

The Champion

10 Cents

APRIL • 1938

ARTICLES

Profits---and no Protection

A Pilgrim Reports

Cuban Youth Convene

•

FICTION

Three-Letter Man

The Phone Call

Mother of Gareth

Time Clock

•

WILLIAM GROPPER

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

LEN ZINBERG

ERIC LUCAS

JOSEPH CADDEN

BERT MORTON

•

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

ABOUT COFFEE

1. Does "dating" guarantee good coffee?
2. How do the famous Maxwell House and Chase & Sanborn brands compare in quality with lesser known and cheaper brands?
3. What method of preparing coffee will give the most satisfactory brew?
4. What do medical investigators say about the effects of drinking coffee?
5. Which 11 brands of coffee were considered to be poor in quality by expert coffee tasters? Which 12 brands were considered good? Which one brand was considered excellent?

ABOUT RAZOR BLADES

6. What 5 brands were rated "Best

Buyers" after an eight-month shaving test on 22 brands?

7. What 1½¢ blade was considered a better buy than three, four and five cent blades?

ABOUT HAIR REMOVERS

8. What is the surest way to remove hair permanently?
9. Are Neet, DeWans, Zip, Del-a-Tone, and X-Bazin safe and effective depilatories?

ABOUT AUTOS

10. Of the three low-priced cars, Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth, which one averaged 28.85 miles per gallon of gas, which 21.99 miles per gallon, and which 21.25 miles per gallon in a test run of 314.5 miles?

11. In what order of merit did automotive experts list seven high-

priced 1938 cars, including the Packard, Cadillac and Chrysler?

ABOUT INSURANCE

12. Why is it hazardous to include savings with life insurance, as most policies do?
13. What kind of insurance should a person whose future income is uncertain buy?

ABOUT OTHER PRODUCTS

14. What 2 brands of women's shorts were rated "Best Buys" after a test of 40 brands?
15. What well-known brands of canned corn scored highest in tests run by official government graders on 72 brands?
16. In buying or building a home, what preliminary steps are essential before making your first payment?

CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS GIVES YOU THE ANSWERS

But *Consumers Union Reports* do more than just increase your stock of information. Knowledge of the answers to questions 3 and 5, for example, can increase your enjoyment of coffee drinking, knowledge of the answer to question 6 can make your shaving less of an ordeal, and knowledge of the answers to other questions can result in definite savings in your buying.

The March issue of *Consumers Union Reports*, the monthly publication of Consumers Union of United States, rates thirty-six brands of coffee on the basis of cup tests. Four special types of coffee, including the decaffeinated coffees, are also discussed and methods of brewing are compared.

Tentative ratings, by name, as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable" are given of 22 brands of double-edge razor blades, on the basis of an eight-month shaving test, and on machine tests for sharpness.

Forty brands of women's shorts, ranging in price from 25¢ to \$1.50, are reported on and rated. Ratings are given on 72 brands of canned corn. Three new-type vacuum cleaners are reported on. Sixteen models of mechanical pencils are also rated.

Nineteen types of hair removers, discussed in a report which finds that serious hazards attend most methods of removing hair, are all named and rated. In a supplement to the previous month's survey on 1938 autos, seven higher-priced models are listed in order of merit and a table is given, showing the average mileage per gallon of gas for 26 cars as determined by the annual Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run.

Charting a Course for the Home Builder

The series of reports on life insurance and home building are also continued. The current article on insurance deals with the compulsory savings program which most insurance policies include. The report on home building charts a course for the prospective home buyer or builder through the maze of preliminary but highly important steps preceding the actual construction of a home.

This unusually interesting and valuable issue of the *Reports* may be had by cutting out and mailing the coupon at the right. In case you want the previous reports in the series on insurance or home building, we are listing the *Reports* in which they appeared (together with a partial list of the other subjects covered in them). You may start your year's subscription with any of these issues. Simply write the name of the month you wish to begin with in the coupon.

NOV.: Life Insurance, Portable Typewriters, Anti-Freezes, Men's Hats.

DEC.: Life Insurance, Radios, Toys, Electric Shavers, Cigars, Lipsticks.

JAN.: Life Insurance, Home Building, Auto Batteries, Vitamins, Lisle Stockings.

FEB.: Ratings of 1938 Autos, Life Insurance, Home Building, Vitamins.

CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS—which goes to 60,000 Consumers Union members throughout the country—will show you how to buy intelligently and how to make substantial cash savings on your purchases. Become one of the thousands of American consumers who are taking part in this organized effort to get the best values for their money. Cut out and mail the membership coupon today!

Consumers Union of U. S., Inc.
55 VANDAM STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ready Early in April!

Consumers Union's 1938 Buying Guide which is included in the regular \$3 membership fee of Consumers Union WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE—is now going to press and will be ready for distribution early in April. This 288-page, pocket-size book will rate over 1,500 products by name as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable" on the basis of actual laboratory or use tests conducted by expert, unbiased technicians. This Buying Guide is not sold separately and can be obtained only through membership in Consumers Union—which also brings you twelve monthly issues of *Consumers Union Reports*. Make sure of your copy by becoming a member today.

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55 Vandam Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS for one year (12 issues) starting with the issue. I enclose \$3 for membership, \$2.50 of which is for subscription. I understand that this fee also entitles me to the 1938 Buying Guide which will appear in April. I agree to keep confidential all material sent to me which is so designated.

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RINGSIDE

The fascist forces in Spain, backed by the men, munitions and armaments of Hitler and Mussolini, are intensifying their efforts to decimate the Spanish population. Almost within their clawing reach they see the enslavement of Spain as the first step, the first major step in the shattering of all world democracies.

They have ventured forth into fields of bloody aggression. On all sides they see the world's democracies hesitating, dangerously procrastinating, sabotaged by the Chamberlains, the Tories and the misled isolationists of all countries.

Hesitancy on the part of the world's democracies has given the fascists encouragement. Wide-open aid by economic royalists in each country has furnished and is furnishing the fascists with the tools of murder.

But the democracies will be heard!

The democracies will be heard throughout the world through the thundering voices of millions upon millions of workers, farmers and progressives in whom the hope for a better civilization is still kept alive.

Nor must these voices be delayed!

Today Spain stands in the forefront of the struggle against the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo alliance. Those who claim democracy is their heritage, their tradition and their birthright must assert themselves.

We can do it in many ways.

These are simple suggestions; subscribe to *Fight* magazine beginning with the April issue. Address is 268 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and the cost per year is a dollar.

Fight (10c) is the official organ of the American League for Peace and Democracy and its April issue, a total of 64 pages, is devoted to the struggle for democracy in Spain.

Articles: George Seldes writes on the New York *Times* "alleged" correspondent, William P. Carney, who has been anti-Republican since 1933. James Waterman Wise writes on Spain as he saw it. Carleton Beals has an excellent analysis of the growth of German-Italian-Japanese fascism in the Western Hemisphere.

The CHAMPION

Vol. III. No. 5

April, 1938

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THE CHAMPION, published monthly by Champion Publishers, 799 Broadway, New York City. Subscription, one year, \$1; single copies, 10 cents. Entered (or reentered) as second class matter, October 23, 1937, at Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. III, No. 5.

We cannot pay for manuscripts, photos or drawings at present. All material intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

There are dozens of splendid, hitherto unpublished photographs from Spain.

This is the kind of issue that should reach every democratic community. See that it reaches yours.

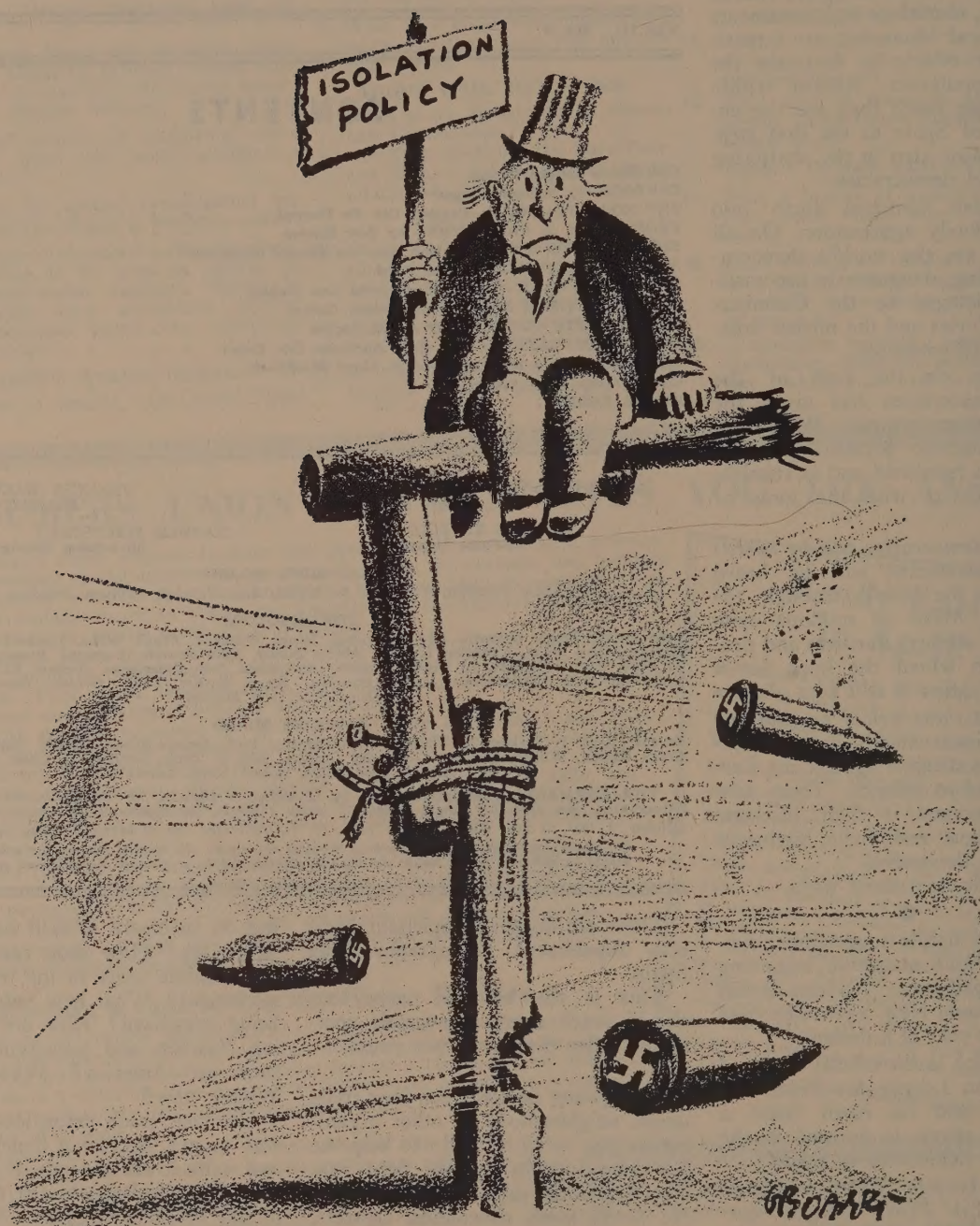
That young fellow from your trade union, neighborhood or other organization who went to Spain to help the Abraham Lincoln Brigade fight Fascism first-hand, now needs your help. He needs food, chocolates, cigars, letters, and plenty of them.

The American boys in Spain have written to the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in New York City. They ask for these things in every letter. They want to hear the news from "back home." What's go-

ing on in steel? Will it be a bigger May Day? How soon can we hope for absolute unity in the trade union movement? What new industries are being organized? How are we fighting Fascism and preserving democracy in America? What's new? What's new?

Get your trade union local or your club or get together a bunch of guys and write to the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade for the names of our brothers in Spain. Then take turns corresponding with the Brigaders. They need your letters! The address of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is 125 West 45th Street, New York City. Let us hear how you make out!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25)



Drawn for The CHAMPION by William Gropper

The ROAD TO PEACE

•

Fascism Can Be Stopped

THE QUESTION keeps coming up at the breakfast table. You bump into it at the corner lunch wagon. You overhear it on the way to the movies on a Saturday night. It screams at you from the headlines that announce Hitler's cowardly invasion of Austria. Everybody wants to know the answer to the question: How can the United States and the American people keep out of another war?

Parents who have sacrificed their lives to provide for their sons and daughters; young people, just married, or about to be married, planning homes and children, planning good times and vacations . . . everyone who doesn't want his or her dream machine-gunned by the horror and destruction of a new world war is asking that question: How can we keep the United States out of the wars which have overwhelmed the people of Spain and China?

Hitler and Mussolini are making the bid for fascist power in Central Europe and in Spain, preparing advance positions in their intended attack upon the other democracies of Europe. Two large scale wars, now in progress, embrace the populations of one-fourth of the earth. The events in Central Europe involve almost as many more. History tells us that the United States will be involved as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow unless those wars can be stopped. America may be separated from Europe and Asia by thousands of miles of the wide blue ocean, but radio, cable, and airplanes have little respect for that distance. Our country was built by immigrants from other lands; trade and business and shipping since the early days of the Republic prove that isolation in the economic sense has never been a reality. Remember that the first shot fired at Concord was "heard round the world."

What forces, what groups of men, what nations and what armies are responsible for the Spanish and Chinese wars? The question answers itself almost as soon as we ask it. The fascist nations, Germany, Italy, and Japan are responsible for those wars in Spain and China. The reactionary generals of the Spanish Army conspired with the Nazis and Blackshirts to finance the uprising against the legally elected government to which they had pledged allegiance. The armies of the Mikado, the emperor of Japan, deliberately provoked incidents on the Chinese mainland as part of a well developed plan to conquer a peaceful and harmless people.

A man doesn't have to be a radical today to agree with what the radicals have been saying: that the threat of war today, and the wars now proceeding, do not

come from the small democratic nations, nor even, at this moment, from the larger democracies such as Britain, France and the United States. On the contrary, everyone can see that primarily the dictatorships which we call fascist, and what the newspapers call the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Alliance are responsible for the present wars in Spain and China, and the destruction of Austria.

That means that to stop war today you have got to fight fascism. You have to fight it in the small things at home. You have got to nip it in the bud where it appears in the form of redbaiting, anti-Semitism, jim-crowism, vigilante terror against unions and so forth.

Most people have no use for the fascists. They have no use for the brown shirts or the black shirts or the stuffed shirts. Most people would like to help China and Spain. They are ready to collect money and clothing for the Spanish people. They are prepared to boycott Japanese silk, textiles and manufactured goods, because they hate the way Japan is bullying China. Some people are even ready to risk their own lives in order to defeat fascism, and everyone of us knows some young fellow from his shop, or neighborhood or union, who went across to Spain in the past year as a member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade to help the fight of the Spanish people. Just the other day we saw the picture in the newspapers of an American aviator who is directing the airplane attack against Japan.

The Gallup Poll of Public Opinion recently indicated that there has been a real swing of sentiment in the United States in favor of the Loyalist government. Even back in November, 1937, this same Gallup Poll showed that some 60% of all people questioned stated they were ready to support a boycott against Japanese manufactured goods.

But people are afraid that if they get together and bring pressure upon their government to help the legally constituted governments of Spain and China, we might be involved in another war. And we don't want war.

In other words, there are millions of people who would like to stop the fascists, and are against fascism because they have gotten the smell of it on their picket lines, in their schools, in their own neighborhoods but are afraid that if the American government revises its "neutrality" legislation and begins to abide by its own treaties, it means war for the United States.

This is the key question. Let us answer it.

The solution does not imply the sending of an

American Expeditionary Force to fight somebody else's battles. The peoples of Spain and China will lick the fascists by themselves, and keep the war from spreading . . . but only if they are helped out by the rest of the world.

What gives the fascists the upper hand today? What makes them so cocky? So sure of themselves? So aggressive? It is the fact that the democratic countries have been letting the fascists get away with murder. And we mean murder. It is the fact that none of the democratic countries has been abiding by its own treaties, or listening to the call of its citizens. It is the fact that no government, with the exception of the Soviet Union, has given the fascists the stiff arm. Nobody has told them in plain English where they get off.

THE DEMOCRATIC countries do not have to go to war with the fascists in order to stop their advance. All they have to do is withdraw the economic support which now makes that advance possible.

For instance, Japan receives 63.2% of her raw materials from the United States and Great Britain alone. 55% of her scrap iron, 90% of her lead, 75% of her zinc, 90% of her oil, all of her mercury come from the powerful democracies. More than that, Japan's entire social structure depends upon the sale of her silks and textiles in the foreign market, especially in the United States.

The situation is practically unbelievable.

While the British banks supply the credits that enable Hitler and Mussolini to build tanks and planes, American Big Business is stocking the fascist powers with oil that speeds their trucks along the shell-shocked streets of Shanghai. Big Business is selling the fascists the scrap iron, the fabric and the gasoline to build and operate airplanes which will some day bomb the open cities of the democracies just as they are doing in Spain today.

All of which means that if the American government declared an embargo upon raw materials and credits going to Japan, while the American people strengthened their boycott of finished goods coming from Japan, the Mikado's armies would be hampered and halted without our sending a single soldier across.

If the American government took the lead in telling Hitler and Mussolini that the peoples of the world will not tolerate their arson and murder, and backed it up by economic action, the fascists would soon be forced to sing a very different tune.

If the same were done to all fascist nations, to all elements disturbing the peace, if their markets for raw materials and finished goods were roped off by the united action of the democratic powers, the fascists would be tripped in doublequick time.

Nor is it realistic to believe that the fascist countries will try to carry on a warfare against the combined economic action of the United States, France, Great Britain, and the Soviets, if they are having such

a difficult time in their invasion of weak nations like Spain and China.

The fascists are strong only because Big Business interests in the democratic countries are backing them up. In terms of their own strength, the fascists have big fists with weak muscles. They look stronger than they are. Like the big, bad wolf, they bluster, threaten, bully and bark . . . but let some one call their bluff and they will run for cover.

TO MAKE a policy of concerted economic action effective we do not need a big navy. We don't need any more battleships, and the \$1,200,000,000 naval appropriation could be better used for housing and unemployment relief.

Moreover, if you examine the lineup carefully, you will see that the advocates of the Big Navy are precisely those interests that are profiting by the continuation of fascist warfare. Those representatives of Big Capital who yap about national preparedness and national defense are exactly the men who help the fascists' aggression by their economic support, by loans, credits, and friendly propaganda in this country.

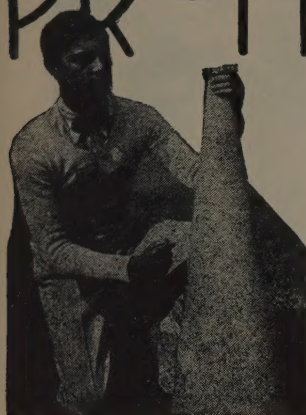
What we need is a positive peace policy that stands four square on the firm ground of economic action against the aggressors. A policy for which battleships are unnecessary but concerted action is essential.

Here then is the way to keep America out of war. Here is the way of crippling the fascists who make wars. Here is a way to defeat the reactionaries who profit from wars. Here is the way the President outlined in his famous Chicago speech last October 5th when he called for the quarantine of the aggressors.

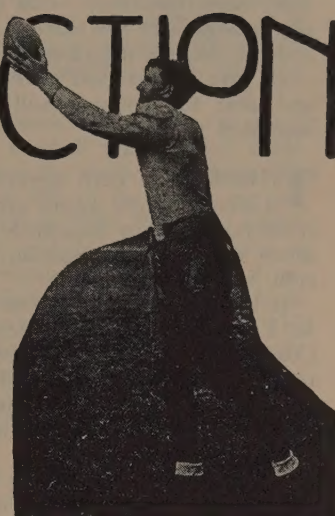
Let's get started on this road to peace. All other roads lead to war.



PROFITS—AND NO PROTECTION



HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETES
EARN BIG PROFITS
FOR ALMA MATER—



Why Not Insure Them Against Injury!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN High School's football players are being handed a raw deal! Nor does this condition prevail only at the Coney Island School. It can safely be said of every high school possessing a football team in New York City.

The writer comes to this conclusion after observing football conditions from close range at Lincoln, where he found that the school makes a nice profit from the game, while the players, as simon-pures, play the game simply for "fun." Not that there is anything basically wrong in that. But the shabby treatment these boys receive from the school in return for their money-earning efforts is drastically wrong!

It is a proven fact that the toll of injuries and deaths is greater in high school football than anywhere else the sport is played, including even the sandlot game. Statistics recently printed in the *New York Times* reveal that 13 high school players died from football injuries in the United States, in 1937, as compared to only 3 sandlot and an equal number of athletic club fatalities in the same stretch of time. It is significant that no college deaths occurred last year.

It was also revealed that from 1931 through 1936, inclusive, 79 high school fatalities were listed, which is 29 more than the sandlot toll, and more than triple that of the athletic clubs.

These figures adequately prove that schoolboys are not yet mature enough to be capable of taking adequate care of themselves on the football field. This gives substance to the statement of Abe Plaut, Lincoln's football coach, that, in all probability, no insurance company would issue accident insurance policies on high school players; a statement that was lent further weight by the fact that of the several companies to whom the subject was broached, the vast majority deemed the risk too great, and would not consider writing such policies.

Now, I repeat, high school boys play football for the fun of it. For that is the only thing they can get out of it,

besides, of course, the physical and mental benefits, except for those rare stars who are awarded athletic scholarships to colleges. On the other hand, the schools make no bones about playing football for profit, much as colleges do.

That the profit motive is the primary influence in college football is common knowledge. Great institutions of learning, some of them with enrollments of a thousand or less, build huge stadii with seating capacities for seventy, eighty, and one hundred thousand people. Venerable "ivy" universities sell the radio rights to their games to commercial sponsors. The football business in American colleges has grown to such an extent that many of them don't even bother to deny it anymore.

These colleges assure themselves of winning teams, which will draw the spectators through the turnstiles, by awarding athletic scholarships, giving promising players minor jobs with maximum salaries, or paying them outright for playing football. And through these combined efforts, they realize tens of thousands of dollars.

Not every college subsidizes its football team, of course. There are still some who stick to the old idea that football is a sport, not a business. But whether they subsidize their players or not, they all agree in one respect. Almost every college in the country which has a football team, takes out accident insurance on its players. Said ball players need never worry about doctor bills.

This is the point I am trying to make: Since high schools are on the same footing as colleges, in that they both play football for profit, but differ from most of them in that high school players get nothing but "fun" in return—in labor circles this would be called exploitation—isn't it only fair that they offer their players the same protection that college players have?

It is noteworthy that the colleges, which insure their players, have a much

by
**Bert
MORTON**

lower injury and fatality rate than high schools which don't carry insurance. This is due not only to the fact that college men are more mature, but it also naturally follows that the insurance companies will see to it that more care is exercised in the treatment of the players, and that the colleges will comply rather than pay increased premiums.

THERE have been several cases of negligence at Lincoln, which would probably have been avoided, if there had been insurance companies around to lay down the law. Nat Sandler, former star end at Lincoln, will attest to that.

It is interesting to note at this point that Dr. Floyd R. Eastwood, speaking before the American Football Coaches Association last December, said: "Most of the fatalities indirectly associated with football could have been eliminated by daily inspection of players for skin breaks. Infections are taking too heavy a toll of football players."

For that statement applies directly to Sandler's case. He suffered a cut in his leg during a scrimmage a few days before the Boys High game in 1936. Nobody inspected him for such wounds, nobody treated the cut. When he complained that it hurt, a few days later, the school doctor dismissed it as an unimportant scratch. A 10c bottle of iodine provided by the school would have prevented any further trouble. But the iodine wasn't forthcoming, and as a result, Nat spent the next four weeks in bed, hovering between life and death, suffering from blood-poisoning.

Nat was playing without stockings on the day he got the cut, which is in itself a grave charge of negligence on the school's part. "No player should ever be allowed on the football field without a helmet and full length stockings on," is a rule rigidly applied by all those interested in the safety of the players. Certainly, no insurance company would allow any deviation from such a sensible provision.

This same Sandler was exposed to avoidable injury again last season. It was in the third quarter of the Madison game, when Nat was helped off the field with an injured shoulder. But Nat had made two touchdowns that afternoon, and Lincoln



Billy Moses

seemed to be on the way to a long-awaited upset over its traditional rival—a victory that wouldn't exactly hurt the box-office appeal of the team—so two minutes later Nat was sent back into the game. When they carried him out next time, the same shoulder having been hurt, his face was contorted in agony. Yet, if he had suffered a permanent injury, the school, following its usual policy, would have refused to accept any

responsibility whatever.

Lester Rappaport is another case in point. Lester's nose was broken in a game a few years back. He was known to have a weak nose before the accident. If the school had given him an inexpensive nose guard to wear, nothing would have happened. He didn't wear a nose-guard!

So much for the negligence angle. An equally strong argument in favor of accident insurance for high school players is the evident

unfairness of forcing the player's family to pay the bill for an injury suffered while earning money for the school. It took \$125 out of the Sandler purse to pull

Nat through his illness. The price for mending Rappaport's nose was \$35.

Perhaps the most outstanding case of all was that of Manny Turk, who played for Lincoln several years ago. Manny's shoulder was severely injured, and it took an extremely delicate operation, in which a muscle was transplanted from his leg to his shoulder, to give him the use of his arm again. Three hundred hard-earned dollars were paid out by the Turk family for the operation! Manny never played football again. He bears a token of that accident. He walks with a limp.

Other instances have seen Richy Greve pay out over one hundred dollars in hospital fees, after suffering a brain concussion in a Lincoln game. Only last season, Billy Moses paid doctor bills of over \$35 to care for a leg injury, received in the Manual game. In none of these cases, nor in the dozens of similar ones, has the school

shelled out one cent towards paying the bill!

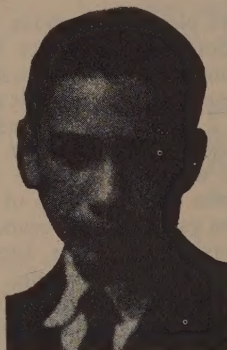
Lincoln's football players, and their fans, are universally agreed in the belief that they deserve protection. Coach Plaut is of the same opinion, as is Assistant Coach Gold.

The only disagreeing note is struck by Dr. Gabriel R. Mason, principal. Although the Board of Education has never taken a stand on the issue, Dr. Mason claims that the school cannot afford to take any responsibility, as it would make it liable for a law suit. "What if a player is killed," he cites the cheerful example, "and the family sues the school for \$50,000? If we assume any responsibility in taking care of the players, the court would hold us liable. We'd have to pay."

But in the next breath he refutes his own argument. He claims that the school goes to the extent of paying for x-rays for injured players. That in itself is an assumption of responsibility, and the school would be just as liable because of it as it would if it gave more adequate aid. Why stop at merely showing the athlete



Nat Sandler



Bert Morton believes that a conference of football coaches, leading citizens, Board of Ed officials and local sportswriters may solve the football insurance problem.

what is wrong, and then let his family foot the expense of curing it?

There are two methods of obtaining protection for the high school football players of this city. By far the best and most effective, is through accident insurance. The State of Ohio has recognized this fact by making it compulsory, by law, for all high schools in that state to insure their football players. Like legislation in this state, or in New York City, at least, would be an excellent thing. At any rate, the schools should band together and follow the plan suggested by Morris Kaufman, head of the Health Education Department at Lincoln. Speaking at the annual football banquet last season, he advocated the mass insurance of all high school football players in New York City.

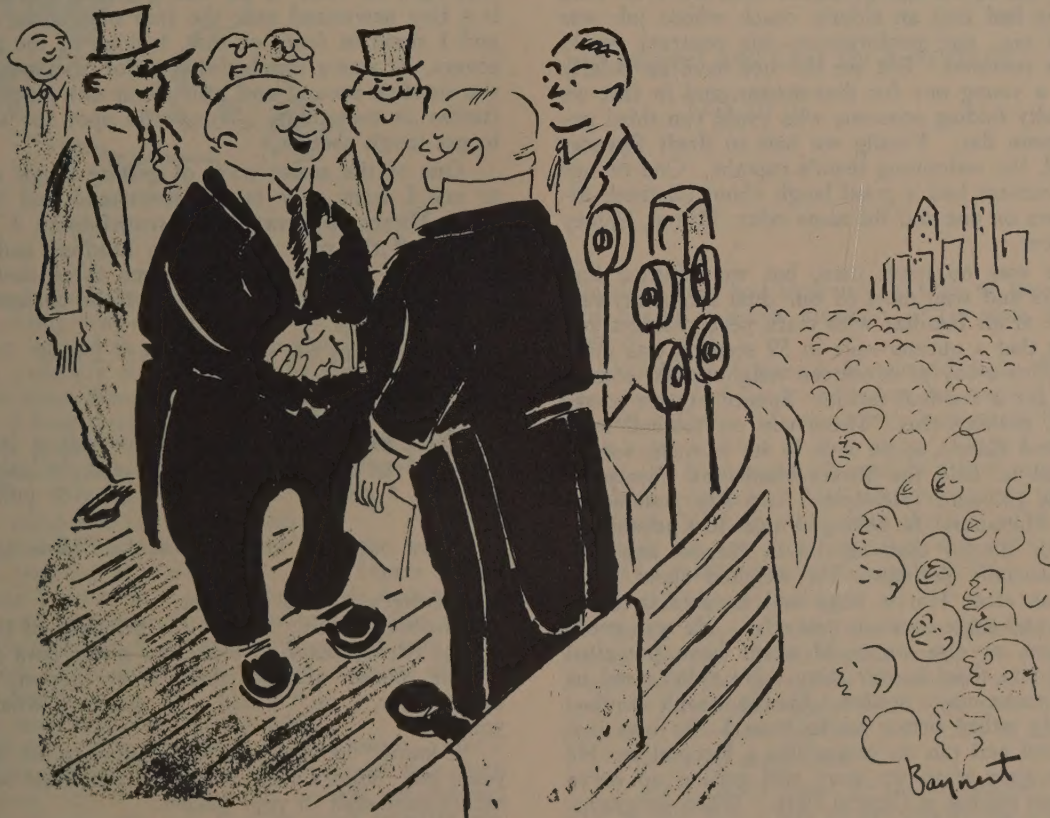
The only drawback to this plan at present seems to be that, of the many accident and casualty insurance companies queried on the subject, they all either refused outright to take the risk, or demanded extremely high premium rates. However, if all the high schools will co-operate—and I hope this article will point out the necessity of so doing—there is reason to believe that they will find little trouble in obtaining the required insurance at rates reasonable enough to necessitate the expenditure of no more than four or five percent of the schools' football profits, a small price to ask when you realize that, at Lincoln, at least, one of the main

sources of revenue of the school is the football profits.

If this plan cannot be carried out—although if it works in Ohio there seems to be no reason why it can't work here—the schools' responsibility does not end there, by any means.

The alternate method of protection will be for every school which maintains a football team, to set aside an adequate fund to care for the medical needs of the players. In Lincoln $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4% of the gross receipts from all sports (about \$3,000 in 1937, \$2,400 of which came from football) would probably be ample. Nor is it unfair to include a percentage of the receipts from the other sports in this fund, for the profits from football support every other sport in the school, as well as many other activities. In all, it would require only 6% of the net profits from sports at Lincoln, to take care of all the medical needs of the players. Little enough to ask in return for their vast money-earning ability.

But whatever the course that is taken, whether it be the more desirable accident insurance plan, or the establishment of a fund, it is definite that some action must be taken by the schools. The time is fast approaching when the players, completely dissatisfied with the present set-up, will demand action. Better for the school authorities to save face by acting now, than to have their hand forced later!



Bohdan Baynert

"Nice Speech, Chief . . . If We Can Get Our Workers to Believe It!"

THREE-LETTER MAN

A Short Story



by Edward Newhouse

SEVEN years ago I ran anchor on the mile relay of Townsend Harris Hall High School. The Greenblatt twins, who went on to become college stars in their own right, ran first and second, Milton and Sidney Greenblatt, whose time for the quarter hovered between 52 and 55, very good for a high-school relay. I never could break 53, but when I ran against the Greenblatts I always won by talking them out of the race and that is why in competition I ran anchor. If we could have found another man who could do our kind of time we would have had the first championship relay the school had produced since the War. And then if we had had an elderly coach whose job was dependent on our performance, his contract would have been renewed. But we did not have an elderly coach, or a young one for that matter, and in fact we had difficulty finding someone who could run third under a minute flat. Finally we had to draft Spencer Hammond, the swimming team's captain. One of our English teachers had a good laugh about all these literary names on one and the same relay, Milton, Sidney and Spencer.

Spence was no track man, but we whittled him down to 59 and won most of our dual meets anyway. If you are at all familiar with track performances you will admit that a quarter-mile in 59 seconds was more than good for a boy of seventeen weighing 200 pounds and built for a football tackle. Spence ran on power and heart, nothing else. There was no football team at Townsend Harris, so he went in for lacrosse, soccer, diving, and he held the Bronx-Manhattan championship in the 100-yard free-style. Any way you looked at Spence Hammond, he belonged more in a school like Andover or Exeter than he did in Harris, any way except financially perhaps. He weighed about twice as much as most Harris boys and he was twice as handsome and three times as powerful. He was good-natured, too, or else we could never have prevailed on him to run third in our relay. He didn't need us to get his three major letters. Spence wasn't dumb—he certainly pulled better marks than I—he was just good-natured and ran on power like a locomotive. He slept with girls when we were still getting up nerve to take them rowing in Central Park. When we graduated he was elected best athlete, and in the polling for handsomest senior he nosed me out by a vote of 123 to 1.

I don't think I remembered Spence more than a couple of times after our last race, and then only in connection with the Greenblatt boys. I only thought of him the other day for a very good reason. I was waiting for a Long Island train in the subway at Grand Central. That is the lowest point of the station, some four or five levels below the street. Neither the catacombs nor the dank tarn of Auber have a thing on this spot, nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. It's vaulted and damp and your footsteps echo, and the maggot people ply among hills of chewing gum. The only spot of color in all that grayness and dampness is a tiny newsstand near the foot of a dirty staircase, and I stood in front of that, looking at the magazine covers. It was a wonderful spot for Sherwood Anderson to stick around and wail about our machine civilization or something. Wonderful spot for somebody to get tough about.

One of the easier ways of getting tough would be to say I went over to the newsstand and bought a Daily Mirror, whereas, in all truthfulness, I picked a Times off the pile. I read the headline and handed the man a quarter. He gave me three cents and I held out my hand for the rest of the change, but he shook his head.

"How about the twenty cents?" I said.

"What twenty cents?"

"I gave you a quarter."

"You gave me a nickel." He was a lean, pale shriveled-up guy, looking nasty, and he said, "You gave me a nickel. You'll never get rich pulling that stunt."

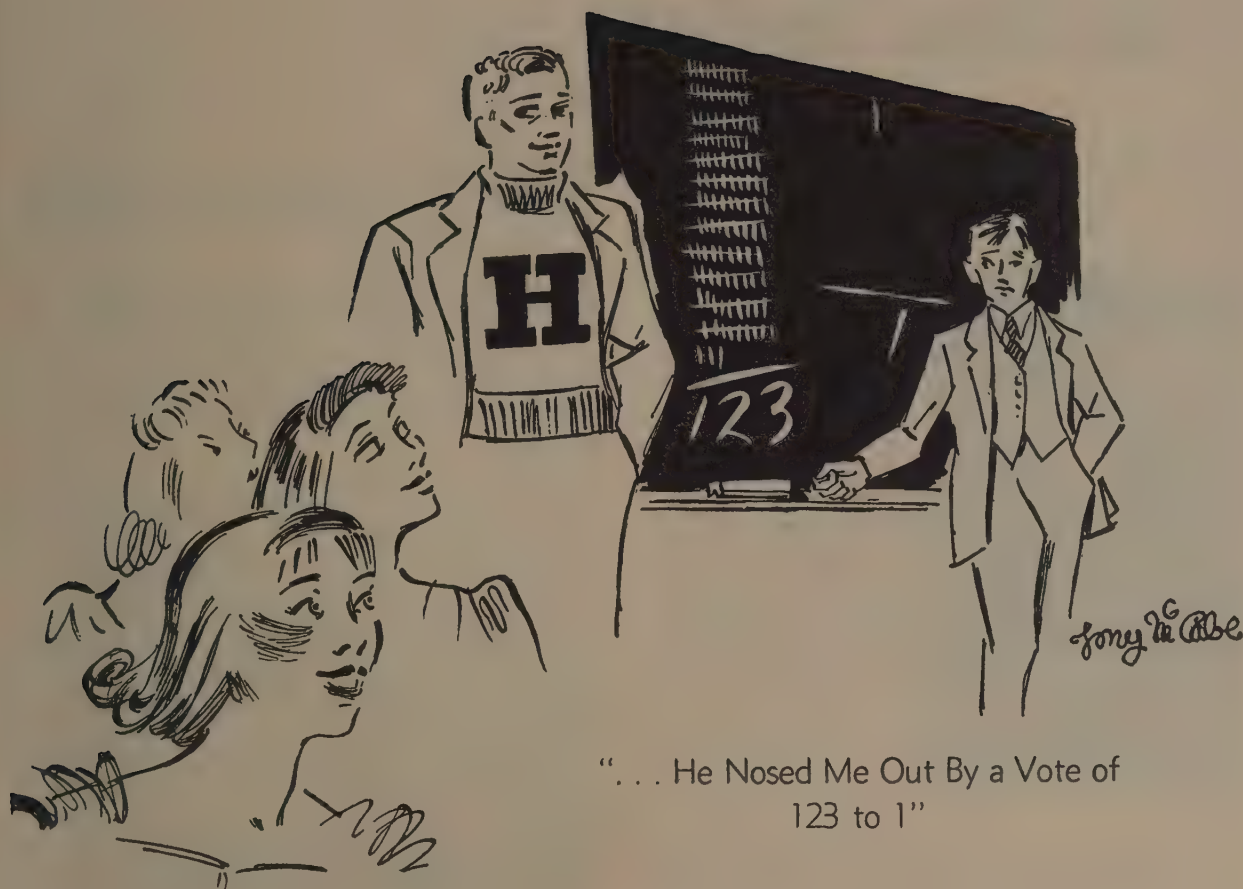
"You ought to know," I said. "How about the twenty cents?"

"Nickel's all you gave me."

"Listen," I said, "it isn't the principle of the thing, it's the twenty cents." I took four nickel bars of candy off the counter and put them in my pocket. "I'm a fast thinker, I am," I said. "A quarter's what I gave you."

"I know," he said. "I just wanted to see how sore you'd get. Here's your dimes and put those bars back before they melt in your pocket."

I took the two dimes and put the bars back and I must say I was in quite a blizzard. That was when I thought of Spence Hammond, because this parch-



"... He Nosed Me Out By a Vote of
123 to 1"

ment puss behind the counter was like a small edition of him, a sixty-year-old Spence, all shriveled up.

"I just wanted to see how sore you'd get," he said. You can generally size up a guy by the way he acts when he's short-changed. How're you getting on, kid? It's been a long time."

"Pretty good. I didn't recognize you at first."

"I spotted you right off the bat. What are you doing?"

"One thing and another," I said.

"You live in Long Island?"

"Yes, way out in Flushing."

"Funny I never saw you before. I've been working here and on Times Square upwards of five years. You don't look much different. I spotted you right off the bat. You didn't recognize me because of this weight I lost."

"You must have lost fifty pounds."

"Sixty-five. I weigh about 130, no more. You'd think I was sick but I'm not. Sitting in one spot does that to you. Either you get fat or you get skinny. I'm going to quit this job if they don't transfer me to an elevated station soon. Five years underground is just four years too damn long for this baby."

I didn't know what to say. I tried to remember

something that had happened to both of us, something that would evoke a memory. "Do any swimming lately?" I said.

"Not much," Spence Hammond said. He looked very weak and pale, and when he laughed his teeth showed yellow. "A man don't feel much like swimming after a week in this place. Once I get up on one of the El stations I'll soak in a little sunshine and put some weight on. All I need is some of that weight back and I'll chug along with the best of them. Did you ever do any running after you got to college? I used to read about the Greenblatts."

"I didn't go to college."

"Well," Spence said, "that's the other side of those medals we got. There's your train, two green lights. I sure had you going for a minute on that change. Look in the booth again when you pass by. Come around at six some day and we'll take in a show."

"Next week some time."

"I get reduced rates at the burlesque." By the time he said that I was on my way to the train and he kept talking but I couldn't hear it. I looked back from the open door and said, "What?" "Don't take any wooden nickels," he said, smiling.

A PILGRIM REPORTS

A Young Trade Unionist Returns from Washington

by Rita Asbel



Rita Asbel was born in Rockville, Conn., about 20 years ago. She is a graduate of James Monroe High School in New York City. Has been a unionist for ten months. Is an Executive Member of her Union's unemployed group.

Rita and a Union sister, Sara Wolfe, were appointed delegates to the Washington American Youth Congress Pilgrimage in March.

This is her first writing effort.

ONE day last month, a hysterical dame rushed into the office and said there were twenty-five guys downstairs who wanted to march to City Hall to see the Mayor and tell him that they needed jobs. It had all started with three boys who were hanging around an employment agency waiting to be sent out on jobs. Desperate, they just decided to go to City Hall, and, on the way, they invited the young fellows and girls who were coming out of other agencies to join them. They made signs out of crayon on pieces of cardboard picked up in the street.

The dame who was swept off her feet by the spontaneity of the incident asked us all to come down and join them. Since we were all active members of the Unemployed Group of our union, United Office and Professional Workers, Local 16, CIO, we felt that such a significant thing had to be discussed and carried out in an organized way. We asked them to come upstairs to warm up and talk it over. One of our organizers spoke to them.

They seemed to be afraid that we would urge them to join our union. However, they relaxed when we explained that most of them weren't even eligible since ours was a union of office workers. At first they refused to accept any advice from us, but before they left we convinced them that in order to see the Mayor, they must have a well organized body of a few hundred people marching with them. And several days later, a committee came back to get some pointers from us on the procedure of organization.

The entire incident reminded me of how I first

came to the Union for support in my struggle for a living wage, decent hours, and better working conditions.

Very early in life, both my parents were incapacitated. My father lost his sight. Later, as a result of hard work trying to earn money for the family of four children, my mother became so ill she had to stop working.

Just as I was about to start my last term of high school, it became necessary for me to leave school. I found a job as a bookkeeper and finished my high school course at night. The job didn't last long, and neither did any of the other jobs I had after that.

On my last job I was the only bookkeeper in a large blouse factory which employed seventy girls. Very often, I had to stay as late as seven-thirty, and I received twelve dollars a week. Not only was I plagued with long hours of work and low wages, but the place was overrun by rats. I always sat at my desk with my feet on the rungs of the chair. I still can't get used to keeping my feet on the floor when I sit down.

It was impossible for me to go out to lunch between the hours of twelve and one, because that was the time I checked the girls' pay with them. After that hour, I rarely had time to go out because the telephone would ring, or buttons had to be counted before signing a receipt. I had to content myself with a sandwich in one hand and a pencil in the other.

Most of the workers in the shop were members of the ILGWU but a few girls, relatives of the boss, acted as stoolpigeons. If a shop meeting were called, the boss would confer with these few girls, and then tell me to call the Business Agent of the union and tell him that the "girls decided they didn't want to go to the union meeting and were satisfied with conditions."

At first I was a "good" little girl and did exactly as I was told. Later, however, I began to understand the situation more clearly. I realized that the raises in pay that were supposed to be given at a certain time were neglected. I saw how some of the girls were intimidated into working overtime. It was then that I began to change my routine.

Instead of reporting all the lies to the union from my boss, I reported to the union any violations of his union agreement that my boss made. The girls were afraid to tell the union about it themselves because of the stoolpigeons, so I did it for them. Eventually, the girls began to realize that I was a friend and they returned this friendship.

One morning, my boss began to argue with me and threatened to fire me. The girls who witnessed the

argument and were afraid that he really would carry out his threat, elected a committee and told the boss that if he fired me they would stop working!

It was then that I saw the necessity of every worker being represented by a union. And so I joined the UOPWA, local 16.

Shortly after, I became very ill and had to leave my job. I have now been unemployed for six months. As soon as I was well enough to carry on some activity, I went up to the union to see what I could do. The unemployment situation was very bad. I realized that it was no longer a problem of finding jobs for individuals. We must organize and take action to make the government provide jobs for America's unemployed. Since the program of the CIO includes the organization of the unemployed as well as the employed, we formed an Unemployed Group in our union.

* * *

ON the basis of my continued activity with this group, I was elected delegate to the Pilgrimage of young people to Washington for jobs and education.

The trip to Washington took us eleven hours by bus. Everybody was in such a state of excitement that it was impossible to sleep. In the bus with us were delegates from the Cafeteria Workers Union, the Department Store Employees Union, The United Radio, Electrical and Machine Workers of America, and the American Students Union. We sang songs, talked, and asked everybody else where they were from. I became very sleepy, but everybody was singing and making noise. Gradually, everyone became tired, and the bus became quiet. Just as we were dropping off to sleep, the lights went on and somebody yelled: "All out. Be back in ten minutes." We had reached a restaurant. This happened four times during the night. The bus driver had an enormous appetite and thought everyone else did.

When we finally reached Washington and got settled in our hotel room, we were too tired for sight-seeing, so we crawled into bed and slept almost all day. It had snowed while we were sleeping. Washington

looked beautiful when we went out in the evening to go to a meeting at Howard University. At this meeting, directions were given us to how to proceed to interview our Congressmen.

Friday morning, at the Senate hearings, many delegates testified. Most of the delegates were putting into effect the advice they had received the night before, to use the three D's, Discipline, Decorum and Dignity. After Janet Feder's statement to combat the red-baiting that was being practiced by Senator Lee, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Education, there was no restraint in the long applause. She stated that never in the history of the American Youth Congress has any individual group sought to impose its will or policies on the organization. Since the program of the American Youth Congress is a democratic one, all groups that wish to become affiliated with it, and have as their program jobs and education, are accepted.

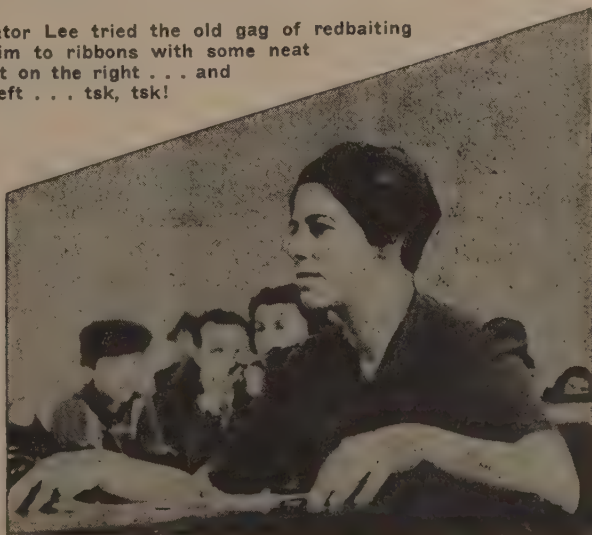
The Pilgrimage was climaxed by a spectacular parade on Saturday morning. As we marched through the very heart of Washington, past the stately White House, the Capitol Building, and row upon row of imposing congressional buildings and finally through the backyard of Washington, the Negro section, where poverty and squalor reign supreme, we raised our voices and chanted, "Save the Youth of the Nation . . . Jobs, Health and Education."

Listening to the young people testifying for the passage of the American Youth Act which would give security of jobs and vocational training, I recalled the boys and girls from the agencies. I wished they could have been in Washington, not to hear the testimonies, because they knew the situation well enough themselves, but to testify. At any rate, you can bet your sweet boots I'm going to tell them all about it.

Pilgrims made friends from all over the country. Each delegate extracted the promise from every other delegate that upon arriving home in our own communities, we wouldn't forget all the constructive lessons we had learned.

The real work begins now!

At the Youth Hearings in Washington, Senator Lee tried the old gag of redbaiting the delegates. Janet Feder cut him to ribbons with some neat oratorical surgery. That's Janet on the right . . . and that's Grumpy on the left . . . ts, ts!





Aida Paderefsky

THE PHONE CALL

•
A Short Story
•

by **LEN ZINBERG**

THE phone rang and he was glad because he was so lonely and the house was so quiet. He said: "Hello," and wondered who was calling.

"Hello. Is Jack there?"

It was a girl's voice, a warm smooth voice, and it made him feel better just to hear a girl's voice.

"Jack? There isn't any Jack here."

"Oh."

There was a second's silence and he wondered what she must look like. Then the girl said: "Jack, is this you? Please don't joke with me."

He decided that she was a young girl.

"My dear young lady," he began, not knowing whether to kid her along or to hang up. "You must have a wrong number. There isn't anybody by the name of Jack at this number. Not a jack in the deck," he said, trying to be clever and knowing that it sounded very stupid.

"Jack! Oh, now I know it's you! You can't hide your voice from me. I've been wanting to hear from you for so long, that I keep on hearing your voice in my thoughts, in my dreams. Darling, where have you

been? Why do you do this to me? I've been half crazy wanting you . . . waiting for you to call, thinking all kinds of things." Her voice was trembling with emotion.

He felt embarrassed and didn't know what to do. The very warmth of her voice aroused a desire in him. He wanted to see her, to touch her, to be kind to her . . . console her.

There was no answer and he was suddenly afraid that she had hung up. He said again: "My name is Harry."

Then she said: "Oh, is that the way it's going to be? Are you going to lie again? You always were cruel, but I thought. . . . Why can't you come to me and make a clean break of things, give me a chance to fight, give me a chance to hold you?"

"Really," he began, "I . . ."

"Instead you sneak off, like you always do, and now you try to evade me. Jack, dear, what have I done? You can't leave me like this. You don't know what torture these past two weeks have been. You can't do this . . . I . . . I can't stand it. I can't." She began to cry and even her sobs had a deep warmth about them. He listened to her crying and he thought that it was the first time he had ever heard a girl who didn't sound weak and whimpering when she cried.

Somehow he thought of her as a very charming girl, the warm type—with soft dark skin and full lips and dark eyes and all the rest. He said: "Look, you mustn't cry. I'm sorry that I'm not Jack. Honestly, I'm not Jack. My name is Harry." He felt that he must sound like a young schoolkid.

Still sobbing, she said: "Do you think I could ever forget your voice? I *know* it . . . just like I know your eyes, your mouth, your funny wild hair. Darling, darling come back to me. At least let me see you. I just can't leave you. . . . I can't forget you. Maybe I did some thing wrong; I'll do anything you desire, only don't leave me. Don't do that. Please . . . please."

Wanting to comfort her he said: "Don't cry. I'm sure things will turn out all right. Just . . ."

"Ah!" she cut in, her voice happy and more exciting and alive than ever. "I knew you'd never leave me. Darling, my sweet, when will you come back? Or shall I come to you? I'll come this minute; where are you?"

He shook his head and looked at the telephone and felt like a damn fool and wondered what the hell he should do now. It might be a good idea to tell her to come over; give her this address and see her, see what she looked like. He might even be able to comfort her. No, he told himself, that was childish, it would only hurt her all the more, arousing her hopes and all that. He suddenly wished that he knew this Jack, he would go to him and beat his damned face in. Why with a girl like that a fellow ought . . .

"Jack. Why don't you answer me?"

"Listen, you must believe me, you simply must. I'm not lying to you. I'd like to help you, and I will

if I can and you'll let me. But I'm not Jack. I've never heard your voice before. You have the wrong number; really you have."

She said: "So it's all over," and her voice was so hard and cold that it frightened him.

He felt helpless as he repeated: "But I tell you, you have the wrong number."

"I'm sorry. But I guess I was a fool and took you a little too seriously. Well, I can't quit, Jack, I can't live without you. You know that I don't go in for cheap dramatics, but . . . Oh darling, Jack, for the last time, I'm pleading with you to give me a chance, to let me see you again. We can work out something. I'll even share you with her, if you want it that way. Only let me see you, let me talk to you. Honey, please say that you'll come back."

The word "honey" seemed to ring in his ears. There was a warm softness to her voice that made him feel certain that she must be very beautiful . . . he knew all about her because he had often dreamt of just such a girl, had seen her many times in his day dreaming. Why if he had a girl like that, he'd worship her, do anything to please her. But the coldness of her voice when she had said that it was all over still frightened him and he said: "Listen, will you do me a favor?"

"You know I'll do anything for you, Jack."

"But I'm not Jack. I don't know what number you want, but this number is Stevenson-9-2587. Hang up and call this number back, ST-9-2587. When I answer, that will show you that you have the wrong number. Will you do that?"

"All right."

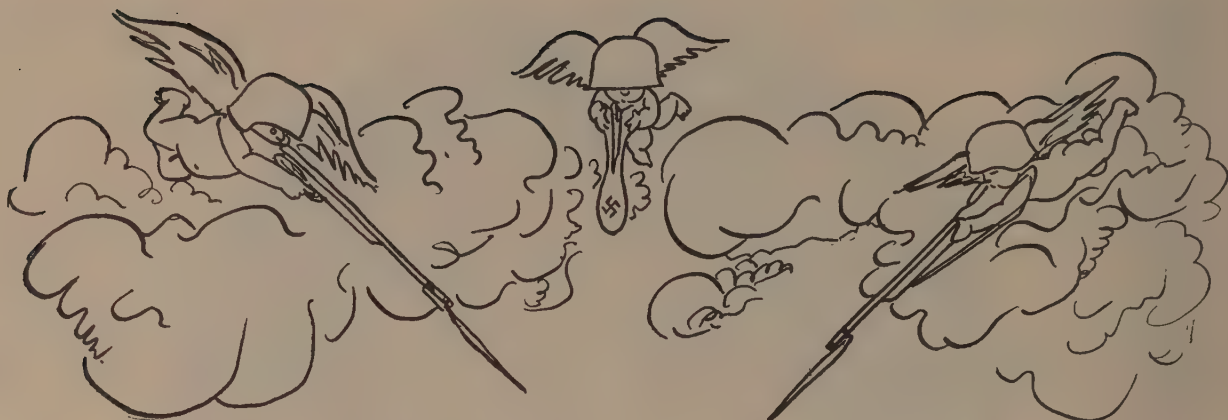
There was a sharp click as she hung up and he was afraid that she might not call back. But if she does call back, he thought, then what can I say to her? I must find out who she is and try to help her. I must know her, see her. First, of course, I'll apologize for not hanging up immediately, although it would have been worse if I had. Then I'll say something about, now that I know her problem, she must let me help her. I might be able to advise her. I might. . . . The phone rang. He quickly picked up the receiver and said: Hello. Is this you?" And he knew that it sounded funny and that it wasn't what he wanted to say.

For a moment there was no answer, then: "Oh. It was the wrong number. I'm so sorry. You must forgive my . . ." There was another sharp click and he said: "Listen! Wait! . . . Wait!" The room was very still and he realized that he was shouting.

He stared at the receiver and then the operator's impersonal voice said: "Number, please?"

He said: "And her voice was so warm and she must have been so . . . beautiful. So very beautiful. And now she's gone."

"What number, please?" The operator's voice sounded very sharp and cold and loud in the silent room . . . and he suddenly slammed the receiver down and began to . . . began to curse . . . and cry.



A Reich Citizen Speaks !

by

Robert Garvey

I AM no longer a slumbering babe. My blood cried out, "Awake!" Rebuild the Fatherland!"—and I awoke. For today I have reached the age of two and I am at last worthy of a rifle. See me present arms?

I am even equipped to carry on as a Reich citizen, due to my vast vocabulary of "heil."

So you see that two is a grave and responsible age. In a country like Italy, on the other hand, citizens are treated as ninnies. They are not trusted with arms until they are doddering six-year olds. At two—thanks to the magic touch of der Fuehrer, my Siegfried—I am already awakened. And I carry not only a rifle to rebuild the Fatherland, but machine guns.

In the old regime this would have been impossible. I should have been enslaved in a nursery and fed special foods—so that Reich marks might be wasted on Yankee cribs, French bibs, Bolshevik wheat, Danish meat. But today I am free to enjoy cannons instead . . . and our very own ersatz substitutes. My pinafore, you will note with envy, is ersatz. I live in an ersatz flat. I have ersatz for lunch and ersatz for dinner, on the days that I have dinner.

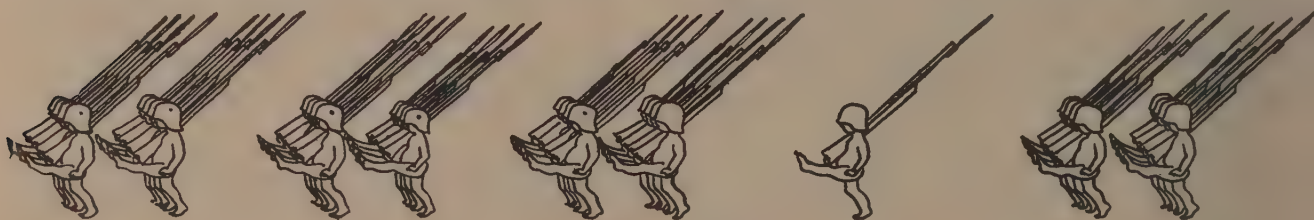
Even my carriage is ersatz. Isn't it pretty, with the machine guns squatting at each end? Isn't my uniform pretty, and glitteringly decorated? Just as

General Goering's is, for heroism in the coming world war. So. Alone here I pore over military maps.

Occasionally discomfort is felt because of dampness in the inner sheets, diapers, etc.—a condition which is of course beyond one's control. I ignore such nuisances. I am a citizen with the gun, a builder of the Fatherland—free. Whenever I like I may cry heil. Free as a bird. Heil . . . heil? Heil, heil, heil.

Consider, I tell my blood, the noble purposes der Fuehrer turns *his* isolation to. Live by himself he must, for he is not like other men. Yet how he inspires himself gazing into the glass at his schoen mustache; listening to himself commanding as he will when the Day comes and his voice rolls over the Ukraine; and reading *Mein Kampf* every morning—the original edition, mind you, not the one with the shameless corrections in grammar and fact that fools have inserted to make it intelligible. Intelligible! Was the mighty Wotan intelligible when he thundered? Could der Fuehrer have produced such a glorious regime if he had been intelligible?

In the old regime there were great scientists, yes, and great composers, yes. But now we have greater Nazis than all the artists, scientists, and composers put together. And everything happened so quickly, so



peacefully. All those deserting artists, composers, scientists who were trying to cut their way out of the beautiful concentration camps were quickly shot and their professions were peacefully assigned to patriots. Thus, whereas it took the Jew years of study and struggle to become something in the art and educational world, by a wave of the hand our powerful Fuehrer was able to turn the most ignorant Nazis into university professors, artists, scientists. The result? Today there is not a Nazi anywhere who does not hail our renaissance of Kultur. The whole earth resounds with our praise. Even our own newspapers state this emphatically, if the people would only read them.

Ach, when I think of the empty life I used to lead, slumbering and sucking my thumb without bringing honor and glory to the Fatherland! How different with der Fuehrer, daily solving the poor people's problems at his country estates, at the opera, at the Thyssen palaces, at Frau Wagner's.

Especially am I furious with myself for my recent nightmares. For three nights I dreamed: What if my machine guns went off during the afternoon honor-carriage parade and accidentally shot down our wonderful leaders. What if everybody's gun went off, because unless everybody used the guns on enemies (such as the Spanish people who are attacking us at Madrid) the guns *might* go off someday. . . . Wasn't that a wicked dream? But it does *not* mean what the Bolshevik Freudians say. It is *not* wishful thinking. Consciously or unconsciously I do *not* want such a thing to happen yet, I say—or at all, I mean! Heil, heil, heil, I mean!

I am loyal, I mean. I am a Reich citizen, I mean. Doesn't der Fuehrer need me and call to me as he calls to all youth? I hear his voice in my blood and in the radio. Ach, if only I had the voice of a Goebbels or a Hearst or a Streicher, what a heil I too could answer back!

Because I am grateful to der Fuehrer. Has he not cut foreign imports and made our exports of propaganda the greatest in history? Has he not rid the country of those alien Jews who, by fighting in German wars, contributing to German institutions, marrying German men or women, have for centuries tried to hoodwink us into believing that they are interested in the welfare of the nation? Has he not strengthened our ties with our new blood-brothers, the tall, blond Japanese?

And I am grateful to der Fuehrer for my education which has made it possible for me to recite all the Nuremberg laws by heart.

And I am grateful to der Fuehrer for making my papa a millionaire, as he promised all shop-keepers. Only my papa is not a millionaire this year. He is skipping this year. My papa says, jokingly you un-

derstand, that he is even losing more money from his grocery store than ever. But isn't patriotic Herr Krupp giving rearmament steel to the Reich for nothing, say the Nazi collectors as they collect Defense Money from papa each week? Heil, heil, answers my papa (only he some times jokes that he is getting rheumatism in his right arm from answering it so often).

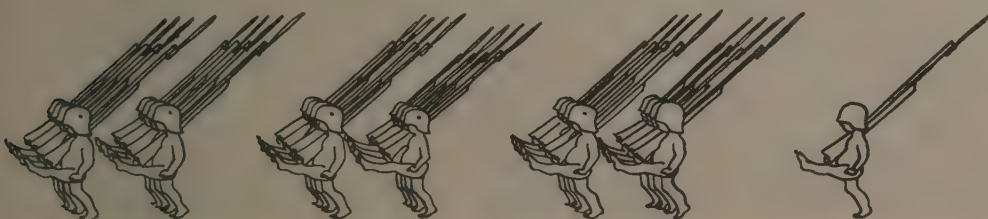
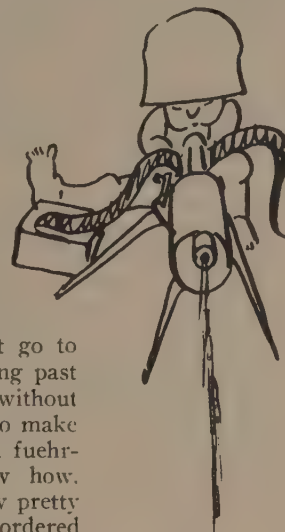
And I am grateful to der Fuehrer for the wonderfully bright future he portrays for us: it will not be long before the millions of Bolsheviks, disguised as Jews, Catholics, Freemasons, Protestants, Trade-unionists, etc., etc., will be driven from the Reich, and there will be only Nazis.

And I am grateful to der Fuehrer about my sister. My mama goes about making babies and crying. She cries because she is a woman and has no sense. But my sister, who doesn't go to school any longer, being long past five, is busy making bread without butter or fat. She wants to make babies, too, says our section fuehrer, only she doesn't know how. But she'll have to learn how pretty quick for der Fuehrer has ordered a new honor quota of them from our section to take the place of the soldiers used up with the munitions sent to General Franco.

And I am grateful to der Fuehrer for making life exciting, a regular game. For if I am not blown to pieces in Spain this year, I may be, next year, in Czecho-Slovakia; or the following year, in the Ukraine; or the year after, in France. Which year and what country it will be in I do not know now. But I do know that der Fuehrer loves us so much that he will let us play the game every year of our lives.

And I am grateful to der Fuehrer for making my brothers such heroes. Of the five shipped to Spain to bomb the Russian peasants living there, three brothers have received the honor-swastika wreath on their graves and almost two brothers have come back alive and have been made members of the belt-of-honor corps. Every morning, when less patriotic people are having breakfast, they assemble in the courtyard. At a command they click their heels against their crutches and tighten their belts—snap, snap. Heil, heil, they cry.

Ach, it is wonderful. I tell you, to be a citizen of the Reich.



Flora and Fauna by NAT AUSTIN

FOUR THOUSAND young people crowded the meeting hall of the Tropical Gardens on the edge of the City of Havana. In the shade of palms and bamboos, they cheered the 812 delegates who had come from every section of Cuba to the First National Congress of the Brotherhood of Cuban Youth during the weekend of January 28th.

Despite innumerable obstacles put in the way of the Brotherhood, and the suppression of the Congress during December when it was originally scheduled, these representatives elected by 300,000 young Cubans, were finally brought together. They came from the sport and cultural groups, from the Church groups, from the trade unions and the peasant leagues.

"The freedom of Cuba is at stake," said Dr. Juan Marinello, Cuba's leading intellectual. "On you, the youth of our country, following in the steps of our great hero, Marti, the future of our fatherland depends." He referred to Jose Marti, hero of the Cuban struggle for independence from the Spanish monarchy, whose birthday was being celebrated on that very day. Pointing out that Marti died as a young man in the course of his leadership of the Cuban movement, he cited examples of other young people and youth groups who had changed the course of Cuban history.

Vice Rector of the University of Havana, Dr. Rodolfo Mendez Penate, pointed out the difficulty of winning independence for a people handicapped with such a great percentage of illiteracy and charged the Brotherhood of Cuban Youth with the responsibility of leading the struggle against illiteracy. Fraternal delegates from Mexico, Puerto Rico, and the United States brought their greetings. Each in turn pressed the Cuban youth to actively join the world struggle for peace

Cuban Youth

by JOSEPH

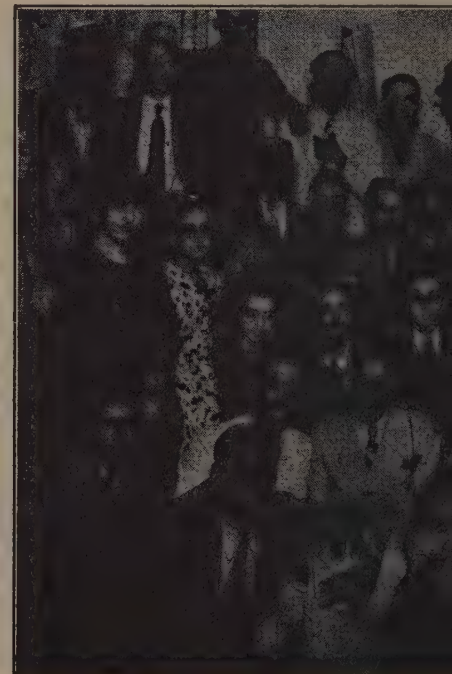
and democracy and to act against the aggressors who are menacing civilization.

This meeting, according to the old Cuban custom, went on for many hours. Representatives from each of the provinces brought their stories of poverty, illiteracy and misery. They called on their colleagues for a unified effort in behalf of the opportunities which would make life worth while on the island.

Dr. Salvador Garcia Aguiro, one of the secretaries of the Brotherhood and the leading figure among the Negro population of Cuba, called for work in the interests of equality on this island, where the Negro is exploited to an even greater degree than the white worker. He pointed out that the solution of this problem could only be reached by the unification of the trade union movement and the inclusion of all workers and peasants in such a unified federation. This he emphasized as a youth problem especially in relation to the exploitation of young people in the sugar and tobacco fields where they are often used as apprentices and receive no wages at all.

During the next two days, the delegates met in round table sessions to consider the specific problems of

Executive Committee, Brotherhood of Cuban Youth. The Young Man in Front Who Isn't Paying Attention Is Our Correspondent, Joe Cadden.



Convene

CADDEN

agriculture, labor, education, sports and recreation. In plenary sessions they mapped out methods of increasing the movement for peace and democracy among the youth.

During this entire Congress the outstanding concern was the campaign against illiteracy. Having already established 26 schools, the delegates pledged themselves to continue this program and in addition, planned to send student missions to the interior to teach peasants and sugar-croppers to read and write. Plans were made to establish libraries and farm study groups devoted to the study of Cuban history. All of this is to be supplemented by radio programs devoted to the dramatization of the island's history and culture.

Three days of constant discussion, meetings of sub-committees, planning, hopes for the future, the election of committees to carry out decisions, were culminated in a night of celebration. Back in the Tropical Gardens, they presented a picture of the cultural side of their life in a colorful fiesta accompanied by dancing and mass singing. There was no doubt about the energy or initiative of these young people in the-forefront of the Cuban movement to establish a democratic government and to improve the conditions on the island.

HOWEVER, since the Congress was celebrated, the road has been neither smooth nor clear of obstacles. Knowing that the success of the Brotherhood's plans would discredit the pretenses of Batista's regime, the army has not been entirely happy. Camouflaged attempts to disrupt the good work of the Brotherhood have been made but to date they have fortunately been entirely unsuccessful. The last attempt to attack the Brotherhood by accusing them of a conspiracy plot against the government, became the laughing stock of the Cuban people.

Several leading members of the Brotherhood have been arrested during the last weeks on various technical charges, but they have been released again at the insistence of the solidly united Brotherhood, backed as it is by public opinion.

Cuba, under the military yoke of Batista, is not a pleasant place in which to live. Despite exhaustive natural resources, the population is as impoverished as the most unfortunate section of the unemployed of the United States. Freedom has become nothing more than a word. Suppression of speech, of the right to assemble is constant and unrelenting. With broad promises and elaborate "economic plans", Batista makes a futile attempt to win popular sympathy. When he discovers that the people refuse to accept his empty promises, he attempts to use force. So far, this has been unsuccessful.

In the face of all these obstacles and misfortunes, the Cuban movement for democratic government, grows steadily. In the forefront of this movement stands the Brotherhood of Cuban Youth, a solid unit of the youth of Cuba, dedicated to the improvement of conditions on the island and the establishment of a Constitution, self-government and civil rights.



(Center Photo) Delegates from Oriente and Camaguey Provinces.
(Below) Delegates from Mantanzas.



MOTHER OF GARETH

A Short Story

by

ERIC LUCAS

THE GALE stung the window pane with black sea spray. It almost ripped the shanty's roof from the dark wet cliffs. Snug behind its walls, Kate hummed. She hummed and swung an iron pot onto the stove. Now she rubbed her palms down the sides of her dress, and looked down at her rounded belly. Tonight for the first time the unborn had stirred! Soon . . . Gareth would be born. Kate squared her shoulders and whispered: "Kick, m'hearty, kick big and tough like yer Pop. God willin' ye'll be the spittin' image of him." Then she stooped and dumped an arm of cordwood on the flagstone hearth.

The door swept open. The hearth-light slid across Arc's wet leather jacket and hurled his shadow over the high cliff. Kat swung about, and caught her breath and hurried to her Arc—then stopped.

His cheeks were almost the color of his pale blue eyes. He kicked the door shut.

With long and friendly fingers he limply caught Kate's shoulders, then brushed by her, to where his yellow oilskins hung.

Kate moved her back to the door.

Without turning about, Arc, towering, lifted the coat from off its peg.

The spray-like gravel trembled the window pane; the fire hissed; the gulls screamed at the night. Arc's voice sounded distant like echoes. "Kate, I'll be back. 'fore dawn." Then he turned and swept his coat about himself.

Each stared at the other with gathering panic. In answer to Kate's mute question, Arc went on: "Someone left the skipper's nets on Pikepoint Island." He stooped to tug on his high sea boots. "The gale will blow 'em off the rocks to sea."

Kate spoke as if she had no breath. "Yer mannin' the dory alone."

Arc raised the boot above his knee. "Only two mile off the shore. It's safe enough."

"Last winter Tom went—an' never came back." Arc's fingers hung unnerved. "An' the season before him—John. They found the dory beached, keel up."

Arc's daunted eyes looked up. "But Kate, it's only one short run."

"Sure, it's a short run—from here over the cliff's a short run, too." She moved forward, her taut fists at her sides. "Why'd the skipper decide on *you*."

"I guess he had to choose someone." The surf thundered against the rocks below. "I must get goin'. Kate. Boys waitin' at the Bar to shove me off." Arc rose, lumbered ahead, then stayed, before Kate.

"Arc, yer not goin'."

Arc buttoned his yellow coat. She caught his fingers. "Arc, yer worth more to me than a mess of rotten fish net. They're buyin' yer youth—but we ain't sellin' them yer life."

Arc gripped his hands and moved them from his coat. "Kate, you don't understand—I *said* I'd go. A man can't . . . can't be branded as yellin'."

"Yer dead right, Arc—if its brandin' yer want—turn it on yer skipper—it's *his* net that needs savin'. Let *him* go an' get it 'stead of sendin' his man Friday. Arc, don't let 'em sell yer fer no paper medals." She paused. "Yer not walkin' out that door tonight."

Arc swallowed hard, and moved toward the door. Kate swung him about. "Arc, I'm not askin' yer for myself no more. If yer go ye'll never come back. What will Gareth do . . . alone."

The wind moaned down the chimney. Kate writhed her fingers. Then she slipped around between the door and Arc.

"Arc, you an' me an' Gareth—we're just beginnin'." She pleaded. "Arc, don't let 'em take it away."

Arc pushed up his broad collar. "I got my duty. A man can't shirk his duty."

"Sure, Arc, yer got yer duty—oney it's *here*—it's yer home an' yer kid an' me. Maybe yer Skipper don't care if he has to kill to save himself a bit of money, but, Arc," Kate's voice broke, "*we* care."

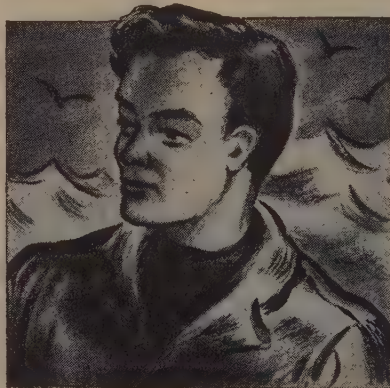
She moved close to Arc, timidly, then gently raised her arms about his tall shoulders and pushed her cheek against his coat and rocked

her head and softly wept and her shoulders trembled and the sea-top whined through the wind, and Arc, eyes wide, looked down and his arms lay limp. Then he slowly drooped . . . his eyelids closed and his knobby hands rose awkwardly—and stopped with the d'stant wail of a siren.

He started back. Kate cowered flat against the door. Arc jammed his sou'wester down.

Reaching her hand behind her, Kate swept open the door and staggered back.

The slashing wind caught her words but Arc saw her lips say, "You'll never leave the Bar tonight." And off she stumbled along the black cliff-ridge like dry sea-weed in a gale, until the thick dark night wrapped



her in, and she was gone. Arc raised his arms as if to stop her, changed his mind, and stalked quickly into the blackness after. . . .

* * *

THESE past few months of nights the Bar was more than ever crowded with smoke and fisherfolk. The swinging ribbed lights swayed their shadows drunkenly. The night pounded at the big oak door. The men sat about and filled their empty gullets with whiskey. They fought amongst themselves, and spoke sullenly to the Skipper who owned the Bar as well as the boats that plied the coastwise waters.

One of the men in protest against the Skipper had left the nets on the rocks of Pikepoint Island, knowing that the gathering gale would rip them off. Skipper was well aware of this but pretended ignorance so as not to flare up the resentment amongst his men. But a net is a net, and at the same time, by the severity of his vengeance he must discourage reprisals.

So it was that the Skipper chose the best liked man amongst them to retrieve his nets—although it might well mean death.

And as to this thick room of sulking men; they dare not refuse to see their friend, Arc, off—lest they expose the act of the saboteur and, maybe too, draw fire upon themselves. They drank and cursed and fought and beat a storm within their walls.

The door pushed in. A frenzied girl whose black hair tossed about in shattered waves, shoved the door behind her shut. She raised her head, then walked to where the skipper stood. All eyes moved along with her.

She pointed back and her voice was hollow. "There's a dead man followed me down the road. He'll be here soon. It's the man you've killed."

The Skipper, wizened, pallid as a sunbleached hull, looked up sharply in time to see the door scream open and from out a towering heap of glistening yellow oilskins, two pale eyes swept the shadowed room 'til they touched the girl—then looked less frightened.

He pushed brusquely past the men. Kate gripped the Skipper's broad lapels. "Skipper, yer not goin' t' send my man to his death. It ain't you to tell what he's to die for. Tell him no."

"It's the man's job. Neither of us can interfere."

"You've *made* that job—"

"An' it's goin' to stay that way!" Skipper glanced up. "Arc."

"Aye, sir."

"Shove off at once—the men'll lend a hand."

A hum of voices singed the air.

Helpless, Arc looked to Kate, then at the men. He moved stiff-legged to the door. The men rose out of their chairs as Kate snatched a half-filled bottle and shattered its belly across the table and caused the men to swing-to when she fairly bellowed: "Scum of the sea—what men are you to stand by an' watch an' help



AIDA PADEREFSKY

". . . A Dead Man Followed Me Down the Road!"

the one yer call yer friend drowned before yer blinded eyes by that scurvy beast! It's bad enough he's killin' yer slow'—while you stand by like a tangle of frightened worms—now he means t' kill ye quick—John went first an' then it's Tom an' now it's Arc an' who knows when the corpse is *you*."

She raised her fist like a flameless torch. "No—ye can't be men—yer a pack of *spineless squid*."

Kate raised the jagged chunk of glass to the Skipper's scrawny throat. "Ye'd best stand where y' are."

Skipper's head sunk between his broad blue lapels. "Put that down and step aside."

He raised his hand and gripped her wrists, and Arc's fist caught his chest and sent the spiked chunk of bottle hurtling 'cross the room. Skipper stumbled back behind the bar. The shattered ranks of men swung in like one and swelled the inn to thunder louder than the gale that beat upon the oaken door. Skipper cringed back in abject terror and felt the welt of words

more keenly than the blows. The spell was broken—the fishermen's tongues untied.

"We'll damn the day before we net one cursed fish at terms don't meet our will."

"An' there ain't a man this coastwise down who'd dare to take our place."

"Yer dealin' now with hungry men."

"A hundred men—an' not one boob who don't know where to hit."

* * *

BUT long before the seamen left the inn, Arc and Kate slowly moved across the darkening cliffs above the sea. . . . Kate strongly lifted in Arc's long arms, tended warm in his deep oilskins, where snugly she softly wept against his chest, and Arc, as much alive with unborn being, even as Kate this night, sought his steps ahead with clear, untroubled eyes. . . . For soon Gareth would be born . . . born with the tradition that his mother could fight. . . .



Ben Yomen

"He's Anti-Hague . . . Watch Every Move He Makes!"

TIME CLOCK

A Short Story

by B. Lloyd Woodward

THE bus jerked haltingly to a stop. Mary jumped the last three steps to the pavement and rushed through the revolving door of the store, her high heels clicking. She raced up to the time-clock, yanked her card out of the rack, dropped it into the slot and gave it a vicious whack. Two minutes late! She jammed it back in the rack again and looked around to see if anyone heard the clock ring. Apparently the coast was clear. She pulled off her hat, then slid in behind the counter.

"If Wilson catches you, it's curtains . . ." whispered one of the girls to Mary out of the side of her mouth as she glanced around the corner of her counter. "Watch out . . . here he comes!"

A squatty little man with a pink bald head strutted down the middle aisle between the counters, looking first one way and then another, the lord over all he surveyed. Ephraim Wilson had a grating voice and an egotistical manner and could always be depended upon to find something wrong with everything—except himself. How could he ever *be* wrong? Wasn't he owner of this store? He glowed with self-esteem as he glanced over the counters, busy with early morning shoppers, and, after glowering at a girl who wasn't working quite fast enough, turned and walked into his private office.

"Seen Sadie this morning?" Mary asked the girl behind the opposite counter.

The girl looked anxiously in the direction of Wilson's office. "Say, haven't you heard. . . ? I thought everybody knew . . . that old pelican canned her this morning when she came in. Told her she was through, on account of she was out yesterday. Can ya beat it?"

Mary stood motionless, afraid to believe it. Sadie, her best pal . . . fired! "Oh, no, it couldn't be true . . . there must be some mistake," she gasped and looked down the long line of counters until her eye fell on Sadie's. Yes . . . it was empty. Sweet Christ! what would Sadie do now . . . and what would her mother do? Mary remembered how pitiful she'd looked the last time she had seen her . . . so thin, so white. She tried to banish the thought from her mind, but the grim picture came back to her again and again in all its terrible reality.

"Filthy trick, wasn't it, Mary . . . about Sadie, I mean," said Ruth as she was passing by Mary's counter.

"Yes . . . it gives me the creeps to think of how Sadie and her mother'll get along . . . now." Mary's voice grew very faint and tears came to her eyes.

"Sure, Mary, I know. We all feel the same way. But crying won't help. What the hell can we do about

it anyway? If you go around blabbing, some stool-pigeon of a floorwalker will get wind of it and spill the beans to old sourpuss."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," replied Mary, reluctantly.

"Sure, I'm right. I *know*. I've been all through it before. There's a lotta things we took the rap for that ain't our fault. We're all fed up with this lousy setup, but geez, you know, jobs ain't easy to get. Geez, here comes the old buzzard now!"

"Miss Kelly, I want you to come to my office immediately. Here, one of you . . . take over Miss Kelly's counter. And *you*, Miss Kelly, follow me."

Mary complied, her heart beating wildly and her cheeks drained of color. Now, what had she done? Could it be that her cash register was short? No, she always checked it every night before leaving and kept the sales slips to prove it. He couldn't work that one again. Was it going to be the same old hokey, the customers are getting such poor service, etc. No, that was much too old—every girl had heard that one before and no one fell for it any more. Well, whatever it was, she would soon hear plenty about it.

Ephraim sat down at his spacious desk, tilted his overstuffed chair out to make room for his paunch, beckoning to her to be seated. With great deliberation he removed his horn-rimmed glasses and laid them on the desktop.

"Miss Kelly," he began, "I shall have to let you go for a most serious infraction of our rules. One of my floorwalkers informed me that you were late this morning. This is the second time. The first time I was lenient with you and merely made the necessary deduction from your pay. This time it is indeed a different story. And besides, Miss Kelly, I've been hearing things about you. You're not satisfied with things here. You're a troublemaker, Miss Kelly, you and that O'Conner girl I had to get rid of this morning. I'll have you know, I won't have you and others like you spreading discontent. My employees are satisfied with things as they are, and they don't want to join your union! You can go now!"

Mary stared at him without moving, her eyes suddenly cold and sharp as steel, her lips tense. So this was the usual way to "get rid" of his oldest employees—those who were getting sick and tired of working nine hours every day, twelve on Saturday, for a lousy ten bucks. Mary felt her high-voltage Irish temper start to sizzle. She jumped to her feet.

"Listen, if it were only me, I could stand it, see? But it ain't. There happens to be six kids in our fam-

ily. The old man is getting only three days' work, and I've got a couple of brothers out of work so long they've forgotten what a buck looks like. And that ain't all, see? Sadie O'Conner's mother has got to have a doctor or she'll die. She'll die—do you hear—DIE!"

Ephraim flicked the ashes off his cigar. "I'm not the slightest bit interested in your family affairs, or Sadie's either. . . . I've got cares enough of my own."

Mary now realized her mistake in thinking that such a man could be appealed to, a man who was interested in human life and death only to the extent of being the winner in a game where his workers were the pawns. She tossed her head back and laughed derisively, almost hysterically. "You've got cares—NUTS! How would you like to go home every night to a dirty three-room flat in a dumpy slum tenement so crowded with kids and broken-down furniture that you couldn't move around? Wouldn't like it, would you?"

Ephraim sniffed disdainfully and glanced uneasily at the ceiling, running his finger along the gold watchchain draped on his chest. He tried to compose his dignity by lighting another cigar but his fingers shook so badly he burnt them. Didn't she realize who he was? He'd teach her some respect for authority.

He snapped forward, the blue veins in his beefy neck swollen to purplish ridges, his puffy cheeks bloated like red balloons. "Now you listen here, Miss Kelly. I'm the owner around here and what I say goes, get it? Do you think I'm paying you girls to tell me how to run my business? What's more, I must protect myself from scheming employees." He jabbed his cigar like a knife to emphasize this last point.

"Scheming employees!" Mary echoed contemptuously. "That's a laugh! Why, I don't get enough in a week to keep you in cigars. You talk about scheming! I have to go without lunch every day so's I can buy these clothes I got on. I guess YOU never have to worry about how to make money go farther when we girls are saps enough to dump it into your lap every week."

"But, my dear Miss Kelly," snapped Ephraim impatiently and a little too cordially, rising out of his chair to force her to go. I need every one of my employees here every day regardless of home conditions or anything else. If they're not . . . well, I can always get some more and pay them less besides!"

"Why, the only difference between you and a crook is that he does his stealing outside the law," Mary shot back over her shoulder as she slammed the door behind her.

"WHAT'S the matter, Mary," asked Ruth as Mary started to put on her coat. "Don't tell me you're canned too!"

Mary nodded, her slender body trembling with sobs.

"Did Wilson see you punching in late?"

"No, but a floorwalker did," said Mary, jamming her well-worn felt down over her shiny black hair.

"Why, the dirty rat," Ruth exclaimed with heated

emotion, doubling up her fist. "Just wait till that little Hitler comes by here again."

"Then you'll be canned!"

"Damn it, we'll all be canned before we let them pull any more of their filthy tricks. They've gone too far this time. It's time this place was organized. C'mon, you're coming with me at lunchtime and tell the girls your story. . . ."

By one o'clock most of the girls had gone out on their noonhour but not one of them had returned. The three that were left in the store felt funny about being alone so they quit and marched outside to join the others. Hundreds of irate shoppers were walking around, aimlessly trying to get someone to wait on them. The floorwalkers pounded on the door of Ephraim's office in a frenzy.

"Mr. Wilson, come out at once! We're losing hundreds of dollars worth of business while our salesgirls stand outside on the sidewalk. They demand to see you at once. Oh, it's terrible, awful!"

"What?" bellowed Ephraim throwing open the door, his face distorted with rage. His eyes, scurrying wildly about, saw the unattended counters mobbed with angry customers clamoring for service.

"Don't stand there, you fools . . . get some other workers. Heaven knows there's plenty of girls just begging for a job," he barked.

"But where?" remonstrated a runty floorwalker, his arms extended in a gesture of hopelessness.

In the meantime, a dozen floorwalkers were doing yeoman service, fumbling change, ringing up cash registers.

in a futile attempt to keep ahead of the customers. Ephraim ran here and there, growling orders until he saw the impossibility of the situation.

"Well, goddamit, bring them in and I'll see what they want," he moaned as the cheering girls outside surged into the store. "By God, I can't be without efficient help for the rest of the week."

Mary led the victory march into Wilson's private office. Now Ephraim was soft and ingratiating. "Just a little misunderstanding, you know. Bound to happen in the best of families. And we are one big happy family, aren't we, girls?"

"Cut the soft soap," interrupted Mary. "Here it is . . . all in writing . . . just sign on the dotted line."

A piece of paper fluttered down past his beak and settled on the desktop. The name of the department store employees union stood out in simple, dignified type. Ephraim scanned the contents carefully, mumbling under his breath, "Vacations with pay . . . wage increases . . . better working conditions, as follows . . . reinstatement of recently discharged employees unless proven incompetent . . . hmmmm!" Then he looked up with as melancholy an expression as a hound dog's on his stupid face. He did his best to force his lips into something resembling a smile.

Mary stared coldly.

He grabbed his pen and signed.



RINGSIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

Specific suggestions on how to organize and conduct a state or local political campaign have just been prepared by the national office of Labor's Non-Partisan League in a special handbook.

The handbook, "How to Organize and Conduct a Local Political Campaign," outlines a general policy for labor campaigners and then sets forth a 7-point program of political action. It tells how to set up a ward and precinct organization.

"If labor is to be effective in political action," the handbook points out, "its activities must be carefully planned. Careful, thorough organization by labor and progressives can elect the kind of men and women labor wants in office; but no amount of enthusiasm or optimism will win unless we *plan* the work."

Labor campaigners are instructed that a first step in any campaign is the issuance of a platform offering a positive program of honest government.

"Experience has shown," the handbook says, "that labor's effectiveness in politics is injured when it pitches its campaigns on too narrow a note." It adds: "The issue, in broad terms, should be stated in terms of progressive and efficient government."

"This is desired not only by union members but by nearly all other elements. Serious efforts should be directed to show this similarity in aims and to educate uninformed persons on the broad meaning of the word 'labor'."

Registration of voters is stressed as the first object of the precinct workers. The League advises that the facts on how, where and when voters can register should be given extensive publicity.

How to canvass voters is another subject treated in the handbook. Other phases of campaigning touched on in the handbook of the League relate to rallies and parades, work in unions,

election day plans and challengers inside the polls while the votes are being counted.

Copies of this handbook are being sent to active leaders in Labor's Non-Partisan League. Extra copies are available at the League at 5 cents each or \$3 a hundred. The League's address is Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C.

Editors of trade union publications should get regular releases from the Social Security Board. Write to the *Social Security Board*, Press Service, Room 402, 1712 G Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Make sure the editor of your organization bulletin or trade union paper sees this.

Walter Gordon Merritt, an over-ripe reactionary attorney and highly paid open shop advocate, has recently pushed forth his claim as a champion of human liberty.

Read Merritt's statement carefully as quoted from *Social Control of Industrial Warfare*: "Strikes to enforce a closed shop policy are strikes against human liberty. Men may argue about it, and philosophers may write treatises on the subject, but when the debate is closed, there is no gainsaying the proposition that a national closed shop policy enforced by industrial warfare is incompatible with the principles of liberty."

But we think this is a pretty good answer: However strong his "humanitarian" considerations, we cannot agree with Mr. Merritt as to the above proposition. We do not accept his interpretation of the true meaning of "liberty." Does liberty to exploit human labor on a starvation basis hit Mr. Merritt's mark? Do long hours and inhuman working conditions fit into his conception of human liberty?

Mr. Merritt's open shop backers, as well as Mr. Merritt himself, have a peculiar conception of human liberty. Enormous profits for the few at the expense of the many—that they conceive to be true liberty. Wages so low that workers cannot supply the barest necessities of life for their children—that they call human liberty.

Labor history teaches us that workers cannot depend upon the "good faith" of their employers. Low wages, long hours, inhuman working conditions, these prevail where unions do not exist. Strikes and the closed shop are, therefore, necessary instruments in the struggle against economic slavery.

—*Allied Union News*,
Allied Union Club, Inc.,
New York City

Popeye or Barnacle Bill?

There have been in the past, and probably will be in the future, many references to the seaman of today as the modern Popeye or Barnacle Bill.

Popeye is portrayed as the proverbial strong man, but not until he has learned to unite with another source of strength, UNION Spinach.

The modern Salt of the briny deep has also learned his source of great strength, SOLIDARITY. Since the '37 Maritime Strike that word has become a synonym for seamen. Whenever you heard SOLIDARITY you also heard seamen spoken of in the same breath.

Popeye also has a tradition, dating back to his first pen and ink beginning, for fighting against overwhelming odds. When I walked off the SS Manhattan at the beginning of the last maritime strike, I thought it would be only a short time before the shipowners would be begging for mercy.

For three months it was a hard
(NEXT PAGE, PLEASE)

RINGSIDE

fight against not only shipowners but against traitors in our own ranks as well. Then, like Popeye opening his can of Union Spinach, we took time out to gather our forces, and with **SOLIDARITY** as our watchword, struck back a blow that knocked the shipowners off their feet and lifted us to new heights of esteem in the world of unionism.

Barnacle Bill is known to most of us as the roughest and toughest sailor



Gregor Duncan

in American fiction. Rough, tough, and ready for anything.

That's the description of seamen today. Rough with what they term Ryan's Dock Rats, they are ever ready to defend what they fought so hard to build. They deal roughly with disrupters and stoolpigeons.

Tough with shipowners? Just ask one of these birds! They even go so far as to cry on Joe Curran's shoulder that the men on the ships have it in for them and are trying to crucify the men who feed the seamen (*I've seen this with my own eyes, ask Joe*) but I haven't seen the shipowners start a soup kitchen down on the waterfront! Seamen are tough when it comes to asking for clean white linen. Tough when it comes to asking for a decent place to sleep, and tougher yet when it comes to asking for a decent meal aboard ship. Sure they're tough!

Now let us look at the picture we've painted of the modern Salt. Strong in **SOLIDARITY**, a fighter against all reaction, rough with stool-

pigeons and rats, and tough with shipowners.

A combination of Popeye and Barnacle Bill . . . 1938 model.

—*Tex Browning,*
National Maritime Union,
New York City

"Hitler's price to the rest of the world for peace apparently is that they shall turn the other cheek and say 'Thank you.' Let those who value freedom say whether the price will be paid."

—*The Guild Reporter,*
American Newspaper Guild

More than 100 union locals have in the past two days forwarded their resolutions in support of the O'Connell Peace Act to the American League for Peace and Democracy, which is conducting a campaign for the bill's passage in order to deny the economic resources of this country to aggressor nations.

Support for the O'Connell bill, which defines aggressor nations, closes American markets to them and opens our markets to aggressors' victims, and makes concerted action to quarantine the aggressor, is expressed in a resolution passed by locals of the United Mine Workers, American Federation of Musicians, United Furniture Workers, American Federation of Teachers, United Hotel and Restaurant Workers, International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers, Fur Workers Union, Bakery and Confectionery Workers, Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, Brotherhood of Painters, Department Store Employees Union, National Maritime Union, Textile Workers Organizing Committee, United Brotherhood of Carpenters.

The locals which have to date passed the resolutions represent a membership of over 100,000 and are

scattered throughout the country in Utah, Texas, New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, South Carolina, Kansas, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, Illinois, New Hampshire, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Alabama and California.

The resolution passed by the unions follows:

Whereas: During recent years the civilized world has witnessed aggressive action on the part of the Fascist nations of the World to impose their vicious principles and policies upon democratic countries, and

Whereas: Such encroachments by the Fascist nations have been extended to wars of aggression upon smaller nations and the subjugation of the peoples of such weaker nations in the most brutal and inhuman manner, and

Whereas: The Trade Unions in these Fascist nations have been smashed to the detriment of all labor, and

Whereas: At a time when peoples and most governments wish peace and security the threat of war hangs heavy over all, and

Whereas: The menace to our peace and prosperity cannot be avoided by a policy of closing our eyes to aggression, a policy which makes no distinction between right and wrong because of its denial of the moral order in the world,

Therefore, Be It Resolved that Local No. . . . , Name , representing members, go on record in support of *President Roosevelt's* policy of quarantining the aggressors, and

Be It Further Resolved that we support the *O'Connell Peace Act* (H J Res 527).

(NEXT PAGE, PLEASE)

RINGSIDE

Suggestion to the American Newspaper Guild; International Typographical Union, Local 6; International Pressmen and Assistants Union; International Photo Engravers Union, and others:

How about a daily newspaper project at the World's Fair to be staffed from your unemployed lists? Circulation possibilities at a nickel per. Advertising possibilities unlimited. Equipment, the finest, can be obtained thru a tie-up, because the whole plant and publication operations will be open to the public. A joint board of the above unions should get to work on this immediately before some wiseguy floats something privately to the detriment of unemployed newspapermen, linotypers, compos, pressmen, etc. Complete management, etc., should be in the hands of the Joint Board only.

Let's hear from you brothers on this. . . . New York's unemployed in the newspaper field need this project and the World's Fair is the place for it.

A Letter to the Business Manager:

Dear Bill:

Received your bill
Against my will
So, enclosed find dollar bill—

For I know that empty must
be your till,
But please don't mope
I'm not a dope,
It won't be long until . . .
You hope,

Frank Chesnik,
Milwaukee, Wis.

P.S.—It must be Spring. . . . Ho Hum!

(**Editor's Note:** We print all poetry (Ahem!) that can rhyme dollar bill with the same purpose in mind as the above.)

According to the newspapers, Merlin H. Aylesworth, Big Boss of the National Broadcasting Company, was recently appointed publisher of the New York *World-Telegram*.

This is just another little item to prove that the master propagandists in different fields have no qualms in flaunting their intimacies in the faces of those naive enough to believe that banks, radio corporations and the advertisement-subsidized press don't all

crawl under the covers together and perhaps, by accident, discuss policies pertinent to politics, etc.

Special Note to Henry Blum of Chicago and Louis Petrigni of Cleveland, Ohio: We're working on the stuff. Have patience and thanks a lot.

(NEXT PAGE, PLEASE)



Ah . . . Spring! Birds! Bees! Flowers! Budding trees . . . and Czechoslovakia!

RINGSIDE

During the 1935-37 recovery period wages in many establishments—north and south—have been as low as 10c, 15c, and 20c an hour and the work week 44 to 54 hours long. Now sweatshoppers, while lengthening the work week, are cutting wages still lower, and are dragging the whole country down to their sweatshop level.

Facts and figures, showing how widespread these bad working conditions in industry are, are presented in a new booklet just issued by Labor's Non-Partisan League.

Packed with information taken from government and business surveys, the League booklet shows to what extent all economic groups in the nation—the farmers, the merchants, the salesmen, the fair employers, and the professional groups—suffer when the wages and employment of workers are cut and how much they gain when the workers' incomes are raised.

The booklet is crammed with facts which prove that industry cannot or will not on a voluntary basis improve existing working conditions, and that Federal Wage and Hour legislation is the only effective method that can correct quickly enough the employment conditions which are driving us into another crisis.

The booklet, "Support Fair Labor Standards in Industry," can be obtained from the national headquarters of the League, Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., at 5c per copy.

The manuscript of George Seldes' new book *You Can't Do That*, which Modern Age will publish on April 18th, was first offered to another publisher. It was refused on the grounds that a quotation Seldes used at the head of one of his chapters was a "seditious and treasonable statement." The quotation reads: "If we want to be free, we must fight."

What the publisher's reader apparently did not know is that the author of that quotation is none other than Patrick Henry.

In every community where WPA and Federal projects have been established, trade unionists and all progressive citizens must be on the alert. Within these projects we often find men or women in high positions who are secretly opposed to the very project which they are directing. This opposition does not manifest itself immediately, but will be evidenced over a period of time by violent attacks upon project unions; unfair dismissals, by trumped up charges, of men and women who seek to perfect and advance their projects; conniving to place people with "connections"; direct sabotage of production by confused orders or sudden reversals of plans; open anti-Semitism and studied jimcrowism, etc.

These saboteurs make possible the appointments of stoolpigeons to watch workers who might express the simple thought that Americans need peace, jobs and security. Workers thus expressing themselves are listed as "reds", and a campaign of administrative persecution begins against them.

The Recession has awakened trade union interest in WPA and Federal projects. Trade unionists must investigate their community's projects. Ask the background of administrators and so-called bigshots. Are their policies anti-labor? Are they interested in project achievement? What are the workers' complaints? Is there Negro discrimination? Is there anti-Semitism?

The Federal Theatre Project Supervisors Council, New York City, has just issued a 24-page oversize pamphlet titled "Murder in the Federal Theatre." This is the most detailed, documented and timely indictment

of saboteurs in the Federal Theatres we have seen.

Men like Edward Goodman, Lucius Moore Cook, Charles B. Ryan, Jr., Morris Watson and others, have worked tirelessly to make the theatre project an efficient, effective people's theatre. But there has been sabotage in high places.

The people of New York City, thru their trade unions and mass organizations, should read "Murder in the Federal Theatre" and act on it immediately.

Excerpt from a letter:

"I was given the CHAMPION at our



District Conference held here on February 26-27. It was the first time I had seen it.

"I would say it is the ideal family magazine."

—Mrs. S. Stamos,
Detroit, Mich.

"In resistance to Fascism, labor is the key factor. The great masses of working people have most to lose and least to gain from the destruction of democracy.

"Where labor is solidly organized behind aggressive and determined leadership, it is the backbone of the democratic defense. But where it is weak, or its leaders are spineless and yielding, Fascism sees an invitation to advance."

—The Ledger,
United Office &
Professional Workers
Of America, CIO

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)

CAMERA...

by
LUCY ASHJIAN

Member
PHOTO LEAGUE

The other day a fellow camera-enthusiast told me that he had been bitten badly by the photographic bug a couple of years ago. He bought a camera and started taking pictures. He also bought a developing-and-printing outfit, and in a frenzy of ambition tried overnight to master every process that goes into making a good print. Between one roll of bad pictures and the next, he consulted everyone from his photo supplies salesman to a fellow in the office. He tried to combine the different bits of advice and found it didn't make sense. In short, he was getting more confused every day.

Finally, he met a man whose name is well-known in photographic circles and whose work is top-notch. This photographer had gone through the same kind of experience—only on a higher plane. He had studied chemistry . . . the photographic emulsion . . . the properties of different papers, etc. He had even gone abroad to trace down the secret of certain chemical processes.

What do you suppose his final conclusion was? And the advice he gave the boy?

The most important technical thing in photography, he said, is *exposure*.

Because it is so fundamental, the value of correct exposure cannot be overestimated.

We are told that modern films have such wide latitude (about one to five) that we don't have to worry about exposure. This means that if the normal exposure for a particular subject is three seconds, a one-second or five-second exposure will give an equally correct *ratio* of silver deposit between the dark and light portions of the negative. If equally developed, in other words, all three negatives are capable of producing the same print.

This is not only debatable, but it is small consolation to the photographer who wants to know the least amount of

exposure that will yield a good negative. Even if you are lucky enough to have a fast lens, say *f* 3.35 or faster, aren't there many times when you want to stop down your diaphragm, in order to get the background and foreground in sharp focus? Many a good picture is spoiled because some important element in it is distractingly unsharp. Yet if you stop down, you have to sacrifice shutter speed; and you can't always do that unless you are taking a still life, or architectural detail, or something of that sort.

You have to keep all these things balanced in your head at the same time—depth of focus, shutter speed, intensity of light, and film speed—all in relation to correct exposure. Nor is it advisable to calculate too closely on the under side of the limit of correct exposure. Somewhere you may have slipped.

There are various devices by which you can get a reading of light. To begin with the simplest, there are the exposure *calculators*, in the form of charts, such as the Wellcome, the Presto, and others. You set these according to the time of year, the time of day, the shutter speed

and diaphragm opening, the weather conditions, and the type of subject. This kind of meter calls for a great deal of individual judgment particularly in the absence of mechanical instruments.

The next, from the standpoint of accuracy, is the extinction type of meter. These contain a series of numbers through which the light is viewed. The highest visible number becomes the reading. The Drem, the Lioscop, the Instoscope, and the Leudi are among those built on this principle. They are not so accurate as the photo-electric cell, the third type, but it is remarkable how close even such an inexpensive meter as the Leudi can come to the reading of the Weston.

The Weston is a photo-electric cell sensitive to light. It is the best known of this type of meter, though there are others on the market too, the newest one to have made its appearance being the General Electric meter.

Different films have different speeds, of course, and the meter has to be set for the particular film rating.

Even with such scientific instruments as these, exposure is not too easy to calculate. You may have a subject in which the range from shadow to highlight is so great that your film hasn't the latitude to record detail in both. Then you must decide, from the standpoint of your picture, where it is better to sacrifice detail, and gauge your exposure accordingly. Read the directions which come with your meter carefully and decide what to do if you have a low key subject (predominantly dark) or a high key subject (predominantly light).

Then set yourself the task of getting correctly-exposed negatives. Don't try to learn developing and printing right at first. Pick out a good photo-finisher. The normal, average development he will give your film will help you judge the correctness of your exposure.



"In a democracy the government, which is representative of the people, endeavors not only in theory but in actual practice, to establish a decent and ever-improving standard of living; it seeks to afford each person an opportunity to work under modern conditions of service and pay; it strives to make possible the means for a broad education and to provide recreational facilities for the whole population so as to encourage an intelligent and fruitful leisure."

—Harold L. Ickes

U. S. Secretary of the Interior
in SCHOLASTIC

BOOKS...

A few months ago, a new publishing house, Modern Age Books, Inc., amazed the book world by issuing ten new books at the unheard-of prices of 25 cents and 35 cents. This list was followed by another group of books—reprints of well-known classics, popular fiction and non-fiction.

And now, Modern Age adds another feature to its regular program of bringing fine low-cost books into the homes of every American by inaugurating a popular book subscription plan. Modern Age Book Service, as it is called, is an organization frankly devoted to circulating important, informational books of a progressive character.

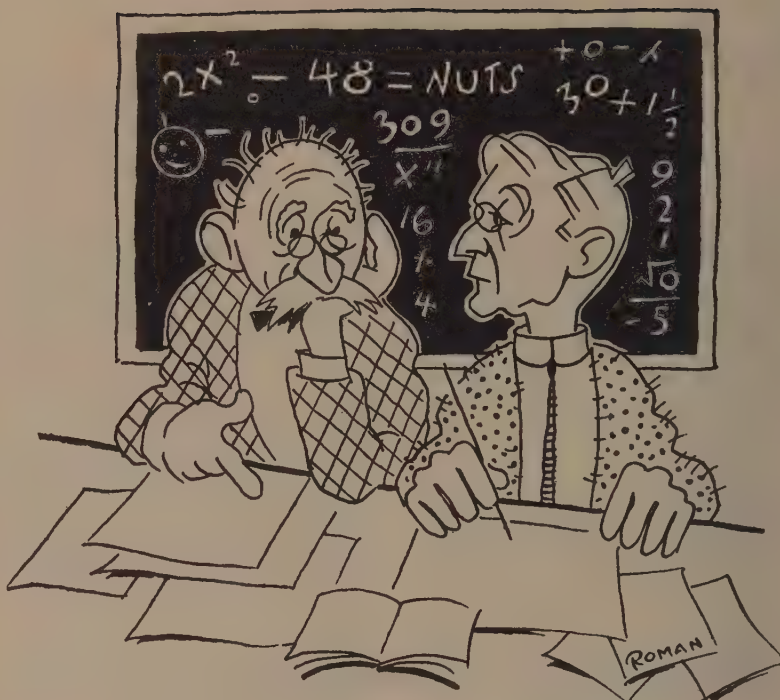
Subscribers to Modern Age Book Service receive twelve books a year, mailed two-at-a-time every sixty days. These books are similar in printing and typography to those already published by Modern Age Books, Inc. But there is one important difference! Most regular Modern Age books are bound in card covers. Book Service selections will be bound in substantial board covers, in editions that will not be for general sale. It is felt that while card covers are eminently satisfactory for regular Modern Age Books, the Book Service selections constitute a unique reference library that will be read and re-read many times. Only subscribers will receive this extra value. Subscribers also receive free every sixty days, "Modern Age News," the official publication of Modern Age Book Service. It will contain original articles of criticism and information, reviews, comments and features by well-known writers.

In addition, subscribers receive special book premiums at regular intervals for renewal of subscriptions and for volunteer subscription solicitation.

And the cost is only \$6 a year. In other words, at a cost of less than 2c a day, less than the cost of one daily paper, subscribers receive twelve outstanding new books, other free books as premiums, and an annual subscription to "Modern Age News."

All Book Service selections are made from the list of Modern Age Books. As for the type of books to be offered, it is the intention of the publishers to cover all fields of reader interest—history, biography, science and general cultural subjects as well as books dealing with some aspect of political or social life.

The Modern Age Book Service is performing a great educational service by providing books of the kind described at prices the public can afford, not only for the progressive-minded public of this country, but for those broad sections of the American people who, in recent years, have been shaken loose from an unquestioning acceptance of the status quo.



"But I still feel that way . . . every Spring!"

RADIO...

by Skyrider

Last month we covered the beginnings of amateur radio and the origin of the word "hams." We carry on.

When the United States entered the war in 1917, all amateur licenses were revoked by government edict. "Hams," however, were a definite asset as they provided a made-to-order signal corps. Many of them served as operators and instructors. The reissuing of licenses, a year after the war ended, opened a new page in the history of amateur radio.

The vacuum tube had been developed to the point where it largely replaced spark and arc equipment. The tube being a more efficient device, coast-to-coast communication became more common.

In 1921, Paul Godley went to Europe. Setting up a receiving station in Scotland, Godley listened for and logged a considerable number of American stations. Moreover, several British, Russian, French and Spanish stations were heard here. In 1923, station IMO and IXAM contacted 8AB in France and spoke for three hours on 110 meters. The ocean had been spanned without the use of wires—and on a wavelength that had been given over to amateur use because it was thought impossible to use, commercially or otherwise!

A movement through the Ham Kingdom started—a movement downward.

Down to 100 meters became the order of the day. Two-way transatlantic communication became quite common. With the new territory proven thoroughly practical, the usual thing happened. Dozens of commercial companies stepped in and started building stations at 100 meters and rapidly appropriated the erstwhile "ham" territory.

Down went the "hams"—80 meters . . . 40 meters . . . 20 meters. All were opened up, all thoroughly proved, and apparatus was made to iron out the specific difficulties each presented. Finally, at government conferences, small bands of frequencies were sectioned off and given to the hams. One at 160 meters, one at 80 meters, one at 40, 20, 10 and 5 meters, and this against the vigorous protest of the commercial pirates. No more the vast territory below 200 meters . . . now proven and tried, and therefore just another juicy melon to split.

(To Be Continued)

The first part of the above was presented in the March issue of *The CHAMPION* with a brief outline of what this column will offer in the next few months. Copies may be obtained from *The CHAMPION*, 799 Broadway.

73's for the moment,
Skyrider



SCHOOLS FOR WORKERS

A department of advertisements for your convenience

NEW THEATRE SCHOOL

The increasing number of vital New Theatres in Trade Union, Youth, and Fraternal organizations demonstrates the unequaled success of dramatics as an educational and activating force. These amateur theatres, however, need an artistic and technical skill equal to the importance of their social message.

In answer to this demand, the NEW THEATRE SCHOOL, with the help of cultural directors of Trade Unions and other organizations, has planned a National Training School for this summer. This intensive eight weeks' course will include classes in acting, directing, voice,

body movement, scenic and costume design, make-up and lighting. Classes will be given in audience organization, publicity, and theatre management. Particular attention will be paid to such problems as the adaptation of scripts and the analysis of current issues for dramatization.

Special discounts will be made to organizations sponsoring scholarships for their members.

For detailed information, write the NEW THEATRE SCHOOL, 132 West 43rd Street, or call CHickering 4-8198.

SOCIAL DANCE GROUP

A great many men and women these days, who want to learn to dance and have found the usual school beyond their means, or too commercialized, or too formal, are discovering the SOCIAL DANCE GROUP, under the direction of Harry and Miriam Pallas, where for a nominal charge dance defects are expertly analyzed and corrected in a friendly atmosphere.

Here, in addition to getting the right kind of instruction in carefully graded classes, special practice parties are organized in which you have the opportunity to try out newly acquired steps. Advanced private lessons are available, of course, for those who already know how to dance.

There are classes for beginners in Waltz, Fox-trot, etc., on Mondays and Thursdays from 6 to 9 p.m., and on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from 6 to 8. From 8 to 12 p.m. every evening from Monday to Thursday,

the studio is open for practicing, and on weekend nights there is special entertainment and dancing from 8 p.m. on.

Classes for the summer season close at the end of April.

Registration from 2 to 10 p.m. daily except Sunday. The Studio is conveniently located at 94 Fifth Ave., between 14th and 15th Sts.; telephone GRamercy 5-9264—Affiliated ADA.

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RINGSIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

A contest with prizes of \$1,000, open to all American college students, sponsored by the League of American Writers in conjunction with the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and the American Student Union, is under way. The subject of the contest is "The anti-fascist struggle in Spain today, and its relation to the general welfare of the American citizen of tomorrow." No particular method of treatment is required; the material may be either poetry or prose, film or radio script, fiction, drama, or essay. There are no limits as to length.

The judges include Elliot Paul, Donald Ogden Stewart, Jean Starr Untermeyer, H. V. Kaltenborn, Robert Morss Lovett, and Clifford Odets.

Excerpt from a Letter:

"That reminds me, right now I'm getting 5 Champs a month. Beginning with the April edition I wish you would send me 10 Champs a month. I hope to raise this in the next few months and at the same time get some subs.

"Another thing is that you are to be congratulated on the new Champ. It's one of the best magazines I've seen. Reading it is a lot easier on the eyes now with the enlarged type. All in all I think that you should be able to reach more people with the new Champ because Youth can't help but be interested when they see a mag that appeals as the Champ does.

"Hoping to hear of bigger and better success, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

Lou Geller,
Albany, N. Y.

P.S.—Don't forget the 10 Champs beginning with the April edition."

Bohdan Baynert, 23 years old, whose cartoon appears on page 9 of this issue, has also done work for the *United Automobile Worker*. Lives in Detroit and shows promise.

(NEXT PAGE, PLEASE)

RINGSIDE

Reaction Is Opposed to True American Principles, Culture and Civilization:

In 1914, Wall Street found it easy to arouse the people against their labor-unionist brothers and the lovers of peace in this country. However, when they tried to raise the red-scare against Roosevelt and other liberals in 1936, they found it didn't work any more.

The people are waking up here as they are waking up all over the world today. They are able to see through the lies of the reactionaries. They realize that where Fascism rules in the world the people face starvation so that their millionaires may become wealthy and their governments be able to continually prepare for war

and more war . . . war on democratic countries.

World Fascism, today, plans an unceasing campaign against world democracy, civilization and culture. A nation chained to Fascism cannot advance. Instead, it goes back to barbarism . . . all great intellectuals are killed or jailed . . . all of the finest literature is destroyed. In a fascist country, the least vestiges of freedom, culture and civilization are not to be found. Individual initiative is smothered. Progress has stopped and the nation has in reality ceased to live.

Thus, we see that fascism has no place in America, the shrine of liberty and democratic government.

True American ideals of freedom, liberty and democracy are opposed to reaction. The teachings of Christ are opposed to Fascist teachings. Fascism teaches the people to hate their Jew neighbor, their trade unionist neighbor and any neighbor that has ideas the Rulers don't approve. Christ teaches us to "Love thy neighbor as thyself." . . . Christ teaches us love for our fellowman. Fascism is the teaching of hate.

The rich manufacturer naturally wouldn't believe in loving his neighbor as himself since he believes in hoarding the wealth that his workers produce.

Christ teaches tolerance. Even when he was on the cross he had only love and pity for those that crucified him. Fascism teaches intolerance.

We must stop Fascism now! Only if we drop our intolerance and prejudice against our fellowman and unite with him can we stop Fascism in this country and the world.

All fighters for peace, freedom, democracy and progress have become the real defenders of civilization and all it exemplifies.

—James E. Johnston,
Lavinia, Minn.

From *AYA Youth*, published by the National Executive Committee, Armenian Youth of America: "Of course, only God can make a tree. But when corporation lawyers turned stacks of papers into living persons capable of living in 48 states at the same time, that wasn't a slouch of a job either."

(NEXT PAGE, PLEASE)

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dent Union. France, Austria, Czecho-
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RINGSIDE

Garrison Films, Inc., is releasing a new film called *Death Follows the Rising Sun*, which deals in a dramatic and exciting manner with the Japanese invasion of China and the activities of the boycott movement in America. The film depicts authoritatively and in a graphic fashion, China's great culture and her movement towards mass education. This, in turn, is followed by a survey of Japan and a presentation of the life of the people on this island empire with a full and lucid explanation, showing how the entire economy of the country is geared to the production of silk, the income of which is turned into munitions. The need and value of a boycott is then clearly set forth.

What makes the film of particular

interest is the fact that it was produced specifically for organizational use and consequently is of the utmost importance in the growing campaign to stop Japanese aggression. It is a 16mm. silent film with superimposed titles by the prominent poet, Muriel Rukeyser.

An excellent item for an evening performance at your trade union, etc.

We would like to call your special attention to the back cover advertisement by Modern Age Books, Inc. This is a real opportunity to build CHAMPION circulation and get yourself connected with a new and inexpensive book service. Modern Age sponsors the Blue, Red and Gold Seal series. Some of the books are *The Labor Spy Racket* by Leo Huberman; *Men Who Lead Labor* by Bruce Minton and John Stuart; *Twelve Against the Gods* by William Bolitho; *They Shall Inherit the Earth* by Morley Callaghan, and many more.

Read over the advertisement carefully. If you don't care to or don't have to extend your subscription for six months, subscribe to Modern Age and give a six months CHAMPION sub to a friend, fellow-unionist or fraternal brother.

But there is a lot of information space forces us to omit. Drop Modern Age a line. They'll tell you more about it.

Bert Morton, author of PROFITS—AND NO PROTECTION, in this issue, has just turned 17 and has lived all his life in Brooklyn. He was graduated from Abraham Lincoln High School in January. He was sports editor of the *Lincoln Log*, the school newspaper, a position which enabled him to become acquainted with the sports situation there. In his Senior term he was honored by being invited to the Senior Honor Recep-

tion, restricted to outstanding seniors. Recently, he was invited to join the Lincoln Society, whose membership is selected by Dr. Gabriel R. Mason, principal, from the outstanding male members of each graduating class.

He has been a scholastic sports reporter for the *New York Times* and the *New York World-Telegram*. He has also been a radio actor, playing a leading role in a serial play over WNYC two years ago.

Bert is now a freshman at Brooklyn College and on the staff of the *Vanguard*, official school publication.

(NEXT PAGE, PLEASE)

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RINGSIDE

SPECTATORITIS

Nine out of ten have it. It is no respecter of age, nationality, creed, sex, or intelligence. It has not only been permitted to grow in our social disorder, but has actually been nurtured and abetted by various commercial interests.

Spectatoritis is the scientific name for this dread malady. However, you may recognize it by some of its more common symptoms:

1. Proclivity toward sitting down to a cheap movie or bally-hooed sports event, rather than the reading of a good play or novel or the actual participation in a game.

2. Passivity towards social reform initiated by thinking groups of our citizenry, allowing corrupt politicians to man the scene with impunity.

3. Indifference towards the many evils persisting and flourishing around us, such as: bad housing, crime, racial and class discrimination.

4. Apathy towards opportunities for co-operative group thinking and action on immediate programs within every community.

Granted that such diseases as tuberculosis, cancer, syphilis, and gonorrhea are a real menace to society, these will never be erased from the face of our nation until we *first* rid ourselves of this universal and chronic affliction—*spectatoritis*.

Social evils besetting us on all sides

are in need of immediate treatment and cure. But little can be done about them until we clear our systems of this most persistent and subversive of disorders—*Spectatoritis*.

—Marvin Rife,
Chicago, Ill.

Many letters expressed disappointment because our women's page, *Miss America*, was left out of the March



issue. This omission was no accident. Sophie Juried, who used to do all that research and answer all your letters, has fulfilled the dream of every good union sister. She recently married a crackerjack organizer for the Cafeteria Workers Union. Send your congratulations to Sophie via *Ringside*.

Beginning with the May issue the women's page returns. But this time we are taking no chances with so many high pressure union organizers still eligible! Mary Booth, the new women's page editor, is happily married to Owen Booth, well-known young New York writer.

RECREATION FOR WORKERS

BROADWAY TABLE TENNIS COURTS...

The BROADWAY TABLE TENNIS COURTS is a rendezvous for leading table tennis players and title holders, and is the official headquarters for the Metropolitan Table Tennis Association, for personal instruction by appointment, day or evening.

Activities include weekly tournaments, open to the public, held on Tuesday (handicap) and Friday evening (class A open at 9:00 o'clock sharp, and concluding the same night. Tournament entry fee is 25c, which includes use of tables, equipment, etc.

Regularly, tables are rented at 60c per hour. On Thursday nights, "Women's Nights", every woman accompanied by playing escort plays free of charge. Other activities sponsored by the courts include jiu-jitsu instruction for men and women.

The courts are located near BMT, IRT and Independent System subways, at 1721 Broadway, between 54th and 55th Streets, New York City. Pro-labor management.

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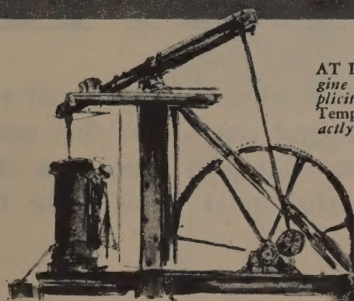
BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

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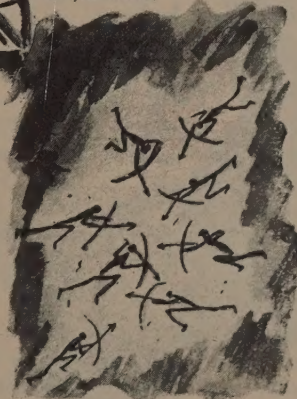
ABOVE: *The beginning of our modern orchestra. Jongleurs improvising a little concert while waiting for their dinner to get ready in the kitchen.*

AT RIGHT: *THE GENTLEMAN PAINTER. Rubens leaves his native town on a foreign mission.*



AT LEFT: *We admire the first steam engine of James Watt for its logical simplicity . . . but No. 1 of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord is beautiful for exactly the same reason.*

BELOW: *THE OLDEST PICTURE OF MAN: The creature, Van Loon points out, is engaged in his customary pastime of killing his fellowmen.*



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