he is associated with a fascist anti-labor and anti-Semitic outfit, the "Christian Crusaders," a fact that was carefully covered up during the campaign.

But the main thing is the Republican voters of the state had at last eliminated Davis. By doing so, they afforded the Democrats an opportunity at the coming fall election of which they should make good use.

U.S. WAR EFFORT



GROPPA

IN THE Democratic ranks the primary campaign began with an attempt to put over the appeaser William C. Bullitt for the governorship. He was "Washington's man," so the whisper had it; but the President stepped in and squelched this rumor, and it turned out that Mr. Bullitt was merely Attorney-General Biddle's man! Bullitt was rejected on all sides, and, with the support of the Democratic machine, F. Clair Ross, looked upon as a progressive New Dealer, was given the nomination. The worst that may be said about Ross at this writing is that he has the backing of State Chairman David Lawrence, a machine politician of the old school. He none the less is the obvious choice as against Martin.

Another interesting feature of the Democratic gubernatorial race was the defeat of Judge Ralph Smith of Pittsburgh, who, on Philip Murray's insistence, had been given the half-hearted endorsement of the CIO, but who was widely distrusted by labor because of his support of the persecution of the Communist Party petition signers in his home town. The other defeated candidate, the progressive Luther Harr, had practically no backing save that of David Stern's Philadelphia *Record*.

There were numerous other hopeful signs in the primaries as a whole which, taken in connection with the progressive win-the-war stand of both the AFL and the CIO state conventions, tend to show that the voters of Pennsylvania are fast awakening to the gravity of the present crisis. The routing of a dyed-in-the-wool defeatist such as Republican Robert Graland, of the Thirty-third Congressional District, by a brilliant young progressive like Elmer J. Holland, in whom many see another Marcantonio, is certainly cause for jubilation. The same may be said of the defeat of the Democratic Red-baiter Charles I. Faddis, in the Sixteenth Congressional District (Western Pennsylvania), and that of the isolationist ex-congressman, Fred Gartner, in the Fifth District (Philadelphia); the latter attempted a comeback, but was snowed under by a vote of five to one. Two other administration opponents who met a similar fate were Guy L. Moser, incumbent Democrat from the Fourth Congressional District, and Republican Benjamin Jarrett from the Twentieth Congressional District, in the western part of the state. In the Sixteenth Congressional District, where Faddis received his trouncing at the polls, Republican Cong. Robert F. Rich saw the handwriting on the wall and gracefully retired.

This does not by any means imply that all the reactionaries have as yet been eliminated; there is still much to be done in this respect, but an encouraging start has been made. Among those whom progressives are out to stop in the congressional race are Republican J. William Ditter of wealthy suburban Montgomery County, and William Kinzer of the Lancaster-Chester area. Ditter has a formidable opponent in Charles Moyer of Pottstown, a "Pennsylvania Dutchman" of farm extraction who is head of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union; and labor (AFL) is likewise combining with the Democrats for the defeat of Kinzer.

A HINT as to what labor is capable of doing was afforded by the surprising race that was made for congressman-at-large, in the primaries, by William Leader of the Hosiery Workers, who lost by only 10,000 votes, and who might have won, had he had an organized trade union campaign behind him. Labor's appetite, it may be said, has been whetted by such a victory as is represented by the nomination of Elmer Holland.

One of the most heartening things of all so far as labor is concerned is the obvious fact that John L. Lewis is rapidly losing his grip—has already just about lost it—as Czar of the Anthracite. This was shown by the defeat of Senator Davis and other Lewis-sponsored candidates. Even Sen. Joseph Guffey's blessing has now become a curse, due to the fact that he is associated with Lewis in the public mind. This was evidenced in connection with Guffey's endorsement of Judge Smith for



Elmer Holland, Pennsylvania's brilliant young win-the-war congressman, is currently famous for his exposes of the Patterson-McCormick press.

governor. Even more striking evidence, perhaps, of Lewis' waning power within his own ranks, is to be seen in the fact that, while the president of District 7 of the United Mine Workers is a Lewis appointee and the president of District 1 is a Lewis Republican, the *Anthracite Tri-District News*, official union paper, has none the less come out strongly for a program of progressive win-the-war policies, which includes: the opening of a second front; the setting up of Victory Production Committees; an appeal to Pennsylvania congressmen to support the Geyer poll tax bill; the ten percent allotment plan for bond purchases; support of wage stabilization; and the urging of labor to take the leadership in organizing communities for war bond sales.

This goes to show that there is a strong pro-Roosevelt and pro-war sentiment among the miners, which Lewis cannot much longer keep bottled up. And when Labor's Non-Partisan League meets in September, it will undoubtedly endorse the progressive, for the most part Democratic, candidates.

ALL in all, it is only too clear that things are happening, are beginning to happen, in the Keystone state. Things that Joe Pew doesn't like—and those buttoned shoes don't appear to be of much help right now! Joe Pew doesn't like these things; neither do the isolationists, the appeasers, the defeatists, the Coughlinites, the negotiated peace advocates, the "peace without victory" boys, the enemies of the second front, the anti-Roosevelt and anti-New-Deal bitter-enders. The situation is, at once, one that is full of possibilities and one that has its very grave dangers. One of the greatest dangers lies in the indifference of the electorate, as manifested alarmingly at the primaries. But perhaps the greatest danger of all is that the Democrats will fall back on "the machine" and will fail to wage a vigorous all-out campaign on the issues of the war, the one vital issue of the moment. In order to win, they must not only roll up big majorities in the urban areas, but must very decisively cut into the Republican up-state vote, in the rural districts. Labor and the farmer must somehow find a way of getting together.

That this *can* be done was indicated in the primaries. Everything now depends on the follow-through. Half-hearted measures and a shushing of issues would be little less than fatal. And in this great arsenal of our national war effort, to lose the battle of next November would be a very sizeable calamity indeed.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.



Elmer Holland, Pennsylvania's brilliant young win-the-war congressman, is currently famous for his exposes of the Patterson-McCormick press.

THERE are two ways of viewing the recent Chicago convention of the United Automobile Workers. One could see it as the great progressive expression of labor that it was, and the powerful influence it will carry. Or one could be solely impressed by surface features, especially those tumultuous moments when a few disruptive elements were at their best. Judging by the sort of publicity given the convention, most publishers and columnists preferred the surface aspects. Those aspects lent themselves much better to a negative picture of the country's largest labor union and most important war production army. Such a picture is more consistent with the usual anti-union trash that is fed the public.

A deeper examination of the convention's sentiment and decisions, viewed in relation to the union's history, will give an entirely different story—a story that ought to prove very instructive to all America in regard to some urgent present-day problems. First of all, it can be unreservedly stated that the auto workers have been, and continue to be, among the forefront of the win-the-war forces. This fact is underlined by the union's estimated contribution of 100,000 members to the armed forces. It should be recalled that a year ago at the auto workers' Buffalo convention, the UAW still went on record against involvement in the war; its ranks were faction-torn, and Red-baiting, with all its evil results, ran wild.

The union came to the Chicago convention with as fine a war production record as any. Red-baiting was completely absent; and despite hangovers of group lines, considerable progress was made in consolidating the most vigorous war supporters under the leadership of Pres. R. J. Thomas and Sec.-Treas. George Addes.

Philip Murray's address had a large part in directing the convention along progressive lines. He called for unity behind Thomas and Addes, and for subordinating everything to the needs of victory. Murray dramatically turned a spotlight on the Roman holiday of profit-making and sabotage of the anti-inflation program. He categorically declared that the CIO would not be a partner to the AFL's scheme to exclude the Soviet Union or any other unions of the United Nations from a movement of international solidarity. He expressed the hope that abolition of anti-Negro discrimination will be one of the conditions upon which AFL-CIO unity will be achieved.

Resolutions passed: called for second front steps at once; directed the officers to work for a conference of unions of all United Nations to collaborate for victory; sharply denounced anti-Negro discrimination and provided for a number of measures with "teeth" in them to get action; fully backed Philip Murray and strongly condemned John L. Lewis; instructed Thomas to visit the Soviet Union when he goes to England, and called attention to many weaknesses in the war production drive.

THE delegates were practically unanimous on all these basic issues, as they were on electing officers. But it was no cut and dried affair. In fact, predictions were doubtful and it was practically a toss-up on how delegates would decide a controversial issue. Only nine votes were counted against the second front resolution. Yet there was a two-day fight for it in committee and lobbies because of watering down maneuvers on the part of some Socialists and former Socialists. The effort made against the resolution included the out-of-the-blue appearance of a Capt. Cecil Poole, British laborite MP, who delivered an anti-second front speech, suggesting that the "first boat load" to France consist of "arm-chair strategists." It was impossible to find a single official who could explain how the captain came to be invited. Along with that, the convention was buzzing with rumors that Maj. Alexander de Seversky, the advocate of an "aerial second front," would address the delegates. To meet this, second front supporters rallied a parade of delegations from the largest locals to besiege the resolutions committee. Finally, on a special motion from the floor, the reso-

WHAT THE AUTO WORKERS WANT

The reality behind the confused press reports. A win-the-war program and improvement in labor conditions. Why Philip Murray urged the President's seven-point program.

lution was brought out and acted upon as the first decision of the convention. Vice-Pres. Richard T. Frankenstein vigorously replied to Poole.

The automobile worker, particularly the convention delegate, who in most cases has experienced the union's history of struggle, carries with him an air of fight and a pointblank directness. His sentiments arose from the very strikes that gave birth to his union. Those strikes are still fresh in his mind and so is a deep-set distrust of the captains of the auto industry. Struggle and controversy marked almost every month of his union's life. This has impressed itself on the very character of the union and its members.

Yet the convention was by no means a "wild" affair. Coming from many states, the delegates were a fair cross-section of the country's workers. The sentiments they expressed were much the same as those revealed at the recent steel or any other democratic union convention. Those sentiments could all be summarized as a warning that, unless an effective anti-inflation war economy is put into life quickly, the entire war program is endangered.

THE sharp debate on the floor, and the tenseness that has so interested many publishers and columnists, was over a number of economic questions. The auto workers put it quite bluntly in their speeches and resolutions. Their arguments ran as follows: Thus far it is the workers and the small-income people who have made the major sacrifice for the war. The unions have complied with the President's appeal to forego strikes, their most important protective weapon; premium pay for overtime, holidays, and Sundays was given up; pay demands are generally limited to an effort to catch up with the cost of living.

On the other hand, profits have reached a new high level; taxes are bearing down harder upon the workers; corporation salaries, instead of sliding down to the \$25,000 the President suggested, have jumped up to unprecedented figures; rationing covers no essential commodities except sugar and (perhaps) gas; price ceilings are a mockery. The President's seven-point program, which was designed to levy the sacrifice on all, has been kicked around by Congress and then shelved.

Along with their profit-making, some employers, feeling secure against strikes, are deliberately letting grievances pile

up. Grievances pending for months develop into serious provocation for strikes and stoppages. The War Labor Board, where the unions are pledged to bring disputes for settlement, operates only through its Washington machinery. It has a waiting list miles long. In fact, a union often takes a strike vote as its only way to break through the waiting list and receive WLB consideration.

The convention declared that this cannot go on without impeding the war effort; that unless Congress enacts the seven-point program, wage stabilization or smooth labor relations will not be possible. Neither will morale be up to war requirements. The President was asked to take his fight for the seven points to the people and he was assured of all possible support. He was further urged to set up regional WLB's to settle grievances without delay, on the spot. The convention also pressed for a showdown by declaring that unless the elimination of premium overtime is applied universally, for all unions, within thirty days, the UAW will consider itself released from the agreement on that point.

THE first indication of the convention's feeling came when the resolution on premium overtime was brought out. This was also the first full-dress display of the role of the defeatist groups at the convention. Those are the groups that tried to distort the entire situation. Their line was to capitalize on dissatisfaction, inject their anti-war poison into it, and channelize it against the President and the union's chief officers. Those groups totaled a handful among the 1,700 delegates, but they were well organized to disrupt, confuse, and foment disorder—which made delightful pickings for the anti-labor press.

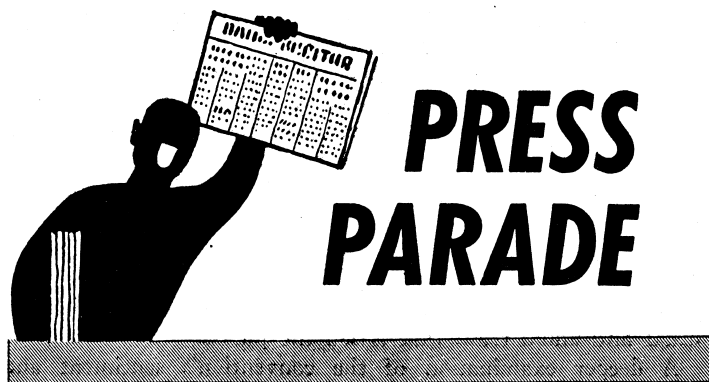
United at the convention, the defeatists included Trotskyites, Norman Thomas Socialists, Ku Klux Klansmen, Coughlinites, Lewis agents, and some adherents of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Remnants of factionalism and confusion worked to the advantage of these elements. The Reuther brothers, Walter and Victor, who are quite influential in the union, are in the pro-war ranks. But their position on a number of questions and playing upon old factional lines had the effect of aiding the defeatist groups and encouraging their disruption.

The obstructionists injected into the discussion a demand for renewal of strikes and abandonment of sacrifices for the war. For a while sincere expression of dissatisfaction was sprinkled with downright defeatism and suggestions that the workers' interests and the war aims were in conflict. The whole purpose was to put the union in a negative light.

BUT when the union administration gave to the convention a group of proposals covering all the basic aspects of a war economy policy, the air cleared. The discussion took on a constructive win-the-war character. A Trotskyite who shouted for strikes was roundly booed. On a vote about a dozen delegates registered opposition. The defeatists were isolated, and the lesson was clear and emphatic. A union cannot dissociate its daily struggle for the economic interests of its members from its general campaign to win the war. The connection between that struggle and the fight against the appeasers and saboteurs in Congress must be shown to the members.

Those who are not accustomed to have anti-labor publishers do their thinking will see in the UAW convention a powerful cry for enactment of an effective anti-inflation economy. The delegates' decisions, in the main, would do credit to any progressive convention. Above all, the convention, no longer menaced by Red-baiting, brought together the union's most progressive forces and most consistent supporters of the war effort and united them behind Thomas and Addes. This holds the best promise that group lines will be wiped out and that energies will be concentrated for victory.

GEORGE MORRIS.



Delilah Is Shorn

THE latest secret weapons of the Gestapo in Nazi-controlled countries are Himmler's glamour girls—beautiful women used as secret agents. Some of them, able to speak Dutch and dressing like Dutch women, went to Holland to get information concerning the underground anti-Nazi leaders. They mixed with Dutch workers, criticising the Hitler regime and provoking trouble.

One of the young agents, however, fell in love with the manager of a small factory at Rotterdam, and told him all about the glamour girl organization. A few days later workers took their Nazi girl friends to a picnic. The sirens returned from this excursion with new "hair-cuts." The Dutch had shaved their heads as bald as billiard balls.

China's Fighting Women

"THE fighting record of our women does not permit us to believe that they will ever again allow themselves to be enslaved either by a national enemy or by social reaction at home. . . .

"When the victory over aggression is achieved, Chinese women will stand with the women of all countries, who have suffered so much more even than the men in the mad revel of fascism and war that has spread throughout the world, ready and willing to see that, in the future, all movement shall be forward, and that the earth's present frightful testing time shall be the last."

Madame Sun Yat-sen, "Asia" Magazine, August.

Open It Now

"REGARDLESS of whether or not it can be permanently maintained, a second front in Europe now is indispensable to keep the Red Army in the war as an effective fighting force. . . .

"Such a front can in all probability be maintained as a springboard for the eventual liberation of Europe if it is launched in northern Finland, in southwestern France, or in Spain, in cooperation with democratic revolutionary movements aiming at the overthrow of the Nazi regimes of Mannerheim, Laval, and Franco."

Frederick L. Schuman, professor of government, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., "United States News."

Victory Blueprint

PACKARD workers are not exactly artists, but they'll try anything to help war production. They have already submitted 4,158 suggestions, most of them illustrated with drawings or diagrams, and dealing with practical shop methods. All this is a part of Packard's "Work to Win" activity, sponsored by a joint labor-management committee.

FIFTH COLUMN IN THE SOUTH

An unholy alliance of Klansmen and poll-taxers threatens to disrupt war production and the people's unity. The anti-Negro plots. An editorial.

NOT all the saboteurs of our country's war effort sneak in by night from Nazi submarines and bury explosives in the sand. Some of them are native Americans, occupying posts of influence and operating in the open. Their bombs are hate and prejudice. And their work is as disruptive of production and morale as anything the eight Nazi spies could have done had they not been caught. We all know this fifth column technique. We all know how heavily Adolph Hitler has counted on it in every country he has attacked. Yet today Hitler is gaining such victories in our own South, although unless one reads the *Daily Worker*, one would never be aware of it.

In Alabama the authority of President Roosevelt is being challenged and war production is being obstructed by advocates of the same racial doctrines that Hitler has used in his drive for world domination. Gov. Frank Dixon and Horace Wilkinson, a former grand klan leader of the Ku Klux Klan, are the leaders and instigators of this sabotage movement. Georgia's small-bore Fuehrer, Gov. Eugene Talmadge, is likewise doing his bit for America's enemies. A situation is developing which may explode in race riots and terrorism that will seriously hamper production unless the federal government steps in.

On July 22 Wilkinson, who is an influential Birmingham politician, in an address before the Bessemer, Ala., Kiwanis Club, called for the organization of a League for White Supremacy to resist all efforts to end discrimination against Negroes in industry, as well as other government measures for winning the war. He hinted strongly that civil war along racial lines was in the offing. Thousands of printed copies of this seditious speech were subsequently distributed throughout the South, some of them undoubtedly finding their way into the hands of members of the armed forces.

THE day after Wilkinson's speech, Governor Dixon made public a letter to federal officials declining to sign a contract for 2,000,000 yards of vitally needed army tent cloth because the contract, in accordance with the President's executive order 8802, contained a non-discrimination clause. "I will not permit the state of Alabama to be subject to the whims of any federal committee [the President's Fair Employment Practice Committee]," the letter said, "and I will not permit the employes of the state to be placed in a position where they must abandon the principle of segregation or lose their jobs."

Consider the implications of this statement. Our country is at war, engaged in a desperate struggle for its life. To produce the weapons needed for victory we must utilize all available manpower not required for the armed services. For this purpose our Commander-in-Chief has issued an executive order barring discrimination in employment on war contracts. Despite the demagogic cry that the government is trying to overthrow the sacred "principle of segregation," the President's order is not concerned with segregation. It is concerned with production. Discrimination is one of the obstacles to all-out production; therefore it is banned under executive order 8802. To defy this order, to refuse to produce the goods needed for the war is tantamount to helping the enemy.

The Dixon and Wilkinson incitements, backed by many southern newspapers and by certain reactionary industrialists in the Birmingham area, are already lighting sinister flames. Sender Garlin, writing in the *Daily Worker* from Birmingham, reports several incidents of attacks on Negro workers which have interfered with production. These have been climaxed by the murder of a Negro coal miner, Jack Bloodworth, employed by the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., a US Steel sub-



Private Samuel Corley, of Harlem, on sentry duty in Hawaii. Millions of Negroes are in this fight for democracy. Discrimination against them helps Hitler and the Japanese in their war to enslave America.

sidary. Bloodworth, who was about to be inducted into the army, was killed by a company deputy, whereupon more than 500 Negro and white workers struck in protest.

The plague is spreading. In Louisiana three Negro soldiers have been condemned to death on a framed-up rape charge. In Suffolk, Va., a Negro has been shot by a policeman. In Memphis, Tenn., Beaumont, Tex., Columbus, Ga., and other parts of the South, hundreds of Negroes have been beaten and arrested. Nor is the menace confined to the South. The Sojourner Truth housing episode in Detroit, the discrimination against Negroes by war plants in various northern cities, and the killing of a Negro soldier at Fort Dix over the past weekend are part of the same ugly pattern.

CAN America, fighting for survival, afford this sabotage of national unity and production? Outstanding labor and liberal leaders are beginning to speak up about the Alabama situation. Messages have been sent to President Roosevelt by five CIO leaders in Alabama, by the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the Greater New York Industrial Union Council of the CIO, the National Negro Congress, and other groups, calling on him to act to enforce in Alabama and throughout the nation all measures necessary for victory. The Negro people are in a sense our India. Let us not wait till disaster overtakes us as it did the cause of the United Nations in that great Asiatic land. Our country is under attack. Lynching, discrimination-as-usual, poll-taxes-as-usual must go.



Private Samuel Corley, of Harlem, on sentry duty in Hawaii. Millions of Negroes are in this fight for democracy. Discrimination against them helps Hitler and the Japanese in their war to enslave America.

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The Production Problem

IT IS no secret any longer that the production program is more than ankle deep in a serious crisis. The Office of War Information told us two weeks ago that July production had fallen off from previous levels. The Tolan committee of the House declared last week that at present rates the President's objectives for 1942 are not likely to be fulfilled; even a complete concentration on tanks, airplanes, guns, and ships would probably not meet the schedules until February, if then. Last winter it was a crisis over conversion that doomed William Knudsen and the OPM; this summer it is a crisis over raw materials. And it is definitely threatening Donald Nelson's position as production chief.

In brief, we are suffering for the sins of yesteryear. Failure to force a large scale expansion of raw materials production and the delay in getting it started are in part responsible for shortages reported to be threatening at least 1,000 war plants, of which at least some thirty have already been forced to close. Another reason for shortages lies in the failure to bring about conversion in time: the policy of building hundreds of new war plants resulted in tying up essential raw materials; moreover, many manufacturers have been permitted to stock up huge inventories for production plans this winter and next spring, whereas other manufacturers are caught short right now. Add to all this the lavish specifications which Army and Navy people have asked for, and the refusal, until very recently, to substitute plastics and other "ersatz" goods for the valuable needed copper, zinc, aluminum, stainless steel, and other critical items. Finally, there is a shortage of labor in many lines. For example, despite the urgings of Somervell and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union, CIO, some 7,000 men are still producing useless gold in the Rockies, while the copper mines are short of workmen. On top of that, wage differentials are attracting tens of thousands of workers to other industries while the mine owners refuse to recognize realities and increase wages.

Despite the WPB reorganization last month, the key dollar-a-year men are still in the saddle. The program of allocating raw materials and integrating the production of sub-contractors is hardly under way. It is an

intolerable situation at a critical moment of the war. It is high time, very late but absolutely essential, to bring in the best civilians from the WPB, the representatives of the labor unions and the best of the Army and Navy men for a fundamental rehabilitation of the production high command.

Primary Lesson

REP. VITO MARCANTONIO's smashing victory in no less than three primaries—Republican, Democratic, American Labor Party—proves at least two things very thoroughly. One is that voters of New York's 20th Congressional District know their Marcantonio better than some gentlemen of the press do. The other is that when a win-the-war candidate sticks to the main issue, presents it clearly, and can back his arguments with his own record—he is hard to beat. That's what you had in the Marcantonio campaign; and that's what the voters saw, no matter how hard the press opposition cried "Isolationist," trying to group Marcantonio with Ham Fish and other appeasers.

Marcantonio's triumph, coming after his unequivocal campaign for the second front, should have served in itself to convince anyone that he is as far removed from a Ham Fish, as war against fascism is removed from Munich. Yet several New York papers, even including some which are pro-war, lumped his victory with that of Fish and Barry as proof that "isolationism" had won over President Roosevelt's foreign policy. This is a curious tactic—to build upon illogical and untrue assumptions in order to reach a disheartening conclusion. For not only is Marcantonio, the militant supporter of loyalist Spain, the fighter for collective security, as different as possible in his outlook from Fish, the friend of Nazi agent Viereck. His victory also is quite different. The vote in the Republican primary that renominated Fish was a light one; he got by largely because he was backed by a smoothly working political machine, and because it isn't easy to oust a man who has been in Congress for twenty-two years. In the case of Barry, the campaign against him got started late. The real fight against these appeasers has only begun; it will reach its climax on November 4. Before then, an opposition campaign conducted with a

maximum of unity, a maximum of clarity about the one big issue, victory, should bring the necessary results. It worked in Cleveland, where Rep. Martin Sweeney, friend of Coughlin, was defeated; in Nebraska, where Harry B. Coffee went down because of his enmity to the war program. And it worked to elect Marcantonio—overwhelmingly.

Danger Signal

A DANGER signal was flashed to the nation from Bayonne, N. J., last week. This is the town where the government took over the struck plant of the General Cable Corp. That incident evoked a violent letter to the War Labor Board from William F. Withrow, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. He roared that "property rights" were being violated, and sought direct retribution against the workingmen; he urged that their draft deferment rights be withdrawn, that they be blacklisted. He said a lot of things about labor generally, along the same lines. He wanted blood.

Actually, what the Bayonne strikers wanted was due consideration of their economic problems. Granted that production should have gone on unceasingly in the plant; granted that the government should have taken over the plant to see that that happened. Still, there was absolutely no justification for Mr. Withrow's outburst. The responsibility for such episodes is his and that of his colleagues who have taken heartless advantage of labor's pledge not to strike for the duration. The fact is that profits are rising—and the cost of living is rising, too. No wonder the Bayonne workers were goaded into strike—they have children at home to feed, even as they work for victory.

But the reality is that the overwhelming majority of American labor has kept its no-strike pledge. The President indicated that when he slapped down reporters who ganged up on him at the press conference recently with bugaboo tales of a "strike wave." Where was it, he wanted to know. The union setups, the AFL, CIO, the Railroad Brotherhoods, have kept strikes to an infinitesimally low level. They merit Mr. Withrow's thanks, not his curse. But the NAM president and those he represents are blind to all this; his organization proposed to hack even deeper into labor's standards. The profiteering manufacturers had the gall to plug for an eight percent sales tax.

In considering all this, the War Labor Board must accept some of the blame. Its method of handling wage disputes aggravates matters. Interminable delays and runarounds are customary. Meanwhile prices rise. And when the WLB does get around to settle matters, it tries mechanically to impose a wage increase formula which is adjusted to the levels of January 1941.

Bayonne was indeed a danger signal. The President must pay deep attention to this question. Until his over-all economic program becomes a reality, the basis for further Bayonnes remains.

Catholic Manifesto

THE Catholic magazine *Commonweal* makes public this week a manifesto by a number of prominent European Catholics now residing in Canada and the United States. It is called "In the Face of the World's Crisis." Among its signatories are two former Prime Ministers of Belgium, Georges Theunis and Paul Van Zeeland; the President of the Basque republic, José Antonio Aguirre; Henri de Kerillis, the French Nationalist, and a number of Dutch, Polish, and Belgian professors now teaching here. Among the representatives of arts and letters are such names as Sigrid Undset, Aurel Kolnai, Charles Boyer, and Jacques Maritain.

The manifesto considers that totalitarianism is the "most dire threat ever to have menaced the civilization of free men." It distinguishes sharply between Marxism, which is considered "totalitarian" on anti-religious grounds, and the fascist totalitarianism, which is not only anti-religious, but is based on the subjugation of all peoples, and is therefore the chief enemy of Christianity. In the opinion of the signatories the present conflict transcends the issue of preserving capitalism, or even democracy as such. "The actual issue at stake . . . is the very possibility of living as free men . . . the maintenance of or destruction of the essential principles of Christianity, the very possibility of working toward a Christian civilization."

One particularly interesting passage defines the attitude of Catholics toward the Soviet Union. "In the death struggle in which the free peoples of the world are engaged, it is their great good fortune, with which it would be senseless to refuse to cooperate," that Russia is on our side . . . "against the common enemy, Nazism." The manifesto comes out flatly for a Russian victory in the war. It expresses, however, the hope that the "Western world" will retain postwar freedom of action, "opposing within its own body the Communist ferment," if at all possible, say the signatories, by "depriving Communism of its pretexts," that is to say, by making capitalism work. Finally it expresses the hope that the "leaven of Christian forces" within Russia will assert itself in the process of the war and the victory. In a concluding passage the signers express their desire for a postwar world, roughly along the lines of the Four Freedoms, with emphasis also on the concept of the interdependence of all peoples. One of the noteworthy aspects of this passage is the firm stand against anti-Semitism, in which, as Pope Pius XI declared, "it is not pos-

sible for Christians to take any part. . . ."

It would not be difficult, and in a less urgent moment it would be necessary, to argue out with our Catholic friends their conception of Marxism. One might differ with them on their interpretation of the crisis that is wracking civilization. One might argue that our attitude toward Russia ought to be based less on gratitude for the Soviet sacrifice, and more on a realization of our own dependence on Russia and the need for equalizing some of the sacrifices of its struggle. One might reserve judgment as to whether the Soviet peoples are only now "reentering the western community" or have in theory and in underlying reality long been part of it. One can differ as to whether the Soviet people really need deliverance from the "political and spiritual evils from which they now suffer" in the manifesto's opinion.

But the important thing is that a group of distinguished Catholics have stated their case with clarity and passion, leaving no room for doubt at all as to where they stand. In so doing, they accomplish an extremely urgent task in the community of Catholics. They have in fact completely unmasked the pretensions of such insidious mountebanks as Father Coughlin and made his arrest and suppression a Christian as well as a political necessity.

The Cobbler and the Fisherman

IN THE heat of battle, freedom-loving men and women the world over pause to honor the memory of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Fifteen years ago this week these men were executed. Time has left no room for doubt. They were the victims of a crime vaster than the one of which they were falsely accused. In recalling their names at this moment we do more than pay tribute to men whose lives exemplified an unyielding devotion to freedom and justice. We remember them as a challenge to the forces of bigotry that would discriminate against the foreign-born American despite his loyalty to our nation. As a challenge to the forces of confusion that use Red-baiting as an instrument for attacking the progressive impulses of the people. By sacrificing all they had to safeguard their vision of a world rid of bondage and oppression, the cobbler and the fisherman became immortal symbols of our time. In fighting fascist barbarism we keep alive their dream of liberty for all men everywhere.

Apologies for the Mikado

MR. OTTO TOLISCHUS, correspondent for the *New York Times* in Tokyo, recently arrived at Laurencos Marques, in Portuguese East Africa, after seven months' detention in Japan. He published a dispatch in which he alleged that the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was made without the knowledge of the Mikado, and he even sug-

gested that it was made without the knowledge of the Tojo government. He says a *coup d'état* of fanatical militarists allied with extremists who were infatuated with the Axis alliance over-rode the peaceful intentions of Japan's statesmen and brought about the war. His evidence is largely his own word, plus the fact that all sorts of people were arrested immediately after Pearl Harbor, including Prince Konoye's son; another bit of evidence is that when the American ambassador Joseph E. Grew handed the President's note to the emperor, the Japanese Foreign Minister, Togo, "gave no indication that he was aware war was only a few hours away and expressed surprise at Mr. Grew's insistence that the message be delivered at such an unusual hour."

So what? Does Mr. Tolischus mean to imply that because Togo maintained the characteristic poker face, he did not know that war was being prepared? If that is true then the whole case of Japanese treachery, which caused Mr. Hull to deliver unprintable oaths at Mr. Kurusu at two o'clock on September 7, falls down. Maybe Kurusu also did not know war was being prepared, and therefore Mr. Hull ought to apologize for the oaths. Maybe we ought to change the slogan: "Remember Pearl Harbor" to the slogan "Forget Pearl Harbor." The fact that Pearl Harbor came as a shock to the Japanese people does not prove it was prepared without the Cabinet's knowledge and the knowledge of Japan's leading statesmen. It only proves that the leading statesmen of Japan kept their secret well from their own people.

This effort to absolve not only the Mikado but the Konoye and the Tojo governments from responsibility for preparing Pearl Harbor could be dismissed as fanciful if it did not have its sinister side. And it is sinister that certain people in Washington and in the sanctum of the *Times* are already worried about the implications of defeating Japan in the only way she can be defeated, and that is by smashing the whole feudal-militarist-imperialist structure that has been built up around the emperor. They are worried about what will happen when the Japanese people realize that the emperor is intimately connected with the whole substance of Japanese imperialism which is dragging them to their ruin.

Not that we are worried about this effort to keep the Mikado's skirts clean. We are confident that as in France in 1793, as in Germany in 1918, the people of Japan will draw the full conclusions from their defeat and achieve democracy by wiping away the oligarchic, reactionary structure which has kept them in bondage. But it does seem an insult to the rank and file of the United States—not to mention the people of China—to make these fine and unsupported distinctions at a time when so much blood and toil is still needed before victory is in sight.

Readers Forum

On Lin Yutang's Article

TO NEW MASSES: Lin Yutang may have a grievance against some of the writers he mentions. But my new book, *Peace by Power* (1942), has been attacked elsewhere because I differ from at least one of them; I should be surprised to discover that it has much in common with the rest. Geopolitics and the fascist mentality I abhor.

My treatment of Anglo-American leadership in *Peace by Power*, as well as in my previous book, *The Rise of Anglo-American Friendship* (1938), points to the limitations no less than the urgency of English-speaking unity. Time after time I have argued that no exclusive hegemony should be contemplated; that Britain and America must act with other men and nations of good will; that a free, strong France and the other liberated peoples will be as essential to the European picture as the fighting Allies of today. But their unique good fortune imposes special duties on America and the British Commonwealth; it furnishes them with the capacity to help others. Would Dr. Lin Yutang prefer them to quarrel, as they did in the past, or retire into a complete and selfish isolation? What that might again mean to China, Dr. Lin Yutang could learn from my *Rise of Anglo-American Friendship* where the diplomatic origins of China's tragedy are described.

Peace by Power is mainly about other things, but there are on pages 11, 52, 61 and 151 random remarks which offer evidence of my pro-Chinese sympathies. . . .

As for Russia, my views in *Peace by Power* on the importance of cooperation with her may be seen on pages 27, 86, 120-1, 127, and, of course, in the Appendix on pages 149-154. For this Appendix reproduces my pre-*anschluss*, pre-Munich prediction (March 1, 1938) of the alternative to it—namely, a Nazi-Soviet pact which would be the preliminary to German domination of Europe, a first step to German world power. The great Anglo-Russian alliance of 1942 is a full vindication of that early and solemn warning. . . .

Before the war the danger was appeasement on the right. During and after the war the danger may be on the left—appeasement by sentimentality. What I fear is indicated in *Peace by Power*. I do not expect NEW MASSES to agree with it; but you may find it deserves a fair hearing and reasoned dissent. . . .

LIONEL GELBER,
(Professor, Department of History,
University of Toronto, Canada)

Planning for Peace

TO NEW MASSES: I am interested in the able articles by Mr. Magil, and am glad to register my complete disagreement with them so far as they condemn the current planning for world peace. The prevalence of such planning is to me the most cheering sign, pending our present distress. People are thinking as never before, certainly as they didn't after World War I. Imagination is a perilous guide, too likely to dash off into Utopia. But they connote life, and the alternative is stagnation.

Mr. Magil will say that we are not likely to stagnate while we are fighting desperately for sur-

vival. But I think we are especially likely during that process to die within, and that this tumult of thinking saves us. Of course, the only thing of which we can be sure is that the postwar situation will be something nobody ever foresaw. But we shall be far readier to meet it if our minds and imaginations have been trained like the muscles of an athlete. And I see no evidence that all this mental activity and conflict "drains energy from winning the war."

Mr. Magil's summary of plans up to date is acute, valuable, and entertaining. I'd like to see "John Smith, American" using his wits on it. A half-dozen new plans are sure to crop up. One, the most promising in my opinion, has been placed confidentially in my hands, and will make its bow to the public before long. In the sharp impact of these plans on one another, the weaknesses of them all are revealed, and the mind grows a little more capable of adapting itself to life as it unfolds.

Of course I sympathize with Mr. Magil's final demands for our own house-cleaning, and enjoy having our discrepancies pointed out. He says a lot of good things as in his remarks on Russia's success in Federation.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Wellesley, Mass.

[I appreciate Professor Scudder's comments and hope that discussions of this kind can be continued in the future. I did not condemn planning for peace, but only impractical, utopian planning because (a) it tends to promote dissension among those who must stand united for victory; (b) it diverts energy away from realistic planning for peace, which means strengthening everything that helps win the war and eliminating everything that hinders it.—A.B.M.]

One Man's Reaction

TO NEW MASSES: I'd like you to know one man's reaction to the current crisis. I'm a teacher, accustomed to my summer vacation, accustomed to looking forward to it eagerly on that last day of school. This year, of course, our vacations have been different, with the two-week service for civilian defense. But now that that's over, I had expected to get away, and felt I deserved just a couple of weeks. But I must say the delay of the second front, with no sign of it in sight, just takes the heart out of things. I'll go on vacation, because I need it, but without enthusiasm.

New York City.

G. T.



MEIN WORRY

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post Dispatch"

When we asked Fitzpatrick, famous cartoonist of the St. Louis "Post Dispatch," for a statement on the second front, he wired us: "My views favoring second front have been expressed in cartoons for past nine months." One of the most recent, reproduced above, will give you an idea.



PROVINCETOWN, USA

Ruth McKenney reviews Mary Heaton Vorse's "Time and the Town," a democrat's testament of faith. . .
"Drums of Morning" by Philip Van Doren Stern.

TIME AND THE TOWN, by Mary Heaton Vorse. Dial Press. \$3.50.

HERE is a slice of America, set forth with a full measure of drama, pity, great good humor, and deep feeling, by one of America's greatest reporter-writers, Mary Heaton Vorse.

Provincetown, the little sailing village on the tip of Cape Cod, has long enjoyed a curious fame among American intellectuals and (also) hot-dog tourists. To many who live south of Twenty-third Street in New York, Provincetown is the backdrop for Eugene O'Neill, John Reed, assorted painters, both good and bad, and a whole bevy of novelists of varying importance. To that now currently extinct but only yesterday flourishing tribe of get-up-and-go artists, habitat mostly mid-West, Provincetown is that funny place with the sand dunes and the tea rooms lit by candles anchored down in beer bottles.

To Mary Heaton Vorse, Provincetown is none of these things, but rather an enchanting second home, a village of the sea, made gusty and deep-feeling by men whose livelihood is gained on the treacherous tides of the cold Atlantic. *Time and the Town* recounts the dramatic, almost poetic story of men against the sea and the kind of place they made for themselves and their wives when they were home from the deep. The people—the real people—of Provincetown are the roots of this fascinating book. But Provincetown is more than a fishing village. By a series of accidents, geographical, historical, Provincetown became the setting of a series for American intellectual revivals. With spirit and humor, Mary Heaton Vorse recounts the odd story of a group of impassioned writers, artists, poets, set down side by side with the village fishermen. At the very beginning the intense local patriotism defeated the efforts of the "off-Cape" visitors to make friends with their neighbors. But with the passing of time the men of the sea have come slowly to the side of the "new" people. Mary Heaton Vorse estimates that twenty years is required to give an "off-Cape" personage status in the real life of Provincetown. But in the end there has been a curious merging of two profoundly different ways of life: a triumph for American democracy. Provincetown today has not lost its spirit, but it has developed into a place where men live richly and deeply.

Time and the Town is something of a departure for Mary Heaton Vorse. This is by far the mellowest book Mrs. Vorse has written; we are accustomed to expect startling

exposes, great dramas of the people against monopoly, from this writer who has done so much to rally the spirits of the American fighter. But *Time and the Town* is a revelation of Mary Heaton Vorse's rich philosophy. In a sense this book not only describes the reasons why Americans fight in this great war, but it also describes the reasons for Mary Heaton Vorse's life-long struggle for democracy in her native land. Here are the things that mean deeply to one of America's greatest women fighters. Out of the pages of this book emerges a warm-hearted, sensitive personality. Mary Heaton Vorse believes in people; believes in the good, warm, honest, and simple lives of men who work hard and truly, creating a home for themselves and their people out of such difficult materials as the endless sand and dunes and the sweeping tides. *Time and the Town* is more than a rich account of a fabulous community; it is also an American democrat's testament of faith.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

No More The Boundaries

No more the boundaries are drawn,
All maps are fluid with our blood,
The private and the public worlds
Swept together in the flood.

No more the wings of sympathy
Beat in vain against the bars,
No more from one man to another
Icy spaces of the stars.

And in the calculated garden
Pride had weeded of all pity,
Grief beside a broken wall
Weeps for every distant city.

The tower is no more where poets
Played a lonely roundelay;
The torrents of our fate are joined:
The Don flows into New York Bay.

Yet Faustus, indecision's child,
Paces paces in his room,
Dreaming death may be beguiled
At five minutes to doom.

SIDNEY ALEXANDER.

THE DRUMS OF MORNING, by Philip Van Doren Stern. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

AS A best seller—which it is pretty sure to become—Mr. Stern's novel should throw the colonels-and-magnolias school of Civil War fiction for a big loss. Its author does not share the prevailing feeling of popular storytellers that we should be deeply ashamed of having fought to abolish slavery. He actually believes that emancipation was a greater boon to America than mint juleps.

The hero of *The Drums of Morning*, young Jonathan Bradford, was nine years old when his father was killed by the same mob which murdered Elijah Lovejoy in Alton, Ill. Adopted by an Abolitionist professor, William Moore, he becomes acquainted with the personalities and tasks of the liberation movement. He makes a trip to the South to study slavery in the Virginia markets and the South Carolina and Alabama plantations. Failing in an attempt to sail with some slaves from Florida to the Bahamas, he is seized, branded on the palm with the initials SS—slave-stealer—and threatened with the death penalty. He is helped to escape, however, and returns to the North where he lectures with Frederick Douglass and Theodore Parker and meets William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other Abolitionist heroes. While operating on a station of the Underground Railroad in Chambersburg, Pa., to which the Moore family has moved, he is almost persuaded to join John Brown at Harpers Ferry.

He goes to the South again, to Charleston, is recognized and imprisoned as an Abolitionist, and watches the shelling of Fort Sumter from his cell as war breaks out. Escaping from this jail, he makes his way to the Union lines and runs into Higginson, who is now colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers, comprised entirely of Negro ex-slave soldiers. Sent out on a mission by Higginson, he is again captured by Confederate troops and taken to the terrible prison camp at Andersonville, Ga.; then back to Charleston, from which he escapes again with the help of a former mistress, who is shot and dies. At last he returns home to Chambersburg, after a long, slow recovery from desperate illness and exhaustion. He is ready to resume his part in the life of his reborn country.

This is the barest outline of the historically interesting parts of a story which is considerably larded with sentimental material. To do justice to Mr. Stern's love interest, it is only fair to say that there are several women in

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Jonathan's life who have very varied—salutary and toxic—effects upon him. As none of these is very original in conception, however, they accompany the narrative rather than contribute to it. Which brings us to a delicate question.

Here is a book whose factual honesty challenges the systematic lying which has characterized historical fiction for some time, with few exceptions (among these being William Blake, Howard Fast, and Elizabeth Page). The research which preceded it might have formed the basis for an important scholarly work on the Abolitionist movement. Mr. Stern's decision to treat his material as a novelist seems to have been fairly deliberately based on the expectation that he would have a larger immediate audience for the truths he had to tell. There is nothing wrong in such a calculation. What is regrettable is the writer's corollary that the story must be made as attractive as the book jacket. The death of Lovejoy has to be compensated for by our hero's affair with a southern beauty; his struggle to understand Lincoln has to be balanced by a duel with the hero's jealous rival, etc., etc. Instead of a swift, hard hitting novel, like Howard Fast's *The Unvanquished*, you have the familiar old bus, stopping on every corner to pick up more passengers. Instead of a historical novel you have a historical romance, a mixture of dramatic, often well treated scenes, with situations and decor of crushing banality.

By a kind of retributive justice rendered by the goddess of style, Mr. Stern's cliches rise up to accuse him of attitudes far from the spirit of his own book. Need escaping slaves be "docile fugitives"? When Higginson comes out of his tent, does he have to be followed by the stock figure of a "fat Negress . . . expostulating violently"? Jonathan, who the Negroes of Higginson's regiment are led to believe is Lincoln's son, "could not disillusion the childlike men," so "imaginative" and "gullible." These slips of the pen would not have occurred if Mr. Stern had been as serious about human character and relations as about historical detail. His book would ultimately have been more useful, too, for while it would not now have as many buyers, it would in the long run have more readers. It must be said, however, that Mr. Stern's historical detail is much more than decorative background. His picture of the Abolitionist movement and the issues of the Civil War does an undeniable service to the cause of freedom.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

Three Poets

WETTERLEUCHTEN, by Hans Marchwitza. 35 cents. OCTOBER BREAD, by M. N. Garnet, *The American Folk Group*. 75 cents. NO CHOICE, by Seymour Keidan.

HANS MARCHWITZA'S *Wetterleuchten* (call it, freely, *Storm Lights*) is an outstanding contribution to the great German literature in exile. Born and bred to the people's fight, Marchwitza was one of the

early opponents of Hitler; and in the war songs of this volume he is continuing the fight, incidentally reminding us of what we badly need to remember, the unconquerable vitality of the German underground anti-fascist movement. The book's first poem, "The Living," sums up the entire history of the refugees in its few lines, and might indeed be taken as the slogan of their anti-Nazi fight. A rough translation:

*The dead keep quiet. The weary weep
The bitter men say the fight is lost.
The broken surrender, the simple hope
For signs and wonders, the desperate grope
For the bottle of poison and the rope.
But those who live
Renew the voices of the buried dead,
Helping the people's army march ahead.*

Marchwitza ranges from this quiet grimness, from the passion of "The Ruhr," to the tragic and tender "The Lost Son" and the mocking savagery of "The March to Moscow." This last poem, beginning ironically with (my translation)

*Over the steppes the army plods;
The land is empty, the towns are still;
Shot upon deadly shot rings out
From the dark wood and barren hill.
Death whistles from each ruined shed;
From night and fog Death flames out red;
The way grows long, and cold, and wet—
They haven't got to Moscow yet.*

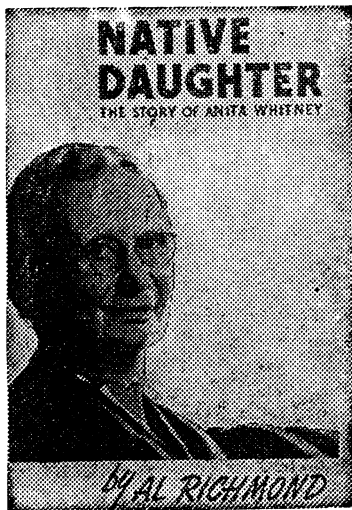
and ending magnificently with its tribute to the Red Army, calls for a tune and singers. You might broadcast it to the German people more effectively than a dozen prose arguments; you might print it on leaflets and scatter it to the German soldiers. Marchwitza's rhythms are dramatic and forthright; his use of language has the deceptive simplicity possible only to really expert technicians. He can, in crackling free verse, portray the coal miner's son growing up:

*"What fell from the trucks to the earth
I picked up and took home. . . .
We were cold in winter in our room
Though the coal lay near. . . .*

*I stood on the mountain of coal
And saw the sky far away,
And saw the castles far away,
The white castles and the wide green land.
I shook my fist
At the luminous city. . . ."*

Then, in "Flanders" Marchwitza tells, with terrifying quiet reiteration, of the blood and mud of the last war, the joy with which the soldiers threw their guns away, and the betrayal which entrapped them again. And finally, in that extraordinary poem "The Ruhr," the whole clanging, crashing power of that center of German industry comes to life; steel, coal, and men. Especially men; the thousands upon thousands of "hands" whose

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produce, and whose heaven and earth were stolen by Herr Krupp. No poem in English, to my knowledge, has achieved the racing, thundering speed of this translation of modern industry into poetic terms. But "The Ruhr" is far more than onomatopoeia—it is the story of the mining towns rising against their exploiters, the promise that they will rise again when they can against the Nazi gang.

In a few of the minor poems such as "Mothers," perhaps, Marchwitza's simplicity becomes sentimental. This, however, is a rare exception; for the most part, *Wetterleuchten* throbs with a magnificent and disciplined anger.

In comparison, Garnet's *October Bread* and Keidan's *No Choice* are beginnings—hopeful beginnings, it is true, with frequent flashes of genuine strength or lyric beauty. Free verse is the hardest of all verse to write, and these poets have both fallen into the far too common error of writing unrhythmic, uncadenced prose and chopping it up into irregular lengths. The consequent diffuseness weakens their indignation, dilutes their passion, and deprives their lines of the inevitability which is inseparable from true poetry. Yet Keidan has a keen faculty of observation, an active mind, a passionate sincerity and a gift of language which should add up to something. That they do not is due to two causes; his misconception of the fundamental nature of poetry—he seems to think it is intellectual discussion—and his utter disregard, perhaps inherited from the sometime fashionable school of what may be called solipsist poets, of any kind of poetic technique.

Mr. Garnet, on the other hand, frequently comes to grips with form, and comes off the loser. He is in process of mastering rhyme, but is not yet sufficiently at ease with it to keep his language unstilted. So genuine and moving a poem as "The Old Frenchman," a gentle tragedy of a very old man in a jail, is weakened throughout by sheer awkwardness of expression, though it is written in the simplest sort of quatrains. I emphasize technical weaknesses because they are so prominent in the work of these two poets.

As for Mr. Garnet, he has still another problem, his passion for mere prettiness: the pretty red-breasts, the pretty bee-wings, the lazy wind and the frail-winged snow. There is no excuse for including in a book so generally intelligent as *October Bread* bits of ladies' magazine foolery like "The Snow," "Spring," "Late Autumn," or lamentable sonnets like "The Ocean."

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Under the Nazis

THE NEW ORDER IN POLAND, by Simon Segal. With an introduction by Raymond Leslie Buell. Knopf. \$3.

SEGAL describes calmly and intelligently how Hitler's New Order works. The New Order is "National Socialism" outside of Germany proper. Is there anything new in this New Order? The author answers: "The

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Paul M. Sweezy on *The Structure and Practice of National Socialism*; George Herzog on *The Gift of Tongues*; Philip S. Foner on *Sylvia and the National Labor Union*; Morris U. Schappes on *American Journalism*; Samuel Bernstein on *Napoleon's Invasion of Russia*; Marion Hathaway on *From Relief to Social Security*; A. D. Winspear and George Thomson on *The Social Origins of Greek Drama*.

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status of the Government General is similar to that of a colony under the mercantile system... the only difference being that this colony is situated in Europe..."

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The author sometimes overdoes his "objectivity." It is wrong, for instance, to state that by forcing the Jews to work in camps, the Jewish community is being reconstructed in a positive sense. A community cannot be soundly reconstructed by loading it with inhuman duties, without giving it appropriate rights.

Mr. Segal's analysis of the Nazis' Ukrainian policy shows clearly that Hitler's men have invented very little in this field. They continued, in the main, the "old policies of Germany and Austria-Hungary—using the Ukrainians against both the Poles and the Russians." His analysis of the Polish government-in-exile is also clear. Only when the author speaks about the Polish-Soviet pact of 1941, he reveals some confusion. At first he states: "The treatment of the Poles under the Soviet regime also left much to be desired. No wonder therefore that strong opposition manifested itself among some Poles against a Soviet-Polish agreement." Then he says: "It is especially worth noting that virtually all those who had not emigrated from Poland and had been interned by Soviet Russia endorsed the agreement." Finally he explains broadly that the opposition against the Polish-Soviet pact is an organized action of the Polish pro-fascist elements.

The chapter on the underground movement is thrilling. Segal pays tribute to the working peoples, he points out their historic role in this struggle of humanity for civilization and freedom. "History has shown the Germans that as long as the peasant and working population was Polish, the German rule in this area was at best precarious." He points out that the underground activities of the Jewish workers and the resistance of the Jewish popular masses against Hitlerism have put them in the forefront of the fight. And he gives us the



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SYDOR REY.

New Paths in Psychiatry

SELF-ANALYSIS, by Karen Horney. Norton. \$3.

DR. HORNEY has written a timely and valuable book. The question of civilian morale and of the emotional stability of the individual under stress is recognized as a most pressing one today. The social conditions which are responsible for so many maladjustments cannot be ignored either theoretically or practically. It would be defeatist, however, to say that short of a solution of all social and economic problems, nothing can be done to give people a greater sense of security and thus release their energies for useful, cooperative work.

Dr. Horney does not attempt to discover whether this can be done on a large scale; whether, for example, group discipline or therapy can achieve notable results. She has asked herself a more modest and yet vital question: what can an individual do for himself if he suffers from personal conflicts which result in a blocking of his full development and stifle his capacity for action? Can he, using the basic technique of psychoanalysis, free association, accomplish by himself with occasional professional help, what he has heretofore believed he could achieve only under the constant direction of a psychiatrist?

Needless to say, this question has been of very deep concern to many persons who because of lack of money, distance from cities where psychiatric treatment is available, etc., have felt their personal difficulties to be insoluble for purely objective reasons. Dr. Horney's affirmative answer may be a most encouraging one.

Fully recognizing the pitfalls of rationalization, self-justification or abnegation, escapism, and the like, into which an individual can fall in his attempt to face realities, Dr. Horney still feels that one can arrive at considerable self-knowledge and emotional release by means of self-analysis. She believes that the individual cannot only overcome gross disabilities, such as a fear of heights or crowds, abnormal fatigue, or a distaste for careful work, but that he can accomplish much more basic character changes. Not only his abilities but his outlook will be greatly broadened. He will drop his self-imposed isolation from others and be able to fulfill many common tasks which he had avoided before or accomplished only at great emotional cost.

Dr. Horney makes no attempt to minimize the difficulties of the method she proposes. She admits that it may take a longer time to get to the fundamental conflicts, and that the individual may be deceived at times as to the meaning or value of his discoveries. She



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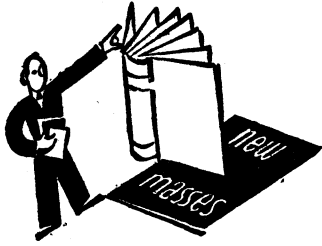
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strongly recommends that he check as often as possible with a professional analyst on his findings. She also states that the severity or nature of certain neuroses makes them inaccessible to self-treatment. But her book, simply written and provided with apt examples, can be of great use to many persons who feel that they have more to contribute than they are able to give, more love for others than they are capable of expressing, and who want to regain the power to act as fully developed social beings.

DAVID COSGROVE.

Brief Reviews

SOCIAL GOALS AND ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS, by Frank D. Graham. Princeton University Press. \$3.

Eight pages before the end of his *Social Goals and Economic Institutions*, Mr. Graham (not to be confused with his North Carolina namesake) unwittingly gives us what would seem to be the best comment on his book that one could make: "Those who despair of social reason may well remember that the vulgar are sometimes wiser than the learned since their minds are less capable of 'forging their own shackles.'" On second thought, however, this is too charitable a comment. First of all, it assumes that Graham is learned. And secondly, shackles are not the worst that this volume has to offer. It was written because Graham was "impressed with the success of the Germans" in solving "the problem of unemployment," and so accepted a subsidy from a German propaganda outfit (the Oberlaender Trust) to visit and live for a while in Nazi Germany—and the book is as ugly as the sources from which it springs. It is not surprising that in a work presented for "those interludes of peace on which our hopes must dwell," there is not one single word about the war, with the exception of a passing reference in a footnote.

The author speaks of "the search for an impossible security" and proclaims that "a steady sprinkling of failures is normal economic weather, and if postponed will result in devastating deluge." He is frank about his support of "the desired ends" of Nazism, and questions only the "unnecessary" means. Unfortunately it is precisely phrases of this sort which give books like Graham's the sort of publicity which has been accorded the writings of Nicholas Spykman, Herbert Hoover, and a number of similar defeatist interpretations of the politics of peace and war. The overtones of Graham's "study" are highly dangerous to a nation at war for its survival.

THE GREEK HISTORIANS, edited, with an introduction, revisions, and additional notes by Francis R. B. Godolphin. 2 vols. Random House. \$6.

Greek history has, for some years, been subjected to what is known in academic circles as "destructive criticism." Modern progressive scholarship, as illustrated in the work of Professor Alban Winspear and Tom Silverberg, has succeeded in breaking down many of the idealist assumptions which made it im-

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possible to understand the motives of the Greek people, or the nature of the conflicts in which they were engaged even at the height of their creative power. We need no longer be deceived into thinking that oligarchic assassins, like Harmodius and Aristogeiton, were people's heroes, that Platonic idealism was the official philosophy of Greece, or that Greek democracy found its highest expression in certain aristocratic personalities. We can now appreciate the stature of Pericles in the setting of Greek democracy rather than the latter in the shadow of Pericles.

This collection of the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Arrian will be useful chiefly for its concentration of the major Greek historians in two well assembled volumes. It provides opportunity for interesting comparisons in historical treatment. The introduction provides, however, no new insights, repeats some old errors, and frequently annoys by its superficiality.

Though it is now an accepted fact that the "tyrants" of the fifth and sixth century were leaders of the democratic movements of their times, Godolphin speaks of them as oppressors, after whose expulsion (by the oligarchs) "political reforms could be managed."

To account for the lack of progress in fifth century science, Godolphin gives as a reason that "it was more interesting, and, in a sense less arduous, to argue than to search for empirical data." He has evidently forgotten that he is speaking of one of the most vigorous intellectual periods in the history of mankind. Or does he not want to point out that it was the philosophical idealists who were holding back the development of the natural sciences? And that it was the much maligned Sophists who were defenders of the scientific outlook opposed by the elder Socrates and Plato himself? It is difficult to excuse such omissions.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1938-1942, AND YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY, edited by Alan F. The Paebar Co., Inc. \$10.

The high price of this anthology fits it more for the libraries than for the average reader. Like most collections, its contents range widely in quality and character. Few of the poems are above mediocrity, and these, it is pleasant to note, are mostly taken from the pages of NEW MASSES, or were written by more or less regular contributors to it. Among them are poems by Sidney Alexander, Hercules Armstrong, Carlos Bulosan, Nancy Cardozo, Joy Davidman, Robert Friend, Langston Hughes, George Kauffman, Alfred Kreyborg, Eve Merriam, Marshall Schacht, and Genevieve Taggard. Other distinguished poets represented are W. H. Auden, Harry Brown, Paul Valery, Sylvia Townsend Warner, and William Carlos Williams.

The collection is not helped by a rather foolish preface by its editor, in which he berates his authors for not being more avid devotees of the cult of beauty. There is, however, a useful list of magazines which publish poetry, and one of publishers who venture upon a volume from time to time.

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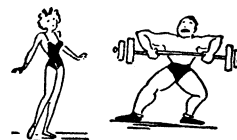
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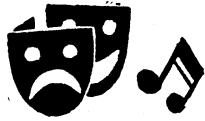
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Moscow (by mail).

THIS common soldier has a delicate, expressive face, long hair falling down over his ears, and the so-called artistic fingers. True, they are dirty and chapped, but they still preserve their nervous mobility. The soldier constantly picks at the skirts of his overcoat, which is too long for him.

His name is Reinhard Reif. He is a musician from Kassel. He is only twenty-eight years old, but claims to have achieved a great deal in his young life. He was graduated from a conservatory where he specialized in piano and violin and soon became a professor of music theory in the same conservatory, in the same Kassel. In 1939 they took him into the army, and since then he has been doing all kinds of odd jobs behind the fighting lines. A few days ago he was sent to the German-Soviet front and immediately surrendered himself as a prisoner of war.

“War is a horror,” he said. “I never expected anything like this.”

This is very characteristic. Evidently they all expected to find in Russia what they had previously found in France—an abundance of champagne and a lack of opposition. Only after gagging on their own blood have they realized the mistake they made. Reinhard Reif needed very little time to decide for himself the question of war or peace. He simply chose peace. He is already free of the fear of death and evidently enjoys the pleasant sensation of safety.

I pose a question: “How do you feel about the Hitlerite regime?”

“Oh, all that interests me very little. That is politics. Music is the only thing in the world that exists for me.”

“But you are a young man. The process of your formation and development took place in the Hitler days. It is impossible for you to have no feeling at all about Hitlerism.”

“Believe it or not, it is so,” replies the young man with a pleasant smile. “I have only one love—music. All the rest does not exist for me.”

And I try to understand his point of view. Perhaps he really is convinced that politics and music are two concepts completely incompatible. Very well then, let it be music! It is a little strange to speak of music when a serious battle is taking place nearby, when the window panes of the house where we are, rattle so often because the Junkers have a habit of dropping bombs, uninvited. Nevertheless, music is a nice subject.

“Very well, let us talk about music,” I proposed.

“With the greatest of pleasure.”

“What do you think of French music?”

“I beg your pardon, did you say French music?”

“Yes.”

He seems to be dumbfounded for a while. He looks at me with astonishment. Then, evidently recollecting that he is in captivity, he softly replies:

“But there is no music in France.”

“Just what do you mean?”

He looks at me pityingly and explains: “There is no French music.”

“Don’t you know a single French composer? Can’t you name a single one of them?”

“N- n- no,” said he, shrugging his shoulders and evidently trying to recall something. “French composers? No, I do not know.”

“Fine fellow!” exclaims the Red Army commander who is present in the room and obviously not in favor of this conversation.

“And how about Gounod’s *Faust* or Bizet’s *Carmen*? He is a fine professor. He is simply lying. He is no kind of a musician.”

“Just a moment,” said I, and again I address the captive:

“Do you know any Russian composers?”

“Russian? Of course, who does not know them? Tchaikovsky!”

“Well, think of that! And what did Tchaikovsky compose?”

“The Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. Oh, they are works of genius.”

“But do you know what your soldiers and officers did in Klin, in the very house where Tchaikovsky wrote these very works of genius?” I briefly relate to him what I saw.

“That is horrible!” he exclaims. “It most probably happened just as you say.” Evidently he knows very well what the German army is capable of.

“Very well then, what else did Tchaikovsky write?”

“The musician is silent.

“Don’t you know? Didn’t you ever hear?”

The musician shrugs his shoulders helplessly.

“He is a liar!” angrily grumbles the major.

“What other Russian composers can you name?”

Reinhard Reif wrinkles his forehead in a painful effort to recall something.

“Tchaikovsky and er-er-er, and that other—also a very brilliant composer. . . .” His fingers move faster, but he can evidently recall nothing.

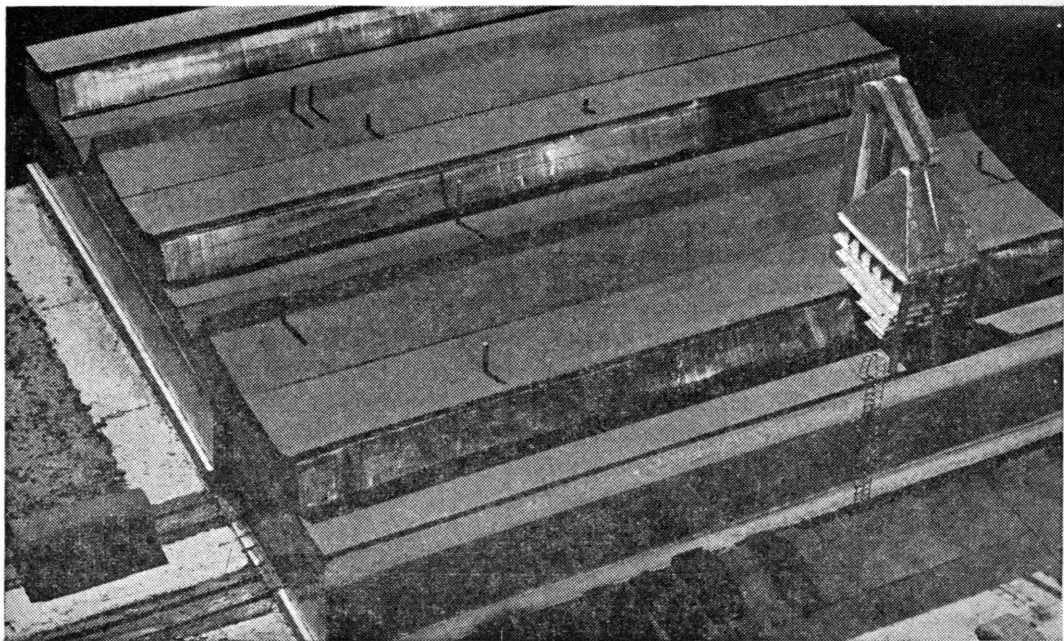
“All right. Let us leave French and Russian music alone. They might be considered the music of your enemy.” (A gesture of supplication on the part of the musician). “But how about Italy, your ally? Do you love Italian music?”

“Oh yes, Italian music! Yes, I love Italian music very much.”

“That is splendid. I do too. Tell n



From the camouflage exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Above, a factory before camouflage.



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August 25, 1942. **NM**

something about Italian composers and name some of their works."

"Verdi," he exclaims promptly. "There is his opera *Aida*."

"That is correct. What else did Verdi write?"

"*Aida*," repeats the professor of music theory thoughtfully, "and—and—"

Again his fingers begin their rapid motion. I already know what that means.

"Verdi wrote many operas. At least half of them are known the world over. Any first year student of a music school can name them. But very well, let us leave Verdi alone for a while. Italy had other composers. Can you name any of those?"

"Rossini. There is an opera by him . . . very nice one . . . the name has simply escaped me!"

"Well, let's say that the name is not so important. It happens to be *The Barber of Seville*. Tell me the story of that opera."

The musician from Kassel is silent, his face is red. Sweat breaks out on his forehead.

"You know," he explains, "at the front everything is so quickly forgotten."

"Oh, no, music can never be forgotten. I remember Rossini's music very well."

"Very well, then, sing us any melody out of any Rossini composition."

The silence becomes oppressive. At last the musician from Kassel coughed painfully and said: "I—I— you know I caught a bad cold at the front. Here in Russia you have such frosts that . . . hm. . . ." He points to his throat as if to say "You may ask anything you want, but sing I cannot."

I take up a sheet of paper, draw five parallel lines, and start off with the symbol of a violin clef. "Here, write us the notes of my Rossini melody."

The soldier blushes deeply. "I do not know," he finally admits.

I thought you loved *Aida*. Write any melody from *Aida*."

"I do not know," he murmurs.

"Very well, write any melody by any foreign composer."

The silence becomes oppressive.

"Didn't I tell you he wasn't a musician?" exclaims the major.

And yet, imagine, he really was a musician. He did not lie. He told us the absolute truth.

The entire conversation with this young man is recorded here with stenographic exactitude. We found later that the young man knew German music splendidly, that he really was a graduate of a Hitler conservatory, and later became professor there.

And this fact is terrifying. This musically gifted young man as a youth fell into a kind of musical concentration camp where only German music existed. Barbed wire separated him from everything else, from all that man had created in the sphere of music, from all the world's musical beauty. And Hitler achieved what he wanted. He brought up an ignoramus who was convinced that there was only a Germany in the world, and that no other country in the world had or could have its own art and that all other countries had to be Germany's slaves. Of course, right now, in captivity, he is rather cowardly. You see, he loves music and is not concerned with politics. It does not even seem to concern him that a band of vicious maniacs has transformed even so peaceful a task as musical education into a tool of national oppression, murder, and robbery. Millions of murderers are carefully prepared over a period of years in the heart of Europe. They had to be brought up so that they would have no mercy for anybody or anything. They had to be convinced that Germans were the only human beings capable of creating cultural values. The rest of the world consisted of bipeds incapable of anything. This young ignoramus was sincerely convinced that there was no music in France, just as millions of other young German

ignoramuses are absolutely convinced that in France, in Russia, in England, in America, and even in Italy, there are no arts, no sciences, no theatres, no film art, no literature.

For a long time we could not comprehend it. That is, we knew it, but we simply could not believe it, and therefore could not understand it. We still nursed the image of a German youth that could be reeducated. But we simply lacked the imagination to understand that Hitler had long ago transformed his youth into man-like apes, trained only to wear pants, shave, shout "Halt" and "Zurueck," shoot out of an automatic rifle—and hate all mankind. EUGENE PETROV.

Escape from the Nazis

FROM Nevil Shute's popular novel *The Pied Piper*, Twentieth-Century Fox has made a fairly compelling motion picture. Produced and written by Nunnally Johnson—whose name is almost synonym for intelligent screen writing—the film reproduces, in part, the forty days that preceded the destruction of the French republic. But here the focus is narrowed down to the adventures in escape of an ancient British gentleman and five assorted children: two English, two French, and one Holland Dutch.

When I say the film is compelling, I mean that it is aimed shrewdly at the human heart, and that it hits the mark. The suffering of innocent children, their attraction for the average human being, are sure-fire material for drama. These children are particularly charming and their plight is so desperate—and their escape so certain—that the audience is practically tied in knots.

As a foil for the kids, what could be better than a man who dislikes children? (You know he really doesn't.) Monty Woolley, the bearded man-who-came-to-dinner, fills this role to the skin. He is cantankerous, churlish, rude and lovable all at the same time. You know he will get the children safely through occupied France in spite of air raids, machine-gunning on the roads, lack of transportation, belligerent and sadistic Nazis and the English Channel. And you know he will remain the gallant gentleman, never losing his beloved fishing rod till the last reel.

The film has many touching moments that are no less touching for your knowledge that they are hokum of the purest ray serene. Not so touching—and much purer hokum—is the Nazi villain who finally balks their escape only to break the back of the plot and strain the audience's credulity by the same sort of behavior that provoked people to protest about the portrayal of the Nazis in *The Moon Is Down*. Yet the film is worth seeing for, among other things, the charming performances by Mr. Woolley and young Roddy McDowall; for the unconventionally strong-minded and sweet heroine of Anne Baxter; for the sweet-and-sour Nazi of Mr. Otto Preminger.

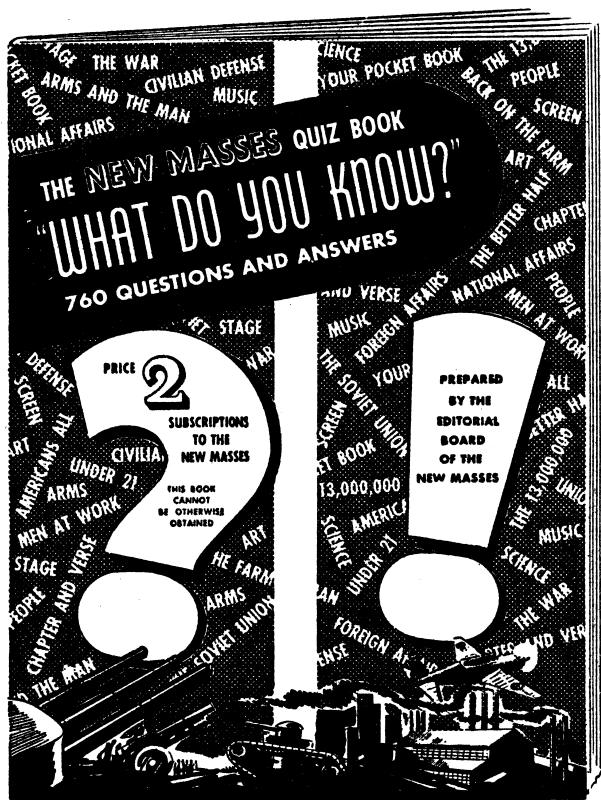
But don't say I didn't warn you in advance. ALVAH BESSIE.



The same factory after camouflage. Both of these photos are from Pratt Institute models.



The same factory after camouflage. Both of these photos are from Pratt Institute models.






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