

March
1939

The **Fight**

FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

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a Copy



SPAIN DEFENDS LIBERTY

By Fernando de los Rios

WE MUST LIFT THE EMBARGO • By Louis Fischer



While Japanese soldiers watch, a Chinese village burns after a naval and aerial bombardment

BURNING TOWNS

HOMES of the people going up in smoke are getting commonplace in our day. We hardly pause to look at the picture of a Chinese or Spanish town set afire by the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo aggressors. (And how long until *our* homes are fired by the Fascist torch?)

YES, even in spring it is necessary to cultivate our garden. And for us in our time, it is a job of weeding. Weeds grow faster than useful crops—and besides, a couple of the hired hands are planting them. Reach for the hoe, brother.

LIFE will be vindicated. War will be conquered. The people will rule. Democracy will win.

With the Readers

HOW our magazines are made:

AT the printer's stand the great presses, monstrous silent and reverent, waiting to be fed. They are much bigger than elephants, and their keepers move at their sides, the tiny bundles of brains and hands which direct them. In another place the linotype machines, smaller and somehow more mobile, gasp at the empty air. Over all hangs the strained atmosphere of feeding-time; the great beasts preserve an ominous quiet; attendants glance at one another with apprehension. Where is the leader?

THE reader sits before his typewriter. The man at the next desk is sitting before a picture. (At the engraver's, also, the lions must be fed.) There is a sheet of yellow paper in the typewriter. It, too, has a lean and hungry look. The reader types a line, using the touch system—and yet, not quite the touch system; he looks.

OUTSIDE, it is a spring day—take spring in February, and yet spring enough. The sky is as blue as blue glass, and the air as gentle as a kind word. Somewhere small boys must be making their way along a creek. And so winter is not to last forever, after all!

THE phone rings. It is a contributor. Why has there been no word on the manuscript? A simple question, but it requires a complex answer.

THE presses yawn, stretching their great mouths into which one could fall alive and vanish without leaving a trace. The linotype machines noisily rattle the bars of their cages.

OUTSIDE, it is spring.

IN the spring time, the only pretty ring time, when birds do ring, hey ding a ding, ding: sweet lovers love the spring.

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death. At some disputed barricade. When spring comes back with rustling shade. And apple-blossoms fill the air.

HE pounds the machine. No. Not Death. We have a date with Life. A spring day is no time for work or for war. It is a time of the promise of peace. Man and the earth awake, the new grass pushes up, and little pigs run in the fields.

Spring will come also for the brotherhood of man. At the moment, "Fascist triumphs" are registered; but where are the snows of yesteryear? Peace will not come easily, or of itself; for it is necessary that the aggressors be set firmly back—and back—and back. This is a job of some magnitude. But even a grass-seed must burst its shell. And there are blights in the natural kingdom. Man knows how to defeat them.

YES, even in spring it is necessary to cultivate our garden. And for us in our time, it is a job of weeding. Weeds grow faster than useful crops—and besides, a couple of the hired hands are planting them. Reach for the hoe, brother.

LIFE will be vindicated. War will be conquered. The people will rule. Democracy will win.

LET the presses roll.

THE FIGHT, March 1939



Chile's Popular Front president, Aguirre Corda, inspects the earthquake-stricken town of Talca

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The Contributors

THE COVER, a Black Star photograph, shows a *Loyalist* anti-aircraft gun on the *Estremadura* front.

LOUIS FISCHER, the well-known journalist, has been *The Nation's* correspondent in Spain since the outbreak of the Revolution.

DR. DON FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS, Spanish Ambassador to the United States, has won high esteem with the American public in presenting his country's case to our government and people. Dr. de los Rios has long been prominent in Spanish political life; he was one of the founders of the Republic and was a minister in the first Republican cabinet. He is also a distinguished educator, having been a professor of philosophy at the University of Granada and a visiting professor at Columbia University.

GOYA'S etchings, reproduced here, are from the *Desastres de la Guerra*, in which the great artist depicted the Napoleonic invasion of Spain and the resistance of the Spanish people which led to victory. Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes was born in 1746 and died in 1828.

TED ALLAN's book about the Spanish War, to be published shortly, will be called *This Time a Better Week*. Allan has been a correspondent for the *Federated Press* and the *Toronto Globe* in Spain.

JOHN GROTH has contributed to many of America's foremost publications.

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF's new book is titled *This Is War*, and subtitled "The People's Guide to Modern Warfare." It describes "the weapons and techniques of totalitarian combat of today and tomorrow" and deals with "the military lessons of the World War, Russian Revolution, invasion of Ethiopia, intervention in Spain, and hostilities in China."

WILLIAM GRAPPES has drawn for our pages on numerous occasions.

DAVID KARR is a former *Hearst* newspaperman who for the past year has been investigating Nazi and Fascist activities in the United States.

JACK REED lives in St. Louis, Missouri. His continued story beginning in this issue is by far the longest we have ever carried. We humbly request our contributors not to submit stories to us which are as long and as good as *Barnes Gaol*.

CHET LA MORE, who appeared also in our December and January issues, is active in the United American Artists.

W. L. BARNES covered last year's United States Congress for us, and lived to tell the tale; for here he is again.

M. L. McCLURKIN lives in Los Angeles, California.

PICTURES on pages five and twenty-three are by courtesy of the Spanish Information Bureau.

JOSEPH H. FRIEND is executive secretary of the Massilians Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy.

OFF THE PRESS

By Pam Flett

SEVEN AND A HALF MILLION—a 52-page, attractively printed and bound pamphlet, is just off the press. It contains the highlights of proceedings at the American Congress for Peace and Democracy held at Washington, D. C., in January, where over seven and a half million people were represented by delegates. Opening with *The People Must Speak Out*—Dr. Harry F. Ward's address to the Congress—the booklet includes the commission reports; the Program and Purpose of the American League for 1939; resolutions passed; reports of the organizational sub-sessions; the Constitution of the American League; list of national officers and national committee; extracts from several speeches; and a brief history of the League. Certainly no member of the League can participate effectively in activities without this pamphlet, and it is of interest as well to the general public. Ten cents a copy.

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"NAZI PENETRATION IN AMERICA," by Abraham Chapman, is another new pamphlet of first-rate timely importance. It deals with the activities of the German-American Bund and other Nazi organizations in this country, exposing their political aims, containing material on their strategy, and presenting a program to defend Democracy against their penetration. Five cents a copy.

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SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN...

THESE are child refugees from Czechoslovakia and Poland as they arrived in London for temporary sanctuary. "Most of them," reads the picture caption, "are children of Jewish refugees, whose parents have gone to other shelters."

CHILDREN driven from their homes to a strange land . . . their parents taken to other shelters . . . what kind of a world is this, anyway?

If you are not of the *species ostrichus*, but want to know what kind of a world this is—and what can be done about it, to make it the kind of a world it ought to be—then you belong with the readers of THE FIGHT FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY. For every month THE FIGHT brings you *reliable news* of happenings at home and in the four quarters of the earth . . . as well as *editorial comment* on the road to be taken in our present dilemma. Mail your subscription — at only \$1 a year—today!

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March 1939, THE FIGHT

The
Fight
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY
March, 1939



Bombardment refugees in a Madrid subway

We Must Lift the Embargo

There is no valid argument against our immediate action . . . An address delivered recently over Station WOR

By Louis Fischer

SUPPOSE Mexico or Chile were attacked by Germany, Japan and Italy. Would we deny arms to Mexico or Chile for self-protection? The embargo is wrong as a principle. In Spain, Franco who is a puppet of Mussolini and Hitler, has all the arms he needs. The Loyalist government, thanks to our embargo and its European counterpart, the non-intervention scheme, suffers from an arms shortage. America is therefore partly, perhaps largely, responsible for the defeats of the Loyalists. We have intervened in Spain against the Loyalists. We have been un-neutral. Our embargo has helped Franco. That means we have helped Hitler and Mussolini.

Lifting the embargo would not entangle the United States. The Spanish democrats have plenty of gold. The arms they bought here would become their property immediately. The arms would be shipped in non-American steamers. We could not possibly become involved. Mark this. We refuse to sell aeroplanes to Japan because she is an aggressor. But we have

no such prohibition against Germany and Italy which have invaded Spain. There is a war in China and a war in Spain. We sell arms to China but not to Spain. That is unreasonable. If we are not afraid that Japan will attack us for selling arms to China, are we afraid that Germany and Italy will come over here to attack us because we sell arms to the legal Spanish government?

Moreover, we sell aeroplanes to France because she is a democratic country. We want her to be stronger in case she is attacked by a Fascist aggressor. But we refuse to sell aeroplanes to the Spanish republic which is democratic and which has already been attacked by two Fascist aggressors. Is that logical? Is it just?

Lifting the embargo would make for world peace. Germany, Italy and Japan are aggressive and are engaged in wars. If I thought there was any sense in Mr. Chamberlain's policy of "appeasement" I would say let us appease the aggressors. But we see clearly that the more we "appease" the less peace there is. Before Japan had completely conquered Manchuria she marched into China. Before Italy had attempted the economic exploitation of Abyssinia she invaded Spain, and before the war in Spain was finished she demanded Tunis and Corsica. Hitler took Czechoslovakia and on the morrow he demanded the Ukraine. The more they get the more they ask. I have only one objection, therefore, to the policy of "appeasement": it does not appease. But the bully is often a coward. And I believe that Germany, Italy and Japan are economically so weak and so eaten up with the domestic discontent of disgruntled political and religious minorities that they would easily be checked without a war.

We must not help the aggressors with arms or oil or scrap iron. It is immoral to pay for the arms which subjugate free nations like China and Spain. We must help China and Spain. There is no valid argument against lifting the embargo.

THE FIGHT, March 1939

Spain Defends Liberty

In an address delivered at the Lawyers' Conference to Lift the Embargo, the Spanish Ambassador traces the growth of liberalism in his country

By Fernando de los Rios

ILLUSTRATED WITH ETCHINGS BY GOYA

SPANISH history is very complex because of the many races and cultures which have mingled on our soil for millenniums, each contributing something to the shaping of our national character and to the creation of Hispanic culture. It is difficult, therefore, to trace the fundamental causes of a social phenomenon of the vast proportions of the drama which is devastating my country, and here I can only outline a brief summary.

State and Religion

The Spanish nation as it existed in 1936, was formed in 1492. Since that unification was accomplished after warring against the Moors, the rulers of that period came to believe that national unity could be assured only through religious unity. In the wake of this unfortunate idea came the strengthening of the Inquisition, which had been established shortly before 1583, making of religion an attitude forced by the state on the individual rather than the

result of an intimate spiritual decision reached by the individual himself and passed on by him to the group. When it is declared that "for reasons of state" each individual must practise the official religion of the state or lose his citizenship, then a great intellectual tragedy arises. The methods by which such unity is attained reveal the two roads which civil history may follow: either dissenting groups are eliminated and intolerance is enthroned, or differences of opinion are overcome through law-abiding freedom; in other words, by accepting liberalism, the parent of tolerance. Spanish sovereigns chose the first course and cast out the Jews in 1492. The struggle of the Spanish religious minorities is little known, yet it is one of the most amazing and tragic chapters in the history of universal thought. From 1519 to 1554, that struggle grew in strength. But when Philip the Second ascended the throne, the desire to base nationality on purity of blood, on not mixing with non-Catholics, was accentuated. At

that time Spain defied the Papacy as well as leading churchmen of the day like the famous Cardinal Cayetano, who said, "If the Jews gave us Jesus, how can we insult them by maintaining that they remain unclean despite baptism?" The Spanish Church was full of Jewish and Moorish converts, and Philip the Second was thwarted. He did not succeed in attaining unity of blood, but he redoubled the persecution of all dissidents and made the Church itself second to the state. In short, both types of totalitarian state—the totalitarian state based on a single faith represented by the heads of the state and the totalitarian state based on purity of race—were tried out in Sixteenth Century Spain. That is the source of our present drama. The man who attempted to weld Spain into a united nation divided her for centuries. A 1564 decree declared that the canons of the Council of Trent were national legislation, and many of its precepts—especially those referring to the priesthood and to marriage—remained in force until the Republic was established in 1931.

Freedom of Worship

That type of state organization kept Spain from taking part in the religious wars of the Seventeenth Century. Spain had no Edict of Nantes and knew no absolute freedom of worship until it was proclaimed by the Republic in 1931. Anyone interested in understanding the core of the Spanish problem—that is, intolerance as the nemesis of the traditional state—must keep in mind the essential difference between Spanish Catholicism and Catholicism in other countries. For instance, here, in the United States, Catholicism was born and exists due to the concept of religious freedom which is the guiding idea of your nation and constitution. On the other hand, Spanish Catholicism fathered the Inquisition, the perfect weapon with which to bludgeon all desire for freedom of thought. Anyone who is interested in getting to the bottom of our tragedy should study the splendid statement condemning Hitler for his furious persecution of German Jews which was issued by the Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Reverend Michael T. Curley, in the name of every creed and race; then he should compare it with the statement made by the Bishop of Madrid-Alcala, as it appeared in the issue of October 18, 1938, of the *Gaceta del Norte*, a Spanish newspaper published in Bilbao, expressing his opposition to any mediation to end the Spanish war. Why? "Because," says the Bishop of Madrid-Alcala, "it is impossible to tolerate democratic liberalism, which is the mask of tyrannical Marxist absolutism." I call your attention to these words: "It is impossible to tolerate democratic liberalism." There is, therefore, no hope for freedom of conscience! The voice of the Inquisition still echoes over that part of Spain. And alas, the youth of the nation that carried out the Reformation are now on Spanish soil, fighting against democratic liberalism. They no longer fight for freedom of thought, but for intellectual slavery. They are the new converts. Likewise, the youth of the nation that created the magnificent cultural movement known as the Renaissance, are there too, but they no longer fight for the value of the individual, as did the great minds of the Renaissance, but to enslave him. After the passage of four centuries, all three groups are agreed on Philip the Second's theory of "turning the state into a church with no room for the dissident." All three coincide in denying liberty.

When the political upheaval which set off the French Revolution took place in Europe, Spain was



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

WITH OR WITHOUT REASON

shaken to her spiritual foundations. When Napoleon invaded the peninsula, he found there not only the eternal Spanish people, staunch defenders of liberty, but a people who in the midst of that terrible struggle were able to found a constitutional regime and who, in 1810, invented the word "liberal," which soon became a universal term. A nation does not create a concept unless its spiritual biology demands it. The word "liberal" expressed what Spaniards sought in the liberty-loving individual and in a humane and understanding attitude on the part of their governments accepting that ideal.

But the constitutional regime was not welcomed by the classes and institutions still having feudal powers. The King did not obey it willingly, and in agreement with the Holy Alliance, he favored the entrance of the French Army which the Congress of Verona sent to Spain in 1823. The Church did not become reconciled to it either. Instead, the Church became the chief supporter of the two civil wars which preceded this one: the war of 1834 to 1840 and the war of 1873 to 1876, when absolutists fought liberals. If the army and the landed oligarchy accepted the constitutional regime, it was only because they had reached an understanding with each other. They, as a consequence of this understanding, controlled the life of the state until at length the monarchy collapsed.

Life of the Peasants

Most of you are not acquainted with the misery of the lives of our peasants, who constitute over 72 per cent of the working population of Spain. All those extensive western and southern sections, which today you see on the map entirely under the domination of the rebels, were a zone where the average wage before the Republic was not over 50 cents, and in some sections as low as 25 cents a day. The social legislation enacted by the Republic increased the wages in cities and villages by an average of 50 per cent in the great agricultural districts.

Since over 72 per cent of the working population

of Spain has been engaged in agriculture, I will give you a few statistics to illustrate the social and economic conditions of my country. There is a sharp contrast in the agrarian economy of Spain between the northwest, Galicia, and the south, Andalusia, Extremadura and Salamanca—particularly the sections of Cadix, Seville and Cordova, in Andalusia—where the ownership of land is concentrated in the hands of a very small class.

I might be asked how it is possible that two economic and judicial facts, so vastly different as to be antithetical, can have the same effect. The answer is, that in both cases the masses are political vassals living under economic feudalism. The agrarian wage-earner in the southern region, as well as the small farmer in the north, are in constant need of a strong protector, the farmer to be able to earn a living, and the latter to find a supplementary income. The agrarian wage-earner in Spain is unemployed an average of about 180 to 200 days per year. Moreover, the wages received during the remaining working days are in themselves insufficient to cover the family needs, excepting perhaps during the period of the harvest. It is obvious, therefore, that the insufficient wages received during the period of employment force the people to live permanently below even the minimum living requirements.

As regards the small farmer on the other hand, the meager returns of his farm compel him con-

tinued on page 30)

ownership of the land in the hands of a few landowners, that the agricultural population in its overwhelming majority is made up of wage-earners. According to the census of land ownership of 1925, covering slightly more than one-third the area of Spain, the number of individual owners totalled 1,126,412, of which 847,548 obtained from their land a return of less than one peseta a day, or, in other words, less than 20 cents per day; 146,710 received a daily return of less than one dollar; and only 22,490 landowners obtained between one and four dollars per day. The remaining 9,004, representing the large landowners, had larger incomes than the combined incomes of all the others.

Today, we see in the hands of the rebels both the northern provinces of Galicia, where the land is so greatly subdivided that the farmers can barely make a living; and the southern provinces of Andalusia, Extremadura and Salamanca—particularly the sections of Cadix, Seville and Cordova, in Andalusia—where the ownership of land is concentrated in the hands of a very small class.

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THEY ARE PROUD

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America



March 1939, THE FIGHT

BARBARIANS!

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America



THE FIGHT, March 1939

Bombardment

It was some night, and Mickey was reciting poetry. Until ten o'clock everything was all right . . . A vivid story of what happens when the Fascist planes come over

By Ted Allan

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

EVERYTHING was all right up until ten o'clock. There was a full moon and if you let the warm wind play with your hair and watched the stars you could think of the most wonderful things.

Mickey had been yelling out the time all evening. Seven o'clock, all's well. Eight o'clock, all's very well. Nine o'clock, abbb! Ten o'clock, it's a night for love boys, it's a night for love. Then he got to reciting poetry. Many of the guys did that—suddenly got all poetic. Lucien, the French-Canadian from Montreal, called them "no-good intellectuals," *chans*, *rockers*. But sometimes a guy use't help getting romantic. People back home have a funny idea about the guys who went to Spain. The guys don't keep talking about the international situation every minute. Sure they discuss politics, economics. Sure they think. That's what makes them different from most soldiers, but a guy can't help getting sentimental once in a while.

Mickey finally got to talking about our generation and he said that it was the greatest generation that ever walked and would die on the face of this good old earth and I was getting sleepy. It was some night. The kind of a night you get dreaming about Spanish girls dancing and castanets clacking and music playing, you want to die it's so lovely.

A guy doesn't feel ashamed to talk about those things when he feels like that. Ordinarily it sounds slushy but there wasn't a break in the sky and the moon was brighter than anything you ever see back home. Millions and millions of stars. And then the boys all sitting around on their mattresses making the barracks look more like a rest home than a barracks, humming and talking low. Wine couldn't make you feel so warm and good inside. And Mickey began reciting things from the Bible. There's some beautiful poetry in the Bible. And then I heard something far far off somewhere.

"You hear, Mickey?"

"Hear what? The Bible says that one generation cometh and another goeth away but the earth abideth forever."

"Listen," I said.

"Well our generation's come—we'll go away—the earth'll abide forever—but it'll be a better earth."

"Listen," I said again.

"What the hell is the matter with you?"

"Listen."

The other guys must have heard it too because they had stopped talking and were quiet listening.

"Well, so what. It's just a lousy motorcycle," said Mickey.

"Dem's no motorcycles," said Lucien.

The sound grew into a stuttering drone and then we were sure.

The night was forgotten.

"Probably our planes," Mickey said. "That's nothing to get floozy about. Fascist planes wouldn't come so far back from the front."

No one said anything.

"What time is it?" Someone asked.

Mickey looked at his wrist-watch. "It's a quarter past ten."

"And all's well," said Lucien.

The drone became louder and when we heard the wail of sirens in the city we knew that they were Fascist planes all right. Lucien began whistling "In A Little Spanish Town 'Twas On A Night Like This" but he was told to shut up.

"God, it's loud," Mickey said.

"How many do you think?" I asked.

"Oh 'bout twenty maybe thirty," said Lucien.

"Think they'll bomb us?" said Mickey.



"No," answered Lucien. "They just come to do stunt flying for us. Sure."

"The noise is deafening," I said. I had to raise my voice.

"Pretty noise. Like, what you call it, yeah, like a big bumble-bee. Like ten million big bumble-bees." Lucien didn't seem to be scared.

"Maybe we should all write postcards home fast," said Mickey.

"Yeah. Write about how we was bombarded. Make it good."

"Sure. Let's write postcards home. Let's send 'em to the members of Congress."

"I send mine to prime minister," said Lucien.

"You and your prime ministers," Mickey said.

"You and your presidents," answered Lucien.

"All right, all right, cut it," I said.

"Well, who the hell ever heard of those guys Mackenzie and Papineau. Everybody's heard of Lincoln and Washington. The whole world knows Lincoln and Washington."

"Well, the whole world will soon know of Mac-



kenzie and Papineau," said Lucien. "And they weren't prime ministers, they were revolutionaries."

"Who gives a damn," said Mickey.

There was a dull explosion like something rumbling deep below the earth and I tried to light a cigarette but it took me a long time because my hands were shaking. Someone yelled to put out the match but that really didn't make a difference because the damned moon was acting like a giant spotlight.

"Some night all right," said Mickey, "some night. A full moon. Maybe they couldn't see so good so we had to give them a full moon. We make it easier for them. A full moon we had to have."

"Americans always make big noise. Now he complain about the moon," said Lucien.

"Listen Frenchie—why don't you let yourself live until a bomb gets you."

"Now that's comradeship," I said, "that's comradeship."

I was getting cold and my knees felt weak and my hands were shaking.

AND THEN it came down. My heart went down and then up to my throat and my eyes pained me and the roar of the bomb was like something insane smashing itself against the earth and ripping out its insides and the roar swept right through my head fading slowly until the next bomb dropped and it began all over again.

There was a long long ringing in my head and

I was afraid it would crack clear open and spill everything on the ground.

The boys had all huddled near the wall. Some were hiding underneath their mattresses. I wanted to laugh but I couldn't.

"Let's stay together," I said. "Let's stay together."

"Okay . . . okay," said Mickey. He was holding the fingers of his left hand and began pulling at them.

Then I remembered way back when I was little and my father took me to a theatre and a magician was yelling into a glass and the magician had a long black cloak and when he yelled into the glass it fell into little pieces all over the stage floor, and every time there was the godawful-sounding drone and then the noise of cloth ripping or of wind pouring through a crack and then the explosion, the magician's face would come close to mine and I could feel the insides of my head pushing through my ears.

It was awful then because the roar of the motors kept getting louder and then softer, roaring and then humming, louder and softer and you could hear the beginning of the bomb exploding like a million pop-corns cracking and then like a hammer hitting a huge drum and then the whole world seemed to open up and then it became quiet again except for the ringing in my ears.

"Did . . . did you see 'em?" Mickey asked.

"I didn't look." I was dragging hard on my cigarette and kept the light covered with my hand.

"It's . . . it's like nothing I ever imagined anything could be," said Mickey.

"What you expect, picnic?" asked Lucien.

"No . . . but God, but surely to God . . . I mean . . . it's terrible. God . . . And where are our planes?"

"We haven't many planes, stupid," Lucien said.

"Where are the ones we have? Where are they? They can't leave us to die like cornered rats . . ."

"Quit it, quit it," someone said. "Remember boys, when a bomb hits you the best thing to do is to lie down flat. That's what I read. Lie right down flat."

"Bah . . ." said Mickey.

Some of the boys tried to laugh.

We could hear feet, hundreds of feet running. Then we heard yelling and cars rushing up and down through the streets and we couldn't tell whether the sirens came from the ambulances or from the airplane signals. You could hear people moaning, talking, shouting. And I was afraid. I was terribly afraid.

Then I heard someone shouting and saw the commandant of the barracks standing in the middle of the square.

"Volunteers for rescue squads step forward. We need rescue squads. Lead the kids and women to bomb shelters. Carry the wounded to hospitals and first aid stations. Volunteers step forward."

Only a few moved forward. Then a few others. Slowly. There was no rush forward. Lucien was the

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March 1939, THE FIGHT

THE FIGHT, March 1939



At left, three of the Nazi light bombers flying in close formation; above, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh with a German guide looking over a new plane at the Messerschmitt works near Munich.

What about Hitler's "invincible" aerial strength, that so impressed Messrs. Lindbergh, Kennedy and Bullitt? The comment of an aviation expert

Those Nazi Planes

By Lucien Zacharoff

WE LIVE in an era of ingenious inventions. None of them is more marvelous than the simple device exhibited to the world late in 1938 to demonstrate how wars can be won without firing a shot.

The gadget is called Appeasement. The laboratory where it received its acid test was Munich. The patent-holder is Neville Chamberlain, though a share of credit goes to his preserving understudy, Daladier. The beneficiaries are two other great humanitarians, Hitler and Mussolini.

Appeasement's outstanding virtue lies in its labor-

saving features. The aggressor armies don't have to dig trenches, run the risk of dimming their school-girl complexions with gunpowder, or engage in any other dirty work incident to the state of war.

To be sure, some slight discomforts still remain. The invention will have to be further perfected to spare the inconvenience of marching into and occupying the territories which by the magic of Appeasement become the Fascist dictators' without engaging the victim countries' defense forces.

But even before reaching that advanced stage, the invention is already guaranteed to produce all the

results and aftermath of real warfare. For one thing, the land involved in successful Appeasement proceedings promptly becomes under the new dispensation one huge military camp and parade grounds, with all civilian life and effort, with all industry, agriculture and culture subordinated to the needs of Mars.

Peace, Peace!

Many people in such territories, as was the case when the *Reichswerke* goosestepped into Austria, don't even wait to become casualties in the normal course of warfare, but commit suicide on a mass scale as soon as the Appeasement machinery is set in motion to insure, in Chamberlain's quaintly charming expression, "peace in our time."

After the aforesaid apparatus completes its mission and Chamberlain has made sure that the territory in question is safely in Fascist hands, after the world is made safe for "peace in our time," the suicide rate goes still higher—not to mention other vital statistics covering the rise in disease-mortality rate, decline in birth rate, and all the other familiar concomitants of honest flesh-and-blood war time.

When the blessings of Appeasement reached Czechoslovakia, there too war-time conditions were duplicated. Thousands of terror-stricken refugees streamed out of the Sudeten area. Industry and agriculture were dislocated. Preceding and following the installation of the Fascist regime, the accent was on the military—fortifications were thrown up, tanks rumbled, caissons rolled, planes roared overhead, regiments marched, food was scarce.

Immediately after coming under the Nazi aegis, the Sudeten people were put on the "cannons-instead-of-butter" diet, the conventional nourishment of war time—while the rest of Czechoslovakia had become a puppet state manipulated in accordance with the plans of the Berlin General Staff, a branch of the huge concentration camp known as the Third Reich.

There are so many other uncanny similarities be-

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tween the results of war and those of Appeasement, that the latter must indeed be acknowledged as a wonderful modern invention, and those who grumble about it doing away with the glories of the old-fashioned battlefield which was good enough for their forefathers and a good enough for them, should be reminded that after all it's the final results that count.

Necessity is the mother of invention. And what was the necessity that motivated Savant Chamberlain, M.A. (Master of Appeasement), in his research?

The Appeasers' Argument

The strongest argument of supporters of Appeasement is that since the armed might of the Berlin-Rome Axis is irresistible anyway, we ought to let them have their way without sacrificing innocent lives. For on the basis of front-page cables from the Spanish and Chinese fronts, aviation looms in public consciousness as the most devastating modern weapon; and did not Lindbergh report to Chamberlain at the height of the Czechoslovakian crisis and a few months later to Washington that the German *Luftwaffe* was more powerful than the combined warplanes of England, France, Czechoslovakia and the U.S.S.R.?

If Lindbergh, who used to be an aviator himself, was right, then in truth Chamberlain spared the British people and the world even worse misery than that which was bestowed upon them by the Munich sell-out. A firm stand backed by the joint military strength of democratic powers would have availed nought had the Fascists put it to the trial of fire and sword of their formidable war juggernaut—if Lindbergh was right.

The question then is: How well founded is the Lindbergh appraisal, and how tenable a justification does it furnish for the policy of Appeasement?

Would Hitler's air force be as effective in actual combat as the emphasis on its alleged strength is proving to be in London and Paris?

The cat is let out of the bag by Hitler's best friend and fellow-demonstrator of How to Win "Bloodless" Wars and Influence Prime Ministers, Mussolini. A few days after the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, the Italian press published its estimate of the Nazi air strength, a ridiculously low figure. But we shall presently show that even if the numbers of German warplanes were as high as the most optimistic claim, they would be far from making Hitler's triumph in a possible war certain.

Furthermore, late in January, 1939, the official Nazi organ, *Voelkischer Beobachter*, printed a detailed survey by Captain von Zeska, admitting that the combined air strength of Britain, France and the U.S.S.R. was 20,000 craft—an aggregation that should with ease be able to overwhelm in combat not only any single nation but perhaps any other combination of all remaining powers.

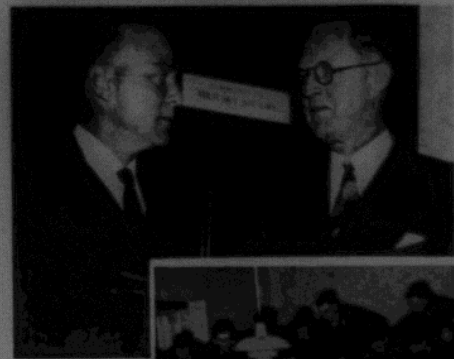
The Legend Lingers

Yet, with pestiferous persistence, the myth of Hitler's aerial invincibility lingers, leaving us no choice but to conclude that it is being kept alive because of its political efficacy in helping Chamberlain & Co. to Appease without "risking" war by a stand of unequivocal rebuff to Fascist demands. Sympathetic and unwitting supporters of the Nazi cause are perpetuating the legend.

Ambassadors Kennedy and Bullitt, accredited to the Chamberlain and Daladier governments respectively, in their testimony before a Congressional committee recently tended to "corroborate" the Lindbergh "data."

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William C. Bullitt (left), U. S. Ambassador to France, and Joseph P. Kennedy, Ambassador to England, as they made a recent appearance before the Senate and House military affairs committees. The ambassadors studied the "corroborated" Lindbergh "data" on Nazi planes.



Mechanical devices reproducing actual conditions are used in the bombing-school at Pommeroy.

Oddly, military experts in America and elsewhere, the people who are naturally best qualified to evaluate this avalanche of testimonials and who should be most concerned if the diplomats' eulogies have a solid factual basis, have been managing rather well to retain their calm and composure. Spokesmen for the military, even those traditionally identified with the advocacy of an immense war establishment for this country, have not deigned to bolster up their claims on the public purse with the new information.

From a military standpoint preoccupation with the Nazi air force is dangerously unwholesome, a throwback to the Italian General D'Annunzio's doctrine of "air mastery." The general died about a year ago, but not before his strategic concepts, expounded in the works entitled *Domination in the Air* and *The War of 1914*—had been decidedly riddled full of holes over Madrid.

Strategy of Aggression

The D'Annunzio theory held that an independent air armada consisting of powerful bombers of a standardized type, reinforced by combat planes—and provided that the enemy's land and naval forces were on the defensive—was able if properly organized to crush within a few days and even in twenty-four hours the enemy air force, and to destroy and wipe off the face of the earth the vital centers of the invaded country—metropolitan cities, industrial concentrations, railway junctions, munitions warehouses, etc.—to seize mastery in the air and thus bring the enemy to his knees.

Like all stratagems of the aggressor states, D'Annunzio had based himself on plans for swift unexpected blows of undeclared war, the element of surprise being designed to assure quick victory, since the politically and economically insecure dictators cannot afford the strain and stress of protracted hostilities. The general staffs of Italy, Germany and Japan had for years been pinning their hopes on the D'Annunzio stratagems which reflected fully the most reactionary ideology of Fascist aggression, assigning to the air force broad functions of variegated nature, including the annihilation of economic-political bases of the enemy country. Adherents of the D'Annunzio schemes maintained that a satisfactory ful-

filment of these operations required above all else powerful bombardment aviation; that effective conduct of war on land and sea is exceedingly hampered by lack of mastery in the air; and that the winning of this mastery as well as the spread of the attendant demoralization of the enemy troops and civilians was the main task of the air force.

After these ideas had been completely discredited in the war efforts of other nations, the Fascists modified them slightly with the so-called Goering Plan, which calls for coordinating the air assaults with a massed offensive by tanks, the next strongest modern weapon.

That savage air raids behind the lines can inflict untold suffering on noncombatant women, children and old people, that they can destroy museums, hospitals, school playgrounds, no one will deny after the Spanish and Chinese experience. But that the air force is a weapon capable *per se* of winning wars promptly or at all, has been emphatically refuted on

(Continued on page 26)

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF RADIO ARTISTS has just won one of the most important—and least publicized—labor victories in broadcasting history. Due to the fact that the newspapers failed to print the story at all, or buried it on the bottom of inside pages, few listeners knew that a strike had been called which would have swept all the big commercial programs off the air and substituted for them an endless round of string quartets and other cheap sustaining broadcasts.

All radio artists were 100 per cent behind the A.F.R.A. and it also had been given the whole-hearted support of Hollywood stars through their Screen Actors' Guild.

The conflict started between the sponsors and A.F.R.A. when the union asked for a closed shop and the following very reasonable wage schedule:

Actors: On programs of 15 minutes or less—\$15, with a re-broadcast fee of \$10; 15 to 30 minutes—\$25, with a re-broadcast fee of \$12.50; 31 to 60 minutes—\$35, with a re-broadcast fee of \$17.50; rehearsals: 85 per hour, first hour required.

Announcers: Same as actors.

Engineers: Nine or more voices—\$14, five to eight voices—\$24, two to four voices—\$20, and solitary \$20, for fifteen minutes; with upward revisions for longer programs.

After weeks of negotiations with the agencies a two-year contract was signed which granted practically all the A.F.R.A. demands. So you can sit back and relax now. Eddie Cantor, Charlie McCarthy and the rest of the gang will continue to be with you as usual.

We beg to differ with a recent full-page wall in *Variety* to the effect that the past twelve months have developed few radio personalities and that as a result dire consequences are bound to befall the bankrolls of the big networks. The difference of opinion is due to the fact that our esteemed contemporary was thinking only in terms of high-paid entertainers and forgot to balance the budget with names of those who have won stardom on recent non-sponsored programs.

There's Tom Mooney, for instance. Those who heard him will not soon forget a personality which fairly leaped from the loudspeaker, nor the tremendous pathos and sincerity of his simple message.

Secretary Ickes won a radio niche for himself too, when he lambasted Frank Gannett, the chain newspaper king, on *The Town Hall*.

And there's also H. V. Kaltenborn, an old hand at the mike who won new laurels and a huge new following because of his coverage of the Czech crisis. It is true that Kaltenborn is sponsored by General Mills just at present, but his anti-Fascist views have so enraged a large number of pro-Nazi bakers in Buffalo and elsewhere that a boycott has been organized against his employer's flour. It's

RADIO

rip and tuck just now as to whether his contract will be renewed, so if you like him and want to help out, why not write letters to him, his sponsor or C.B.S.?

Whatever happens to his sponsor, Kaltenborn is certain to remain as one of Columbia's most important sustaining stars and to continue his campaign against dictators. He, together with Maurice Hindus and Edward Murrow, participated in another of the most interesting programs of the last month when they discussed *What's Next in Europe*. Murrow indicated pretty plainly that he thought the Munich sellout had been stage-managed well in advance; Hindus predicted that Hitler would strike toward Constantinople rather than at the Ukraine because he realizes the strength of the U.S.S.R., and Kaltenborn promised us a few more months of peace before the final crash comes.

In view of Kaltenborn's popularity, it is rather amusing to note that N.B.C., which hired the pseudo-liberal, Stanley High, to be its news analyst during the war crisis, apparently is not satisfied with its red-baiting bargain and is looking around for another commentator who may be able to rival Kaltenborn.

P.S.—N.B.C. has just added Al Smith to its advisory board so that he may hobnob with Owen D. Young, Mrs. August Belmont and other powers that be.

But to get back for a moment to *Variety's* complaint. A year which gave us Orson Welles and his Martians, and Clifton Fadiman with his *Information Please*, can't be too bad.

Television? Television!

AMERICAN television is under way again with a bang, as is evidenced by the fact that Columbia, after a knock-down-and-drag-out scrap with the electrician's union, has now acceded to the latter's demands so that it may rush its Chrysler Building transmitter to completion, and that N.B.C. has (believe it or not) announced plans for televising the 1940 Presidential inauguration!

Recent demonstrations in New York have proved that American television produces pictures equal to or better than any transmitted abroad. Programming at N.B.C. is still far behind that of B.B.C. in

London, but competition with C.B.S. should soon remedy that.

The big question still remains—who is going to pay \$250 or \$500 for a receiving set? The answer is that may lie in the fact that C.B.S. is gearing its transmitter to reach the *Golden Suburbs* in Westchester and is not worrying much about the other sections of Greater New York.

The fact that the big networks have at last really interested themselves has caused Dumont and Paramount Pictures to join forces in setting up a rival outfit which already is reported to be signing up the big college football teams so that their games may be televised next fall. And Scopony, the British firm which manufactures equipment to project television on theater screens, is planning to enter the American market soon.

The sudden burst of interest in the new art may have been caused by the present radio monopoly hearings in Washington. Sales and sales of testimony have been submitted by the networks in these somewhat mysterious meetings which newspapermen have dubbed the "monotony hearings." Every effort has been made either to obscure the monopoly issue or to show that the networks were doing their utmost to serve the public.

Despite this special pleading, however, it has become clear that the chains have been exploiting the air—which belongs to the American people rather than to them—for the purpose of making really stupendous profits. Under such circumstances, an expensive gesture in the direction of television on a "purely experimental" basis may not have seemed amiss to them.

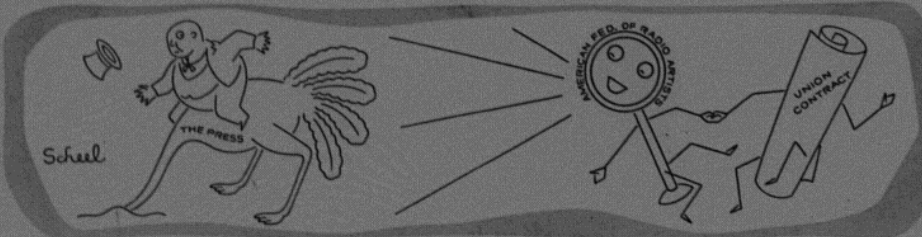
And there is, of course, the additional fact that the war and navy departments are extremely anxious to have the new art developed in order that it may be used for national defense.

Air Notes

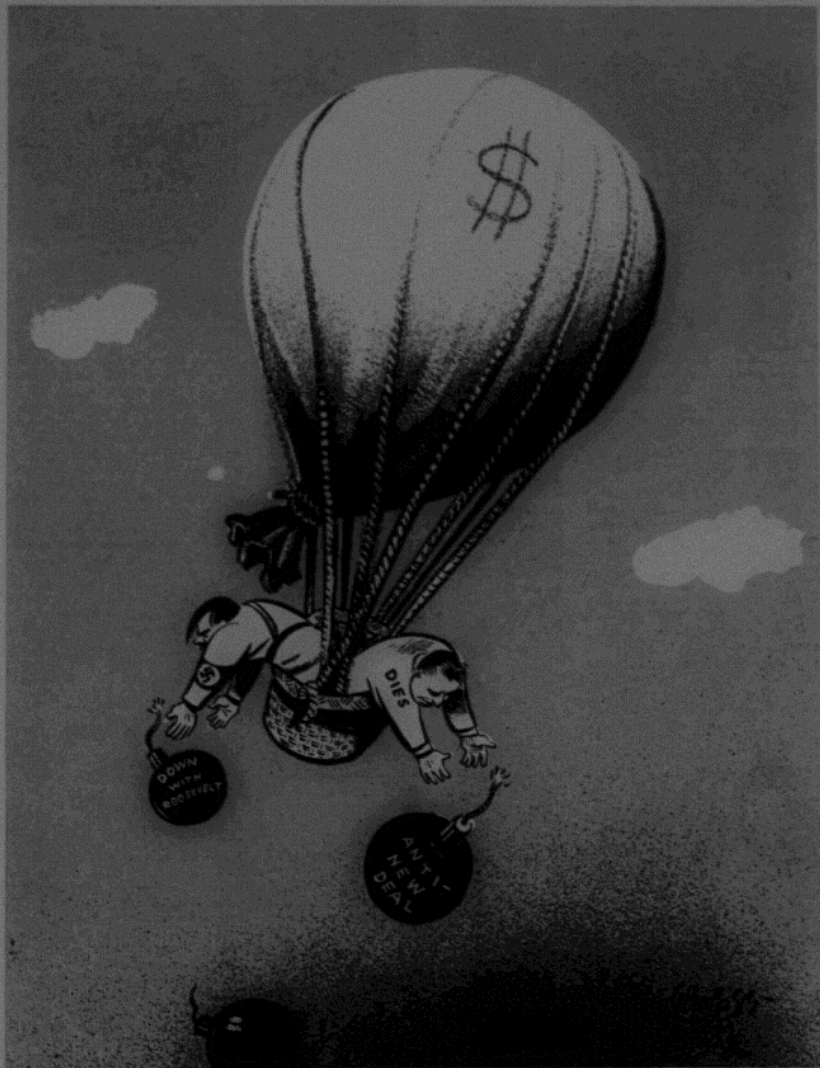
THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY has banned Clifford Odets' play, *Waiting for Lefty*, on the ground that it might be mistaken for communist propaganda by certain uninformed persons.

WMCA now has a complete sound record of the anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi slogans shouted each Sunday by the thousands of rickety who march back and forth in front of its entrance to protest the fact that it will not broadcast the speeches of Father Coughlin. The New York station lowered a microphone out of an upper window and recorded all the "Heil, Hitler" and "Down with the Jews" shouts so that they might be used as evidence in case of serious trouble.

—GEORGE SCOTT



March 1939, THE FIGHT



Funds for the Work • By William Gropper

WE HAVE been hearing about *Idiot's Delight* for a long time. Merio was having all sorts of trouble. *Fascist Italy didn't like the idea of the production of a film from the play that named it as an aggressive nation. Merio was jittery and delayed production. Finally with many compromises *Idiot's Delight* was made as an expensive, sophisticated film with a star-studded box-office cast. To say that the result is a disappointment is to put it very mildly. On the other hand, R.K.O. has just released a little picture known as *Boy Slaves*. It was not produced with a great budget or even with too much imagination. But it was made with a firm conviction that child labor exists in these United States and that it ought to be eliminated. *Boy Slaves* has honesty and guts. It is a fighting film, whereas *Idiot's Delight*, which is supposed to be about the horrors of war, is a coward's film.*

Film of Child Labor

ALBERT BEIN, the young playwright who was responsible for that fine play about reformatories, *Little Ole Boy*, and the dramatization of Grace Lumpkin's novel, *To Make My Bread*, wrote the original and the screen play for *Boy Slaves*. He based the story on an actual incident. The picture deals with the general problems of child labor, and in particular with peonage in a Southern turpentine camp. It opens with a poverty-stricken family in a steel town, where the mother and two children work in the same factory. The younger boy leaves home in order to lighten the family burden and to realize, perhaps, the great American dream:

Down town
am going out into the world.
Will work hard to come back rich,
take good care of myself, my boys.
Jesse

Jesse falls in with a group of American wild boys who are "too young for the C.C.C.," but who just wander from place to place, stealing, grubbing and working in the beet fields, picking fruit, working in the canneries and the juice mills. The sheriff parades these kids to the owner of a turpentine camp, where, according to him, the kids can be at liberty



James McCallion and Anne Shirley in a scene from "Boy Slaves," a drama of youth oppressed

MOVIES

With and without fanfare: a bad picture of "peace" and a good film of child labor

to work and send money back to their folks. But the camp is a typical Southern peonage farm, with its company stores, bad food, scrip and eternal indebtedness to the paternal company. These tough kids don't take it lying down. They conduct a "free-sit-in" protest—a sitdown strike for an "eight-hour day, cash pay and decent food." The boys are double-crossed and they attempt to escape.



When the kids of "Boy Slaves" attempt to escape from a peonage farm, one is shot down

Little Jesse is shot in the back. They are caught and brought to trial. The prosecuting attorney demands that they pay the extreme penalty: "Whether they be the product of environment or criminally born is immaterial. . . ." The judge intervenes with a fighting speech that is a tribute to the American screen:

The state demands! Has the state come into this court with clean hands—has the state been just that it now demands justice be done? Gentlemen, my great-great-grandfather came to this country in a ship that was nothing more than a barge; he brought his sons. With their own hands they made a home out of a wilderness—one of those some died in the war of the revolution, the other served in the first Congress—their sons after them went west, whipped wild country, built railroads, bridges, served the government—all of them pioneers, builders, soldiers and statesmen—and all to build a state—a state in which their children could live as free men. I've served that state forty years. During that time I've experienced every emotion for it—pride, love, resentment—this is the first time in my years of service that I feel shame—I am ashamed of the robes I wear. . . . I accuse the state of selfishness, unmerciful cruelty—I hold the state guilty of murder in the first degree—the murder of Peter Graf and Jesse Thompson. I lay those murders at the door of every citizen with the right to vote. . . . As for you, Mr. Albee (the owner of the slave farm), there is no law under which you can be prosecuted. But there will be, that I swear; there will be, or I'll take this robe off and never wear it again. . . .

I quote this last speech in the picture in full, because it is the first positive statement from a Hollywood

film against child labor. It also is typical of the rest of the dialogue. Mr. Bein has written a script that is even mouth more advanced than the film that reproduces it. By that I mean that the great force of the movie is in what it says. This is exactly the same case as with *One-Third of a Nation*.

It is true that the picture has production weaknesses, and they should be pointed out. But they are common to most American films of this type. Hollywood—technical Hollywood—has forgotten how to deal with realism. But the increase in the number of films like *Boy Slaves* and *One-Third of a Nation* is ample proof that there is hope for an honest, robust and realistic cinema in America. On the other hand, pictures like *Idiot's Delight*, with their expensive double-dealing and dishonesty, are grim reminders that audiences have a lot of work ahead of them.

Idiot's Delight has been hailed by many of the local film reviewers as an "adult" film. This is a sad commentary on the state of the American screen. Everything about the picture has been made vague—war is not the product of anything but someone's greed and the munition-makers' hard hearts. The setting is somewhere in Europe within flying distance of Paris, Berlin and Rome. Burgess Meredith as Quillery, who in the play was a radical, has in the film become a "preacher." He makes the one real statement in the film. But he too drops out of sight and it is hinted that he was executed for his remarks. That's irony. *Idiot's Delight* is frankly a Chamberlain film; it is, as a matter of fact, a Munich film.

Current Pictures

STAGECOACH (Walter Wanger-United Artists): John Ford and screen play writer Dudley Nichols have given us a fine intense study of a group of pioneer Americans all traveling in a stagecoach in Arizona in the autumn of the year 1885. It is essentially a Grand Hotel idea with the conventional plot of the cowboy and Indian formula. The characters are skillfully drawn and the melodrama is created with great intensity. Mr. Ford has taken the opportunity of using a historical parallel to satirize a typical anti-New Dealer in the character of Banker Gatewood, played by Berton Churchill.

Honolulu (M.G.M.): *St. Louis Blues* (Paramount): Musical films that don't make much sense, nor do they entertain—much.

Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warner Brothers): A fair but slightly diluted translation of the famous Broadway success. It is amusing but a little old-fashioned in its treatise on middle-class liberties of sex and morals. It's a little bit like reading *John Ben Lindsay's Companionate Marriage*.

Big Fella (British Lion Film Corporation): Paul Robeson stars (and sings!) in this picture which, while rife in plot, is politically progressive in that it shows Negroes in better than comedy parts. Written especially for Robeson, the story tells of the disappearance of a wealthy young English couple's son, whom the police suspect to have been kidnapped by a Marseilles waterfront gang. The leader of the gang, Big Fella (Robeson) is asked to help in locating the boy, and the rest of the movie concerns the unfolding of this situation.

As usual, Paul Robeson is cast in a rôle unworthy of his talents, but the picture is worth seeing for all that. With Elizabeth Welch, Roy Emmerston and Lawrence Brown; directed by Elder Cowley; story by Ingram D'Abbes and Fen Sherie.

—PETER ELLIS

New Model Bund

The Nazis in America streamline their machine as they lead the united reactionaries

By David Karr



Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, head of "German Living Abroad," is rehashing the German-American Bund

the audacity to base their protests upon Frankfurter's race.

One of the leaders of this new streamlined campaign is the Reverend Father Charles E. Coughlin, whose vicious anti-Semitic mouthings are copied almost verbatim from the outbursts of the mad Nazi Propaganda Minister Goebbels.

Coughlin, leader of the National Union for Social Justice, has been condemned by one of the leading figures of the Catholic Church—Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago—but his drive goes on unabated.

Coughlin's anti-Semitism was recognized in New York, where he was banned from the use of Station WJCA. However, many other avenues of agitation—including some two dozen radio stations—are still left open to the would-be *Fuhrer* of American Fascism.

Nazi Spy Network

Recently the American public was aroused by the revelation that there were within the borders of the United States spies of a foreign power who were gutting the land of valuable secrets, who had carefully laid plans for a devastating attack upon our country, who knew of the existence of military inventions even before the information had been transmitted to Washington.

These spies were the "small fry" of a huge ring of agents of Nazi Germany actively at work in America. Four were sentenced to from two to six years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta. One has since been transferred to Alcatraz, the prison where desperadoes and vicious anti-social elements are interred.

In sentencing the four in New York's Federal Court, Judge John C. Knox said:

"The agents of a totalitarian power will here today receive the mercy of a democracy. They are

fortunate to be before the court of a democracy. In this country we spread no sawdust on the floor of our prison yards."

Despite the light sentences—light in comparison with what would have happened to the traitors in their own land if apprehended—the seven-week trial exposed to the American public the amazing ramifications of Nazi espionage. It proved that Germans had more spies in America today than it had at a time when we were at war in 1918.

It showed that the snake-like net is being directly controlled and operated from the German Embassy in Washington, D. C. The scope and ruthlessness of the Nazi terrorism defied the thoughts of the most imaginative of Americans.

To cap the entire indictment, proof was given that one of the topmost figures in the spy ring was the predecessor of Fritz Kuhn as head of the Bund in America, Dr. Ignatz Griebel. Kuhn and the Bund spent \$5,000 to disavow the spies at the outset of the trial, but the tactics were futile.

The Bund and the Spies

Sworn testimony, 3,200 pages in length, lies securely locked in federal files, giving a detailed account of connections between the Bund and the spy ring, giving detailed accounts of the tangle between the Bund and the spy network as they operate today.

The recently reported arrival in America of Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, head of the bureau of the Nazi government known as "German Living Abroad," is expected to mark a new turn in the machinations of the Fascist propaganda machine.

Bohle and many of the leading National Socialist Party leaders are disatisfied with the work of Fritz Kuhn. Bohle has accused Kuhn and the Nazi agents in America of "working with a heavy hand." They have blundered too frequently. They have made

(Continued on page 25)

IN THE suburb of Santa Agueda, probably the oldest part of Burgos, stands the prison, ancient and forbidding, which is now known as the *Prisión Provincial*. Before it, the old weather-beaten flight of steps which connects it to the narrow street; beside it, the ancient church of Santa Gadea, where the Cid took his historic oath; feisty in Alfonso VI; around it, the narrow and notorious streets, the dilapidated buildings of the old, slumbering quarter. The suburb itself is very beautiful, but the unromanced mind that ventures into that neighborhood will be impressed—dismayed—only by the gloomy vault of the prison; the all-prevailing dampness, evident even from the outside; the general appearance, dismal and melancholy.

The same gloomy atmosphere which it has worn for centuries still impresses the vivid imaginations of the children of the neighborhood, just as it has done for generations; just as it dominated the young mind of Antonio Muros, even for some while after he had in age and stature outgrown most of his childish fears. It loomed large in the consciousness of superstitious working-class families such as Antonio's, who saw in it the symbol, the typification, of an Inquisition which, although minus its contemporary existence, had lost for them none of its living horror. To Antonio's vivid imagination, it was moreover the habitat of things unmentionable and dread, of monsters mutilated and deformed, of incubi and succubi and other demons which infected human hosts and had to be exorcised by priests and witch-doctors. So firm in fact had dread of the place taken hold of him that once when his mother in a moment of pique had threatened him with incarceration there, such an outcry of shock and fear had torn itself from him that it was not until he had been taken onto her lap, hugged, kissed and wrapt over, and assured solemnly that she had never really had such an intention and would see to it personally that such a fate never befell him, was she able even partially to quiet him. So strong likewise was its hold on the population and so had its reputation and condition that the Republic, with the obvious hope of doing away with it, had built a magnificent new prison on the outskirts of town;—a hope that had seemed very near to fulfillment with the return to power of the liberal government in February, 1936.

But in July of 1936, revolt broke out in Morocco, and the military dictatorship that soon seized control of almost half of Spain designated Burgos as its temporary capital. The new prison, originally designed for nine hundred, was suddenly called upon to accommodate three thousand daily, and the *Prisión Provincial* with its normal capacity of two hundred, housed a daily average of a thousand.

And Antonio Salvatore Muros, now in his middle twenties, because his name was found on the membership list of a labor union, was arrested about two months after the start of the Glorious Nation-

al Revolution and incarcerated in the old prison of Santa Agueda.

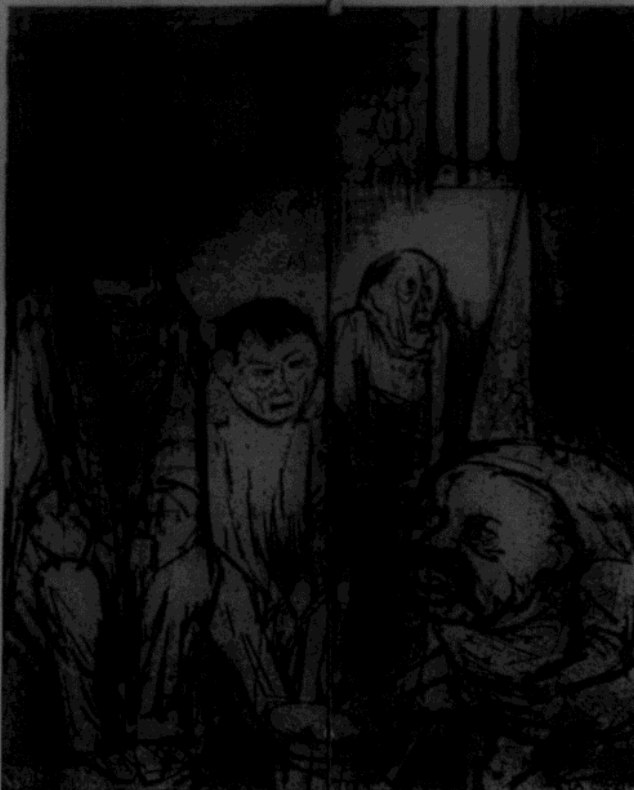
THE OTHER inmates did not notice Antonio when he was thrust, stooping, into their cell, or if they did they gave no sign. Their expressions were dull, their faces motionless, and they all stared straight ahead; if they had any thought at all about him it could only have been, from their appearance, "Good God! Another one!"

And if they did, they would have been justified. The cell had originally been designed for one person. There were three in it now, and Antonio made four. Two half-sat, half-reclined, at opposite ends of the single low bunk, their feet thrust out before them almost to the wall opposite. The first of these, between whose outstretched leg and the door—a space of scarcely a foot—Antonio was trapped, was a short bloated man with fierce mustachios. His fellow on the bunk was small and nondescript, but he had a peculiar expression of terror on his pale face, and he seemed to be in a constant fever of nervous apprehension. Every step, every voice, every sound that came to him from the hall caused him to tremble or to twitch nervously. The third man sat huddled in a corner. The corner was very dark and the man was half enveloped by a blanket, so Antonio could not see him very well; but he could see that he was long and thin, and that his face was very pallid, for it shone dead white, almost unearthly, through the gloom. In the opposite corner a bucket, obviously the communal slop-bucket, filled the fetid air with a nauseating stench. One small barred window high in the opposite wall, and an eye-slot covered by a heavy iron wicker in the solid door, provided the entire cell with light and air.

No one stirred from his position or paid any attention to Antonio. He was surprised and a little hurt. His naive new-found social consciousness, spurred by the words of his district organizer, had caused him to expect that the moving sympathetic bond, the solidarity between workers of which he had heard so much, would take some very noble form in trying circumstances such as these. But no one stirred nor offered him a seat nor told him what to do. All sat as if unconscious. Realizing that he could not stand there indefinitely, he took a cautious step forward with the intention of finding his way through the maze of legs before him to the opposite wall; and in so doing he temporarily lost his balance in the darkness and scraped the shin of the man closest to him. Immediately that individual was on his feet. "Dolt! Son of an ox! Are you all feet! Can't you see where you're going?"

He glared up at the taller Antonio, his mustachios bristling. In some surprise the younger man stepped back, almost falling over the legs of the other occupant of the bunk, who withdrew them silently. The face of the fat man was red and almost apoplectic. "Parea Rajas!" he hissed.

Antonio began to get angry; but before he could



Burgos Gaol

Part One of a story of prison in the greater prison that is Fascist Spain . . . Of the daily death that crushes lives, and yet cannot even crush the life of Spain

By Jack Reed

ILLUSTRATED BY CHET LA MORE

reset, his attention was distracted by a tap on his leg from the man in the corner, who, when he turned, motioned him to a seat in the space next to him; next also to the slop-bucket. Not wishing to have any trouble, Antonio complied with the suggestion, placed the tattered folded prison blanket beneath him and sat down in the place designated, tucking his legs underneath, since he would have kicked somebody had he allowed them to stretch.

"You must excuse Señor Caldeveras," said the man in the corner. "He doesn't approve of people who are incarcerated in Nationalist prisons."

The inflamed man standing seemed about to retort—either that or to explode—but after one or two attempts apparently thought better of it and subsided onto the bunk, still muttering.

"Señor Caldeveras," the other went on, "is with us by mistake you see, and the governor of Burgos will no doubt hear all about it when—it gets out. He is a Catholic, a business man, and a staunch supporter of whichever government happens to be in power. He has therefore a heavy contempt for those who are not all those things."

THE FAT man made as if to speak again, but did not. Antonio looked curiously at his neighbor. His languid pale face was almost luminous in the gloom. His voice, although hoarse, had a strange sibilant quality, a characteristic which was also present in his breathing, so that when he allowed his voice to trail off, as he did often, you could not be entirely sure just when he stopped speaking. Now he lapsed once more, in communion with the rest of the inmates, into that same dull apathy that had impressed Antonio on his first entrance into the cell.

For a while they all sat thus, silent; then suddenly the lean man, from his murky corner, spoke again. "Is this the first time you've been in a Nationalist prison?"

"Yes; I was just arrested this afternoon."

"Then you've been free, walking the streets, during all this past—century?" His voice trailed off. He sighed wearily. "Tell me then: how are things outside?"

Antonio thought of the terror in the workers' quarter; of the all-prevailing military dictatorship; of the hatred and fanaticism preached from the pulpit; of the numerous "unidentified" bodies found on the outskirts of town every morning, which everyone recognized but which no one dared identify. "Things are bad," he said shaking his head; "very bad."

He went on to elucidate, but was stopped by a half-impatient gesture from the other. "No, no, I don't mean that. I mean—well, it's pretty hard to explain just what I do mean. I want to know if it's sunny and warm; I want to know if carnival and market days are noisy and gay as ever; if the children still play barefoot on the river bank, and the girls walk arm-in-arm before the cathedral, their breasts showing through their summer blouses."

He smiled half-deeply at Antonio's surprised stare. "I haven't seen all those things for such a long time, you see. One doesn't appreciate them when he's out."

"Well," said Antonio, "there's not much gaiety left, if that's what you mean."

The other did not answer. Antonio began to examine the cell in what little light was remaining. The place was incredibly damp. Moisture dripped from the ceiling and rendered the walls wet and slimy and discolored. He found that his shirt was soaked in the back, where he had been leaning against the wall. The stones in the wall were gray and very uneven, although the water had worn off most of the rough edges. They were covered with scrawlings, obviously scratched on the stones with fingernails and eating utensils, by previous prisoners. Most of them were illegible, due to the action of the water, guards, and the difficulty of writing on the rough rock; but some of the more recent scrawlings could be made out.

There was a large "Viva La Republica!"; a picture of a creature in a military uniform and with horns and a tail whom Antonio recognized with difficulty as Mola; a scrawled pathetic rationalization: "They persecute and murder us. They resort to barbarism because their cause is lost."

On the wall behind him was a large cross, and one or two short prayers; and superimposed on this a few blasphemous slogans from some of a different turn of mind. The letters U.G.T., C.N.T. and F.A.I. were everywhere.

Antonio's neighbor got to his feet slowly, and seizing hold of the bars in the window, pulled himself up to a height that would enable him to look out. Antonio addressed him again.

"Do they really treat you very badly here?"

The fat man with the mustachios snorted. The other did not answer, or pay any attention, and Antonio thought that perhaps he had touched a tender subject. Presently, however, the lean fellow let himself down from the window and turned with his back to the wall.

"Treat us badly? Well . . . in some ways they're really very kind to us." He examined meticulously the marks on his hands caused by the rusty bars. "For instance, they kill us before they shoot us. That's really a kindness. It hurts much less that way."

The trembling of the other occupant of the bunk visibly increased. "Please," he moaned in a half-smothered tone.

The other glanced at him. "Death," he said quietly to Antonio, "is a forbidden subject here; we never speak of it. It lies like a load on our minds, night and day, sleeping and waking. But we never speak of it."

THE ANSWER left Antonio bewildered and unsatisfied, but he could think of nothing to say. When he raised his eyes again it had grown very dark. The gradual passage of the little light



They lay like "ardians" in a can

from the cell had kept pace with the acclimation of his eyes to conditions around them, so that he hadn't noticed. But now it was unmistakably dark; and the other occupants of the cell were apparently on the verge of preparing for the night. Already the fat man on the bunk was kicking his fellow off, since the bunk would accommodate two sitting, but only one lying prone. By what right he claimed the bunk for himself while the others had to sleep on the floor Antonio could not imagine, especially since it was quite evident that the lean man could have easily dispossessed him of it had he so desired. But apparently he did not care. He sat motionless and silent in the corner. Presently he rose, and covering himself completely with his blanket, a process which entailed difficulties because of his stature and the general inadequacies of the prison blankets, lay down the length of the cell against the wall opposite the bunk. The small nondescript man, finding himself also minus a bunk and on the floor, wrapped himself up similarly and followed suit against the other wall, under the bunk. Antonio discovered that he was ravenously hungry, not having eaten since morning. Since, however, there did not seem to be any immediate prospect of food, he also resigned himself to sleep, and, wrapped in his own blanket, squeezed his weary body between the other two on the floor. They lay like "ardians" in a can, each pressed against the other. One could not move without disturbing his neighbor. On his one side Antonio could feel the easy rise and fall of the breathing of the lean man. On his other he could feel the nervous twitches of the other, who did not seem to be able to stop, even for a moment.

But Antonio, for all his weariness, did not sleep. The floor of earth—despite the fact that it had been packed down hard by centuries of prisoners—like the rest of the cell, especially at night, exuded dampness, which chilled

him through his thin blanket. Vermin were rife, mosquitoes and bugs from the damp earth being especially plentiful, while tremendous cockroaches, big almost as small mice, scurried around and over the sleepers, or stood still on the floor, their antennae vibrating, surveying proudly their nocturnal domain. Even rats, although Antonio could not imagine how they had got into the place, paraded the floor or sniffed boldly at the slop-bucket or the feet of the sleepers. Now Antonio understood why the others had wrapped themselves so thoroughly with their blankets, even covering their heads, and he made sure that he himself was similarly protected.

PERHAPS he wouldn't have slept anyhow. His mind was raw and sore; raw from the friction of weariness, sore from the shocks and tension of the past two months. His reason floundered around in it, derelict and impotent, unable, because of the forces that held it back, to attack the impressions and conceptions around it; too strong, however, in its own right, to be dragged by those same forces completely into unreality. Consciously he realized the necessity of attack, of aggression, on the part of his reason; but there was another tendency, just as strong, at cross-purposes to this one, a tendency that would have protected his ego at all costs from further punishment by the shocks and tensions that had already made a raw mass of it, that would have dragged that ego back into the unconscious, away from reason, into the pleasant world of unreality, now that reality had become so intolerable. His present weariness lent aid to that tendency.

The mother of Antonio Moros was dead seven years; many candles had been burned in the cathedral to her memory. His father, a former trade-union official, had disappeared without a trace two days after the Nationalist rise to power in Burgos, and Antonio had never dared to make inquiries. He considered himself an orphan. His

own trade-union affiliation and the birth of his own social consciousness had been events of recent and sudden origin; as indeed they could not, in Burgos, be otherwise. Workers' organizations and trade unions had been in existence in Madrid and Barcelona for some time—they had indeed even been instrumental in forming the government that had come to power in February. But Madrid and Barcelona were not Burgos. Until their actual formation in that city, most of the working population had had little inclination that such organizations, as unions even existed; and from the time of their inception they had been the victims of such repeated and vicious attacks that they never had yet been able to grow to much more than staggering groups. Antonio's first initiator into these new mysteries had been an elderly Republican of extremely mild leanings, whose chief concern in educating the people politically was not so much that they should depart from the reactionary concepts as that they shouldn't

and the condition of her sister's baby, who was very sick indeed and was no doubt possessed of demons, after which she would reassess her bright smile and Antonio would once more take up his narrative.

TO WHAT had it brought him! To torture and imprisonment certainly; perhaps to death. Not that he had not expected something of the kind, knowing as he did the mental and political temper of Burgos, he could not do otherwise. But *que diables!* What is a life? Certainly it would not have been such a futile means of ending an existence as to die, while, still relatively young, from overwork and malnutrition, or because some witch or a priest had cast a curse on him just because he was the son of a working-man. In fact he had even toyed with the idea, envisaging himself romantically as a martyr, fighting and dying nobly for his ideals, and inflicting upon his assassins terrible punishment, both moral and physical, by his



Meetings at which the young Socialists had spoken . . .

depart from them by any more than he had himself. Antonio had soon tired of him and had become a devout disciple of a young Socialist from Madrid who was an official in his union, and he would come home from meetings in which the young Socialist—his comrade, "Joselito"—had spoken, drunk and brimming over with words and ideas, gesticulating and declaiming as he walked; and he would regale his childlike wife, Isabella, all that night and for several days after, with what had been discussed and what "Joselito" had said and what he had done, to all of which Isabella would listen patiently and with a bright smile on her lips, and would interpose at strategic moments—as when Antonio would pause for breath in the middle of explaining some involved idea which he understood none too clearly himself—with pertinent observations on the scandalous price of eggs at the market, how sympathetic the priest had been at confession and how much she had wept,

actions and his words as he did so. The timid remnants of that idea, somewhat shaken, had still clung to him even as they had led him down the dark corridor to his cell. Now at least there would be an end to hypocrisy and retreat; he would be suffering and fighting, perhaps dying, among those who thought as he did.

To find what? One prisoner who was in "by mistake," who had either cowardly renounced his ideals in hope of release or who had never had them; another whose physical fear dominated him so completely that it had paralyzed his reason, his perceptions, his ideals; and a third who had clothed himself in pessimistic indifference, in a selfish and weak resignation born of those sufferings which should have had the opposite effect of enhancing his resentment, sharpening his idealistic fervor. And all around him, pressing on his consciousness like a vise, four walls and a ceiling, all of which he could almost touch from wherever he stood;

which impressed the thoughts and feelings that should have transcended all obstacles and reflected those back down upon him, so that in their retroactive effect they almost drove him mad.

He moved suddenly and violently, careless whether he disturbed his fellows. His one consolation for the fate that had befallen him was in danger of being taken from him.

He must have slept sometime during the night, because he remembered being awakened to hear the sound of footsteps and voices in the corridor. It must have been at least four o'clock in the morning. Water dripped with a light tap into the slop-bucket; the atmosphere smelled of damp and of fungi. Footfalls at that time of morning were taken up, muffled and sepulchral, from the floor and absorbed into the excrecence on the wall. The trembling of the man next to him, which was probably what had awakened him, increased as the footfalls came closer to their cell; but they went on past. He heard the rattle of keys and the creak of door hinges, three or four in succession; angry exclamations, the shuffle of feet, and quiet sobbing. Footfalls came back past their cell, but there were more of them this time. Far off down the corridor he heard a sudden high-pitched screaming; the sound echoed and reechoed down the hall, came in through the eye-sucker and echoed and reechoed between the walls, till it stopped just as suddenly as it had started. He thought he heard then, on another floor, more footsteps; but not just these few—many footsteps; and a few minutes later—but only because the night was so quiet—very dimly, the roar of old gasoline engines and the clash of gears.

The little man next to him had put his arms around Antonio and pressed trembling against him, with the instinct of the child who reaches for his mother when the darkness terrifies and oppresses him. "Every night," he said brokenly, "every night they come. Every night, every day."

Antonio was not sure if he should be glad or sorry. He was glad because he was not alone, and he was sorry because he was not alone. He was glad because he was not alone, and he was sorry because he was not alone. He was glad because he was not alone, and he was sorry because he was not alone.



The Commissioner of Justice would examine them

Antonio disengaged himself gently. It was not until then that he realized that the eye of the lean man had been fixed on him all this time; but when he turned towards him the other had lowered his eyelids and was breathing heavily once more. Caldeveras, in his bunk, had not stirred; his steers filled the room.

Antonio knew where the motor lorries were going. Tomorrow "unidentified" bodies, the "victims of unknown assailants," would be found mysteriously on the outskirts of town, and the Commissioner of Justice would examine them and make the appropriate notations on his books.

Antonio could feel the body next to him twitch as it sought to control its violent sobbing. Now he knew what the lean one had meant when he said that they killed you before they shot you. . . .

DAYS quickly settled into monotony. The back wall, in which was the lone window, faced west, so that it was impossible to tell just when the day started. No light came into the cell until late. A slight lighting of the window, crossed by black bars, in the black field of the wall; a very vague haziness in the dust-motes around the hole—that was all; not enough to wake a sleeping man, but sufficient for persons who were awake and with their eyes on that wall, perhaps for hours. Day officially started with the clank outside the door that presaged breakfast. Sometimes it, because of the insects or the nightly commotion in the corridor, did not, been able to fall asleep till late, he was still sleeping then and was loath to get up, since it was cooler then and the vermin—through satiety or weariness, he never could tell which—had eased up. But usually he was awake long before daybreak, continuing to lie only because he could see no reason for doing anything else. Breakfast consisted simply of a cup of a vile murky liquid called black coffee. Sometimes instead they had chichu,



He ate the sticks "roz"

which Antonio preferred because it was at least an honest substitute.

Days began, ran through their cycle and then began again; they never ended. Washing was a privilege unknown, and the prisoners slept in the same clothes, ate in them, lived in them; for day after day they felt the same itch on their skins, the same pain in their muscles and joints from inaction and cramped positions, the same throb in their temples from the strain and oppression of four dark walls and a ceiling that seemed to surround their senses like a hand of steel. Antonio read the inscriptions on those walls every day, religiously, over and over, even spending long hours trying to decipher those which, through the long action of time and water, were past legibility. He got to know the position, the coloring and the irregularities of every stone; the way each would terminate in a little valley, at the bottom of which ran, like a straight river, a thin strip of ancient mortar. Often he would run his finger through the little valleys, up the little rivers of mortar, following avidly their steep rise and fall around the irregular stones. He got to know the view out of the high rectangular window almost as well, and spent hours with his face pulled up to the level of the sill, his muscles straining, staring out at the narrow bricked passageway and the baked brick wall of the church of Santa Gadea opposite.

The other meal of the day was served at about one o'clock. It consisted without ever varying of the inevitable "roz asieré"—sticky and tasteless from bad rice and poor cooking, rancid from equally poor olive oil—and a single heavy mouldy piece of bread. For the first day or so Antonio had turned away from it with disgust; but after that he had eaten it, completely, mopping up the olive oil sticking to his plate with his piece of bread and even his tongue. He even developed a technique of tapping at a strategic moment with his metal plate the careless ladle that dished out the "roz,

so that more was likely to fall off. He ate it all, ravenously, within a few minutes, realizing as he did so that he would be very hungry again by nightfall, but realizing also that if he tried to save some and put it down somewhere, even for a little while, the insects would drop the presence at discretion which they assumed during the day and be out and upon it in a moment.

Twice during the first few days he was taken out of the cell and brought before the prison officials; once because of some technicality, and the Commissioner of Justice, Don Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana himself, a short swart man with uneasy eyes and a large nose, questioned him; another time he was grilled for hours for information he might know which might incriminate others, and when he could not give it, was beaten. But it was only a perfunctory beating, since no one really thought that he had any information to give, and altogether Antonio considered himself to have got off easily. What did disconcert him, however, was the surprise with which his cell-mates greeted his return each time. They had honestly expected him not to come back.

Especially did this seem to affect Caldeveras. The first time, the fat man had merely puffed out his cheeks in indignation at such a, to him, unwarranted breach of prison custom; but the second time he had apparently felt himself called upon to voice more adequately his protest.

"But it is absurd," he expostulated; "it is foolish! They have never done such a thing before—why should they now?" He glanced from one to the other of his fellows as though expecting confirmation from them. "You are reasonable, *hombrés*," he said finally, turning to Antonio; "you can see what I mean. It's fatal to treat the prisoners here leniently, I say! The devil! If the rest of the Reds see that you are allowed to return unharmed to your cell, the swine will naturally

(Continued on page 29)

THE SEVERE stock market drop last month, unusual in its extent, reflected as once the Tully butchering job done on W.P.A. It seems incredible that Big Business and its hired hands in Congress could be so blind to the lesson of early 1937, when W.P.A. rolls were slashed and business went into a tailspin because there was no corresponding uptake of the unemployed in private industry. But soon as then the same cold blooded and petty motives are in evidence. The present save-a-penny program, monstrous and callous though it is, is no less stupid even from the money-changers' standpoint. It, as it stagnated in Wall Street, the stock market reflects events six months ahead, then Big Business got its answer to the W.P.A. cut immediately, and it can look forward to some pretty poor balance sheets in the next few months—despite the contrary propaganda now being blurted about through the subsidized "information" channels in an effort to bolster stock prices on the Exchange.

Business faded away rapidly in the spring of 1937 when W.P.A. appropriations and payrolls were reduced, and it stayed faded away until these funds were restored in early 1938. And the reason was plain—Big Business refused to take up the slack when thousands were forced to pull up another notch in their belts and move in with relatives or friends. However, since 1938 when the restoration was made in the W.P.A. payrolls, there has been a steady upturn in practically all lines of business, and the stock mar-

WALL STREET

The Street cuts off our nose to spite its face . . . Driving in the wedge . . . Adolf's "peace" pals

ket has reflected this improvement too. But the "hate Roosevelt" campaign on which the sadistic tycoons always have fed insists that anything Roosevelt thinks or does must be cockeyed, and hence there are always two strikes called against any New Deal program even before it gets under way.

Wall Street capital, controlling the country's industry, deliberately sabotaged the employment program from the start, and it continues to do so stupidly holding fast to the crushing inhuman fallacy that free running "economic law" eventually straightens out the matter. The truth is that in every depression up to the Roosevelt

inauguration, the wage worker paid in misery and starvation for the monopolistic greed of the profit-gougers. The New Deal's "crime" has been that it has tried, and with some success, to shift the cost of the depression onto those who made it. It is significant that small business men throughout the country were on the side of the New Deal in the fight to retain and expand the W.P.A., knowing full well that the immediate curtailment of spending hits them first.

How hollow the Big Business cry for a restoration of "confidence" through balancing the budget is, was dramatically shown in the sharp drop in stock prices when the Senate voted the W.P.A. cut. The Street considers the narrow margin of its victory (one vote) as indicating a deeper split in the Democratic Party, because it didn't expect a Senate victory in the first place, and thought it could move toward its objective via a conference between the House and Senate. So there was rejoicing in high places downtown in spite of the drop in the market, the stock slump reflecting the countrywide fear of the results rather than the aims of the small group of Wall Street "chiefs."

Destruction Campaign

THESSE "chiefs" of Wall Street now hope to drive the wedge deeper between the renegade Garner Democrats and the New Dealers, and are increasing the tempo of their insidious campaign for destruction of all New Deal progressive legislation. Part of this drive was the behind-the-scenes bullying of Congress into giving another year of life to the infamous Dies Committee to smear the New Deal, and act as the distributing agency of pro-Hitler propaganda in this country.

Part also of this labor-hating campaign is the attempt to emasculate the Wagner Labor Law—an attempt

which is now well under way and awaiting a propitious moment to drag the Act to the slaughter-pen. This is being done more and more boldly, in proportion to the success of the reactionary coalition in Congress. Already open-handed support is being accorded the anti-C.I.O. labor forces, including the American Federation of Labor leaders who are not averse to being used if their own power is enhanced. Big Business engineered the split in the Automobile Workers Union, and is right now lending its press agencies and other help to the Martin group in that union, working through the Ford Motor Company. It hailed the "return" of the textile workers to the fold of the A.F. of L., even though they haven't returned, and like its splitting tactics in these two unions, it is backing up those leaders of the A.F. of L. who foster dual unions wherever possible. In Chicago, the reactionary Publishers Association started Hearst on the road to more infamy, if possible, with a newspaper reporters' union sponsored by the A.F. of L., even though the Hearst Chicago paper's reporters are 99 per cent American Newspaper Guild (C.I.O.) affiliated. Thus the cynical pattern unfolds.

Peace, It's Wonderful!

IT IS curious how sensitive the Street's ears have become to the ravings of the madman Hitler, and with what childlike trust the Street reacts to that maniac's "peace" mouthings. The Hitlerian burst in late January let loose a flood of hysterical market activity that lasted for eight hours, and prices boiled upward; all because Hitler belted, "We want peace." However, the upsurge in prices was used by the realists to unload, and the market thereafter flopped and was quiet around its previous levels until the Senate W.P.A. vote sent it tumbling. The cables from abroad in early February were scanned eagerly, and the Street now expects Chamberlain and Daladier to put things right via another Munich, the old four-power horse trade.

There are "rumors" around the Street that the time is not far off when "appeasement" must take the form of substantial loans to the Hitler-Mussolini hold-up program. The Street is pretty well agreed that this must happen or else, since it is generally believed a collapse will occur under the weight of the suicidal armaments programs unless financial help in big gobs is proffered soon. This is especially so in Germany, where the "capitalist's friend," Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, recently was removed from the Reichsbank. Opinion divides on the significance of Schacht's removal, but most agree that without outside help from the money barons, Germany is headed for an even worse inflation than occurred in 1923.

March 1939, THE FIGHT

PROGRESSIVE groups in this country have it within their power to convert the present national Congress, which potentially is in some respects the most reactionary since Hoover and the Republicans were driven from power in 1932 into a Congress which will carry forward the New Deal program for the benefit of the nation at large.

Events since Congress convened in early January have demonstrated conclusively that the degree of organized progressive pressure will contain the answer whether the 1939 session of Congress will implement the progressive movement into an effective attack against reaction—external as well as internal—or whether 1939 will mark a temporary turning-point against the progressive tide in government which has been flowing for the past six years.

The central issues which are hanging in the balance, pending the clarification of the direction which Congress will follow, are threefold, and each represents a vital point for the progressive forces of the nation. The first is whether the national government will continue to supply adequate and useful work-relief for the unemployed—or whether the reactionary alliance against relief will succeed in their sabotage of the W.P.A. program, and will be allowed to advance towards their ultimate objective of a less-than-subsistence dole, with the New Deal stripped of its control of relief policies.

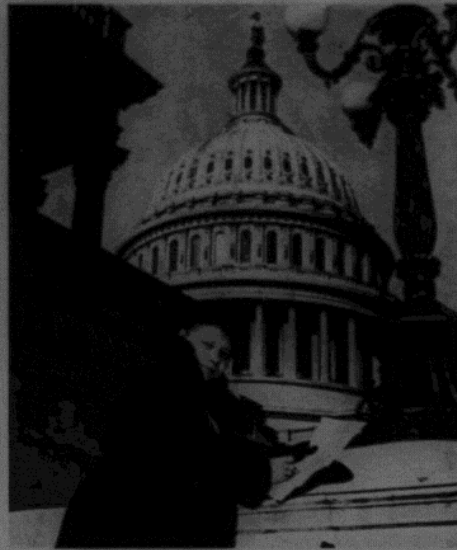
The second is whether the New Deal will be allowed to place into action a positive foreign policy against world Fascism. Among the specific issues involved in this broad question, the most important and most pressing is the lifting of the embargo against Loyalist Spain, which would give access to this country's store of materials and armaments to the most sorely pressed front in the world fight against Fascism.

Wagner Act Defense

The third is the equally basic question of the defense of the National Labor Relations Act, the legal groundwork upon which has been built the sweeping expansion in the strength of organized labor. The protection of that groundwork against mutilation at the hands of reactionary Big Business groups is a matter of vital importance to the continued healthiness of the whole progressive movement in this country.

The point is that on each of these issues, despite the howls of the reactionaries that "the tide has turned" and despite their continuous pointing to a mythical "popular mandate" for scrapping the New Deal, the victory can be won for the progressive movement at this session of Congress if only the voice of that movement speaks with sufficient unity and sufficient volume to the ears of the confused and

THE FIGHT, March 1939



Josephine Truelove Adams signs a petition to lift the embargo on Spain

Congress Will Listen

The people can no longer sit tight as they decide vital issues of domestic and foreign policy

By W. L. Barnes

indecisive legislators in Washington.

In terms of personalities, the fight for control of Congress and for the direction of national policies is between two men: President Roosevelt and his supposed subordinate and helpmeet—Vice-President "Cactus Jack" Garner. In political terms, the fight is between the New Deal—as representative of the progressive forces of

the nation—and the coalition of reactionary Democrats and Republicans whose goal is the restoration of Big Business control over the federal government. Significantly, the leadership of the reactionary bloc has been eagerly assumed not by the Republicans—representing the traditional party of reaction—but by the Garner Democrats, who are willing to wreck their

own party if that is the price of restoring Bourbon rule to the United States.

The first major open engagement between the two forces occurred in the fight over the W.P.A. appropriation. The forty-seven-to-forty-six vote in the Senate for a dole of \$150,000,000 in that appropriation from the total of \$875,000,000 requested by President Roosevelt was widely heralded in the reactionary press as a "sweeping victory" for the anti-New Deal forces. Now there can be no purpose served by denying that the \$150,000,000 cut in relief was a victory for reaction and a defeat for the New Deal, even though the minute majority of one in the Senate is a significant commentary on the "sweeping" character of that victory and defeat. But the real significance of this encounter rests in the events which preceded it. The facts are that after the big majority for the relief cut in the House of Representatives—where discreet measures had been taken to hide the identity of the Congressmen voting against adequate relief—the expectations were definite that the residual appropriation would be passed by a ten to fifteen vote majority in the Senate. The facts are that this contemplated majority was quickly reduced to a point where the outcome was in doubt until the final vote was cast, and that this reduction in majority was directly the outcome of pressure for adequate relief from organized labor, from progressive state and municipal officials, and from the ranks of the W.P.A. itself.

Congress Listens

In other words, the results proved that this Congress can be directed into progressive channels by the force of popular opinion. They also proved that in this initial fight for adequate relief, the force of popular opinion was not sufficiently well organized to bring victory. This failure, however, need not and should not be allowed to remain final. The way is still open for the strong demand of the American people for adequate relief. If that demand is strong enough and vocal enough, Congress will reconsider its present decision to foster starvation relief policies—and will do so in a hurry. The anger of right-wing senators such as Senators Adams and Harrison—who led the attack against the administration's relief program—at charges that they were legislating a starvation program for the unemployed, shows the vulnerability of even such confirmed die-hards as these to effectively organized political pressure.

On this question and on the other big issues too, the need for organized manifestation of the people's will is all the more essential because of the tactics which President Roosevelt is following as an outcome of the New

(Continued on page 24)



When Hitler professed his love for "peace," stocks rose in Wall Street; but realism triumphed over friendship, and they soon came tumbling down

Books

Appeal for Action

MEN MUST ACT, by Lewis Mumford; 176 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$1.50.

LIKE MAX LERNER'S *It's Later Than You Think*, Lewis Mumford's little book is an impassioned appeal for immediate militant defense of Democracy against the Fascist barbarians. Mr. Mumford is convinced that Fascism after Munich is stronger than ever, and he holds quite justified and lively fears that the leaders of the great western democracies—with the honorable exception of President Roosevelt—are preparing a second Munich for the Mediterranean which will leave France naked to the rage of the Rome-Berlin axis. He therefore addresses an eloquent and fervently idealistic exhortation to all who value the democratic way of life, to act, and act now.

With the essence of this appeal there ought to be no disagreement. The Fascist disease has already infected much of Europe (if not quite so much as Lewis Mumford in his gloom would have us think). Fascist espionage and propaganda are busy throughout Latin America. In our own country the snarls of Fascist reaction grow louder every day. As Mr. Mumford says, the Fascist technique of terror, bullying, bluff, and blackmail can be effectively defeated. But only a bold and courageous stand will suffice; and already too much has been allowed to fall to the barbarians because of sloth, inertia, ostrich-like pacifism, the vicious "appeasement" doctrine, and downright traitorous conniving on the part of such Tories as Chamberlain and Bonnet. If we do not face up to the Fascists now, we shall not later have so good a chance.

Like some other people, the author of *Men Must Act* prefers to treat Fascism as a psychopathic phenomenon, with the main emphasis on its ideological character and its wickedness. While this is not an hour to cavil at one's fellows in the democratic camp, the present reviewer must register his contrary opinion—that Fascism is more the result of "evil conditions" than of "the doctrines and the works of evil men."

The chief positive contribution of

ferred by Mr. Mumford to the anti-Fascist movement is his suggestion that the United States pass a Non-Intercourse Act to end all economic and most cultural traffic with the three chief Fascist countries, Germany, Italy, and Japan. While agreeing that this would be very well, we shall do right at the moment to concentrate our forces on lifting the shameful embargo on democratic Spain. If we can only make such a good beginning, we shall be better able to push our stubborn legislators into more ambitious projects. Meanwhile, Spain is slowly strangling; and if Spain goes, our fight will be better indeed. As Lewis Mumford well says, it is up to the United States to encourage the world by taking the lead. We need not despair of followers.

—JOSEPH H. FRIEND

Middletown in Struggle

INDUSTRIAL VALLEY, by Ruth McKenney; 379 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$3.00.

COMPARISON is odious, but just this once we must be so odious as to compare Ruth McKenney's new book with the celebrated *Middletown* series. The Lynds' studies of Muncie, Indiana, were invaluable; but at the last they left something to be desired. This was particularly apparent on the publication of *Middletown in Transition*. For hardly was the ink dry on the picture of a conservative community of boss-loving workers, when everybody in Muncie-Middletown proceeded to vote for Roosevelt and to join the C.I.O.

What the authors of *Middletown* overlooked, Ruth McKenney has caught. An inquiring reporter of unusual penetration, she has known where to look and what to look for and what to do with the answers. Her picture of Akron during the depression, Akron in anger and struggle, Akron in growth, is Akron and is America. Mass unemployment and the anti-union movement; the beginnings of the rubber workers' union; the first of the sidown strikers (we are told exactly how it started); the usual politicians and some unusual newspapers; the

catastrophic bank failures; the New Deal; and the herculean struggles of the men from the Southern mountains who forged the United Rubber Workers of America. Yes, throughout and moving all, the unconquerable drive and will of the people.

All this is told with a novel technique that is somewhat reminiscent of *The Living Newspaper*; with objectivity, a true objectivity that is not "above the struggle"; with a painstaking reverence for the subject. There is wit and satire, but it is not the sterile wit of those who can see in an American town nothing but dirt and boob. If on February 26, 1934, the absent-minded Mayor Honest Ike Myers "summoned the Civil Service Commission, and then admitted he had forgotten why he called the meeting," there is a reason for that, a reason in the rubber workers' past and future.

The section called "Dress Rehearsal," describing the strike in Barberston (Akron's suburb) which preceded the great Goodyear strike, is a masterpiece. The gassing of women and children by a deputized tear-gas salesman, and the thundering answer of the townspeople, presents in little the whole story of recent American labor disputes.

Finally comes the Goodyear strike. It began on the picket lines in a sub-zero blizzard, and it ended after three-

ty-three days with a victory for labor and Akron. It touched off the organizing struggles in the auto and steel industries. We can take the victory for granted three years later, but it was not so in the midst of the events. There were the machine-guns, the "lojal employees" and the Law and Order League. There were the thugs. The boss took a poll that showed the workers were for him. There were experts in terror and lies, perverts in deception—professionals whose life work was breaking difficult strikes.

The rubber workers had to find their way. They did.

The book of the year.

—CHARLES PRESTON

British Constitution

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND, by Harold J. Laski; 383 pages; The Viking Press; \$3.50.

THIS EXTREMELY interesting commentary on the British constitution poses a question which its author does not attempt to answer. Writing seventy years after Bagehot's famous rose-tinted picture of the same subject, Mr. Laski quotes as a true characterization of the British parliamentary system, until the rise of the Labour Party, these words of Lord Balfour:

Our whole political machinery presupposes a people so fundamentally at one that they can safely afford to bicker; and so sure of their own moderation that they are not dangerously disturbed by the never-ending din of political conflict.

In Bagehot's day, as in Balfour's own most active period, this passage explained the seeming anomaly of not only permitting, but indeed encouraging, an Opposition. However, says Mr. Laski, "A democratic political system will always seek, in the long run, to become a democratic society." The instrument which the forces of history have evolved for the accomplishment of that purpose is at present the British Labour Party. Now the Labour Party in its professions, at least, is socialist. In other words, the fundamental basis of unity to which Balfour referred no longer exists. How, asks Mr. Laski, when in the normal course of events the Labour Party obtains a majority and proceeds to implement its socialist pro-

gramme, will the parliamentary system work?

After a fairly lengthy Introduction, Mr. Laski analyzes the Party System, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Cabinet, the Civil Service, and the Monarchy, and comments on the relationship of Parliament and the Courts. The inference apparently to be drawn is that the author is extremely skeptical of the possibility of the British Constitution's continuing to function successfully when property is finally threatened by a socialist Government; but there is not a hint as to the constructive measures that should then be taken to implement the will of the people.

Before commenting further on this all-important matter, it would be well to note some particular points in the book. Mr. Laski's picture of the Commons is, on the whole, extremely favourable, so favourable indeed that it suggests Mr. Laski has never himself been in the position of an ordinary, undistinguished British citizen who has tried to obtain the aid of his M. P. for the redress of a grievance. While it is unquestionably true that the Commons, as Mr. Laski says, does serve among other things as an educative influence, the House is extremely remote from the people.

Again, in discussing the power of the Departments to make rules, Mr. Laski observes that before such rules are made, "all interests" likely to be affected are consulted. How much attention is ever paid to the interests of individuals who represent, and are represented by, nothing but the mass of the common people?

In other words, it seems to me that, in spite of his exposure of the bias of Parliament, the Monarchy, the Civil Service and the Courts against the Left, Mr. Laski is inclined, almost subconsciously, to accept too uncritically the common belief that the constitution in its present form does give the little man "a break."

The immediate question for the British people to solve, as for the American, is the preservation of Democracy against Fascism. Mr. Laski's book, however, deals with ultimates, and as such it is, in spite of its immense intrinsic interest, inconclusive and unsatisfactory.

—LESLIE READE

Nuggets of the Nazis

LUNACY BECOMES US, by Adolf Hitler and His Associates; edited by Clara Lurie; 138 pages; Leveright Publishing Corporation; \$1.25.

PERHAPS it is amusing to read such Nazi nuggets as the statement made by Rudolf Hess at Nuremberg last September in which he said, "What he does is right; whatever he does is necessary, and whatever he does is successful, as in Austria. . . .



A Loyalist poster by Renoa shows the Spanish Army as defender of the nation.

Thus manifestly the *Fuhrer* has the divine blessing." The editor of this book, which is a compilation of sayings from Nazi leaders and the rubber-stamp Nazi press, certainly intended it to be funny. But for me amusement was mixed with some horror.

Lunacy Becomes Us would be funny if it were not called from statements offered seriously by the leaders of a nation to their people. But since it is, it leaves you feeling rather sick.

My trouble may have been that I read most of the book just before I went to sleep. There was a sort of hypnotic effect in the short sentences. And I dreamed that I had become a Nazi, and I felt sick as with a disease and didn't know how I had caught it or where to turn, for anyone else had the same disease.

I'm just warning you that to read too much of *Lunacy Becomes Us* at one sitting is like taking a foul drug. And it leaves you with a terrible hang-over.

But nevertheless, the book is worth reading, in short doses. It gives you, as nothing else I have seen has given,

higher or finer privilege for a woman than that of sending her children to war.

Or this from Church Missioner Kerell: "Adolf is the real Holy Ghost. Are you sick yet? Or are you laughing?"

—JULIAN LEVIN

Children at Work

CHILD WORKERS IN AMERICA, by Katharine DuPre Lewis and Dorothy H. Wolf Douglas; 321 pages; International Publishers; \$1.00.

The children are no more the milk that almost every day
The little children at their work
Can use the milk as play

THE NATURAL absurdness felt by decent human beings as expressed in Sarah Cleghorn's biting four lines is given splendid documentation by Katharine DuPre Lewis and Dorothy Wolf Douglas.

Their picture of the conditions under which approximately 2,250,000 boys and girls under eighteen are working is unforgettable. Not content with a mere compilation of statistics, the authors present literally dozens of case histories of the children at work. It seems incredible after reading this volume that there are still those in this country who are in favor of such conditions.

All of us have read the nostalgic accounts of men long removed from the farm, of their lovely childhood attending to the chores under the health giving sun. The account the present authors give of rural labor conditions is a slightly different one. The thousands of sharecroppers' children, many of them seven and eight years of age, who spend their days crawling on hands and knees weeding cotton plantations in the South; those who work in tobacco patches in Connecticut; beet fields in the West or the canning industry in the Northwest, somehow never seem to be the material of the back-to-the-earthies who shed their tears in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The opponents of child labor regulation include such well-known groups as the National Association of Manufacturers, the Sentinels of the Republic, the National Security League, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies. The arguments they present in favor of child labor are familiar—here is one example quoted by the authors: "The Amendment now drawn is a long step in the direction of the nationalization of children which is the great desire of extreme Socialists and Bolshevists." The Massachusetts representative of the National Association of Manufacturers sums the whole matter up with the following gem: "Nationalization of Youth and Women is the keynote of the Red program."

—HAROLD PATCH



Lewis Mumford's *Men Must Act* has been published by Harcourt, Brace

AS TO WOMEN

Art for the relief of China . . . Women in trade unions and in government

DURING this month the China Aid Council of the American League for Peace and Democracy will receive a consignment of art treasures from China to be sold for Chinese relief. The gathering of these treasures reads like a romance. A committee of women in China chose five women's organizations to locate art treasures all over a hundred years old and then to persuade their owners to part with them. One woman writes: "It would break my heart to see these things going from our country were it not for the cause of China." Sometimes the committee women had to hurry through the streets at night to get the treasures where they had been hidden. In the occupied territory, the objects had to be smuggled out from under the eyes of the watchful Japanese to Hong Kong. It was a perilous task and one that proved the courage and devotion of the Chinese women. Many of the objects had been in families for centuries and had about them old and loved associations with a past that had seemed secure. The least the American women can do is to see that the labor of the Chinese women was not in vain.

LAST month, in this column, there was an item concerning the part that women should play through the trade union movement for the furthering of Democracy. I wish to make apologies here for assuming that women are not trying to take their part in their unions. Letters have been coming in putting me in my proper place. "Have you ever tried to take part in a union meeting?" writes one woman. "I think that the writer of the As To Women column cannot be a trade union member. If any woman tries to say anything or take any part whatsoever in policy she gets set right back down in her seat. Try it! That's all I ask!" Another writes—a girl who works in a closed shop—"All the girls are sore in my shop. We have no say in anything that is done and if we protest it is ignored. We never get on any of the committees and all we contribute to the union is dues. Of course it is bad because lots of the girls are

not convinced union members anyway, so you get a very dissatisfied feeling throughout the whole union." The last letter received was a snappy little note which said in part: "If you are so interested in improving the work of women for Democracy in trade unions, why don't you write a column for the men?"

WHILE we are on the woman question, let me say that I was interested the past week to read of Carrie Chapman Catt's plea for Frances Perkins. The fact that Mrs. Perkins is a woman, says Mrs. Catt, has entered several times into the attack on her through the Dies Committee. A worthy Bishop of one of the great Protestant denominations in this country volunteered a statement to the Dies Committee in which he deplored the fact that our Secretary of Labor was a woman. He said he had no criticism of her work, but in these times we needed a man at the helm. Which is, of course, a lot of bores. Anyone who can remember back to the days of Mr. Doak can congratulate the United States Government that we have so able a Secretary of Labor in Washington at this time. I have never been one who believed a woman should hold a place of responsibility because she was a woman—nor have I thought that because a citizen was a man, he was thereby fitted for leadership. Such criticisms as that of the Bishop, are of the very essence of Fascism. When they are made, it is always wise to see just what the critic feels about the social stand of the person under fire.

AS the year grows on, more and more evidences come into this office of an anti-Semitism that seems to be finding its seed-bed in the Middle West. Small towns which have no Jewish population have suddenly become anti-Jewish. But there is one cause for hope in preparing for a struggle against such anti-racial feeling. Church women have always stood against any sort of race persecution. Church women are strong in the Middle West. What they must have are the facts.

—DOROTHY MCCONNELL

Congress Will Listen

(Continued from page 21)

Deal issues in the election. As an offset to the reactionary propaganda concerning "accidental inscription of the powers of Congress," the President clearly has adopted the strategy—for the time being at least—of exercising only indirect leadership over Congress. For this reason, the power of the President to influence Congress in the direction of progressive legislation is more directly linked with supporting pressure from popular opinion than at any other previous time in New Deal history.

On the crucial issue of American foreign policy and the Spanish embargo, the necessity for effectively organized popular pressure on Congress is possibly even more clear-cut than in connection with the relief problem. For, in this case, there is ample evidence that a majority of Congress is in favor of immediate action to lift the embargo against Loyalist Spain and also of other measures which would align the enormous economic strength of this nation against the war-making activities of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis.

Our People and Spain

On the side of positive action at this session of Congress are the clear indications of an overwhelming popular support for the cause of the Spanish Loyalists and an equally overwhelming opposition to the aggressive policies of the Fascist powers, as reflected in recent polls and in the views of mass organizations. In opposition, the only important influences in Congress are the propaganda operations of the reactionary bloc in the Catholic hierarchy and of open Fascist sympathizers such as Father Coughlin—together with the habitual timidity of Congress in undertaking any positive measures of foreign policy. The question thus hinges on whether the majority American opinion against Fascism and for Loyalist Spain can be mobilized sufficiently to throw its true weight against minority pressure and Congressional inertia.

What makes the opportunity for positive anti-Fascist action all the more auspicious, is that there is no such solidified opposition to these measures on the part of powerful Big Business groups as exists on crucial internal issues such as relief and the Wagner Act. Despite the spontaneous sympathy of most big capital groups for the anti-labor and anti-democratic internal methods of Fascism, practical considerations have served to split seriously the support of these groups for Fascism as a matter of foreign policy. This split is illustrated, for example, by the break in the stock market when the Fascists captured Barcelona, and by the apprehension expressed by certain Big Business interests concerning Fas-

cist encroachment upon valuable American markets in Latin-America and the Far East.

Mobilized public opinion is all the more necessary, in the specific instance of the Spanish embargo, because such pressure is required not only to stir Congress into action but also to stir the New Deal itself into action, as an offset to the defeatist elements in the State Department. On the development of a long-term positive foreign policy to throw the economic strength of this nation behind the democratic world powers and against the aggressive Fascist powers, the attitude within the Administration is more favorable than at any time in the past—but on the specific issue of the Spanish embargo the Administration needs to be prodded into action, if such action is to be forthcoming before it is too late.

A Hot Potato

The defense of the National Labor Relations Act is an issue which will probably reach its crucial phase during the later stages of the present session of Congress. At this writing, the Wagner Act is still a "hot potato" which no important group in Congress has yet been willing to handle. Because of this situation, there will probably be ample time available to organize public opinion to convince Congress to keep hands off this basic document of labor's rights. But, in organizing such opinion, the unfortunate factionalism within labor's own ranks which has led the A.F. of L. executive council to assume a leading role in the movement to mutilate the Act, must be overcome by a demonstration of unified support for the Wagner Act on the part of the rank and file of all organized labor as well as by progressives generally.

Mistakes of the Right

If such support is forthcoming, there are excellent prospects that mutilating amendments to the law will be defeated, particularly as the prestige of Senator Wagner and of President Roosevelt undoubtedly will be exerted in behalf of maintaining the integrity of the Act. Furthermore, there will be excellent opportunities for capitalizing on tactical mistakes by the advocates of mutilation for the Act. Loud-mouthed Senator Burke of Nebraska, who is one of the principal spokesmen in Congress for such labor-baiters as Tom Girdler and his crowd, is almost certain to propose amendments which on their face will be patently designed to destroy legal protection for trade unions, and to facilitate the hamstringing of union operations by reactionary employers. No matter how devoutly the bulk of the right-wing Senators and Representatives may hope for such legislation, they are too experienced politically to endorse "bad medicine" of this type in such a bare-

lyard form. The proposed amendments to the Act which the A.F. of L. leaders induced Senator Walsh of Massachusetts to introduce also fall into this category—since their function clearly would be to destroy the C.I.O. Much as the right-wing bloc in Congress hates the C.I.O., the A.F. of L. progressives and other liberal groups would assemble against them if they backed legislation of that type.

New Model Bund

(Continued from page 15)

too many enemies. Thus the call for streamlining.

What are the tactics to be adopted? Kuhn has already taken the hint. Co-operation is the latest keynote. Let's drop our petty differences. After all, Fascists must stick together—and that's precisely what they're doing. They all have the same objective, many have the same theories; so they have organized a "united front."

The plan is as follows:

1. Smash the New Deal.
2. Smash and smear all progressive organizations by continuing the Dies Committee witch-hunt.
3. Bring about a wave of anti-Semitism to unite all Fascist forces.
4. Openly incite a campaign of violence to overthrow America.

The attack upon the New Deal is foremost for several reasons. First, President Roosevelt has come out as an unalterable enemy of Nazidism and Fascism. Second, the New Deal, through its program of effective economic reform is forestalling opportunities for the organization by the Bund and its collaborators of disaffected backward elements among the hungry, the ill-clothed, the ill-housed of America.

The second point, that of smashing all progressive organizations by making the best use of the Dies Committee, is obvious. By these red-baiting campaigns, the Fascists hope to smear in the eyes of the public all progressive and anti-Fascist forces which attempt to act effectively to stop their onslaught.

The Dies Committee proved in its pre-election hearings that it was able to effectively smear leading progressive and anti-Fascist candidates in many states, while practically covering the tracks of the real un-American subversive elements, the German-American Bund and its affiliated Tories.

Coughlin's Anti-Semitism

Use of anti-Semitism as a means of furthering the drive toward Fascism in America is being carried on with increasing intensity. Leading the campaign is Father Coughlin. Using the cloth as his shelter, he has taken the Henry Ford-sponsored notorious forgery, *The Protocols of Zion*—which attempts to prove the existence of an

"international plot" by the Jewish people to capture the world—and has been able to pass off this forgery as a clever "indictment" of Jews the world over.

Thus Father Coughlin is following the exact line of Europe's butcher, Adolph Hitler, as a leader in the struggle for American Fascism.

The forged "Protocols" have been widely established to be the work of the former Czarist army officer, Colonel Armand Nicolai, and several masterful assistants.

More recently the radio priest of the Shrine of the Little Flower has dragged from the mire a tattered compilation entitled *The British White Paper*. This is supposedly the work of investigators for the British government, allegedly "suppressed by Jewish influence" within the British Cabinet. It also purports to show the plan of the Jewish people to "bring revolution to a head simultaneously throughout the world."

While such material sounds ridiculous when read here, untold numbers of Americans are unfortunately being trapped by it.

Storm-Troop Battalions

For their campaign of violence which is to lead to the complete destruction of American Democracy, Hitler's agents are trusting nobody but their own picked battalions. These they are carefully molding within the ranks of the Bund.

For the past few summers sixteen major camps have been operated by the Bund. These resemble, with the exception of one detail, military training bases operated by any government.

The members report in uniforms complete to boots, gray shirts, Sam

Brownie belts and swastikas, for regular drill sessions in which the only absent piece of equipment is the rifle. That these can be supplied on short order is a certainty.

The writer has it on good authority from an informant within the Bund's ranks that while arms are not part of the regulation equipment, the overwhelming majority have pistols, rifles and tear-gas guns issued by their leaders.

Investigating this aspect of Nazi preparation, the writer successfully trailed two sailors from a Nazi steamship docked in New York to the home of a Bund leader, and there observed the transfer of revolvers and tear-gas pencils from the sailors to the Bundsmen for resale within the ranks of the local unformed order.

The "New" Nazis

The rapid progress of the Bund in recent months has already given one of its leaders cause to talk openly of the "Revolution of 1940," planned to forestall the election of a New Deal presidential candidate. The writer has seen statements concerning the prospective uprising as issued by Russel J. Dunne, a leader of a Bund-affiliated group.

How does Babe plan to take the crude, coarse, blundering, blustering Bund and transform it from the comparatively weak, thoroughly hated group that it is into a skilful, well-oiled unit?

His first idea is to wipe out the small differences between leaders of semi-Fascist groups in America and the Bund, in order to bring into his camp additional forces which can be trained to act in his behalf. Among these groups are the many Tory po-

litric societies, reactionary veterans' groups, Father Coughlin's following, the many mid-west and western vigilante units, the Silver Shirts, the so-called Ku Klux Klan and any other small units that are willing to work with the Bund.

In order to accomplish this, Babe will necessarily have to crush the strong grip of many of the prominent figures in the Bund's leadership, possibly even replacing Fritz Kuhn with a dummy leader of American birth.

Babe will also have to place in the saddle less loud-mouthed commanders, who can more effectively negotiate with the American Fascists—who have thus far repudiated their cooperation purely for personal reasons.

There must also necessarily be a re-organization of the spy apparatus. The damage done to the Bund by the exposure of the spy ring will be hard to remove from the minds of real Americans.

The new line will necessarily carry on with renewed vigor the anti-Jewish campaign. This will be used as the point around which a "united front" machine can be welded.

The "Heavy Hand"

Why has Babe accused Kuhn and his collaborators of "working with a heavy hand"?

Thus far, the sheer stupidity of the Bund has caused it to be too obviously exposed in the eyes of the American public, despite the cooperation of the Tory press of America in attempting to cover its tracks. The open agitation swastika has failed. Kuhn has never held meetings under the American flag. Always the swastika has hung highest in the meeting-halls.

As this is written, Kuhn is planning a meeting of the Bund to be held in New York's largest indoor arena, Madison Square Garden. Here for the first time will go into effect the new line.

Previously the Bund spoke of "our Fuehrer, Adolph Hitler," of "the fatherland"—blood-spattered Germany. In the Garden Kuhn will disavow any connection with the land of his birth. He will attempt to show the "American heritage" of Fascism. Recently he announced plans for turning his newspapers, which are published weekly in several large cities throughout the country, into all-English periodicals. Previously they were all German in content.

America must be warned of the new line that the Nazis are taking within our borders. America must be informed of the presence of a wolf in sheep's clothing. If Kuhn takes off his swastika, it does not mean that Fascism is gone. It merely means that Fascism is attempting to work more effectively, and that the forces of progress must form new and more solid lines to frustrate effectively its spread.

STRENGTH THROUGH JOY

By Egmarco



"Poor Schneckenfuehrer . . . He was ordered to make a new poison gas . . . But it turned out to be a chocolate ice-cream soda!"

IN STEP WITH LABOR

THE Labor Session at the recent American Congress for Peace and Democracy in Washington, D.C., considered many problems of vital importance to the labor movement.

The major portion of this session was devoted to a discussion of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. Many speakers pointed out clearly that the attack on this Labor Act would come during the early sessions of the United States Congress, and that the labor movement as a whole must be the spearhead in the defense of this legislation. It was interesting to note that the delegates from the A.F. of L. unions played as active a role in this discussion as the other delegates.

After a thorough discussion, it was decided that the first point of our program should read: "Defend the Wagner Act against all attempts to weaken it by amendment or to cripple its administration; and extend its principles to state labor acts."

On the basis of this decision, the Labor Department of the American League is inaugurating a national campaign in defense of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. This campaign will take the form of one of the longest telegrams ever sent to President Roosevelt and each member of the Senate and House of Representatives. The telegram states: "In the name of the following organization—, we ask that you do all in your power to defeat the repeal of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, H. R. 2761, which was

introduced by Congressman Anderson and all amendments which would destroy the effectiveness of this law. The Wagner Labor Relations Act has to a large extent compelled adherence to the basic liberties guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States and has been of inestimable benefit to the American people as a whole."

We have made arrangements with the Postal Telegraph Company whereby for five cents we can have appended to this telegram the name of the organization, the local number, city and state, and the first and last name of the signer.

This, however, does not mean that we shall concentrate only on trade unions to secure signatures for this telegram. This must be a broad national campaign, involving all sections of the community and representing middle classes, white-collar, religious and professional groups, and all other individuals.

The Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers have been using all the means at their command to propagandize the country, through the press and radio, for the repeal of this legislation. We must do all in our power to counteract the vicious tactics which the organizations of the economic royalists are using in this campaign; and to do this effectively, we must mobilize every member of the American League and all of our affiliates and friends.

—A. E. EDWARDS



At the Washington Congress labor session. Left to right, seated, Vivian Hughes, L. H. Goldsmith and Alice Liveright; standing, Natalie Hess and Alexander Hoffman

Those Nazi Planes

(Continued from page 11)

the Iberian Peninsula and on the Asiatic mainland.

While modern warfare is unthinkable without the efficacious airplane, both military specialists and statesmen today are aware that war as a whole and each important individual operation thereof must be resolved through a correlation of all armed branches, including aviation.

Battles of the near world war will begin in the air but end in the mud, according to the consensus of expert opinion. The non-mechanical "doughboy" with his bayonet fixed is still the basic arm. Infantry is still the queen of the battlefield, indispensable for occupying and holding terrain devastated by the aerial barrage and tank offensive. Without a pedestrian army of occupation, the enemy punished from the air may in time heal his wounds and gather strength for fresh counter-attack.

Hence, even if Hitler did have the strongest air force in the world (and the evidence of the Spanish intervention does not attest to that effect), there would yet be no need to fear that a firm defiance of his demands by the world's democracies might result in their conquest from the air.

But the Nazis' aerial combinations are even weaker than their performance at home and in Spain has shown. If we scrutinize them not independently of all surrounding circumstances but (as any competent military analyst would) in relation to the rest of the Nazi war establishment with which they must be synchronized in action—as well as in relation to the industrial-economic-financial potential of Germany in peace and war time.

More than two years ago in an article in the *New York Times* and in a series of articles in *Aero Digest* on Germany's military aviation, I pointed out with the aid of authoritative statistics—some of them from official Nazi sources—that the military-economic situation was shaky: that the air force could carry out its duties successfully and over a long period of time only if the country had an amply developed aviation industry secured with such raw materials as aluminum, high-grade steels, rubber products, and was endowed with sufficient reserves of fuel and lubricants, and with other fighting materials. Germany was then deficient and developments since have made many of her strategic shortcomings even more pronounced.

An outstanding characteristic of the present situation is that with a highly developed industry, Germany has been experiencing an acute shortage of most military raw materials. Considered in conjunction with the universally known lack of foodstuffs and an aggravated financial status, this accounts for the

gaping weaknesses in the Nazi military base.

Nowhere is this situation more acutely felt than in the German aviation industry, which has expanded temporarily in recent years. About 115,000 workers are employed in it. Leading European commentators are agreed that 120 factories are busy in this field, of which about 50 are devoted to building planes, 20 to aero engines, and the rest to instruments and other control apparatus and accessories. The French press estimates that the annual German production capacity is between 16,000 and 16,500 aircraft.

But all is not well with the output. Very significant is the opinion of Dr. Helmuth Klotz, a former officer in the German navy, who has written several analytical studies of Nazi Germany. He has recently published in France a work entitled *Lessons of the Civil War in Spain*. In it Dr. Klotz examines the operation of aviation, tanks and anti-aircraft and anti-tank defenses in Spain. In view of the belief, in the beginning fostered by the Berlin war lords themselves, that a great deal of their military equipment was dispatched to Spain for tests under actual war-time conditions—tests which were to demonstrate beyond any doubt the towering superiority of the Fascist-made weapons—the following observation is revealing:

"The official German weekly *Militär-Wochenblatt* openly acknowledges that German bombers of the 1933-1936 vintage (principally, various Junkers types are discussed) have achieved only second-rate triumphs in Spain.

"German bombers yielded to bombers of other armies, produced in the same years, and at times most appreciably.

"*Militär-Wochenblatt* asserts that the latest German pursuits (Heinkel-51 and Henschel-123) have shown themselves favorably and are at least equal in value to contemporary pursuits of other nations. Nevertheless, in the opinion of the German expert and according to a unanimous insistence of neutral observers, this applies only for altitudes below 4,000 meters. Above 4,000 meters, the positive characteristics of German planes are rapidly diminished and the superiority of corresponding aircraft of other than German origins becomes strongly pronounced.

"The German specialist has overlooked one important circumstance: high speeds of German and Italian pursuits have been attained at the expense of the sturdiness of their construction. Virtually every forced landing resulted in a crackup of the airplanes of this type."

Dr. Klotz fails to elaborate that the inefficiency of Nazi aircraft above 4,000 meters is a fatal handicap because the ceiling of all types of military planes is being rapidly extended towards the

(Continued on page 10)

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Russell Thayer

DR. HARRY F. WARD, national chairman of the American League, will speak from Station WJZ over the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting Company, on March 3rd at 7:30 p. m. (Eastern Standard Time). Dr. Ward's subject will be "What Are Un-American Activities?" The Newark, New Jersey, branch of the League has obtained from Station WHBI time for three broadcasts. This station is an outlet for Father Coughlin's Sunday afternoon talks in behalf of Fascism and the first League program was a special answer to Father Coughlin by Mrs. Julia Church Kolar. The second program was devoted to a talk by Dr. Ward, entitled "A Program for American Democracy."

BESIDES the many mass meetings which are being held on critical issues throughout the country, seven regional conferences have been or are about to be held covering all parts of the country. The first rush distribution of our Critical Issues leaflets, before all branches had laid complete plans for getting to large numbers of people, nevertheless numbered 330,000 leaflets. The March leaflet on the neutrality issue should reach nearly a million people.

OUR one serious weakness at the Washington Congress was the lack of representation from farm and rural areas. A delegate from the Progressive Party of Wisconsin, John Burnham, editor of the *Waupaca* (Wisconsin) *Post*, in a note to Dr. Ward pointed out the needs of the rural areas in a way which can be helpful to us:

"Coming from the Midwest, I note that your strength is largely recruited from the East. Coming from a rural community, I note that your delegations are almost solidly urban representatives. Knowing the farms and the small towns of America, I am strongly disturbed that your background, your viewpoint, and your appeal is from and to the urban worker.

"The welfare of the man who works on the farm, and the man who operates a small business in a rural community, and the shop worker in the city are interdependent. Their interest in a strong expression for Democracy, a strong opposition to Fascism, an intense reiteration right now of all

those things which make us honor the Bill of Rights—those interests, I insist, are essentially the same for the cotton farmer in the south, the shop worker in Detroit, the steel worker in Pittsburgh, the dairy farmer of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the tens of thousands of rural small business and professional workers who have felt as bitterly as any of us the encroachment of forces which threaten to destroy their economic freedom.

"But I must urge that your viewpoint—too largely urban—must be broadened to include three-fourths of America which does not know of your program, does not know even that its essential needs and welfare are linked with yours.

"I beg of you to turn your eyes away for a moment, from city streets, and look to the farmsteads and small towns of America which have not been aroused to their need to work for the same things for which you are working. And I urge you to carry your message to ten thousand country schoolhouses, a thousand small town community halls.

"The man who won America 150 years ago was the man with the plow and the ax and the squirrel rifle. You must tell him today—and how very urgent it is that you tell him!—that that fight for American freedom which began 150 years ago has not yet been

ended. To win that fight, you still need his help."

OF course, the League is handicapped by lack of funds so that we cannot always send representatives and speakers into sections of the country where financial support of meetings cannot be guaranteed. However, since last fall we have had an organizer, Beth Cunningham, in the South. Miss Cunningham organized a number of small branches and study groups which may well become branches in the near future. She is returning again to the South and plans to stay for a longer period of time in a comparatively few towns. She will make her headquarters in Greensboro, North Carolina.

CHARLES ROBERTS, a lecturer and former trade-union organizer, has gone to the Detroit area for a series of six lectures. Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld will speak to League branches and mass meetings for the League in twelve cities, including many on the West Coast. Dr. Rosenfeld, former Minister of Justice of Prussia, was one of Germany's most distinguished members of the Bar for many years. Noted as a jurist and social worker, he played an outstanding role in the German Republic during the post-war period. He contributed greatly to the formulation of the ad-

vanced code of judicial administration which has been completely discarded by the Nazis in Germany. He resides in the United States now, rebuilding a career which was at one time one of the most distinguished. As a lawyer in Munich, it fell to his lot to cross-examine Adolph Hitler in 1932 when, the arrogant prospective "Fuehrer" declined to answer the questions of a "Jew." Dr. Rosenfeld compelled him to pay a fine of 1000 marks to the Court, thereby incurring his personal hostility.

AFTER a general organizational tour, Oliver Haskell saw the need for concentrating his efforts on the West Coast. Edith O. Sawyer is now directing China Aid Council activities from the National Office. Miss Sawyer lived in China from 1915 to 1925 and during that period was general secretary of the Shanghai Y.W.C.A. She is thoroughly acquainted with all parts of this country through travel for the national board of the Y.W.C.A. Miss Sawyer has had administrative experience in Chicago and Pittsburgh.

SI-LAN CHEN, the well-known Chinese dancer, is to tour the United States under the auspices of the China Aid Council. She is one of the outstanding modern dancers, and has been acclaimed by critics in European capitals. We are particularly pleased to sponsor her first American tour because all proceeds less expenses will go for medical aid to China.

Daughter of the former Chinese Foreign Minister, Dr. Eugene Chen, Si-Lan Chen was born in the West Indies, educated in England, and studied the ballet in Moscow under a pupil of Fokine. She is now living in New York where she made her debut early this year.

IN response to a recent letter sent by the China Aid Council to medical men throughout the country, a half-ton of medical supplies appraised at \$3,000 has been received. To purchase these same materials on the market would cost \$7,000. This action taken by doctors has been immediate and is indicative of great potential cooperation. Doctors are asked to send any supplies, surgical instruments, medicines, gauze, etc., which they can possibly collect, or if they prefer, money.



As thousands demonstrated in New York's Times Square to "Lift the Embargo!"

YOUTH NOTES

UNITED STATES—Harvard University sent a delegate by airplane to Washington with twenty thousand signatures for the lifting of the embargo on Loyalist Spain.

The University of Chicago's student body also sent a delegate by plane to Washington for the same purpose. Young Jews went on record last week for the lifting of the embargo.

The Y.W.C.A. has sent thousands of chain letters and telegrams on the lifting of the embargo.

Twelve thousand people demonstrated against Fascist invasion of Spain before the Italian Consulate in New York.

Letters are pouring in from schools indicating that huge majorities of the student bodies over the country are behind the efforts to lift the embargo on Loyalist Spain.

ENGLAND—The National Youth Campaign is organizing a Pilgrimage to London to "register" the young people's position on "national service," the Chamberlain government's way of saying conscription.

Receptions, youth religious services, the Pilgrimage will present youth's own idea of a national service that includes an understanding of a foreign policy based on freedom, collective action and support for Spain, service in a democratically-controlled Air Raid Precautions division, fulfillment of the National Fitness drive and the Youth Charter.

GERMANY—Government seizure of the funds, property and sports equipment of the German Catholic Young Men's Association of the Aachen Diocese ended the life of one of the few remaining local youth groups outside the jurisdiction of the *Hitlerjugend*, official Nazi organization. This latest action was taken on the ground of "communistic tendencies" in the association—the usual charge leveled at religious and non-governmental youth groups.

POLLS—It is an old American custom to stop people in the street and ask them their opinion on subjects ranging from "Do you prefer blondes

or brunettes?" to "What do you think of the international situation?"

The poll is a good way of beginning and ending a conference or a peace institute. A short opinion test given at the start and repeated at the finish is a helpful method of checking on the interest and information of the people taking part in the poll.

The All-University Peace Council of the University of Minnesota has just conducted a poll to determine what its policy will be regarding the foreign policy of the U.S. On the basis of this poll, the Peace Council adopted a program of fourteen points. They include: that the All-University Peace Council will sponsor a peace demonstration; that our government should cooperate with other nations in exerting non-military pressure on aggressors; that individual consumers should boycott materials exported from nations who are carrying on armed invasion of other nations; that Congress should place an arms and credit embargo on Japan; that the United States should take an active part in organizing a pan-American league of nations. The Council also passed a resolution urging "that Congress lift the arms embargo now operating against Loyalist Spain."

PILOTS—The plan of the Civil Aeronautics Authority to train twenty thousand students a year has been approved by President Roosevelt. The initial phase of the project is to be financed with National Youth Administration funds.

The thirteen schools which were chosen were selected on the basis of the pioneer work they carried on in aeronautical engineering and in actual flight training of their students.

Eventually, it is believed that flight training under the Authority's plan can be given not only to those attending schools and colleges, but to qualified young men and young women in all walks of life.

The C.A.A. believes that as an important result of this training, the standards of flight instruction and subsequent flying operations will be raised by sane and constructive regulations; the plan will stimulate a healthy development of the aircraft manufacturing industry; it will built up a reserve of pilots for army and navy air services.

IT WAS when I placed my hands on the handle of the pick lying in the pile near the commandant that the band around my chest gave way. Then I was all right. I took a good grip on the shovel and slung it across my shoulder. The blood began to rush back to my head. I looked at Mickey and we both tried very hard to smile. I was still afraid but it was different.

—RODINA RAKOCZY

Bombardment

(Continued from page 9)

first to go and yelled for the rest to follow him but this was our first bombardment and we were scared. Mickey and I didn't move.

Then the planes came again. They were coming in relays. And this time the screaming was worse than the bombs because people make such funny noises when they die.

The wall behind us began to crack but held. The next bomb fell farther away.

"They can't keep coming all night. Wherein hell are our planes?" Mickey's voice was getting hoarse.

"Let's go into the barracks," I said. "Let's talk. Say something. Let's talk about something."

"Okay . . ."

The commandant was waiting. Mickey began to curse. A lot of the guys were cursing.

"We should go," I said.

"I know," said Mickey.

"We should go," I said again.

"I know, I know we should go."

"Oh God, we should go . . ."

My teeth began to pain me. I got hot and cold. My teeth pained so. And then a bomb. Then another. And still another.

"It's got to end. I tell you, it's just got to end," said Mickey.

"But we should go, honest we should go."

My chest began to ache and then I heard myself giggling. A shiver began in my knees and I felt it in my wrists and then in the back of my neck. Then I couldn't hear anything, just one big whistle like an express train right between my eyes and I kept yelling at Mickey that I had gone deaf and he said please to be quiet. So I felt ashamed and when I felt the saliva running down my chin I wanted to vomit.

Something was cracking in my head and I knew then it was one way or the other, there was no other way. My chin was all wet.

I didn't remember starting. But I felt my feet moving forward. It was as if they were moving without the rest of my body and with each step there was more pain than even torn flesh could give. My clothes were soaking wet from sweat and I got cooler and cooler and I thought I was going to faint. There was someone behind me and I knew it was Mickey.

The kid didn't answer. He was breathing in short spurts and he pointed a trembling little finger toward the pile of debris and said something but I couldn't hear him.

"What? *Que?* What is it? Are you hurt?"

The kid whispered something that sounded like *mad-ree* and he pointed to the sky and his eyes grew wild.

"He means his mother," Mickey said.

Lucien said *been purgato* and Mickey answered *hose nuts*.

Then we ran single file into the streets.

We ran crouched low along the sides of the houses. The clap clap of our feet sounded strange after all that noise. No one spoke but the boys were breathing heavily. Everything seemed dead. The street we were on was deserted. There was not even the sound of someone in pain. A cat streaked by us and disappeared. The moon made geometrical shadows on the pavement.

It was as bright as dawn instead of one o'clock in the morning. Mickey began yelling out the noise again. Ten o'clock, it's a night for love. Eleven o'clock, all's screwy. Twelve o'clock, all's over. One o'clock . . .

Mickey and I stopped at a baby carriage and looked in but there was nothing there. A telephone was dangling in the air and I followed the wire up to the gaping side of a house. The furniture was still on the floors. It looked crazy. Like a surrealist nightmare.

There was an unpleasant chemical smell and glass was strewn all over the pavement.

We turned down a street and saw train rails corkscrewing into the air like twisted wire. Heavy chunks of pavement and stone were lying around. There were two huge piles of debris on the corner in the place where a couple of houses once must have been. People were still running on this street and one woman was carrying her canary cage in one hand and a year-old baby in the other.

There was the drone again. In my head and I heard the swish and fell flat on my face and waited. Then I tasted blood. I had bitten right through my lip. I kept my eyes closed and kept muttering I don't give a damn I don't give a damn I don't give a damn, and then it was quiet and it felt so good to be alive.

"Okay," Mickey said. "You can get up."

I got up slowly and Mickey gave me his handkerchief for my lip. He pointed to something on the curb a few yards away. It was a little boy about nine years old. He was sitting up shaking back and front. I sucked at the blood.

"*Salud!*" I said. "*Como esta?*" I was sorry then that I hadn't studied my Spanish.

The kid didn't answer. He was breathing in short spurts and he pointed a trembling little finger toward the pile of debris and said something but I couldn't hear him.

"What? *Que?* What is it? Are you hurt?"

The kid whispered something that sounded like *mad-ree* and he pointed to the sky and his eyes grew wild.

"He means his mother," Mickey said.

"*Si, si!*" I said. "It is nothing, little boy, nothing. You come with me. Everything is going to be swell now. Just come with me."

"Where are you going to take him?"

"I don't know. But let's get him away from here. Maybe we should take him to some hospital, or a bomb shelter."

"Is he hurt?"

"I don't think so. But he's so frightened. Look at him. Listen to him breathe. He's so scared. It's nothing, little boy. See? We're friends. No-

He keeps pointing and says *madre*. That means mother in Spanish."

At the word *madre* the kid began to whimper again. "Shh! kid, shh. It's nothing. Shh. Don't cry. Please don't cry. Be a big man."

"The blood meanwhile had stopped flowing from my lip.

"He don't understand a bloody word you say," Mickey couldn't stand it any longer.

"Oh you please leave me alone. Go and dig. I don't need you. Go ahead. Go away."

"I got a cramp. I gotta had cramp. I'm going back to the barracks."

"Better come here now. Better come right now quick."

"I've got cramps."

"We all got cramps. Come now."

"Better come," said Mickey.

"No . . ."

"It's better this way . . . it's better," said Mickey.

So I went to dig and we placed what we could of the remains on the pavement and covered everything with our jackets or pieces of clothing that we found and when the moon went away and the dawn began to show in the sky we knew the planes wouldn't come again that day so we went back to the barracks and tried to sleep.

—PATRICK O'DONNELL

JOTA

By M. L. McClurkin

WHY do we dance with Death our lady-love—

Guns for our music—bombs our loud castanets—

Why do we dance with Horror above

And around?

This is the better part—this, the brief dance with Death—

Than for a lifetime, sadly, monotonously—

Feet on the treadmill—till the last breath

To be bound.

strus amicus. Nostrus Norteamericano. Nostrus Brigada Internacional. Sure. Buenos amicus. Sure.

If the kid had cried it would have been better but he didn't cry. He kept catching his breath as if he had the hiccoughs.

"Poor little chico. Poor kid. Poor little kid."

"Stop talking so much and take him away," Mickey said.

"Sure chico. What's your name? *Tu nombre?* Name. I'll call you chico, okay? *Chico* . . ."

"Chickchickchick-chick-chicko. Chick-chick-chicko." Mickey began making a noise like a chicken. He was trying to make the kid laugh but he only frightened him all the more.

"You're scaring him. Come *chico*, come with me. Come . . ."

He wouldn't take my hand and he began to whimper.

"Oh please kid come on . . . He's so frightened. Listen to him. He's so frightened. What'll we do?"

Meanwhile the gang had begun digging in the ruins on the corner. Their picks and shovels clanked away and I was afraid they would soon hit something soft.

"Hey you—fishfaces—" Lucien was shouting at us. "Having a fiesta? *Chicos!* Come on here and dig."

"We got to take care of the kid."

"Oh. Well pick him up and take him to a hospital. Is he hurt bad?"

"He's not hurt at all. He's just frightened to death."

"Where's his mother? Ask him where's his mother. *Sa madre.*"

"Maybe she's buried in those ruins."

"What are you going to do with the kid?"

"I'm going to take him to one of the hospitals. Maybe they'll find his mother."

THEN we heard the planes again and I saw the kid's eyes almost pop from his head and he began making little moans like a sick puppy. When I tried to pick him up he wriggled out of my hands and began to run saying no no oh no no no no. I ran after him and then the bombs began dropping. I saw the kid fall. When I got to him I lay over him and kept saying shh, it's nothing, nada, nothing, and the smoke was black and for five minutes it was hell. When I bent down to lift him he was stiff and I saw blood on my pants.

"Chico?"

"What's the matter?" Mickey asked.

"*Chico! chico*. Oh please *chico* . . ."

I began to shake him.

"He's dead you damned fool. Look. Shrappel. He's dead."

"Oh *chico, chico* . . . oh damn . . . hell kid . . ."

"I'll take him to a hospital," Mickey said.

"Let's get away from here."

"Take it easy," Mickey said. "Take it easy. Sit down."

"Let's get away from here please . . ."

Better give us hand here boys," Lucien said. "We find two bodies. One little girl. 'Nother woman. Better come give us hand."

"Mickey please let's get away from here. Let's go back to the barracks."

"We can't. We better go help the guys."

"Please Mickey I can't go there and dig. I just can't. Please. Come back with me. No. You go, I'll go back myself. I just can't go there and dig now. And please take the kid away."

"Okay . . ."

"Hey fishface, where are you going?"

"I gotta cramp. I gotta had cramp. I'm going back to the barracks."

"Better come here now. Better come right now quick."

"I've got cramps."

"We all got cramps. Come now."

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"No . . ."

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—PATRICK O'DONNELL

These seventeen veterans—their heroism and their value to American society—are being disregarded and cast into disrepute by an avalanche of legal technicalities that block their efforts to rejoin their families and friends. At the same time, a cruel fate awaits each and every one of them should they be returned to Europe to face eventual deportation to totalitarian countries.

We must do everything we possibly can to save these men. The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, which is defending them, informs me that there are legal steps that can be taken in their behalf. The Committee informs me also that the defense of these men is seriously handicapped by the lack of necessary funds.

Approximately two hundred and fifty dollars is needed to enable one veteran to escape imprisonment and possible death in Germany or Italy or Greece or Yugoslavia. I feel sure that you, too, will want to do your utmost to help save these men. I am asking you to send your contribution to the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., immediately. It is the least we can do to help them.

Sincerely yours,

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Send Your Contribution to

American Committee

for

Protection of Foreign Born

100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE LENGTH and inactivity of the days grew increasingly unbearable for Antonio. The vital energy which he had been accustomed to expending now lay stagnant in his limbs and brain, accumulating; and the nervous energy, generated by the suspense, made the total load more than he could contain or control. It overflowed its bounds, filled the cell, and since it could go no farther, pressed back, heavy and electric, on him. He was in a maelstrom of uncontrolled vitality, and took every chance that offered to dissipate some of it. Whenever the other prisoners were in such positions that the floor was relatively free of feet, he would pace up and down the cell—two steps forward; turn; two steps back—regularly, unceasingly, like a caged leopard, till the others, their nerves raw from watching him, would shout to him to stop. He had counted

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

appeals:

DEAR FRIEND:

Patrick O'Donnell Reed was born in Ireland forty-two years ago. During the World War he served in the Canadian Army and after he was honorably discharged he came to the United States. Last year he went from this country to Spain to volunteer his services in the International Brigades.

There were hundreds like Reed, men of all walks of American life, of different political and economic opinions, who offered their lives to fight fascism in Spain.

These men are heroes. I saw them fighting in Spain, bringing honor to the name of America as an exponent of freedom and democracy. Instead of a hero's welcome on their return, however, Reed and 16 other veterans were stopped at Ellis Island and ordered excluded from this country because they are not citizens and failed to take the necessary steps to insure their reentry before leaving.

These seventeen veterans—their heroism and their value to American society—are being disregarded and cast into disrepute by an avalanche of legal technicalities that block their efforts to rejoin their families and friends. At the same time, a cruel fate awaits each and every one of them should they be returned to Europe to face eventual deportation to totalitarian countries.

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Sincerely yours,

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Send Your Contribution to

American Committee

for

Protection of Foreign Born

100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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and examined every stone, every dis-
 cussion in the place; and regularly he
 pulled himself up to the level of the
 window bars, not so much to look out-
 side as just to feel his arm and should-
 der muscles loose and crack. One morn-
 ing from each cell was permitted to take
 out and empty the cell slop-bucket
 daily, and Antonio had thought until
 he had secured for himself in his cell
 that privilege. For an hour before, he
 would wait impatiently until his turn
 would come—the guards only allowed
 two to go at a time—and then his cell
 door would be opened, and he would
 walk, heavily guarded, down the long
 corridor—walls to either side, but none
 before—and out into the flagstone
 courtyard, where the bucket was
 emptied down a drain and one could see
 a little of the sky. Then back down
 the corridor—as long a walk as the
 guards would let him make it—and
 into his hole again; back to the trac-
 ing of designs on the floor, to the
 counting, to the pacing, that kept him
 from going mad.

Surfeit of energy also manifested it-
 self through his emotions and mind,
 searching an outlet. He had an in-
 tense longing for Isabella, partly from
 normal sexual desire engendered by
 weeks of abstinence, but principally
 from ordinary unexpended physical vi-
 tality, turned in that direction. He was
 in an unending fever of anxiety over
 her. She had told him blushingly a
 couple of weeks before that she was
 pregnant—the thought, if true, it was
 still much too early to be noticeable,
 and he had not paid much attention
 at the time; but now he saw her big
 with child, and pale and in agony as
 though already with birth pains, and
 no one there to tend her. His im-
 prisonment had metamorphosed in his
 mind the simple childlike girl into
 something approaching a saint; and he
 saw her now mistreated in their little
 shack, dispossessed, at the mercy of
 Moors and legionnaires passing
 through to the front, although he re-
 membered very well that he himself
 had sent her to the comparative safety
 of the neighboring town Frandomez,
 to her mother. He saw extraordinarily
 large and evil Moorish faces, dark
 with lust; Moorish arms, holding her
 writhing body. He stared wild-eyed
 about him. Walls. Walls! Piles of
 unreasoning, unfeeling stones and mor-
 tar that had the power by their blind
 mass to separate him from the outside,
 from her, to press him back and down!
 Walls! He rose blind before them
 and began to beat the jagged rock
 with his bare fists. Walls!

But after a few blows he subsided.
 He saw the eyes of his cell-mates, the
 sardonic eyebrows of the lean man,
 turned toward him; and shamefaced,
 he sat down again. He had no right
 to do that. He had only been there
 a week.

(To be continued)

**Spain Defends
 Liberty**

(Continued from page 7)

steadily to resort to the loan shark or
 to seek the help of the local political
 boss. Thus, he finds it extremely diffi-
 cult to feel free to cast his vote in time
 of election in favor of a candidate who
 would fight for his economic liberation.
 If you should ask me about the army,
 I would answer that in 1931 for about
 a army of 100,000 soldiers we had about
 22,000 officers. The Crown wanted a
 pretorian army, whence stemmed the
 army's influence in politics, and the
 threatening attitude that it was ac-
 counted to adopt toward the civil authori-
 ties. As Spanish civil consciousness
 grew, the army's aggressiveness in-
 creased, for it knew that it could count
 on support from the Crown and the
 Church. In 1917, the Boards of De-
 fence, unions of army officers and lead-
 ers, were organized. Leading civilians
 called attention to this juridical and
 political absurdity, which signified a
 syndicalist movement within the army,
 but the Boards exerted such pressure
 on the government that D. Antonio
 Maura, leader of the conservative mon-
 archist party, withdrew from the cabi-
 net, saying to the military group: "Let
 the government be in the hands of you
 who refuse to allow others to govern."

In 1923, the Spanish Parliament ap-
 pointed a committee to investigate the
 responsibility of the army officers who
 directed the disastrous Moroccan cam-
 paign of 1921. When the committee
 was finishing its inquiry, a group of gen-
 erals brought about a coup d'etat, with
 the King's knowledge and consent, and
 set up the military dictatorship which
 lasted from 1923 to 1930. This was
 done to keep the blame from being laid
 to the officers in charge of the cam-
 paign. The Church greeted the estab-
 lishment of the dictatorship with Te
 Deums. But the isolation in which the
 dictatorship found itself revealed the
 maturity of Spanish civil consciousness
 and the dictatorship perished for want
 of a favorable atmosphere. When the
 Spanish people were called to express
 their political will at the polls, they
 voted for the Republic, establishing it
 on April 14, 1931.

Schools for the People

The medieval forces that controlled
 Spain's political life had wished to keep
 culture from the people. But the desire
 for knowledge was such, that even in
 the humblest villages the peasants
 pooled their resources and financed
 schools, since the state would not do so.
 Hence, when the Republic came, the
 most frequent demands were for land
 and for schools.

In two and one-half years we created
 9,500 schools and, since the beginning
 of the present war, 9,000 new schools
 have been created in republican terri-

tory. When the Republic was estab-
 lished, 45 per cent of the people were
 illiterate. Now only 7 per cent in gov-
 ernment territory are illiterate, while
 in the rebel zones the percentage of
 illiteracy increases—for hundreds, per-
 haps thousands, of elementary schools
 and almost a hundred high schools have
 been closed in the belief that culture
 harms the people. To establish com-
 plete freedom of worship, with the con-
 sequent separation of church and state;
 to launch the agrarian reform on a
 large scale with a redistribution of
 land; to protect the workers through a
 social policy in keeping with the Geneva
 agreements (International Labor Con-
 ferences); to carry out a vast cultural
 policy and to reorganize the army—all
 that considered as an organic unity in-
 volved a complete change in the social
 structure of Spain. The enthusiasm
 with which the reforms were greeted
 revealed that the country was ripe for
 them. For that very reason, the semi-
 feudal forces rebelled again. But this
 time they were prepared and helped
 by militaristic nations which seek to
 eliminate the two ferment that add
 vitality to cultural development: free-
 dom of thought and freedom of con-
 troversy between antagonistic social
 forces during each historical period.

In showing that my country is the
 only European nation struggling to
 defend values so dearly cherished by
 Americans, I cannot help expressing my
 moral pain and amazement at seeing
 that my country, and not its aggressors,
 is the only nation which is denied the
 right to buy the means with which to
 defend itself, as well as to defend the
 immortal, universal ideals of freedom,
 social justice and national independ-
 ence. But I want to believe, I ought
 to believe and you strengthen my faith
 in—that for Spain, too, a new day will
 break.

Those Nazi Planes

(Continued from page 26)

stratosphere, where greater speed and
 safety are possible. The author does
 quote the military editor of the London
Times to the effect that German bombers
 fare poorly by comparison with
 corresponding foreign makes of the
 same year of manufacture. They appear
 antiquated in many respects.

The same frailty of construction is
 also resulting in a high percentage of
 structural failures and related accidents
 during peace-time operations in Ger-
 many. All such defects, flowing from
 the woeful lack of essential strategic
 raw materials which the Nazis them-
 selves no longer attempt to conceal,
 must become even more pronounced in
 a conflict with first-rate military powers
 than in the slaughtering of defenseless
 civilians in the technologically back-
 ward Spain.

Messrs. Lindbergh, Kennedy and
 Bullitt had better think it over!



British Prime Minister Chamberlain views a Fascist gun during his visit to Rome

Our Duty to Peace

THE CONQUEST of Catalonia by Mussolini
 and Hitler, with the assistance of General
 Franco—and "Non-Intervention"—has brought
 the whole world much nearer to war. The plain
 fact is that an Italian army is now at the Pyrenees,
 aimed like a dagger at the heart of France. On
 three sides France faces the hosts of her enemies.
 And the enemies are brutally frank about what
 they require—"Tunis, Nice, Corsica."

In the wind is another Munich—this time at the
 direct expense of France; and, of course, no less at
 the expense of Britain, the United States and the
 democratic people of the world. An attempt will
 be made to include Spain, but with what success
 cannot be determined, as the Spanish Government
 simply will not hold still for the decapitation. The
 Spaniards are a stubborn people, and they believe
 that it is "better to die on your feet than to live
 on your knees."

It goes without saying that any conference of
 the dictators and the capitulators will only further
 aggression at the expense of the hope for justice
 and peace. When Crawling Neville Chamberlain
 reaches for his umbrella and airplane, one can only
 speculate as to whose liberty he is giving away
 now. We have seen the shameful spectacle of the
 Fascist occupation of the Island of Minorca—with
 the unopposed military aid of British gunboats.
 These are the same boats that "Franco" bombs
 and sinks from time to time.

And yet we of the United States are hardly in a
 position to scoff. Every advance of Fascism is an
 advance toward us, and every increase of the war
 danger brings nearer a war in which we would
 inevitably be involved. It is commonly recognized
 that a Franco victory would hold grave threats
 for Latin-America. And meanwhile, we maintain
 a munitions embargo against the Spanish Govern-
 ment; an embargo that fits to a T the require-
 ments of the Fascists' "Non-Intervention"; an
 embargo that draws on our heads a great part of

the guilt for the Fascist conquest of Catalonia.
 It has been amply demonstrated that the em-
 bargo on Spain brings war nearer every day; that
 it is un-neutral; that it endangers our national
 interests; that it is contrary to international
 morality, penalizing a friendly government and
 aiding rebellion and invasion against that govern-
 ment. The overwhelming majority of our people
 favor the Loyalists and, we can assume, oppose
 the embargo—with the exception of a small
 pressure-group manipulated by a Fascist.

Let us, then, *lift the embargo at once!* This step,
 together with revision of the Neutrality Act to
 exempt victims of invasion from its penalties, is
 the most pressing item of business before the
 United States Congress.

All who desire peace, taking heart from the
 determined stand of the Spanish Government, will
 redouble their efforts to make the voice of the
 people heard in Washington, for *lifting the
 embargo*—C.P.

Work Pays America

THE RECENT message of President Roose-
 velt to Congress urging immediate consi-
 deration of an additional \$150,000,000 deficiency
 appropriation for W. P. A. is significant to every
 one interested in the movement for peace and
 Democracy. Unless this appropriation is granted
 by April 1st, between one and two million men and
 women will lose their employment on the W. P. A.
 and four to eight million men, women and children
 will face increased misery. Democracy, to be
 maintained, must work; it cannot work in the face
 of widespread hunger and misery.

In addition, there are the valuable contributions
 to education, health and culture made by the
 W. P. A. Special attention should be given to this
 phase of W. P. A. since certain individuals would
 now utilize an economy drive to get rid of worth-

while but little heard of prospects. This would be
 a shortsighted policy. Cultural benefits to a
 nation, though not measured in dollars and cents,
 are invaluable contributions to the growth of
 Democracy. Those members of Congress who
 constantly fight against relief appropriations are
 the ones who fight everything progressive. They
 oppose Loyalist Spain, civil rights bills, the War-
 ner Labor Relations Act, the anti-lynching bill,
 in short, everything in the interests of peace and
 Democracy.—A.W.

Pipers of Fascism

WE HAVE long had radicals and liberals, con-
 servatives and reactionaries in our country.
 Of recent years, however, we have developed a
 new type of politician—some akin to some of the
 old types, and yet fundamentally differing from
 them—the piper of Fascism.

There are those who would belittle the new
 menace, and point out that red-baiting and
 peddlers of race-hatred have adorned our political
 life for many years. A moment's reflection proves
 them mistaken. The central fact to be borne in
 mind is the *existence and activity of the Fascist
 International*—a coalition which was not present
 before the War. Thus an extreme attack on our
 New Deal government and our progressive move-
 ment, soon turns—if the attacker is unscrupulous
 enough—into a more or less open alliance with the
 forces of international Fascism.

The two outstanding pipers of Fascism now
 among us are Father Charles E. Coughlin and
 Congressman Martin Dies. True, they do not
 style themselves "Fascists"; Coughlin drapes
 himself in the garb of the Church, and Dies in the
 folds of the American flag; this protective coloration
 merely demonstrates, however, that their
 Fascism is of the cleverer and deadlier variety.

Father Coughlin was some time ago recog-
 nizable, and widely recognized, as an exponent of
 Fascism. Indeed, in an off moment he once
 stated: "I take the road of Fascism." His
 political development since is only remarkable for
 the distance he has travelled along the road. He
 is now our most prominent purveyor of anti-
 Semitism, taking it up seriously at about the same
 time as did Mussolini. His mass movement, his
 theatrical methods, his unprincipled opposition
 to our liberal government and president—his
 defense of the Nazi pogroms and his drive on
 Washington which supported materially Franco's
 drive on Barcelona—all these stamp him as an
 adjunct of Rome-Berlin-Tokyo.

The Congressman has not gone so far, but he is
 travelling faster, and piping a somewhat sweeter
 tune. He has up to now worn the sheep's clothing
 of "anti-Fascism," although he has not deceived
 the Nazi wolves, at any rate, who have given him
 unstinted support—even to personal appearances
 at his speaking-engagements. But his star-
 chambered smear drive on all American liberalism
 was made in order for the interests of the inter-
 national Fascists. And now Congressman Dies
 has announced that he will investigate the "forces
 trying to get us into war." Why investigate?
 Hitler has said that this force is none other than
 our president, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

These are the pipers, not of conservatism, but of
 Fascism. All true Americans of whatever political
 faith must be warned against them. For they
 would wipe out our democratic government, the
 liberties guaranteed in our Constitution, and
 would make our people the slaves of the Fascist
 butchers of mankind.—C.P.

WHICH 1939 CARS ARE "BEST BUYS"?

"Catwalk grilles," "force-back overdrives," "transverse stabilizer links," "two-speed axles," "steering column gearshifts," "dual carburetors," "floating oil intake," . . .

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FORD	WILLYS	STUDEBAKER	CHRYSLER
BUICK	PLYMOUTH	DE SOTO	PACKARD
OLDSMOBILE	DODGE	MERCURY	HUDSON

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