

July 1939

# The WORLD

15 Cents a Copy

for PEACE and DEMOCRACY

CONCERTED ACTION IN '76

HEIL COUGHLIN!

By Samuel Kellman

CHILE BUILDS ANEW

By Alvaro de Silva

MORE OR LESS LIBERTY



# RADIO

Mooney... I think that the American League's tactic of taking time on WHBL, Newark, to answer Father Coughlin's tirades, was a fine bit of showmanship.

Robert Sherwood, author of 'The Day After Tomorrow'... Headline in the Chicago American... HITLER NOT CONSISTENT CHAMBERLAIN COMPLAINS

—George Scott, THE FIGHT, July 1939

IN THE twentieth century, man has called strange new forces to his struggle to make the earth a home. Not the least of these is the voice that goes through the air... that now commonplace machine, the radio.

Ultimately, the people of the world can be confident that they will use the radio exclusively for purposes of good. Someday the voice through the air will bring only messages of friendship, of peace and good will among brothers. For it stands to reason that what mankind has invented, mankind will learn to use.

But meanwhile there exists one of those paradoxes that prove so cruelly to human life on this globe. Unrestrained and fanatical demagogues, incendiaries of racial and religious wars, crafty enemies of the people, take to the microphone frequently to spew their poison throughout the land. Such is the situation that, to a great extent, he who has the mouer calls the tune. And the demagogues of reaction and Fascism are not lacking for funds.

Funds... funds for the radio... funds that determine whether the common citizen who turns a dial is to hear the voice of fellowship or the voice of hatred, the doctrine of Democracy or the doctrine of Fascism.

The American League for Peace and Democracy is determined that the true issues of the day shall be brought before the people of our country. The programs we broadcast over local stations must be increased many times; the program of peace and Democracy must go on the national networks. The truth must be heard at least as often and as widely as the lies of its enemies.

If you would join in the campaign to give the truth a break on the radio—send your contribution at once to the American League for Peace and Democracy.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

268 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

### The Round World

QUESTION from the States: Will you believe the national budget when you become President of the United States? Answer: I can tell how to do it, but I don't think I ever will be in a position to do it.—Senator Taft of Ohio.

A JAPANESE in Seattle, Washington, recently ticked this nation on his negotiable check: I payable note and bank and do not pay anything about U.S. service life, navy and institutions.

"WE do not see anything that did not formerly belong to us and no State will ever be ruled by us all its progress."—Hitler, April 26, 1939.

COOKS TOURS made of Europe show its boundary lines this season.

HEADLINE in the Chicago American: HITLER NOT CONSISTENT CHAMBERLAIN COMPLAINS

"THERE is a somewhat tricky situation in Europe"—Nazi Comment.

"THE simple truth is that there is no such animal as an outsider in America, for that progress membership in a club is developed in its political and social rights."—James Dan Levine in the Chicago Herald and Examiner.

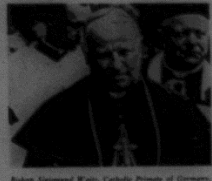
"WHO will capital and labor want peace?" The struggle between the two is what made America. The moment you get collision, you wreck the machine. The truth has raised the standard of living."—Frederick C. Crawford, president of Thompson Firearms, Inc., in a speech reported in The Daily Metal Trade.

"NEW diplomatic tension between France and Japan appeared daily today to result from French occupation of strategic islands in the South China Sea... It was thought here that Japan might protest, demanding that the islands belong to China."—A.P. dispatch from Paris printed in the Boston Transcript.

"HITLER has no designs upon the independence of Rumania or the Ukraine but he will use war until he has unopposed access to the oil of one and the granaries of the other."—George Sylvester Viereck in Liberty.

"OF course every play does not carry the message. They are too clever for that. But you must bear in mind that the theater for centuries has been used to wear public opinion. Vaseline once wrote a play that started the French Revolution."—Charles C. St. Bernard Donnaner Walton, selling the Woodruff Committee about the Federal Theatre, as reported in the New York Times.

"He declared President Roosevelt responsible for France's rejecting the proposals of the United States. HITLER and such such ones treason Crackers."—Ann Arbor News.



Robert Sigmond White, Catholic Prime of Germany, whose picture in Salzburg was used by Hitler.

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN took over off from a medal to illustrate Hitler or Earl Latham.

GABRIEL KELLMAN kept from Father Coughlin's latest article, The Truth.

ALVARO DE SILVA is a writer of Chile, where he practiced law. For a time he pursued journalism and photography in India before coming to the United States, where he taught Spanish at Yale, Indiana University, and Sweet Briar College, and is at present a resident and private tutor of Spanish at New York. He Silva has published articles in both Spanish and English, and his habits as the son of the dance. We had been after an article on Chile for several months, when we ran across him—in an American League branch.

WALT PARTYVALLER writes from Seattle, Washington, and is at present living in New York. His work is widely known among readers of the labor press.

JACK REED lives in St. Louis, Missouri. His *Harps Good*, the longest story we have ever published, is included in this issue. Last month we were in giving the name of the book and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

CHARLES RECHT is versatile, having published both poetry and material on legal matters. He is an attorney, the author of *Law With a Difference*, and *American Democracy and Fascism* and has contributed to *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The Nation* and *The New Republic*.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE COVER, by Lucy Ashjian, depicts the statue of George Washington at the New York World's Fair. Miss Ashjian is active in the Photo League and reports their summer school of photography in opening early in July. These interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

THE WORLD, July 1939



Courtesy of the Rutgers Library of Philadelphia



Early American cartoonists dealt with the issues of domestic affairs and foreign relations before the country. Reproduced here are two graphic jokes by artists of the Tory persuasion. Above is "A Peep into the Anti-Federal Club." The print uses both the Red-baiting and the race-prejudice appeals against the movement for Jeffersonian Democracy. It dates from 1797, and the artist is unknown. . . . At left is an isolationist attack on Jefferson, penned about 1800 by an anonymous cartoonist. The American eagle snatches the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence from the "Altar of Gallic Despotism," where Jefferson was about to sacrifice them. Our early leaders, in forming alliances with France and other countries, continually combated such Tory propaganda, which masked itself as "concern for American liberties."

July 1939, THE WORLD

OF  
THE  
WORLD  
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY  
July, 1939

## Concerted Action in '76

The cause of independence relied at every step upon international cooperation . . . An article that throws fresh light on early United States foreign policy

By Morris Kamman

THOMAS JEFFERSON had just passed his eightieth year when he received, at his home in Monticello, a disturbing message from President Monroe. Secret information had reached Monroe that the Holy Alliance—the reactionary axis of the nineteenth century—was following up its triumph over Democracy in Central Europe, Italy and Spain, with a plan to invade Latin America.

Expressing fear that the axis would eventually attack the United States too, Monroe said in his message to Jefferson: "I transmit to you two dispatches . . . proposing a co-operation between Great Britain and the United States . . . against the members of that alliance. . . . He added, "My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government."

Although he knew that the American people overwhelmingly shared his hatred and fear of the anti-democratic alliance of Prussia, Austria, Tsarist Russia and the Bourbon rulers of France and Spain, Monroe was confronted by a minority opposition, in and out of Congress, which clamored for isolation. Made up largely of pacifists and of pro-slavery elements, this opposition darkly prophesied that action by the United States against the reactionary powers would infuriate them and precipitate war. Isolationism also contended that the country was too weak and ought to isolate itself even from Latin America, rather than run the risk of antagonizing Bourbon Spain and its supporting powers.

Before overriding this opposition, Monroe

wished to hear from Jefferson and from James Madison, the last of the founding fathers. What did they advise? Should he accept England's bid or reject it? In coming to a decision, Jefferson and Madison must surely have recalled their younger days, some forty years earlier—when the Republic, while still in its ramblous birth throes, had to choose between separation and cooperation.

### Birth-Throes of the Republic

First there had been the problem of getting the thirteen colonies to act in unison. In those days of crawling communication, Virginia was as remote from Massachusetts as New York is today from the European mainland. As late as 1774, an influential Virginia neighbor praised George Washington to scotch a resolution denouncing the conduct of the Tory government, because its oppressive acts against the New England colonies "do not extend here."

Washington, who was chairman of the Virginia committee preparing such a resolution, retorted: ". . . Shall we sullenly sit and see one province after another fall a sacrifice to despotism?"

Washington's sentiment was shared by his fellow-Virginian, Patrick Henry, who replied to those opposed to collective action by the colonies: "I am not a Virginian, but an American."

When the patriotic leaders finally triumphed the provincial isolationists and got the thirteen colonies to act together against an alliance

enemy, the question of separation or cooperation again arose—this time on an international scale.

Patrick Henry, barking on "a treaty of renounce and detestment" with France, Spain and Holland—then "the natural enemies of Great Britain"—warned that Britain, too, would seek alliances. He wrote John Adams to urge Congress "to anticipate the enemy (Britain) at the French source" by informing France at once "of all the great things we mean to offer."

The British Tory government worked hard to isolate the Americans. Its ambassador in Paris talked of giving Canada back to France in return for aid in crushing the colonies, while its agents sowed sentiment in America against "foreign entanglements."

In an address to the colonies, Sir J. Dalrymple mocked those hoping for an alliance: "Will the despotism of France establish a new empire of Liberty?"

The *Middlesex Journal* called the French "silly, ravenous lions," the Spaniards "crafty wolves" and the Dutch "mere wild hares," who could not be trusted as allies.

In the Continental Congress, John Joachim Zolty, of Georgia, shouted that "the man who should propose" an alliance with France "would be torn to pieces." Joseph Galloway, a wealthy merchant who also passed for a philosopher, warned Congress of "the danger, and all the horrors of French slavery." He pleaded: "Beware of the miseries of a foreign yoke." Later, both went over to the enemy.

Still others pleaded that an alliance with



Courtesy of the Rutgers Library of Philadelphia

France would infuriate King George and kill all chances of settling the dispute with him peacefully.

Swarred by such agitation, Congress defeated a motion by John Adams to open relations with France, and shouted aside as well a move for independence.

Meanwhile, King George was sending out a large force to crush the Americans. News of this shocked America into action. A committee of the Continental Congress charged that "the delicate idea of conciliation has been industriously suggested on both sides of the water" as "that, under cover of this dividing and mis-representing prospect, the war British force sent to America might have the fairest chance of succeeding."

The American people swept aside those opposing independence and foreign alliances. A new Congress adopted Jefferson's Declaration of Independence and sent commissioners, headed by Benjamin Franklin, to Europe to work connections with France—then the key nation on the continent.

Franklin found his mission difficult. King

Louis and the feudal aristocracy, though smarting under previous defeats at the hands of Britain, shrank from encouraging rebels against vested privilege. The King refused to receive Franklin. The French people, however, thronged around his carriage, expressing in this way their support of the American cause and their discontent with feudal oppression. Voltaire denied his sentence of exile and came to Paris to visit the representative of American Democracy. Disoriented with feudal restrictions, and hungering for the American trade, the rising merchant class also favored the American cause. From his spies, King Louis learned painfully that Franklin was immensely popular with the French people.

### The Tory Plots

The enemies of an alliance with the United States harped on the defeats of Washington's troops. They also called attention to the Tory intrigues in America for conciliation, and insisted that the U. S. was an unreliable ally.

The Tory plots in America were well engineered. Washington complained of "the

diabolical and insidious acts and schemes carried on by the Tories . . . to raise dissent, dissensions, and divisions among us. . . . To a member of the Continental Congress he wrote: "The enemy . . . are endeavoring to ensure the people by specious alluresments of peace . . . which . . . will be extremely flattering to minds that do not penetrate far into political consequences. . . . To allude this, he urged Congress "to strengthen the army"—adding, "A European . . . alliance would effectually answer our purpose."

Congress swore Franklin of the superiority need for clinching an alliance with France. Franklin played a bold card. He secured Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister, that if Britain won it would be strengthened by the already trained colonial troops. British power would then be irretrievable. If the United States won, however, France would be secure—and in addition would enjoy the American trade.

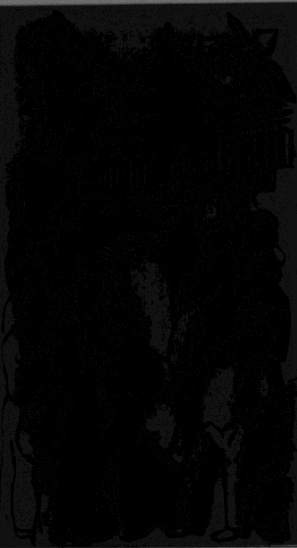
Shortly after this Vergennes stated confidently that if Britain were triumphant,

(Continued on page 21)

July 1939, THE WORLD

The assault on labor and alien threatens America's freedom, but the people answer with progressive measures. . . . A survey of Washington developments on civil liberties

ILLUSTRATED BY STUTVESANT VAN VEEN



IT IS DEMONSTRABLY true, I think, that the liberties of the American people today are under greater assault than ever before in our progressive history. Under the whip of the House in the House of Representatives, legislation of a character never before given more than casual attention is being seriously considered and passed. In the Senate that attitude of indifference once displayed against inflexible measures of the House is disappearing, and Senate committees are opposing measures that formerly died in the pigeonhole. Where heretofore it was considered political suicide to speak in praise of Hitler or Mussolini, there is now the spectacle of a member of the House—Representative Thordson, Missouri Republican—quoting Berlin newspapers to justify the massacre of Jews; and the spectacle of a member of the Senate—Senator Reynolds, North Carolina Democrat—rising from his chair to hail the régime in Italy and Germany.

**Attack on the Wagner Act**  
There is the current attack on the National Labor Relations Act, a measure that made explicit what always was implicit in the law, which permits workers to organize into unions of their own choosing. The Act was passed in 1935 at a time when Economic Nationalism was the dominant force. J. Warren Madden, chairman of the N.L.R.B., told the story succinctly in his testimony before the House Labor Committee considering pending amendments to the Act.

"The question before the committee today, with reference to most of the proposed amendments," he said, "seems to me to be the same question which faced the government in 1935, except that the question is now much easier to answer. The path of freedom, then indicated by past experience and study, was nevertheless made doubtful at that time by the trend of the world and by some domestic conditions. Now the path of freedom has been blazed and traveled and the question is no longer shall we break a new pathway to freedom, but shall we abandon one that is now open and in use. Shall we do in 1939 what we so potentially refused to do in 1935—curtail those foreign governments which began their evolution by their present condition by depriving their working people of their human liberties?"

The members of the committee listened attentively to what Madden had to say about the Act and to his masterful defense of the Act and the Board, just as the Senate committee before it had listened. It seems, at this writing, that American workers will be secure in their rights under the Labor Act until the next session of Congress—provided the present session does not last so long, and provided that a demand for revision at this session does not come from unexpected quarters.

It thus proves true it will be because of the liberal spirit that (Continued on page 21)

# Heil Coughlin!

The Detroit demagogue, whose "Social Justice" is "a secular, not a Catholic organ," is endorsed by the Nazi Bund. . . . A revealing exposé of the man who leads Fascism's Fifth Column in the United States

By Samuel Kellman

FATHER COUGHLIN is a Communist. That is the conclusion that a representative audience I addressed recently came to. Without disclosing the name of the author, I read them some of the sixteen principles of "social justice" promulgated by the Voice from Royal Oak. I asked those who recognized the origin of these "principles" to abstain from participating in my little experiment. With few exceptions the audience agreed with the above analysis. And here are ten of the sixteen famous sentences on which this judgment was based:

- Just living standard wage.
- Nationalization of important public resources.
- Control of private property for public good.
- Cost of living maintained on an even keel.
- Cost of production plus a fair profit for the farmer.
- Labor's right to organize.
- Abolition of tax exempt bonds.
- Equalization of taxation on basis of own-ship and capacity to pay.
- Recall of non-revolutionary bonds.
- Servitude of human rights preferred to servitude of property, with government's chief concern for the poor.

Another listener who spoke up disagreed. "I would call that a radical, left-wing program, but not necessarily Communist." The general consensus of opinion, however, was that such a program could not be instituted without changing our government into a "red" government. There was, therefore, considerable dismay and surprise when I revealed the author of this program. The audience was properly confused. When I read them Coughlin's blueprint on how he would go about installing his system, how he would change our government to institute his "social justice," the listeners regarded their orientation and were able again to understand him as the Fascist-Nazi he is.

For some months in 1938 the mastermind of Father Coughlin's magazine, *Social Justice*, carried the headline "16



Father Charles E. Coughlin goes to the public with his message of radical phrases and reactionary aims

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL JUSTICE," which immediately below it appeared only sixteen of these gems. The one left out was "Control of private property for public good." This, in many readers, is the "red" and the most "socialistic" and "New Dealish" of the lot. Coughlin, as Editorial Counsel of the magazine, was evidently hesitant about including this "principle" but did not want his public to think that he was cutting down on the size of his program—so he continued saying "sixteen" but published fifteen. The discrepancy would not be significant except that the sixteenth point he appeared regularly and without fail since Coughlin's Ecclesiastical Superior removed his imprimatur (literally, "permission to publish"), a religious review to censor the writing for incorrect interpretation of Catholic dogma on faith and morals). Now that the mastermind of the magazine no longer bears the "impression of his Ecclesiastical Superior," Father Coughlin feels safer in including this controversial point. The Impinator disappeared after the December 19, 1938, issue and "the archdiocese now considers it a secular, not a Catholic organ" (*Time* magazine).

But this is a key "principle." How could it be left out at any time? The answer is quite simple. Just as my audience was befuddled by these "principles," so have the followers of Fascist and Nazi "principles" been fooled into thinking that their leaders would fulfill all the promises of the "left" parties and ph'loophers while giving them other values not promised by any other political system or formulations. The Fascists make their "line" attractive by false radical, Christian, humanitarian or liberal interpretations. But let us see outside their real intent: to destroy Democracy and all the Christian, humanitarian and liberal institutions that Democracy can create and bring to better.

The German-American Bund endorses Father Coughlin! At right is the photograph, captioned: "From the 'Democrat Worker,' official Bund newspaper. 'It is not difficult for us to agree with Father Coughlin,' says the editorial."

This method of propaganda was first used by Hitler in the early 1930's. Mein Kampf lists his three major working principles: 1. "The whole art of propaganda consists in attacking a point so skillfully that a universal belief in its reality is induced and a righteous faith constructed." 2. The strategy is very simple. "The moment one's own propaganda plants even a glimmer of justice in the other side, seeds are sown for sowing one's own cause." 3. "Never having dreamed of the vast possibilities of lies, the (massing public) generally fail to detect a truly gigantic demerit." Father Coughlin's little doctrine of "sixteen" so fifteen is nothing in propagating the same ignorance for all concerned identifying Bolshevism with Democracy, Bolshevism with the New Deal, Communism with Jews, International Jewish Bankers, as the members of International Communism—until you have a "righteous faith constructed" that makes a "Communist Jew-Pharisee" out of all terms of current Democracy.

**The Friend of Fascism**  
This identification trick also works in reverse. In maintaining his outer promise about Democracy (borrowed from Gandhi's Nazi publicity files) Father Coughlin denies that he is anything but an American, "opposed to both Communism and Nazism." You will never get him to say, however, that he is opposed to Fascism. Read his speeches (if you must), listen to his sermons, harangues, carefully peruse his magazine; you will find he opposes Nazism but never Fascism. This is the "skilled attack." Hitler speaks of Father Coughlin as his large, well-paid "staff" of technicians and minor underlings to guide and think up schemes to put Fascism in a favorable light while driving his big anti-Nazi speeches. He is constantly calling Hitler and Mussolini "the Fascistmasters" (*Social Justice*, October 1, 1938) and the "hope of Christian government in Europe" (*Social Justice*, May 23, 1938), and praising them at every turn—including their aggressions and mass murder. But he still denies his Nazi sympathies because "some points in Hitler's program are not yet issued out!" However—there is no stop or let in his praise of Mussolini, Fascism and the Corporate State. That is why, he cannot say that he is "opposed to all men except Americans, including Fascism." But he carries out Hitler's program of securing the democracies and helping the aggressive nations, since Fascism is the basic politico-economic form of government in Germany, and since Nazism and Fascism (Italians) have consummated a binding military and "cultural" pact.

One of the schemes to put Fascism across to the American people was a Christian Front. Constat that ran in *Social Justice* in the summer of 1938.

**DEUTSCHER WECKRUF**  
THE FREE AMERICAN  
Deutsches Kampfbund des Mittelwestens  
Vol. 6, No. 2 Thursday, March 3, 1939

Schriftföhrer: George Frobenius      Anzeigen: Albert Kuhn  
PUBLISHERS:  
**TEUTONIA PUBLISHING CO., Inc.**  
Business Office: 283-37 N. Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
Tel.: Independence 338  
Published Weekly  
Subscription Rate \$5.00 per year  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

In Deutschland kein Zeitung durch jüdische Postamt von Preise von  
Reichsmark 1.20 unter Reichsmark 1.20, in die Postämter in China  
China unter der Reichsmark 1.20

Closing time for all Advertising, Saturday, 5 p. m.

## FATHER COUGHLIN ENDORSED

Father Coughlin in his latest radio speech pointed out the necessity of forestalling the Communists as well as the "Nazis" in their attempt to gain control of the Government of the United States—namely, by removing the cause which creates Communism, which in turn creates Nazism as a defensive mechanism against bolshevik materialism.

It is not difficult for us to agree with Father Coughlin, though we did not find him quite clear on the question whether the danger to our institutions from Nazism is fully on par with the danger threatening it from the Moscow-led Communist party under Earl Browder, or whether Nazism is straw man or a figure of speech.

The Bund is ready to put itself squarely behind any intelligently-directed, non-partisan, non-hysterical movement opposed to Nazism—as speakers for the Bund clearly stated.

The Jewish Examiner of February 21 writes a story under a headline which reads: "Coughlin Link to American Nazis Revealed—Coughlin's paper, *Social Justice*, being offered for sale during the rally just in New York when it was announced that the 'Nazis' is a not only in what way that connects the Royal Oak priest with the 'Nazis' but also in how many accounts to crack the case for the average citizen. Father Coughlin's paper was not the only one to be sold at the rally. The Jewish Examiner is charged lastly" says the Examiner in its story. "The Examiner is charged lastly" says the Examiner in its story. "The Examiner is charged lastly" says the Examiner in its story.

It is also true that one of the speakers commended the picture of the Radio Station WJLA, which has been the present from speaking over its program. It is also true that one of the speakers commended the picture of the Radio Station WJLA, which has been the present from speaking over its program. It is also true that one of the speakers commended the picture of the Radio Station WJLA, which has been the present from speaking over its program.

After the earthquake comes reconstruction, and after long years of reaction a people's government . . . A haunting picture of our good southernmost neighbor

## Chile Builds Anew

By Alvaro de Silva

This colorful-headed Indian represents the older Chileans

IF YOU go into the Chilean Pavilion at the New York World's Fair you will see, in miniature, the background of life in a country you little know in the people of the United States. Chile is one of the twenty-two republics of America south of the Rio Grande, offset by the Good Neighbor Policy. It is, as the artist Camilo Mori has pictured it in his mural for the World's Fair, a vast landscape of mountain, prairie, and lake. There is no mystery in the seeming contradiction that Chile is a mountainous country. Chile is a desert country. Chile is a rich mining country. Chile is a fertile farming country. Chile is a nation country. Chile is all of these things, and once you have understood that, you have the key to its social and political life.

The Pacific Ocean laces upon the shores of Chile for 2,620 miles of coastline. That is about the distance between New York and San Francisco, and all the western shore of that tremendous, narrow ribbon of land looks to the open ocean. In the north the land is dry as an area of deserts and of treasure-laden mountains, and this is the mining country. In copper mines and nitrate plants have determined Chile's national economy for nearly half a century.

### Chile's California

Central Chile is the real center of Chilean life, where 80 per cent of the country's 4,600,000 people live in the rich valleys. They are the people whose work comprises 95 per cent of all Chile's agriculture, and 90 per cent of all her manufacturing enterprises. Santiago, capital of the country, and home of a

million Chileans, is in this area. So is Valparaiso, second great seaport of the entire Pacific coast (San Francisco is the first). Between these two cities lie the verdant valleys, colorful with wheat and heavy with fruit. The climate of this area is similar to that of California, and the agricultural wealth of the region is almost fabulous. But the poor peasants who live there and the farmers in straw hats and high-heeled shoes seldom share in the wealth which the rich earth yields to the work of their hands.

Southern Chile is a zone of lakes and islands; a cold land of sheep-raising and of fishing; a land of winter sports for tourists from the Argentine and other countries. Here is the world's southernmost city—modern Magellan—with a population of thirty thousand.

### People of the Country

The people of Chile as a whole are 90 per cent Spanish in race and 10 per cent native Indian stock. Complexion and features bear witness to the fact that this is a Latin people. There are, all told, forty thousand pure Indians in Chile, and they live in the southern provinces. They are remnants of the Araucanians, a race of brave fighters, and they are easily distinguished from the Spanish Chileans by their physical type: medium height, broad-shouldered, high cheekbones and black straight hair. There are a hundred thousand German Chileans who also live in the south. Most of them are descendants of the Germans who fled the political persecution of their country in the 1830's. Until recently, when

was a heavy plough to work land belonging to a feudal lord. A recent census of land ownership shows that four hundred families own 68 per cent of the agricultural land. The status of a peasant's life may be judged from his earnings, which amount to between ten and fifteen American cents a day. The wages of a miner go as high as twenty-five and even thirty cents a day, but the miner's standard of living is considerably higher.

### Life of the Peasants

It might be asked how it is possible for the agrarian workers to live on such wages as ten or fifteen cents a day. The answer is that the peasant and his family live, as they have always done, below minimum living requirements. They are ill-dressed, ill-housed. Their diet consists almost entirely of beans. They seldom wear shoes. Their huts have a dirt floor and a straw roof and is without sanitary facilities. It is obvious, in view of its living conditions, that the peasant has enjoyed no political rights. Tied to the soil, in times of election as well as at other times, he abhors his landlord in casting his vote.

As a people, the Chileans are distinguished by a keen sense of humor and a deep love of freedom. The humor is a direct heritage from the Spaniards. The love of freedom springs from both Spaniards and Indians. In colonial days, under the strong-handed rule of the Spanish governors, this spirit found expression in song and dance. With the republic, the spirit of freedom has found more direct

expression, pointing toward economic liberation. A case in point was the democratic movement of 1920, unfortunately betrayed by the division and lack of organization on the progressive front. But the "razo" (the hidden one, the double one, as the disheartened Chilean is fittingly called) has kept his native sense of liberty alive. It is amazing that the landowning aristocracy never has succeeded in killing the human dignity inherent in him.

The nitrate collapse brought a long depression, which reached its bottom in 1932 with a large figure for unemployment. At this time, a great deal of political and organizational education was carried out by the trade unions and by a rising progressive middle class, giving the undereducated and discouraged people a clear vision of their destiny. As a culmination of this movement, the Popular Front arose in 1936. It constitutes a grouping of Democracy against reaction and against Fascism. By 1938, the cry, "Down with Fascism!" "Down with the landowning aristocracy!" brought peasants, miners, teachers, intellectuals and artists together. Even some of the landowners themselves, the small industrialists and shopkeepers were represented in this democratic alliance.

### To Enforce the Law

Previously, under pressure of the masses, social legislation of the most advanced type had been passed in spite of the conservative opposition. Laws covering labor conditions, the formation of cooperative, social security,

collective bargaining, came into being, but some of them never were enforced. Changes of big farms and industrial establishments refused to comply with them. There is no question about the value of the laws. Enforced in full, they will improve the living conditions of the Chilean worker immeasurably. None the less, in a country basically agricultural, the problem is the land itself.

The issue came to a head in the presidential election of 1938. The great national Communist Party, which reached its bottom in 1932 with a large figure for unemployment. At this time, a great deal of political and organizational education was carried out by the trade unions and by a rising progressive middle class, giving the undereducated and discouraged people a clear vision of their destiny. As a culmination of this movement, the Popular Front arose in 1936. It constitutes a grouping of Democracy against reaction and against Fascism. By 1938, the cry, "Down with Fascism!" "Down with the landowning aristocracy!" brought peasants, miners, teachers, intellectuals and artists together. Even some of the landowners themselves, the small industrialists and shopkeepers were represented in this democratic alliance.

Continued on page 24

Much of Chile's natural wealth is in the saltpeter, copper and nitrate deposits of her northern area



## The Guns Fire In China

By Dorothy McConnell

JULY 7TH is the second anniversary of the Marco Polo Bridge incident. Few Americans know what the Marco Polo Bridge incident was. It came soon after the landing of the Japanese troops on China's soil. The Japanese paroled one end of the Marco Polo Bridge, the Chinese the other. On July 7th a Japanese soldier disappeared. The rumor spread that he had been killed by the Chinese. The Japanese opened fire. The Chinese returned it. Although the warring Japanese turned up later on, from that day to this the guns have never ceased firing in one part of China.

I do not suppose there has ever been a war that has been more unpopular with the citizens of the United States. Added to the indignation at the brazen invasion of China by the Japanese, there has long been a large distrust of the Japanese military clique in the minds of the American people. The Chinese did not have to win the good-will of this country. They had it. The Japanese, on the other hand, were faced with the tremendous task of winning us. But first they had to begin at home.

War propaganda is a curious phenomenon. I have watched people come under its influence who were the staunchest anti-war adherents. Since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war I have been reading the letters of a countryman who is living in Japan. At first he was horrified. "When I meet with my friends," he wrote, "we do not speak of the war. It is as if there was a burden on our hearts—a sorrow—that is too great to put into words." There was no doubt that the war was unpopular with the group in which he moved. But his letters have changed from work to work, until his latest letters are filled with bitter recrimination of this country because of our obvious course of Japan. He is already beginning to think of Japan as a brighter-of-light to the benighted people of China.

The articles on Japan appearing in this country are growing more and more interesting. A few weeks ago *The Christian Century* carried one by Stuart Lillios, who was a writer for the *Japanese Advertiser* for seven years. Lillios describes the part that the churches are

playing in the war. There are—how many?—three great religions in Japan: Shintoinism (with the core of the religion the worship of the sun deity), Buddhism and Christianity. Some time ago the leaders of these three religions were called together to sign not a plan for spiritual union, but the plans were made for the Japanese people themselves, the Shinto leaders took the lead. But when the plans were made for the occupied territory in China, the Buddhists and the Christians took the lead, because it was generally realized that these were the only religions in Japan that would be accepted by the Chinese.

Whether Mr. Lillios was consciously suggesting that Christianity could benefit by the occupation of China I have no way of knowing. But certainly that is the impression he left in his readers' minds. And now in the New York *Times* book review section I saw on a little article, written by Shiro Sakamaki, called *The Literature from Japan*. It seems that the book publishers in Japan, who had feared that the war might ruin their business, are surprised at the

fact that there are those which have their money in oil. If they have it, it is suggested that they reinvest their money and send a letter to the oil company, saying they are reinvesting in other business because of the part the oil companies are playing in the occupation of Japan.

These things show which way the wind is blowing, but we must remember that the groups registering their opinion are groups who have some connection with China and some way of making their will felt. In spite of the sympathy with China of the people outside such books in the United States, the Chinese war has not become personalized to them yet. In this the Japanese are doing a far better job. The man in the street here needs to know what is going on behind the lines in China. How are they solving their industrial mismanagement problems? What are the people in China thinking? A Chinese *How War and Soldiers* that would tell the simple story of the war as the Japanese book tells it would be of incalculable worth. An article mass feeling expressed in the United States would have an embargo on Japan, but the people of the United States must know more about the situation in China.

The Chinese before they rush upon for itself. That may be true. Nevertheless, in these days sometimes it is necessary to use a loud-speaker.

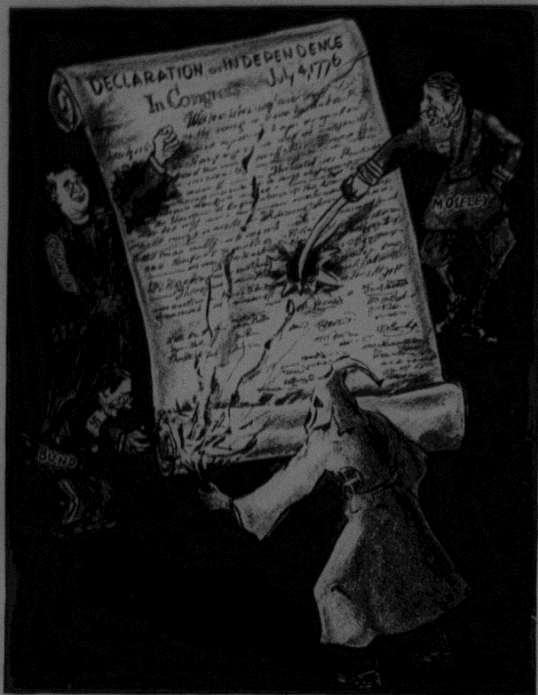
new and healthy trends. The Japanese are having books on every level. Translation of foreign novels, such as *Gone with the Wind*, are small exceptions. There is a great interest in technical books because of Japan's struggle for greater industrial self-sufficiency. Studies of war heroes are going like hot cakes. "The address list of war-time literature," says Mr. Sakamaki, "has accomplished two things: it has made the Japanese literary world, first, as novel and other types of writing. Letting ideology has prevented a drastic check, and also the authorial tendency to digress and the concept part of society has disappeared."

This also may be a cautious price of propaganda, but the idea left with the reader is that of a people engaged in reading the usual splitting type of book and taking a whole-some view of life even though the war may be raging.

But the fact remains that the war is raging and that Japan is waging it with all the force of the support of supplies from the United States. The seeming indifference of the people of the United States to this constant supply going to Japan has been due in large part to the fact that the people were not called on to face their own moral choice. It is only during the last few weeks that we have been having expressions by large bodies of people against the shipment of arms to Japan. A short time ago the Protestant Church took a decisive stand for the embargo on Japan, because of the Methodist Church are doing the same thing. A resolution has been passed by the United Board of the Christian Colleges in China that all the Christian colleges be asked to examine their investments, to see if there are those which have their money in oil. If they have it, it is suggested that they reinvest their money and send a letter to the oil company, saying they are reinvesting in other business because of the part the oil companies are playing in the occupation of Japan.



Robert Capa took this photo of a Chinese boy for the motion picture "The 400 Million"



Saving America from Herself • Walt Partymiller

**T**HE MOTOR BUS stood behind them, waiting like an obedient animal, its exhaust a white translucent cloud of steam. As a hurried order from the officer in charge, it began slowly and lumberingly to move away. Bound together in groups of two they began to shuffle forward. It was pitch black, with no moon, but no eyes that were used to the god of Santa Agueda the terrain presented no difficulties. Antonio knew where they were; the Museo la Brindisa-Brendisa Hill—an insignificant mound, the highest spot on the road to Vittoria; hill only by contrast with the surroundings and the level road. He knew also why they were there. Not long before with the purge at its height and "unidentified" bodies commencing a high authority had issued the order: "No more grisly night! More no justice, but discreetly and without sullying the Glorious National Movement by these hideous exhibitions." Bodies from the fields, the streams, the ditches by the sides of roads, were gone and in their place each city, village and even hamlet had acquired some specific pit, plot of land or field on its outskirts; there was the Cien in Rodillo, the Llana in Estapa—and Brindisa Hill in Burgos.

The prisoner bound to Antonio was a weight on his arm. Weak and trembling from fear and terror, he had to be half-dragged, half-supported. He had been a printer's apprentice on the Burgos *Gráfico*—a long defunct middle liberal illustrated periodical, which had once dared to criticize editorially the hierarchy and the reactionary press in Burgos, for the half-blink policy they had pursued in connection with a scandal involving the sexual misdeeds of the parish priest in the neighboring village of Estapa. For this the subscribers and advertisers had been warned off and the paper had soon gone bankrupt; and now with the ascent to power of the church and reactionary civil officials as arms of the military, the staff and personnel of the *Gráfico*, even down to the sleeping almost illiterate boy on Antonio's arm, were being personally for its misdeeds.

Hardly able to stand himself, Antonio put his arm around the other and they shuffled on. The world before him was unreal, and hazy with a mist of blood, red and white, now and then before, faded hoarsely in his brain, unassociated with any previous experience. His mind seemed asleep, and even the cold slap of the drizzling mist could not wake it. Of all that had happened to him in the previous weeks there were left now only a few fragmentary unrelated impressions. He must have been delicious a good deal, for there were large gaps, usually blank. He remembered beating on the door and crying. He remembered writing on the floor in pain, and vomiting regularly the meals which for so many previous months his stomach had accepted with stoic patience. It would have been far more endurable but for those rocking vines in his vitals. Once, going up to retrieve Holy

Communion, he had fallen before the priest, and seeing his black coat had prayed for deliverance from his agony. The beating he had received from the soldiers who dragged him away had left him with wounds which for days after oozed blood, and even now were not completely healed. More than once he had taken up again the sharpened stick which infection had foully caused him to drop before, but now he was far too weak to use it. He had cringed in corners, covering his head with a blanket to escape his hallucinations which were now almost corporeal; he talked to rats, to cockroaches, to himself, to escape his solitude. It was all hard now in his memory. He could not remember with any great distinctness even the two new prisoners who had been thrust towards the end of with him, although the presence of fellow human beings was great solace to him. He remembered that they were very frightened. They had not been revolutionaries, liberals or even working-men—those for the most part were either dead, fled or well hidden. One had been a small tradesman, denounced as a man of the Left by a competitor with some sort of influence; the other was a freemason, a victim of the lance purge, inaugurated by the Jesuits. Antonio's only clear impression of them was that of a faint hour before, the expressions on their faces as he had been taken away, their mouths open and quivering, grotesque with their slaves or born out, and it hung down to the shoulders in the back and kept falling before his eyes in the front; it was known, and full of dirt and

vermin. He shook it out of his eyes as he walked. "They kill you before they shoot you." He was a dead man, pushing his leaden feet before him. He did not think that this little aftermath of gun-play would hurt much.

**T**HE SHORT line wound slowly up the path, heavily guarded on both sides. It was constantly being held up. One of the condemned faint and fell, dragging down his partner, and they both had to be jerked



## Burgos Gaol

Antonio Antonio, perhaps never had been found out a woman but was the last of four cell-mates in the Burgos gaol. . . . The continuing installment of a deeply startling story of Franco Spain.

By Jack Reed

ILLUSTRATED BY GUY P. WOOD

back to their feet and slapped to consciousness. Of the prisoners, few had been incarcerated so long as Antonio; none had suffered so much. They were not therefore so resigned to death as he. Many of them wept bitterly, hopelessly; some were violently sick, reviving repeatedly and more than one, under the intense strain and with the loose bowels characteristic of prison, had full trousers. They kept staggering out of the line, back into which they had to be thrust. They moved as slowly as possible.

they removed all of the glory and most of the glamour! The khaki was more forgiving and exacted fewer bowels, but at least they caught the men? He swore again at the prisoners. And if the foreigners in the front were back these swagging steps behind the front, with their pride and their contempt for the purely paid native soldiers, were simply unbearable. Not to be so noisy as to forget their conduct because of their attitude in coming to Spain. They did not make that "gesture" for nothing. To the south, near the French border, Spaniards were operating under the direction of German engineers, building a gigantic railroad, was that for use in the active Spanish section, Madrid to the southeast, Extremadura and Cordoba to the south? Were the gypsies in Guesca, facing Gibraltar, for the use of Spaniards? Already they acted as if Spain was theirs; their generals outlined the military strategy, were the invisible hands behind the civil authorities; their soldiers were paid better, and above approach or punishment. There was the best of everything. Spaniards killed Spaniards and the foreigner near the war.

And yet—the knowledge was gall—he knew from experience that they could not do without them; that even they all to leave, the war would be over within a year; if they took their mountains and supplies with them it would only take a month. They would be chucked back to the sea by sheer man-power. To his dream of an imperial invincible Spain, of his place as the heir of another Don Carlos (Oh, he was sick; sick of fighting, sick of bloodshed; sick of slaughtering senselessly towards no end. Sick, sick.)

He quit thinking. His feet hurt, his weary eyes were raw wounds in his head. He looked at his men; they feet bare too, they were as weary; they looked with distaste at the young, excited militia who accompanied them. There was no sound save the slide of footsteps on the wet earth, the hiss of parted breath. They were going up Brindisa Hill. In this raw earth, just under their feet, hundreds of newly dead men were buried. A cold damp mist rose up from that earth and enveloped them as they walked. The line wavered. The boy bound to Antonio began to sob hysterically. "Madré Dios! Madré Dios!" Antonio gripped him tighter.

Suddenly they left the path and cut through the underbrush for a few steps. Before them appeared a small clearing, along one end of it a shallow ditch, the earth piled up behind. They had arrived. And just as though this was their first indication of what their fate was to be, the line of the condemned stopped. A low whirring noise went up from it. One man—how Antonio recognized as formerly a noted Burgos lawyer—fell to his knees and began to cry hysterically, that he wanted to see his conscience, that he would "tell all" and would do penance for his misdeeds; he came in the face of the soldier who came to jerk him to his feet. The Cavalier officer straight up and down, glimmering of light

WE WERE the monk, the clerk, the saint and little maid,  
The teen and the lark, the mouse, the fox and dove,  
The proper elements on which cathedrals stand,  
The lantern in the gate, the raft on scattered waves.  
In calm tickling, homogenous body and homogenous soul,  
We existed freedom from where victory began.  
We rolled the frontier from the Rock to Golden Gate.

Along harvest Hudson now abundant pyramids bloom,  
On shores of Michigan sprays a giant foam,  
In the Dakota, Texas and across the Puget Sound  
The park, the meadow and the vine and leaf and mark,  
We passed happiness in those pitiless unrolled lands,  
Fought against form and death to let us grain and light  
The sun shall after so have contained, equal chances  
Within the precincts of the cathedral to be built,  
And just now long stand outside the open threshold

We read the bulk of Liberty at the Gate,  
So we were—the ghostly millions who left  
This house and heritage to you who walk in paths we've laid  
Have, by the altar of our god and grace, the right,  
Fellow-Americans, to demand your reckoning!

It there be from Dallas, Richmond or Nashville one  
Claiming greater virtue by what his grand-dad did,  
The lie in his throat! We know them well!  
Thus meaning Old Hally, the tickler-leaver one,  
Harlow of Whites Chapel, and the heretical devil  
With the brand of the pulley on their calloused feet—

Those were our paria, they laid brick on brick with the Bohunk,  
Polak, Squawhead, Spik—there were no bars no leaves here of  
diets or pride.

No thanks on honor that were green—one and all,  
We had a world to make use of our own.  
You braggers who hoarsed of damn and sin  
In the mimic, copy of the pattern we've shunned,  
But if there be in your marble council halls  
A single spirit who breaks the lot of us, founders,  
Leave for his voice and Justice for his plea.

Justify the breeze to sail your pennant a fleet  
Mistaken your electric vans for each cranny of the air,  
Dart with unseen needful images into space,  
Your abandoned motor cars at the racing stand,  
Trains in scale and intricate, explore earth's secret law,  
Rise the beauty with shield and spear higher than heaven's shafts,  
Yet pause—beware the covetousness imbedded in a thread  
Of velvet, marble, steel and wire,  
The virgin mineral runs red—and vapors.

III  
We set our light upon the hill  
And covered it with a dome of gold  
To smother  
All of classic England that the hewiged breeds  
In accents lyrical with hard dignity had grasped.  
The crafty tolerance in quartz and in marble purchased  
By ancient Rome the white homologies of the Gallic lion,  
The burgherly stolidity of the Dutch, will here—  
In our Capitol—find their synthesis.

Our deputation, sons and offspring of aliens and aliens,  
Our magnificence being into the popular tongue,  
Shall not exult commonly on history regretive  
Respect for our plebeian ancestry,  
That man-made law may be broken,  
That as the reverendizing sun is the living people,  
And the lesson gleaned from records of history,  
That the form which would fetter the listening people  
Will not endure.

## Dwight Morgan IN MEMORIAM

February 10, 1909 — January 12, 1910

By Charles Recht

Dwight Morgan was Secretary of the American Committee for  
Prevention of Foreign Born

We set our light upon the hill,  
Great is our power, greater our pity and kindness,  
Greater still our dedication; that our sheets and wreath  
Wear by the common—shall be this Commonwealth.

IV  
Recall you, Morgan, the day when first you came?  
Below my treasured office on the thirty-second floor  
Manshutan swam like a stag-antelope—bar there was pause,  
No procession of blurs of air-hammers on the street  
And like seaward road-gates, To-Let signs crept on stairs of the  
Avenue.

Polak grasped the boards of the city,  
Cigarette? Yes—and so—with a timid chuckle, you?  
My dad was a miner and I've dugged at coal  
With Polaks, Caniks and the Miks.  
The old woman lives in Kansas. There the folk,  
The shop-keep, all the folks are blond white.  
The silver will soon become the target,  
This plague will visit the foreign-born like seven seas.

These lean years—I know the stuffy pinch:  
I want to fight—right for the cuts who have no place in class,  
No press-agents, lobbyists, public-relations men,  
It's no fault of theirs the land's gone to hell.  
The lonely acres ache for human touch,  
The vacant railroad rumbles toward the horizon,  
The boarded houses shelter mice and echoes,  
And men bench at the balied portals.

We continued here we loved this land,  
Yet wished in men were kinder and more just:  
Oh independence of one who dotes the crust  
While his stocks rot, his place is clothed with rust,  
And the pity of it, that so few understand—  
Most mock the leader who would merely stay  
Anguished hunger and the soulless feast,  
Painting, that on this same ground they could rear  
A better shelter to suffer fast and near.  
Happier folk in a not too distant day—

V  
Not in the textbook  
"Teacher, the Foreign Revolution means that  
Hitler and Stalin were opposed to the free and  
Latin Law after we re-establied"

But History—she don't teach everything—  
The fair-haired Vikings had howl-legs and feet,  
The Pilgrims stank of sweat and decayed teeth,  
Our settlers fought Indians with whiskey and then fought for whiskey,  
The signers of the Declaration did not manure and were a bunch of  
Roths.

VI  
The fields are wasted, the ducks laid bare,  
Above the spider weaves design,  
While through the gossamer of his line  
Choking dust sits soft and fine,  
Dust comes drifting, everywhere.

It packs the furrows, stuffs the well,  
Piles a shroud on perished cattle,  
Whose leper bones mark man's lost battle,  
While all adieu the sun-blighted battle  
The muffled music of twilight bells.

In myriad towns through forest and glen  
Children gaze with vacant eyes  
Like the babes of coal-mining Sheldons,  
Into clear infernal seas—  
The creaking-begg under clouds of fire  
Space-wound farmers just slump and spit.

The wind darts on with hoarse breath  
Singing Made and burning and,  
Roosting up the school wood,  
Sings the beam—the wage of greed  
And abson of nature, in the desert there.

But History, she don't teach everything—  
They were buffeted bare, departed, driven,  
It is natural, that they should want to deposit others  
Who follow in the footsteps of their fathers?  
No, children, it ain't logical, it ain't natural,  
It's unjustified—but they don't vote.

Little mother, heed this prayer—  
The race is only to be slayed,  
To survive must mean to slayer,  
Blood must right an age-old wrong,  
Little mother—heed our calling,  
Heed the child—the race is falling.

The right to rest is path of grand,  
The ill who're from on death will fall,  
Paths which gambler will not board,  
The shop-keep, all the folks are blond white.  
Common truths which men don't heed,  
God's a huckle, save for those in need.

Little mother, these years of wrath  
Will take of mortals a heavy toll,  
Should your babe die in battle-path  
His name will shine on honor's roll  
And for you a destiny:  
A Gold Star Mother you shall be.

Law regard for concepts dead,  
For ah-hundred of greed and spite,  
An open hand with work and bread,  
A share of the abundant life,  
And peace within expanded walls—  
For those the babe of threshold calls.

Like, let him stay within my womb  
Rather than mangled in his trunk.

So they called you a Red, they gossiped you were a Turk,  
A Jew or mad, more likely a coon, half-breed, octopus—  
The mockers of us! I tried to recall,  
For I had seen you—somewhere—I was sure—  
The lanky gait, the lean brow figure, honey manner,  
The thing about you that had the smell of moon,  
Wheat, sawmill, unparoled roads, coal dust,  
The flavor of unsmuggled hays—and the drug,  
That you were walking lightly the road to death,  
A sudden it came—it was the youthful Abe  
Oh tall and cabin, the lumens from Illinois—  
Yes, that nigger-lover, the drum-shed advocate,  
Set to make a place within chaos for the unwanted,  
Were your forebears Scotch and English, may be Welsh—  
Punk! They came from the Americas. The son  
In Colorado born, schooled in communism and Kansas—  
Died in harness in Washington fighting for po' trash,  
For Dupes and Heroin, for niggers and sheen—  
Dwight Morgan—his your epitaph.

And they shuffed out of my office door.  
VII  
The universal earth is to "width and breadth  
Bears no shore-mark of belonging  
To a humped hump or class of men!  
Lark the sun, the wind and the thundering world,  
Shows no card of admission, title or acquired right.

And the newborn of the Sun and Daughters of the Revolution  
Look like the babes of coal-mining Sheldons.

But History, she don't teach everything—  
They were buffeted bare, departed, driven,  
It is natural, that they should want to deposit others  
Who follow in the footsteps of their fathers?  
No, children, it ain't logical, it ain't natural,  
It's unjustified—but they don't vote.

Little mother, heed this prayer—  
The race is only to be slayed,  
To survive must mean to slayer,  
Blood must right an age-old wrong,  
Little mother—heed our calling,  
Heed the child—the race is falling.

The right to rest is path of grand,  
The ill who're from on death will fall,  
Paths which gambler will not board,  
The shop-keep, all the folks are blond white.  
Common truths which men don't heed,  
God's a huckle, save for those in need.

Little mother, these years of wrath  
Will take of mortals a heavy toll,  
Should your babe die in battle-path  
His name will shine on honor's roll  
And for you a destiny:  
A Gold Star Mother you shall be.

Law regard for concepts dead,  
For ah-hundred of greed and spite,  
An open hand with work and bread,  
A share of the abundant life,  
And peace within expanded walls—  
For those the babe of threshold calls.

Like, let him stay within my womb  
Rather than mangled in his trunk.

And the newborn of the Sun and Daughters of the Revolution  
Look like the babes of coal-mining Sheldons.

The universal earth is to "width and breadth  
Bears no shore-mark of belonging  
To a humped hump or class of men!  
Lark the sun, the wind and the thundering world,  
Shows no card of admission, title or acquired right.

But History, she don't teach everything—  
They were buffeted bare, departed, driven,  
It is natural, that they should want to deposit others  
Who follow in the footsteps of their fathers?  
No, children, it ain't logical, it ain't natural,  
It's unjustified—but they don't vote.

Little mother, heed this prayer—  
The race is only to be slayed,  
To survive must mean to slayer,  
Blood must right an age-old wrong,  
Little mother—heed our calling,  
Heed the child—the race is falling.

The right to rest is path of grand,  
The ill who're from on death will fall,  
Paths which gambler will not board,  
The shop-keep, all the folks are blond white.  
Common truths which men don't heed,  
God's a huckle, save for those in need.

Little mother, these years of wrath  
Will take of mortals a heavy toll,  
Should your babe die in battle-path  
His name will shine on honor's roll  
And for you a destiny:  
A Gold Star Mother you shall be.

Law regard for concepts dead,  
For ah-hundred of greed and spite,  
An open hand with work and bread,  
A share of the abundant life,  
And peace within expanded walls—  
For those the babe of threshold calls.

Like, let him stay within my womb  
Rather than mangled in his trunk.

So they called you a Red, they gossiped you were a Turk,  
A Jew or mad, more likely a coon, half-breed, octopus—  
The mockers of us! I tried to recall,  
For I had seen you—somewhere—I was sure—  
The lanky gait, the lean brow figure, honey manner,  
The thing about you that had the smell of moon,  
Wheat, sawmill, unparoled roads, coal dust,  
The flavor of unsmuggled hays—and the drug,  
That you were walking lightly the road to death,  
A sudden it came—it was the youthful Abe  
Oh tall and cabin, the lumens from Illinois—  
Yes, that nigger-lover, the drum-shed advocate,  
Set to make a place within chaos for the unwanted,  
Were your forebears Scotch and English, may be Welsh—  
Punk! They came from the Americas. The son  
In Colorado born, schooled in communism and Kansas—  
Died in harness in Washington fighting for po' trash,  
For Dupes and Heroin, for niggers and sheen—  
Dwight Morgan—his your epitaph.

And they shuffed out of my office door.

Little mother, heed this prayer—  
The race is only to be slayed,  
To survive must mean to slayer,  
Blood must right an age-old wrong,  
Little mother—heed our calling,  
Heed the child—the race is falling.

The right to rest is path of grand,  
The ill who're from on death will fall,  
Paths which gambler will not board,  
The shop-keep, all the folks are blond white.  
Common truths which men don't heed,  
God's a huckle, save for those in need.

Little mother, these years of wrath  
Will take of mortals a heavy toll,  
Should your babe die in battle-path  
His name will shine on honor's roll  
And for you a destiny:  
A Gold Star Mother you shall be.

Law regard for concepts dead,  
For ah-hundred of greed and spite,  
An open hand with work and bread,  
A share of the abundant life,  
And peace within expanded walls—  
For those the babe of threshold calls.

Like, let him stay within my womb  
Rather than mangled in his trunk.

So they called you a Red, they gossiped you were a Turk,  
A Jew or mad, more likely a coon, half-breed, octopus—  
The mockers of us! I tried to recall,  
For I had seen you—somewhere—I was sure—  
The lanky gait, the lean brow figure, honey manner,  
The thing about you that had the smell of moon,  
Wheat, sawmill, unparoled roads, coal dust,  
The flavor of unsmuggled hays—and the drug,  
That you were walking lightly the road to death,  
A sudden it came—it was the youthful Abe  
Oh tall and cabin, the lumens from Illinois—  
Yes, that nigger-lover, the drum-shed advocate,  
Set to make a place within chaos for the unwanted,  
Were your forebears Scotch and English, may be Welsh—  
Punk! They came from the Americas. The son  
In Colorado born, schooled in communism and Kansas—  
Died in harness in Washington fighting for po' trash,  
For Dupes and Heroin, for niggers and sheen—  
Dwight Morgan—his your epitaph.

And they shuffed out of my office door.

## Books About Life In Many Lands

The Land We Lost

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN, by Maurice Hindus.  
387 pages; Doubleday, Dutton & Company.  
\$1.50.

HERE IS A composite volume of G. E. R. Godin's *Removal in Central Europe*, complementing that book so that taken together they make a good everyman's guide to Appointment in action. Hindus deals primarily with Austria, then with the critical months in Prague. Maurice Hindus gives us an extended tour of Czechoslovakia before he turns his eyes to the capital to chronicle the death-agony.

Hindus' warmly sympathetic picture of the people of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, Ruthenia, seems like the remembered incidents told at a funeral: the more we read, the more do we realize the extent of our loss. The more, likewise, are we appalled at the enormity of the Munich Agreement, that crime so criminal that ordinary people can hardly grasp it. For here was the model nation of the western world: the Czechs, industrious, thrifty, efficient, conscientious to a fault; the innocent, warm-hearted, cultured Slavic peasantry; the enlightened government, fostering education, carrying out land reform, building up agriculture, industry; providing for satisfactory and peaceful labor relations; caring for the national minorities with unexampled consideration; and all in "the middle way," gradually, without domestic strife. This was Sweden, but a Swede in the cannon's mouth, with infinitely harder tasks. This was the flag of Civilization, held bravely aloft in the very center of barbarism. And the "civilized men" were it down.

Forlorn and betrayed. In Paris there was champagne, Hindu reports, for "peace was preserved." "Peace with honor," that we have very shortly seen to no peace but war, Honor remained in Prague. And yet all, even honor, must be stripped from this nation. As the book closes, the statues of Masaryk are being torn down, Masaryk Square in Prague is renamed Hitler Platz. "We wanted to live with the angels, now we must live with the wolves."

*We Shall Live Again* is a book first of all about the people and chiefly about the farming people of Czechoslovakia. For military analysis of the situation we must turn elsewhere. Yet insofar as public morale is a military factor, the book reinforces our impression that, given an opportunity, the

Czechoslovakians would have fought to the death; and this very determination, with their spiritual fortifications and other favorable factors, would have greatly increased the chances of Hitler's retreat without a war. Czechoslovakia, like Spain, fell not before military strength but by Chamberlain's intrigues; and the people of Prague said, "English is a fool language!"

"They will live again!" Hindus writes. We can share his grief and his confidence; firm in that confidence, we can draw the lesson that the Czechs have so dearly bought for us, "No More Appearances!" is the lesson written here in the ink of Maurice Hindus, on the lifeblood of Czechoslovakia.

—CHARLES PRESTON

Fascism In Action

THE CORPORATE STATE IN ACTION: ITALY UNDER FASCISM, by Carl T. Schmidt. 173 pages; Oxford University Press, \$2.25.

CARL T. SCHMIDT, a trained economist who is fully aware of political means, has written for the average man and woman what is probably the most convincing indictment of Italian Fascism available in English in such compact form. In *The Pincushion and the Sword* he showed us, in great detail, just what has happened to Italian agriculture since the triumph of Mussolini in

1922. What happened to workers in the field and the factory is clearly brought out, and there is a sharp reminder that living conditions have become steadily worse since the "conquest" of Ethiopia and Spain. Simultaneously, the profits of the great corporations have spiraled upward; sustained there, almost literally, by the rights of Mussolini's bombers. On the cultural side there is stagnation, unrest, despair—but here, perhaps, the author has failed to make allowances for the many small yet vigorous currents of revolutionary thought and action which are undoubtedly underfoot in the regime.

—HAROLD WARD

After War

THIS HISTORY, by Milton Brand. 336 pages; Simon and Schuster, \$2.50.

MILTON BRAND, author of *The Outward Race*, has written another novel in which his gift to create mood and atmosphere is displayed with subtle artistry. No mere statement of plot or recitation of how the characters behave could evaluate the quality of this book. Mr. Brand is interested in those factors that condition men and modify what they are to become.

The setting is a New England soldier's home. The story opens when George Barley, deprived of work through the depression, is lured to join the other "terrors" there. Men-

Maurice Hindus' *We Shall Live Again* is a warmly sympathetic picture of the Czechs

ation of war for these men are essentially the  
condition of what their role suggests, and  
the reward for value is a certain further re-  
sponded from the possibility of jobs and material  
living than that of any nation.

Although George Hartley moves the home  
with fear and resignation he finds warm com-  
panionship within its walls. Only the hope of ultimately finding work outside,  
however, motivates him during his stay. It is  
reasonable here the author builds up an at-  
mosphere in which these men become accom-  
modated to their situation.

George Hartley falls in love with a factory  
girl from the adjoining town, and his de-  
sire to escape from inactivity becomes an agonizing  
experience. It is not in the working  
out of his love story that the romance  
sees its end. The "heroine," however,  
that Mr. Brand is most convincing. It is in  
the subtle handling of influences that have  
affected his character. And as we find Hilda,  
shell-shocked and mutilated, returning to all  
the horror of past experiences wherever there  
is a shadow of her.

It is in regard to civil liberties, especially  
freedom of speech, that Mr. Hays commands  
attention as an authority. He recognizes that  
such freedom is essential to Democracy, and  
that the world center of creative endeavor—thanks  
largely to the irrational fury of the Fascist  
dictators.

*Escape to Nowhere* is a well-liked complete  
record of the actors who have been forced to  
leave the Reich, and of their settlement and  
work in new lands. Erikas and Klaus Mann,  
as well as others, have been in a position to know  
the loss of their own and women—and the  
social and literary factors that made it impos-  
sible for them to come to terms with Nazism.

One recalls the four pages devoted to  
Ernst Toller, and it is almost with horror that  
he detects the elegant tones. It is as if the  
ghostly Mann had intuitively felt the death  
incipient in that tragic life. And yet it is not  
strange—for there is a certain amount of death  
in all of us; and particularly is there death  
in the German refugee, who has seen Ger-  
many die before their very eyes.

But the paradox is this: that although they  
carry more of death with them than most of  
us, they carry more of life with them as well.  
Their minds and hearts have been sharpened  
in a great struggle with the darkness that is  
Fascism.

Now they wish to preserve, with those of  
us who are vitally involved in restoring our  
American destiny, all that is best in Democ-  
racy—to help us fight in extending those  
democratic principles which gave our nation  
birth.

Let us welcome these gifted veterans of a  
war which knows no national boundaries!  
As well as welcome this book which is such  
a moving record of their fears and hopes!

NORMAN MACLEAN

THE WORLD, July 1939

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

72

73

74

75

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

144

145

146

147

148

149

150

151

152

153

154

155

156

157

158

159

160

161

162

163

164

165

166

167

168

169

170

171

172

173

174

175

176

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

201

202

203

204

205

206

207

208

209

210

211

212

213

214

215

216

217

218

219

220

221

222

223

224

225

226

227

228

229

230

231

232

233

234

235

236

237

238

239

240

241

242

243

244

245

246

247

248

249

250

251

252

253

254

255

256

257

258

259

260

261

262

263

264

265

266

267

268

269

270

271

272

273

274

275

276

277

278

279

280

281

282

283

284

285

286

287

288

289

290

291

292

293

294

295

296

297

298

299

300

301

302

303

304

305

306

307

308

309

310

311

312

313

314

315

316

317

318

319

320

321

322

323

324

325

326

327

# Anti-Fascist Radio

By George Scott

THE TABOO against network dramatic programs dealing with the ravages of Fascism at last has been partially lifted, due to the tremendous audience response to such outstanding broadcasts as Arnold MacLennan's "The Fall of the City" and Norman Corwin's "They Fly Through the Air," and radio writers are taking full advantage of their new opportunities. A dual monthly anti-Fascist drama has been as much to defend as broadcast dealing with the struggle against the other dread disease, syphilis, but in both instances the pressure of public opinion is rapidly changing the picture. The effects of the script writers are still hampered by many restrictions, such as N.B.C.'s rule that "Fascism" is a hard word which must not be mentioned in any drama, and that characters representing fascist despots must not use German accents. Nevertheless, the authors are finding ingenious ways of driving their points home, although many of these points are still unscathed.

It is interesting to note how the whole thing started. Irving Reis, socially-conscious former director of *The Columbia Hour*, tried his hand at a few hard-hitting dramas such as "The Fall of the City" and "The House Jack Dady's Built," and then went off to Hollywood. William N. Robson, his successor, tried to do likewise but got his hands slapped and was dismissed for his pains. Then along came Norman Corwin, director of an innocuous little program called *Watch Without Fear*, and scored C.B.S. out of a year's growth with a dramatization of Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes*. The audience response was so enthusiastic that he followed the up with an original verse drama entitled "They Fly Through the Air," which dealt with two Italian aviators who loomed a defensible town.

At first Columbia refused to broadcast the thing, but finally consented to do so, about the time that President Roosevelt came out with his non-aggression demands to Hitler and Mussolini. Audience response was so terrific that "They Fly Through the Air" had to be repeated by request. Shortly afterward it was chosen as "the finest example illustrating the possibilities of the artistic, cultural and socially important use of radio" by the Youth Annual Institute for Education by Radio. And then the bar was down. Arch Oboler presented "Conquerors," which was in a sense a sequel to Corwin's



play and dealt with the experiences of the hostesses when they crashed in a town where individual moral values had become as important as international moral values are today. Hollywood's N.B.C. station created through with a musical piece called "The Cannon Shall Not Fire," which had many good points. And Albert Williams presented what may prove to be the best of the lot, a verse play entitled "The Town of Harard," which dealt with the miseries of refugees from racial, religious and political persecution. The climax of the whole thing came when Corwin, Oboler, Robson and the heads of N.B.C.'s and Columbia's script departments — I. H. Titerson and Max Wylin — participated in a forum arranged by the Congress of American Writers in New York last month. This was the first radio forum ever held by the Congress. The five hundred writers present made innumerable useful suggestions for the further strengthening of dramatic broadcasts, and many problems were raised out. As a result we venture to predict that a series of even more worth while and hard-hitting social dramas will be heard over the air in the near future.

### Around the Dial

IT MIGHT be well to speculate at this point on the reason why reactionary news commentators such as Lowell Thomas and Gabriel Hester are heard on the early evening radio.

The British Broadcasting Corporation, by the way, is holding up further expansion of its television service on the theory that such programs will have to stop as soon as war starts. The ultra-short-wave bands will all be needed for military purposes.

The networks have discovered the farm audience and are desperately trying to please it. The difficulty they have in talking down to the "hicks in the sticks," and arouse a goodly amount of resentment. Even the *Fox and Home Hour* lately of them all, is a goodly amount of disrespect. Its music is mediocre and on a recent broadcast at least fifteen minutes were spent in a "copy" discussion on how to cook bacon. If it weren't for the market

reports which it broadcasts from Washington and Chicago, we suspect that the series would be a total loss to the audience it tries to reach.

WINS, Hearst's New York station, quickly agreed to carry Father Coughlin's talks over New York City several weeks ago and then later so quickly changed its mind. And WMCA, which is still being picketed for refusing to carry Coughlin's talks, has obtained a group of recordings made for the German government at the Nazi Bund rally in Madison Square Garden.

### Music on Records

COPLAN: *El-Sala Mistic*, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Victor M546, \$4.50.

Mr. Copland, one of America's most respected composers, has written here music which is, to say the least, "modern" in the best meaning of the word. Making use of Mexican folk-songs and depicting a vast group of his orchestral resources, the composer has turned out a score which is singularly alive and infectious. Although it is based on a Mexican theme, this is a red American music, and the musical ideas employed are most certainly indigenous to America. The playing of the Boston Orchestra is vividly portrayed in a recording which is truly seasoned in its realism.

LOEFFLER: *Music for Four String Instruments*, played by the Cowdley Quartet. Victor M542, \$6.50.

Loeffler, who died almost four years ago was highly regarded by the leading critics of America. Lawrence Gilman has called him "the most distinguished creator mind in American music." *Music for Four String Instruments* is dedicated to an American aviator who fell in the World War, and is a work filled with mysticism and contemplation. But there is a quiet strength and assurance in this music which is most deeply moving. The Cowdley Quartet gives a lustrous performance in this work which is excellently recorded.

BETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 1 in C Major*, played by the E.P.C. Symphony Orchestra, Brian Toussaint conducting. Decca's *Tropic Overture*. Victor M507, \$10.

As long as he lives, we have the eagerly-awaited "Fascist" recording of the charming symphony by Beethoven. The boldly dissonant opening chord—discussed by the critics of his day as wildly inconclusive—as a prophesy of the career of the man who, after he had found his "symbolic" key, was to liberate music from the fashionable set patterns of the renaissance world of 1800. Toccantini plays this music quite unlike anyone else, giving a totally comprehensive performance. The recording is lifelike.

The Brahms overture, occupying three sides is given a dynamic reading.

—ROBERT JEFFREY

### Concerted Action in '76

(Continued from page 23)

of their publications. *La Gaceta* expressed the general opinion: "The United States has now begun to play among the civilized nations in the world that powerful and most magnetic role which before the silent and most powerful nation of our hemisphere." The American embassy in Buenos Aires wrote Moore: "Your admirable message . . . has inspired us here. . . . This sincerely stated paper will have a most extensive influence. The weight of our word character as a nation in the scale of Europe, is equal to armies in the field."

Moore's Message, in the words of Broughton, a member of the British Parliament, who was opposed to Tory collaboration with the Holy Alliance, "inspired greater joy, evaluation, and gratitude over all the free men of Europe."

America's move towards collective security

not only saved the American continent from war, but also strengthened the democratic forces in Europe. Within a brief seven years, a result against the French Bourbon ruler marked the end of the Holy Alliance.

In the emergency of today, we again are confronted by a combination of reactionary powers which aim to quench freedom throughout the world. Their plans fly over Latin America. Our Pacific and Atlantic shores are within easy reach of their swift bombing air ships.

In such an emergency, we can turn to the past for guidance. The voices of the founders of our Republic, and the past experiences of the American people, tell us unequivocally that our democratic institutions and our peace can be secured only if we combine with other powerful and democratic nations against the powers of Fascism and the breeders of war.

### Heil Coughlin!

(Continued from page 9)

No. 10 with those possible answers: 1. Communism is opposed to Fascism which is capitalist. 2. Hitler was a Fascist.

Here the "advised attack" to create a "righteous faith" as espoused by Hitler is carried out by a brilliant pupil. But added to Hitler's formula of "kill" is the use of religious overtones to win the reader to Fascism and to reveal religious hatred of the objects of Nazi and Fascist aggressions and propaganda.

You may say that this is indirect, indirect proof of Coughlin's Fascism. Coughlin alleges that he is against Nazism and, despite his failure to denounce Fascism and the evidence of his contents, etc., perhaps he is not actually a Fascist in philosophy or intent. You may wish further, direct proof. There is plenty of it. Father Coughlin delivered a radio address on March 11, 1938—reprinted in *Social Justice* of April 4, 1938—on "The Corporate State." He said: "Government has become so unrepresentative under the fiction of democracy that the dramatic hour has arrived to reorganize it so that it will be possible to enjoy the beneficence of a real democracy."

How does he plan to install his "Sixteen (or Fifteen?) Principles" in what he calls a "real democracy"? It is not hard to see through his supposed Christian solicitude for the great masses, "the poor," who would make up such a state: *because he would abolish representative government as we know it in the present, and establish a corporate state patterned after Italy and Germany.* He would borrow "economic cooperation" from one, "social corporatism" from the other and he would thus render America into a "real Democracy!"

In the October 24, 1938, issue of *Social Justice* Dr. S. J. Barnes describes in glowing terms the wonders of Italy under a "new" constitution. Dr. Barnes writes: "Italy has become a constant thorn when he comes across question

Democracy in the application sense which Aristotle gave this term, namely, government by majority opinion. . . . There is no question of the Italian House of Representatives being "democratic." It is authoritative," members in over half of the Assembly being "elected from above." An editorial, "Beyond Democracy," appears in the same issue of the magazine, praising Dr. Barnes' exposition as well as Italian Fascism in these terms: "An ordered state of society with the dictator turning the government into a Christian cooperative state. . . . Desirable, as the Italian experience process, can be utilized as a template to a better social order. . . ."

But in America "we still have the fiction (emphasis in original) of democracy; we must take the opportunity to bring about the reality." Note that these are the identical words used by Father Coughlin in March of this year, only slightly rephrased: "Real democracy is Fascism; or, if you wish, a 'Christian' cooperative state. But not American Democracy, which is a fiction, not Americanism—God save us from that! Father Coughlin wants Fascism for America. He would install that 'Christian' Fascism, based on Italian Corporatism, that hatched the Albanians on Good Friday, Ann Domini 1938."

That Father Coughlin is a Fascist is recognized by those who of all groups in America

cannot gods, virgins and leather goods and furniture are produced for domestic consumption as well as for export. The modern and beautiful capital city, Santiago, is the center of the largest publishing industry in South America.

Retail trade is shared by Chileans, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Turks, Jews and others. In summary, the United States cannot feel, but her place is threatened by Germany.

The sale of the Popular Front government is not an easy one. It hopes for the collaboration of American Democracy, and it needs it. The heritage of the present government from the regime which it displaced was a nation of under-ruled people and demoralized administration. Moreover, shortly after this government's inauguration, the country suffered a terrible catastrophe in the earthquake which last January killed over thirty thousand people, and rendered nearly a million homeless and destitute.

The landowning aristocracy, who control the banks and the wholesale commerce and who have a majority in Congress, carried their obstructive policies even into the presence of national calamity. They opposed to appropriations for aid of the victims.

The best that there is in the country, however—workers, parents, teachers, soldiers, scholars, intellectuals—were behind the Popular Front Government in a common effort to build a new Chile. The high plateau, the deserts, the mountains, the lakes, the valleys of Chile are united on their narrow strip of land by a great common factor.

should know—the German-American Bond. Let us permit carefully the newspaper clipping reproduced hereafter. It shows the member of the editorial page of the *Democrat* *Weekend and Free Journal* (no. 7) of March 2, 1938. The page is titled "Democracy Kills the Middle West." This is the official organ of the Nazi Bond, the most open of the many such publications that are spreading Fascist propaganda in America. It is a newspaper with which to justify quotes Democracy.

New read the leading editorial of the issue: "Fascism crucifies democracy." Why? Because he came out against Fascism? No! Because he spoke against "Communism." (3) "I would never see any more of the kind of Social Justice he says: 'I am beginning to understand why I have been dubbed a "Nazi" or a "Fascist." . . . For practically all the votes (or fifteen, per cent) of Social Justice are being put into one man in Italy and Germany."

A few months later Father Coughlin factors holds. In the February 13, 1938, issue of *Social Justice* he says: "I am beginning to understand why I have been dubbed a 'Nazi' or a 'Fascist.' . . . For practically all the votes (or fifteen, per cent) of Social Justice are being put into one man in Italy and Germany."

That question is most answer.

Heinrich. The present government has undertaken the enforcement of the existing social legislation, and the undertaking is not a revolution. It is an act of faith in, by, and for the people.

Some Agrarians is a strong supporter of the movement to do away with large properties, shown to be economically ineffective.

"We desire," he has said, "to increase the number of small farmers and thus provide a solid basis for political Democracy."

The government owns considerable farm land, we have begun already—only six months after its inauguration—to distribute additional seeds and implements of labor to the destitute peasants, under existing laws. The new administration is studying the small farmers, through government credits, first to produce more of the crops needed at home and then to produce more of those which may find a market abroad.

Enforcement of the anti-trust laws has effectively checked domestic and foreign wheat and flour monopolies, thus reducing the price of bread by one-fourth.

Wages are coming up from their shameful low level.

Setter Agrarians, the teacher, is educating the emphasis of his administration on education. Electricity, telephone and water supply companies which are in foreign hands must comply with the labor laws.

Chile is the most industrialized country in South America, in proportion to territory and population. Wine, shoes, chemical products

in terms, including Nazism. This is quite apparent to those who examine the evidence. The issue of the Bond apparently reveals that Coughlin is pro-Nazi, without using the actual technical word to describe his sympathy. That he can say: "The Government, under a conditional emergency, the Christian world toward some social cooperative objectives." (Should Justice, October 28, 1938.) But he does not use the words "Nazism" or "Hitler" in stating his sympathy. So Father Coughlin endorses Nazism, and so does Father Coughlin, as endorsed by the Bond, by the official *Social Justice* newspaper of Nazism in America, and all under the "advised attack" propaganda methods described by Hitler.

A few months later Father Coughlin factors holds. In the February 13, 1938, issue of *Social Justice* he says: "I am beginning to understand why I have been dubbed a 'Nazi' or a 'Fascist.' . . . For practically all the votes (or fifteen, per cent) of Social Justice are being put into one man in Italy and Germany."

That question is most answer.

Heinrich. The present government has undertaken the enforcement of the existing social legislation, and the undertaking is not a revolution. It is an act of faith in, by, and for the people.

Some Agrarians is a strong supporter of the movement to do away with large properties, shown to be economically ineffective.

"We desire," he has said, "to increase the number of small farmers and thus provide a solid basis for political Democracy."

The government owns considerable farm land, we have begun already—only six months after its inauguration—to distribute additional seeds and implements of labor to the destitute peasants, under existing laws. The new administration is studying the small farmers, through government credits, first to produce more of the crops needed at home and then to produce more of those which may find a market abroad.

Enforcement of the anti-trust laws has effectively checked domestic and foreign wheat and flour monopolies, thus reducing the price of bread by one-fourth.

Wages are coming up from their shameful low level.

Setter Agrarians, the teacher, is educating the emphasis of his administration on education. Electricity, telephone and water supply companies which are in foreign hands must comply with the labor laws.

Chile is the most industrialized country in South America, in proportion to territory and population. Wine, shoes, chemical products

in terms, including Nazism. This is quite apparent to those who examine the evidence. The issue of the Bond apparently reveals that Coughlin is pro-Nazi, without using the actual technical word to describe his sympathy. That he can say: "The Government, under a conditional emergency, the Christian world toward some social cooperative objectives." (Should Justice, October 28, 1938.) But he does not use the words "Nazism" or "Hitler" in stating his sympathy. So Father Coughlin endorses Nazism, and so does Father Coughlin, as endorsed by the Bond, by the official *Social Justice* newspaper of Nazism in America, and all under the "advised attack" propaganda methods described by Hitler.

A few months later Father Coughlin factors holds. In the February 13, 1938, issue of *Social Justice* he says: "I am beginning to understand why I have been dubbed a 'Nazi' or a 'Fascist.' . . . For practically all the votes (or fifteen, per cent) of Social Justice are being put into one man in Italy and Germany."

That question is most answer.

Heinrich. The present government has undertaken the enforcement of the existing social legislation, and the undertaking is not a revolution. It is an act of faith in, by, and for the people.

Some Agrarians is a strong supporter of the movement to do away with large properties, shown to be economically ineffective.

"We desire," he has said, "to increase the number of small farmers and thus provide a solid basis for political Democracy."

The government owns considerable farm land, we have begun already—only six months after its inauguration—to distribute additional seeds and implements of labor to the destitute peasants, under existing laws. The new administration is studying the small farmers, through government credits, first to produce more of the crops needed at home and then to produce more of those which may find a market abroad.

Enforcement of the anti-trust laws has effectively checked domestic and foreign wheat and flour monopolies, thus reducing the price of bread by one-fourth.

Wages are coming up from their shameful low level.

Setter Agrarians, the teacher, is educating the emphasis of his administration on education. Electricity, telephone and water supply companies which are in foreign hands must comply with the labor laws.

Chile is the most industrialized country in South America, in proportion to territory and population. Wine, shoes, chemical products



## More or Less Liberty

(Continued from page 7)

provides the majority of the Senate committee members. They looked particularly while opponents of the Act passed forth their grievances, real or fancied; and they will soon probably be faced by the 17 additional witnesses who have requested permission to appear. Unlike the House committee allegedly investigating the W.P.A., the Senate Labor Committee apparently does not intend to hear opponents about and then advise to them in closed style.

Thus on the central battlefield attack and counter-attack go on. The forces of organized labor, nurtured by the Labor Act, are able to march forward for slow and sometimes tortuous but sure. But the battle for civil liberty is not over, and skirmishes around the edges show how dangerous a breakthrough would be.

On the House side, for instance, the Dies Committee made its first appearance in its new incarnation. Equipped with an attorney-investigator and a new member, reputed to be a liberal, it began by examining some of the anti-Semitic and pro-Fascist groups. It is sufficient to note that as soon as the committee opened public hearings, there appeared in liberal magazines articles about the groups being investigated that contained far more information than the House committee appeared to possess.

In addition, serious doubts were cast upon the sincerity of the committee in putting the anti-Semitic, pro-Fascist groups on the lawmakers' griddle by the announcement of Chairman Dies that an additional \$50,000 would be needed, and that further hearings would be postponed until the summer—when Congress will not be in session.

## Strength Through Joy • Emargo



"Tell them not to bother this time. . . I just want to kill 'em."

THE WORLD, July 1939

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

25

It will be in the hot-pan of the House Rules Committee that the struggle will have to fight for its life—for it will be there that the assets of labor spies, spy gear and machine guns, strikebreakers and private armies, will attempt to quietly strangle the bill.

For on the House Rules Committee all several die-hard reactionaries, the authors of the anti-labor legislation that has cropped up. Representative Howard Smith, a Virginia gentleman who libelously violates the spirit of his alias Virginia heritage such as Thomas Jefferson, has a bill in the House combining the worst features of the dozens of pending alien bills. It provides for concentration camps for alien found guilty of "moral turpitude"; it provides for deportation of concentration camps for non-citizens who advocate any change in the government, as for instance the reorganization bill; it asks for registration of non-citizens, fingerprinting, and

Typical of the tactics of the group of Bourbons pushing this sort of legislation was the maneuver used by Representative McCormack (Democrat, Massachusetts), in securing adoption of his pet measure, which makes advocacy of overthrow of the government by force and violence a felony. This bill had been kicking around the halls of Congress since the days when McCormack headed a witch-hunt aimed at this with a ten-foot pole.

But along came a bill raising the prison term for espionage—foreign, not labor—from two to ten years, and up popped McCormack with his measure as an amendment. Taken by surprise, opponents were able to muster only seven votes, and the House passed the bill along to the Senate.

Back of this burst of Know-Nothingism is not a force and undying hatred for the alien. The districts represented by the sponsors of the legislation probably have fewer aliens in them than a single Congressional district in New York City. The people they're really after are "alien labor agitators," which is dialect for any good union man. The admission of President Roosevelt to the Daughters of the American Revolution last year to "remember that you and I, especially, are descendants of immigrants and revolutionaries" has been shoved out of memory, as has all thought of loyalty. Every wife and article is used to push through any measure with the faintest chance of stopping the drive of men and women to organize.

Already in various localities there have been recurrences of the vigilantes that stir the air of Imperial Valley in California—the air that Major-General George Van Horn Moseley told the Dies Committee is "good, clean,

all the other items that a tormented Tory mind is capable of imagining.

Already passed by the House is the bill introduced by Representative Sam Hobbs (Democrat, Alabama). It introduces the concentration camp for non-citizens who have no country to be deported to after having committed two crimes involving "moral turpitude"—which would include liquor law violations even though Prohibition was subsequently repealed—or who are "anarchists or of a similar class." The bill is pending in the Senate Immigration Committee while the House Judiciary Committee turns out additional treasures as fast as it drops them.

Also passed by the House is the bill introduced by Representative Dempsey (Democrat, New Mexico), a member of the Dies Committee. It would deport alien advocating any change in the form of government—the word "fundamental" was stricken out as being too liberal—and would thereby limit any organization with non-citizens in it from advocating such a change.

Typical of the tactics of the group of Bourbons pushing this sort of legislation was the maneuver used by Representative McCormack (Democrat, Massachusetts), in securing adoption of his pet measure, which makes advocacy of overthrow of the government by force and violence a felony. This bill had been kicking around the halls of Congress since the days when McCormack headed a witch-hunt aimed at this with a ten-foot pole.

But along came a bill raising the prison term for espionage—foreign, not labor—from two to ten years, and up popped McCormack with his measure as an amendment. Taken by surprise, opponents were able to muster only seven votes, and the House passed the bill along to the Senate.

Back of this burst of Know-Nothingism is not a force and undying hatred for the alien. The districts represented by the sponsors of the legislation probably have fewer aliens in them than a single Congressional district in New York City. The people they're really after are "alien labor agitators," which is dialect for any good union man. The admission of President Roosevelt to the Daughters of the American Revolution last year to "remember that you and I, especially, are descendants of immigrants and revolutionaries" has been shoved out of memory, as has all thought of loyalty. Every wife and article is used to push through any measure with the faintest chance of stopping the drive of men and women to organize.

Already in various localities there have been recurrences of the vigilantes that stir the air of Imperial Valley in California—the air that Major-General George Van Horn Moseley told the Dies Committee is "good, clean,

all the other items that a tormented Tory mind is capable of imagining.

Already passed by the House is the bill introduced by Representative Sam Hobbs (Democrat, Alabama). It introduces the concentration camp for non-citizens who have no country to be deported to after having committed two crimes involving "moral turpitude"—which would include liquor law violations even though Prohibition was subsequently repealed—or who are "anarchists or of a similar class." The bill is pending in the Senate Immigration Committee while the House Judiciary Committee turns out additional treasures as fast as it drops them.

Also passed by the House is the bill introduced by Representative Dempsey (Democrat, New Mexico), a member of the Dies Committee. It would deport alien advocating any change in the form of government—the word "fundamental" was stricken out as being too liberal—and would thereby limit any organization with non-citizens in it from advocating such a change.

## UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

Evidence reaching the national office of the American League for Peace and Democracy indicates a sharp increase in the activity of several Fascist organizations in which organized laborites, in order to coordinate the work of spying and conducting the more than eight hundred such groups in the country, the Research Department reports to the readers of "THE WORLD" for their inspiration.

It will greatly facilitate this work if very few having knowledge of such anti-democratic activities will:

1. Report promptly to the national office any meeting, demonstration, parade or procession incident.

2. Forward to the national office a copy of any leaflet, periodical or other literature issued by such groups, if possible reporting the method of its distribution.

It is intended to set up a clearinghouse for this information on Nazi, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, "super-patriotic," and vigilante groups.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY

100 SOUTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY  
 RALPH SHIFF JOSEPH GOLDSMITH  
 Registered Publicists  
 HAVE AND OFFER TREATMENTS BY APPOINTMENT  
 BY EUGENE PERLBERG BROADWAY, N. Y.

## Birdland

100-102 10th Ave. N.Y.C.  
 100-102 10th Ave. N.Y.C.  
 100-102 10th Ave. N.Y.C.  
 100-102 10th Ave. N.Y.C.

## FEDERAL THEATRE PROJECT FOR N. Y. C.

LIFE & DEATH OF AMERICAN  
 New Play by George Sayer  
 MAXINE ELLIOTT TIEBA, 198 St. E. of Broadway, CH. 42714. Exps. at 8-45, 10-15, 12-15. Saturday Mat. at 2-40.

SING YOUR SUPPER  
 A Musical Review  
 ANDELPHI TIEBA, 548 St. E. of 7th Ave. C. 15382. Exps. (Eve. Mat.) 8-38, 10-15, 12-15.

PINOCCHIO  
 Dramatized by Yasha Frank  
 RITZ THEATRE, 238 St. West of 67th St. C. 6181. Exps. (Eve. Mat.) 8-45, 10-15, 12-15. Saturday Matinee 2-45, 10-15.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

100 per cent American air." On the West Coast the Associated Farmers are beginning to make their heads up again, due to the strengthening in the Senate Audit and Control Committee of a resolution going the LaFollette Committee additional funds with which to complete its investigation.

The LaFollette Committee had, during its lifetime, only \$150,000 in all, and had already returned to the Treasury over \$22,000 in unpaid taxes and fines. Yet no position but in the Senate committee headed by James F. Byrnes (Democrat, South Carolina). Perhaps the reason is made clearer by the recollection that when Tom Girdler wanted someone to attack the New Deal before the annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, he pointed his finger at Senator Millard Tydings (Democrat, Maryland), who is also a member of this committee.

Most of the spadework of the LaFollette Committee's investigation on the West Coast has already been done. All that is needed is money with which to polish off the edges and conduct the hearings.

Should the LaFollette Committee be unable to clean up its job, there are reports that the new civil liberties unit of the Department of Justice will carry on. Evidence already gathered would be turned over, and the Department of Justice would seek an indictment against those who conspired to deprive persons of rights granted them under the laws of the United States, an ancient Civil War statute but the only one under which the Department's arm can operate.

Handed by Henry Schermerhorn who joined in the prosecution of the government's case against the Harlem County coal operation, this addition to the Department of Justice is so far hardly on its feet. With the new appropriations of the next fiscal year, which begins in July, it will be possible to hire additional lawyers and examine more deeply the matters under which the new unit can operate. It appears likely that new legislation, to bolster the Civil War statute under which the Harlem coal operation was prosecuted, will be needed. Most hopeful, oddly enough, has been the Supreme Court in the latter half of its session. It followed up a liberal decision in the Streeter case—holding a former member of the Communist Party to be not deportable—with a decisive though somewhat wobbly blow at Mayor Frank Hague, the tin-hat Hitler of Jersey City. By its decision, in which Justice Douglas and Frankfurter did not participate because of their late arrival, the Court affirmed the right of labor unions to go to Jersey City, to hold meetings and to distribute literature. It may be that the Court will yet prove itself to be what a few of its supporters claimed it to be.

But if it does so will be because of the public clamor that was raised against it when people became aware that under they had less liberty than yesterday, and that tomorrow they might have none. So it will be with Congress. When people begin to raise their voices and demand an answer to the question, "Why are you taking away from us our liberties?" there will be fewer assaults upon those liberties.

They were already starting to appear in the east, and they had to bury those days yet. And they would not move!

THEY finally had to be taken under the arms and jerked bodily towards the ditch. One woman screamed and kicked. The rest were dead weight; they were dragged, inert, and thrown side by side into a rough line, their backs to the open grave. The officer paced nervously, biting his lip and glancing at the sky. He was glad that this time at least there was no petulant parade of a priest to delay things further with his gibberish! A little man trotted close on his heels, a milk-looking be-speckled civilian, who through his friendship with a high officer regularly got to attend executions and the findings of bodies. "A pretty good catch, eh?" he quipped. He flicked his teeth and gave a short nervous laugh. "Any of them big fish?" He laughed again at his joke.

The line of the prisoners was ragged and broken. One or two of them were kneeling in prayer. The boy fell to his knees and buried his streaming face in Antonio's side. But Antonio himself was calm. He had been waiting for this for a long time; how many ones, they would never know. What was it to die? All Burgos, perhaps all Spain by now, was dead.

Headed by Henry Schermerhorn who joined in the prosecution of the government's case against the Harlem County coal operation, this addition to the Department of Justice is so far hardly on its feet. With the new appropriations of the next fiscal year, which begins in July, it will be possible to hire additional lawyers and examine more deeply the matters under which the new unit can operate. It appears likely that new legislation, to bolster the Civil War statute under which the Harlem coal operation was prosecuted, will be needed. Most hopeful, oddly enough, has been the Supreme Court in the latter half of its session. It followed up a liberal decision in the Streeter case—holding a former member of the Communist Party to be not deportable—with a decisive though somewhat wobbly blow at Mayor Frank Hague, the tin-hat Hitler of Jersey City. By its decision, in which Justice Douglas and Frankfurter did not participate because of their late arrival, the Court affirmed the right of labor unions to go to Jersey City, to hold meetings and to distribute literature. It may be that the Court will yet prove itself to be what a few of its supporters claimed it to be.

But if it does so will be because of the public clamor that was raised against it when people became aware that under they had less liberty than yesterday, and that tomorrow they might have none. So it will be with Congress. When people begin to raise their voices and demand an answer to the question, "Why are you taking away from us our liberties?" there will be fewer assaults upon those liberties.

They were already starting to appear in the east, and they had to bury those days yet. And they would not move!

THEY finally had to be taken under the arms and jerked bodily towards the ditch. One woman screamed and kicked. The rest were dead weight; they were dragged, inert, and thrown side by side into a rough line, their backs to the open grave. The officer paced nervously, biting his lip and glancing at the sky. He was glad that this time at least there was no petulant parade of a priest to delay things further with his gibberish! A little man trotted close on his heels, a milk-looking be-speckled civilian, who through his friendship with a high officer regularly got to attend executions and the findings of bodies. "A pretty good catch, eh?" he quipped. He flicked his teeth and gave a short nervous laugh. "Any of them big fish?" He laughed again at his joke.

The line of the prisoners was ragged and broken. One or two of them were kneeling in prayer. The boy fell to his knees and buried his streaming face in Antonio's side. But Antonio himself was calm. He had been waiting for this for a long time; how many ones, they would never know. What was it to die? All Burgos, perhaps all Spain by now, was dead.

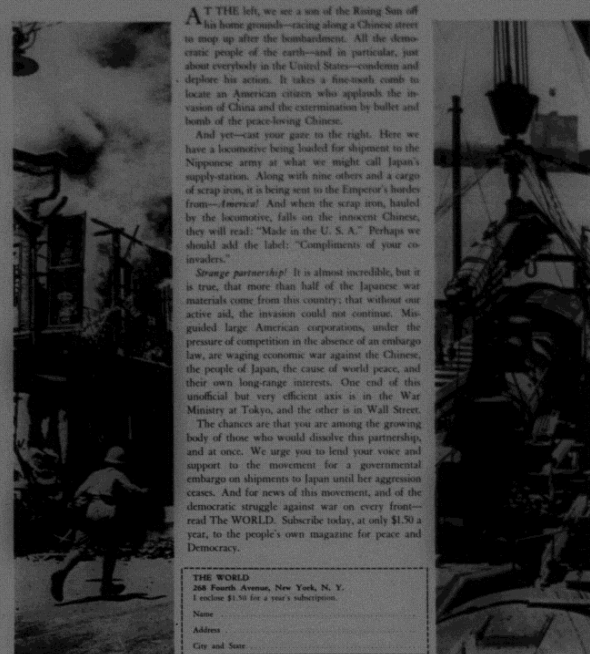
THEY finally had to be taken under the arms and jerked bodily towards the ditch. One woman screamed and kicked. The rest were dead weight; they were dragged, inert, and thrown side by side into a rough line, their backs to the open grave. The officer paced nervously, biting his lip and glancing at the sky. He was glad that this time at least there was no petulant parade of a priest to delay things further with his gibberish! A little man trotted close on his heels, a milk-looking be-speckled civilian, who through his friendship with a high officer regularly got to attend executions and the findings of bodies. "A pretty good catch, eh?" he quipped. He flicked his teeth and gave a short nervous laugh. "Any of them big fish?" He laughed again at his joke.

The line of the prisoners was ragged and broken. One or two of them were kneeling in prayer. The boy fell to his knees and buried his streaming face in Antonio's side. But Antonio himself was calm. He had been waiting for this for a long time; how many ones, they would never know. What was it to die? All Burgos, perhaps all Spain by now, was dead.

THEY finally had to be taken under the arms and jerked bodily towards the ditch. One woman screamed and kicked. The rest were dead weight; they were dragged, inert, and thrown side by side into a rough line, their backs to the open grave. The officer paced nervously, biting his lip and glancing at the sky. He was glad that this time at least there was no petulant parade of a priest to delay things further with his gibberish! A little man trotted close on his heels, a milk-looking be-speckled civilian, who through his friendship with a high officer regularly got to attend executions and the findings of bodies. "A pretty good catch, eh?" he quipped. He flicked his teeth and gave a short nervous laugh. "Any of them big fish?" He laughed again at his joke.

The line of the prisoners was ragged and broken. One or two of them were kneeling in prayer. The boy fell to his knees and buried his streaming face in Antonio's side. But Antonio himself was calm. He had been waiting for this for a long time; how many ones, they would never know. What was it to die? All Burgos, perhaps all Spain by now, was dead.

# THE TOKYO—NEW YORK AXIS



AT THE left, we see a son of the Rising Sun off his home grounds—racing along a Chinese street to meet up after the bombardment. All the democratic people of the earth—and in particular, just about everybody in the United States—condemn and deplore his action. It takes a fine-tooth comb to locate an American citizen who applauds the invasion of China and the extermination by bullet and bomb of the peace-loving Chinese.

And yet—cut your gaze to the right. Here we have a locomotive being loaded for shipment to the Nipponese army at what we might call Japan's supply station. Along with nine others and a cargo of scrap iron, it is being sent to the Emperor's borders from—America! And when the scrap iron, hauled by the locomotive, falls on the innocent Chinese, they will read: "Made in the U. S. A." Perhaps we should add the label: "Compliments of your co-investors."

Strange partnership! It is almost incredible, but it is true that more than half of the Japanese war materials come from this country; that without our active aid, the invasion could not continue. Misguided large American corporations, under the pressure of competition in the absence of an embargo law, are waging economic war against the Chinese, the people of Japan, the cause of world peace, and their own long-range interests. One end of this ungodly but very efficient axis is in the War Ministry at Tokyo, and the other is in Wall Street.

The chances are that you are among the growing body of those who would dissolve this partnership, and at once. We urge you to lend your voice and support to the movement for a governmental embargo on shipments to Japan until her aggression ceases. And for news of this movement, and of the democratic struggle against war on every front—read THE WORLD. Subscribe today, at only \$1.50 a year, to the people's own magazine for peace and Democracy.

THE WORLD  
 268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
 1 volume \$1.50 for a year's subscription.  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City and State \_\_\_\_\_

**For One Dollar**

*I cannot think of anything more useful to Americans than to read this admirable book. It is by all odds the best summary of the New Deal ever printed. By perusing it, any citizen can be prepared for an authoritative defense or criticism of the New Deal. —Harry Elmer Barnes*

# THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TODAY

*A Survey of Recent Innovations and Renovations*

*Contains Specially Contributed Articles*

FRANCES PERKINS • CORDELL HULL • HAROLD ICKES  
J. WARREN MADDEN • DANIEL ROPER • NATHAN STRAUS  
JESSE JONES • AUBREY WILLIAMS • THOMAS PARRAN  
ARTHUR ALTMAYER • WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS • F. R.  
McNINCH • JOHN W. STUDEBAKER • JOHN FAHEY  
AND 19 OTHERS

Chapters on Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, Labor, Public Welfare, Social Security, Transportation, Industry, Public Utilities, Youth, Housing, Financial Reconstruction, Public Domain, Civil Service and Reorganization.

AMERICAN COUNCIL ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS  
2000 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington, D. C.

I am enclosing \$1 for a copy of "The Federal Government Today."

Name .....

Address .....

AMERICAN COUNCIL  
ON  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

2000 Connecticut Avenue  
Washington, D. C.