

A signal of coming struggle. Ruby Bates denies rape. Herndon gets 20 years on chain gang. Reichstag fire trial. The sitdown strike. Spain. Munich. Tom Mooney. Nazis invade the U.S.S.R. Pearl Harbor. Stalingrad. D-day. The Commu-

fighting words

pling with miners' lives. The Marshall Plan. The Honorable Pete Cacchione. The Taft-Hartley Law. Negro mother of 12 faces electric chair. Packing-

selections from 25 years of the DAILY WORKER
house buries a strike victim. The un-Americans.

A New Party is founded. Israel. The murder of

William Milton. The assault on Robert Thompson.

Indictment of the 12. Mme. Chiang—charm,

cheesecake. Life of the party. Lincoln Steffens

—Muckraker. Truth about Soviet democracy.

Bankers' convention. Who are the communists?

Interview with George Dimitroff. The Negro in

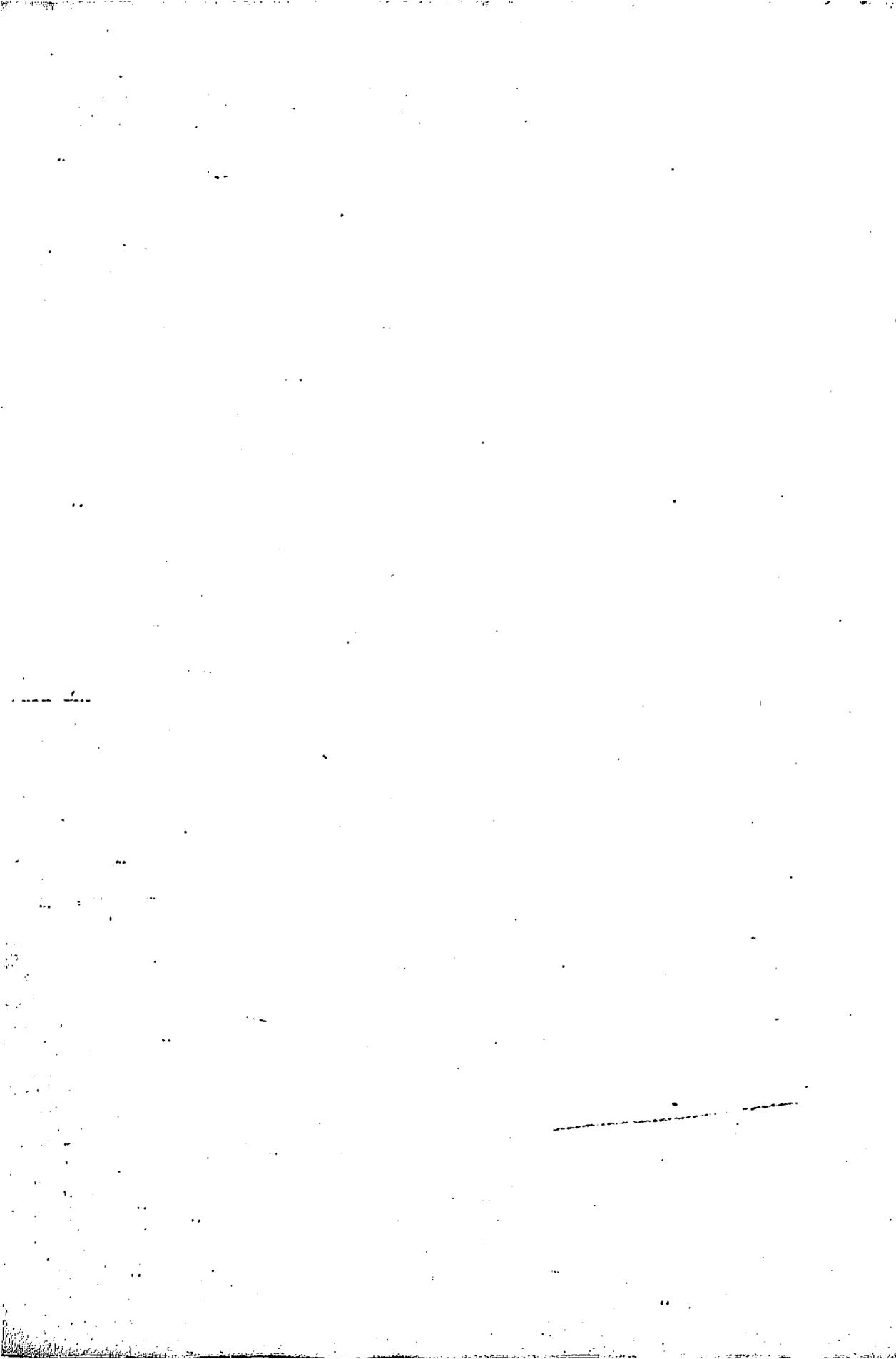
films. Mike Quin's "mighty wumpus." Broadway

beat. We phone Mr. Attlee. When the gods



FIGHTING WORDS

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FIGHTING WORDS

- Selections from
twenty-five years of
The Daily Worker

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CONTENTS

PREFACE	xi
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REMEMBER WHEN? EVENTS THAT MADE HISTORY, 1924 to 1949

THE DEATH OF V. I. LENIN.....	3
Mourners Pass Bier of V. I. Lenin.....	3
'Gene Debs Pays Glowing Tribute	4
SACCO AND VANZETTI.....	4
Boston Prepares for a Lynching, <i>by Michael Gold</i>	4
Sacco and Vanzetti Murdered.....	6
THE GREAT DEPRESSION.....	8
A Signal of Coming Struggle, <i>Editorial</i>	8
Jobless Demand Relief.....	10
The Hunger March.....	11
Hoover Ignores Hunger Marchers.....	13
Police Gas Bonus March.....	15
THE SCOTTSBORO CASE.....	17
Ruby Bates Denies Rape.....	17
"Why I Fled Prison," <i>by Haywood Patterson</i>	19
HERNDON GETS 20 YEARS ON CHAIN GANG, <i>by R. H. Hart</i>	20
THE REICHSTAG FIRE FRAME-UP.....	21
Dimitroff Shatters Frame-Up.....	21
Goering Unmasked by Dimitroff.....	22
SIT DOWN! <i>by George Morris</i>	23
SPAIN IN ARMS.....	26
In Madrid, <i>by Robert Minor</i>	26
Crossing the Ebro, <i>by Joseph North</i>	27

THE MUNICH BETRAYAL.....	30
The Betrayal, <i>Editorial by Harry Gannes</i>	30
Three Years After, <i>Editorial</i>	32
TOM MOONEY	33
Tom Mooney Freed, <i>by Al Richmond</i>	33
The Most Celebrated Case of All Time, <i>by Robert Minor</i>	34
NAZIS INVADE U.S.S.R.....	37
People Rally to Stalin.....	38
PEARL HARBOR, <i>Editorial</i>	40
STALINGRAD, <i>by Veteran Commander</i>	42
D-DAY	44
Rendezvous in Berlin, <i>by Ilya Ehrenburg</i>	45
THE COMMUNIST PARTY.....	46
Foster Calls for Return to Party.....	47
Parley Reestablishes Party.....	47
Dreiser Joins the Communist Party.....	48
LYNCH TERROR NORTH AND SOUTH.....	50
Taps in Freeport, <i>by Harry Raymond</i>	50
Columbia, Tennessee, <i>by Harry Raymond</i>	52
FIGHTING JIM CROW IN SPORTS.....	54
Paige Asks Chance for Negro Stars, <i>by Lester Rodney</i>	55
"Robinson's a Dodger," the Guy Said, <i>by Bill Mardo</i>	56
GAMBLING WITH MINERS' LIVES, <i>by Ruby Cooper</i>	57
THE MARSHALL PLAN.....	59
The Ruhr—Can Liberals Support Revival of Reich Trusts? <i>by Milton Howard</i> ..	59
The Billion-Dollar Empire Scheme for Europe, <i>by James S. Allen</i>	61
How the Bank President Wanted to Help Astoria's Uncle, <i>by Rob F. Hall</i>	62
"PETE" CACCHIONE AS I KNEW HIM, <i>by Councilman Benjamin J. Davis</i> :...	66

THE TAFT-HARTLEY LAW.....	68
The Pattern for Disruption, <i>by George Morris</i>	68
Communists Fight for Democracy, <i>by Mel Fiske</i>	72
NEGRO MOTHER OF 12 FACES ELECTRIC CHAIR, <i>by Harry Raymond</i>	73
PACKINGHOUSE BURIES A STRIKE VICTIM, <i>by Ruby Cooper</i>	75
AN UN-AMERICAN COMMITTEE.....	76
Did "Un-Americans" Thomas, Mundt, and Rankin Aid Axis Propaganda? <i>by</i> <i>Art Shields</i>	77
The Statement the Un-Americans Feared, <i>by Eugene Dennis</i>	78
Abe Lincoln Grilled, <i>by Rob F. Hall</i>	81
A Hunger Striker's Day, <i>by Joseph North</i>	84
The Editor Testifies, <i>by John Gates</i>	86
Foreign Ideas, <i>by Gerhart Eisler</i>	90
A NEW PARTY IS FOUNDED.....	92
80,000 Cheer Wallace's Call to Vote Peace, <i>by Rob F. Hall</i>	92
Operation Georgia, <i>by Irene Paull</i>	94
ISRAEL	97
A New Nation, <i>Editorial</i>	97
Partisan in Israel, <i>by A. B. Magil</i>	99
THE MURDER OF WILLIAM MILTON, <i>by Art Shields</i>	99
THE ASSAULT ON BOB THOMPSON, <i>by Robert Friedman</i>	101
INDICTMENT OF THE TWELVE.....	102
The Plot to Outlaw the Communist Party, <i>by William Z. Foster</i>	103
Trial of the Twelve Apostles, <i>by George Bernard Shaw</i>	105
CHINA WINS FREEDOM.....	105
Two People's Generals, <i>by James Wong</i>	106
WORTH REPEATING, PIECES—MOSTLY RECENT—BY OUR WRITERS	
\$35 A HEAD, <i>by Billy Allen</i>	113

AL HITS 6 OUT OF 7.....	114
"I SAW LIFE IN THE BLACK BELT"—CLOSEUP OF A DIXIE PLANTATION, by <i>Abner Berry</i>	115
18 COUPLES WED QUIETLY, by <i>Bernard Burton</i>	117
UNLAMENTED MUSSOLINI, by <i>Councilman Peter V. Cacchione</i>	120
ARE RICH KIDS MORE INTELLIGENT? by <i>Dyson Carter</i>	121
WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY, by <i>Howard Fast</i>	124
THE HASHMALL CASE, by <i>Elmer O. Fehlhaber</i>	126
GIANT LOCOMOTIVE PLANT SHUDDERS TO STOP, by <i>Ben Field</i>	128
LIFE OF THE PARTY, by <i>Elizabeth Gurley Flynn</i>	130
It Is Not a Crime to Be Foreign Born.....	130
A City That Died.....	132
WHY LET THE KIDS SWELTER IN THE CITIES? by <i>William Z. Foster</i>	134
LINCOLN STEFFENS—MUCKRAKER, by <i>Sender Garlin</i>	137
HE WAS A MAN, by <i>Mike Gold</i>	138
HELL IN A DRUGSTORE, by <i>Mike Gold</i>	140
NEGRO NAVAL HERO, by <i>Eugene Gordon</i>	143
WILL 1920 BE REPEATED? by <i>Max Gordon</i>	145
HOW FASCISM STEALS INTO A NATION'S SOUL, by <i>Milton Howard</i>	147
IF THERE WERE NO MOSCOW, WOULD THERE BE COMMUNISM? by <i>Milton Howard</i>	149
50 WOMEN, by <i>Claudia Jones</i>	151
I GOT ENOUGH—I CAN'T STAND NO MORE, by <i>John Hudson Jones</i>	153
A SOVIET STEEL WORKER, by <i>Sergei Kournakoff</i>	155
THE TRUTH ABOUT SOVIET DEMOCRACY, by <i>Adam Lapidin</i>	158
PALE CHILDREN, by <i>Meridel Le Sueur</i>	160
LOW-SEAM MINE, by <i>Walter Lowenfels</i>	162

A MEAN WOMAN, <i>by Beth McHenry</i>	163
AH, THOSE FIGHT MANAGERS, <i>by Bill Mardo</i>	164
WHEN THE BOSS QUOTES SCRIPTURE, <i>by George Marion</i>	166
POINT OF ORDER, <i>by Alan Max</i>	168
A Solution to the Housing Problem.....	168
How to Spot a Communist.....	169
Price Probe	171
THE STRANGE CASE OF CASPER BLODGETT, <i>A Story by Alan Max</i>	172
ASBESTOS HEIR, <i>by Louise Mitchell</i>	178
EVERY MINUTE COUNTS, <i>by George Morris</i>	179
BANKERS' CONVENTION, <i>by John F. Norman</i>	181
WHO ARE THE COMMUNISTS?, <i>by Joseph North</i>	184
AN INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE DIMITROFF, <i>by John Pittman</i>	188
THE NEGRO IN FILMS, <i>by David Platt</i>	191
THE MUGGITY WUMPUS, <i>by Mike Quin</i>	192
GOLDEN TRUMPETS OF YAP YAP, <i>by Mike Quin</i>	194
LEGION'S DARLING, <i>by Harry Raymond</i>	196
TWO MINUTES, <i>by Lester Rodney</i>	198
SELECTIONS FROM BROADWAY BEAT, <i>by Barnard Rubin</i>	199
VICTORY FEAST, <i>by Art Shields</i>	203
A TROTSKYITE'S SLUMMING TRIP, <i>by Samuel Sillen</i>	205
THE ADVENTURES OF RICHARD, <i>by Michael Singer</i>	207
The Kids Take a Beachhead.....	207
Baby-Sitters	208
The Bottle Business	209
WE PHONE MR. ATTLEE, <i>by Arnold Sroog</i>	211
BLOOD BANK PROFITEERS, <i>by Arnold Sroog</i>	212

THE TEXAS BLAST TELLS TRUTHS ABOUT AMERICA, by Joseph Starobin	214
EUROPEAN LABOR CONFIDENT, by Joseph Starobin	217
"SCOOPS," by Lincoln Steffens	218
A NEGRO SCIENTIST AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, by Peter Stone	219
MME. CHIANG - CHEESECAKE AND CORRUPTION, by Ilona Ralf Sues....	221
THE ALIEN PLATYPUS, by Olive Sutton	224
A CHRISTMAS STORY, by Herb Tank	225
AND SATYRS SHALL DANCE THERE (Isaiah : 13), A Story by Spike Tarr..	226
TEN TINSLEY SAYS	233
ABC Lesson for Victor	233
How Anyone Can Be a Capitalist	234
Care and Feeding of Capitalism	236
MESSAGE FROM LONDON, by Elliot White	237
LIFE BEGINS AT 2 TIMES 40, by Art Young	238

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The invaluable work of the business and circulation staff, headed by our general manager, Joseph Roberts, likewise does not show up in the pages of this book.

Special acknowledgment is made here to the work of our editorial assistant, Leonora Dorfman, in helping put this book together,

PREFACE

It began in Chicago in January, 1924. The Communist men and women of the 1920's decided that they would start a daily newspaper based on a truth which could never be found in any other daily paper. That truth is that the American people do not own their own country. They do not own its factories, mines, railroads and banks. And since they don't own their own country's factories it follows from this that the American people are not yet truly free.

In short, they decided in January, 1924, to carry on the cause of Socialism in the United States, the movement which advocates the social ownership of our economic machinery. For one hundred years, the men and women of labor tried in vain to start their own daily Socialist newspaper. Their efforts prepared the way for us.

We became a success. But not in the Horatio Alger tradition. We have stayed up in the front lines for a quarter of a century when all the logic of bookkeeping, costs, and monopoly control said it couldn't be done. We won our place as a voice, a spokesman and guide of the common people. What we achieved would have been impossible without the support of the Communist Party.

The wit who said of us that we have been "more Red than read" missed the mark. He forgot that the same could be said of the gospels of early Christian Communism. But these gospels changed the world. The fight for Socialism is changing our world as inexorably as the sun rises. One has but to look at the Soviet Union and the new democracies.

For twenty-five years we have been unique among daily newspapers in our belief, based on the philosophy of scientific socialism, that the American people must themselves become the new owners of the nation's industries, banks, mines and railroads.

This belief has made us the most truthful—in fact, the only basically truthful—daily paper in our country.* The 1,785 daily newspapers who are our competitors pretend that they are "free." They are "free" to do anything they like—except one thing. There is not a single editor, writer, reporter, or columnist in these papers who is free to say that the American people are being plundered and exploited by a handful of private owners, and that, therefore, the entire nation, led by the working class, should own the industries under a new, Socialist system.

No one is free to say that in the columns of our competitors. If he says it, he will be fired, blacklisted, turned into an outcast.

* The *Daily People's World* of California and national group dailies like the *Freiheit* have since joined the common struggle.

The daily press of our country rests on the big lie that capitalism is good for the American people. The press will tell many separate truths. It will give many facts. But it will always make sure that its readers stay loyal to the social system of Stock Exchanges and private, capitalist ownership.

The very vocabulary of the daily press is loaded against the people who do the nation's work. It is always "strikers" who "riot." It is always the workers who "block food shipments," not the greediness of the employers, which does it. Congress passes a law "to curb" Labor, an image which carefully conveys the employers' philosophy that the working class must be "restrained."

We have had a different vocabulary. For us, it is the owners of industry who "block food." For us, it is the men of the trusts who "defy law and order." And for this, we have been mocked as untruthful. But our truth has been based on the veritable fact that Big Capital is the enemy of the majority of the people, that is, of the nation. We have never had the illusion that there is a journalism which can tell the story of the owners and the non-owners of industry with impartial objectivity. Truth takes sides. It is partisan. It is the ally of the class which seeks to make our factories produce for the welfare of the nation, not the profits of the few. We have tried not only to reflect events but to rouse our fellow-citizens to action in defense of their welfare. We view as some of our proudest achievements the part we played in organizing Scottsboro demonstrations, the Hunger March and unemployment insurance meetings. We strive to help rouse the country to defend peace.

Our paper has been paid for by the nickels, dimes and dollars of the men and women of labor. Men have gone hungry to send us a dollar. This has been our honor and our responsibility.

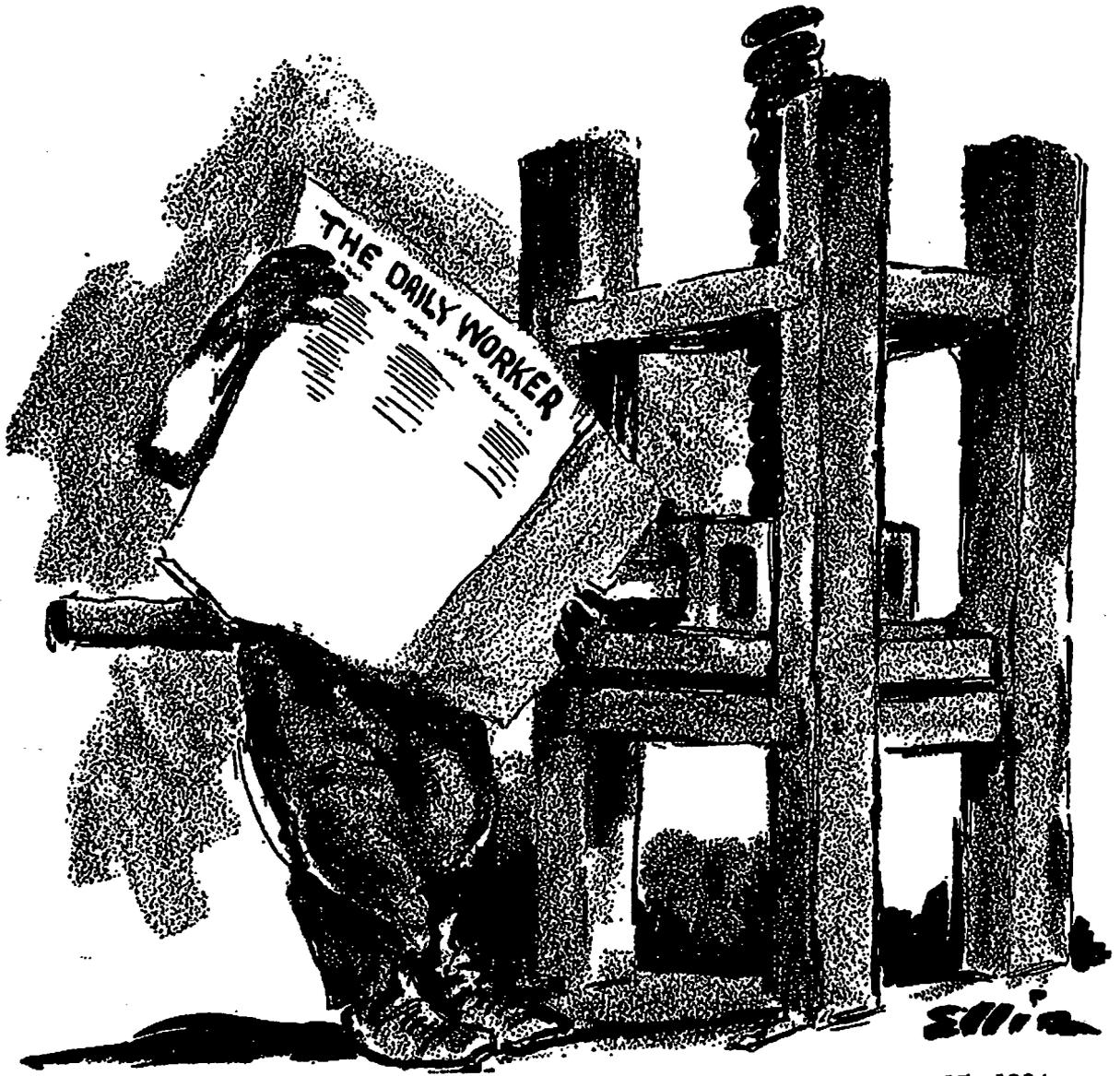
In these 25 years, we have made our mistakes. We have had our renegades whose names will not be found in this book since they crossed over to the other side where the Big Money is to be found, the Big Money that comes from the sweat and poverty of the millions.

As a newspaper, where the sound of the presses is sweet and the smell of ink is good, we have had our legends and our escapades. We have had the reporter who in-joyously phoning us of a sensational scoop, said:—"Only two of us know about it, me and the man from the Associated Press." We have had our "characters"—the city editor who roared that "these strikes are crowding out the news."

This book is not a history of these 25 years. Nor is it a complete anthology of our work. It is a sampling of the dusty volumes wherein lie the stories of America's great struggles, along with typical work of our present staff.

There are many names missing just as there are many gaps in the news selections. We have had to omit many pieces of vital on-the-spot

Fred Ellis



January 15, 1924

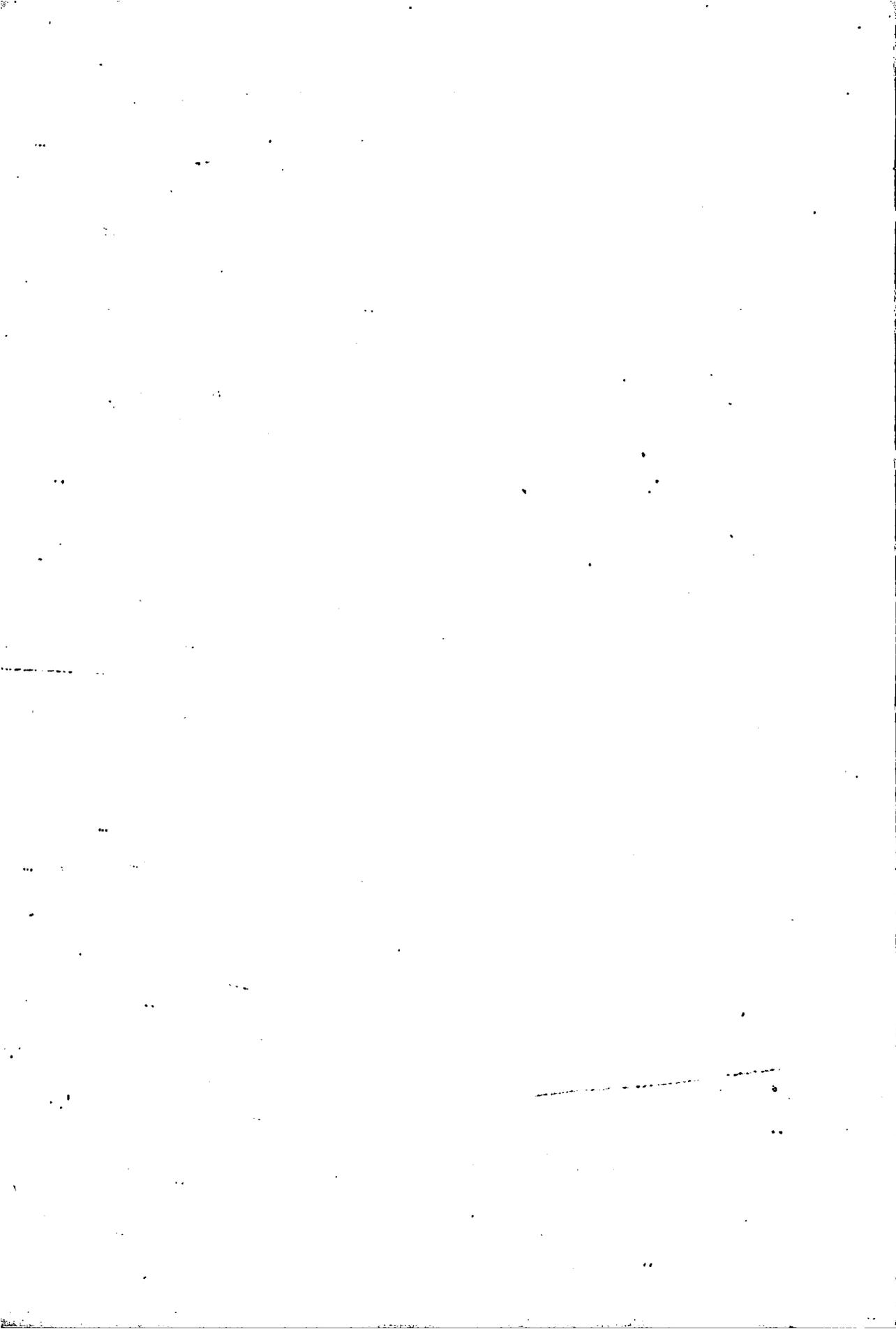
reporting and important political articles which have in the course of events naturally lost their timeliness.

We have been able to include only a few of the writings of Communist Party leaders who have contributed greatly over the years.

We want this book to hurt the peoples' enemies and to inspire their friends.

In conclusion, we note that there are men who would like to silence our voice. They persecute the Communists who help guide our paper and the readers who buy it. How vain it is for these pigmies to imagine that they can stifle our vision of an America happy in its liberation from the blessings of boom-and-bust, war and chronic insecurity.

The Editors, *Daily Worker*
January, 1949.



REMEMBER WHEN?

Events that made history

1924 to 1949

Nicolai Lenin, Founder of the First Soviet Republic

Fred Ellis



February 2, 1924

THE DEATH OF V. I. LENIN

Before October, 1917, the name of Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin was known to few. He had appeared at a number of congresses of the Second (Socialist) International, representing the Russian Social Democratic Party. At these congresses, he made caustic criticism of the "respectable socialism" that was being encouraged by the leaders of the socialist parties. With the collapse of czarism, Lenin and his associates appeared in St. Petersburg. They immediately proclaimed that only the rule of the workers could save Russia. Six months later, Lenin and his party had proved to the Russian people that they were right. They led the Russian working class to a victorious seizure of power which was to build socialism.

Fania Kaplan, operating for the Socialist Revolutionary Party—a group given to flaming speeches but opposing working class rule—attempted to assassinate Lenin, firing two bullets into him on August 30, 1918. It was from the effects of this wound that Lenin died on January 21, 1924, only a few months before his fifty-fourth birthday on April 9. But the victory of socialism was assured. Hundreds of millions throughout the world had learned who Lenin was and what socialism was. As one writer said, Lenin was the first man whose death caused worldwide grief among the oppressed. His body lies in a mausoleum on Moscow's Red Square before the Kremlin walls, where millions view it each year.

MOURNERS PASS BIER OF V. I. LENIN

Moscow, January 24, 1924.

In the great banqueting hall of what was once the nobles' club, rendezvous of Russia's nobility, the body of V. I. Lenin reposed in a simple coffin upon a humble couch, today, while his comrades of the revolution paid him last honors as they passed slowly in single file.

The face of the dead Premier was calm and waxen and in the play of brilliant lights it seemed to wear an expectant look.

Soldiers of the Red Army, with fixed

bayonets, stood at rigid attention or kept order with hushed voices.

The line of mourners was endless. Scores of thousands stood in the bitter cold and snow; it was 20 degrees below zero during the night. The line extended six deep for many blocks and grew constantly as thousands more joined in the hope of a last look at Lenin.

Inside the hall the mourners shuffled forward silently, many weeping.

Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, sat near the casket, quiet and composed but

pale as the corpse of the man whom she loved and by whose side she starved for the revolution, dodged

the czar's police and fought for the Soviet revolution he lived to see victorious.

'GENE DEBS PAYS GLOWING TRIBUTE

Terre Haute, Ind., January 22, 1924.

The death of V. I. Lenin is a calamity to the Russian Soviet, Eugene V. Debs, Socialist leader, said here today.

"I regard Lenin as the greatest thinker that emerged from the world war," Debs said. "He towered head and shoulders above every other statesman in Europe.

"Lenin has passed through an ordeal in the past five years such as never before faced any human being.

He has carried two bullets, fired into his body by an assassin, and at the same time been forced to bear a burden of official responsibility and care greater than any other man's in the world.

"His place in history is certain. He will go down in history as one of the greatest statesmen, a towering personality, a heroic soul, and in the loftiest sense a champion of the rights and liberties of the common people."

SACCO AND VANZETTI

For seven years, from 1920 to 1927, millions of workers fought to save Sacco and Vanzetti, two young Italian workers, from the electric chair. Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in Brockton, Mass., in May, 1920, in the wake of the notorious Palmer "Red Raids." They were framed on a murder charge. The big New England employers and the Department of Justice doomed them in order to frighten the foreign-born workers who were taking part in the big strikes of 1920. A tremendous wave of protest demonstrations, in which the Communist Party played a great part, almost saved them. They were finally executed in Charlestown, Mass., in August, 1927. Today, the whole world knows they were innocent.

BOSTON PREPARES FOR A LYNCHING

BY MICHAEL GOLD

Boston, Aug. 14, 1927.

The state of mind in Boston today

is that of a lynching bee. Legal forms are being gone through as a concession to the outside world. They mean



Ellis

August 19, 1927

nothing. Massachusetts, at least the bourgeois portion of it, is in the throes of fear, blood-lust and hatred—that peculiar tangle of emotions and mass psychopathy known as the “lynching mood.” Massachusetts is determined to kill Sacco and Vanzetti.

It is a Ku Klux Klan mob led by well-spoken but inflamed respectables in frock-coats—Governor, judges, Harvard president, all the rest of officialdom, ministry and Chamber of Commercedom.

The city has lost its head. It is quivering with nervousness and fear. It jumps like a startled cat every time a pin drops. Along Washington Street great crowds stand constantly before the newspaper bulletin boards and read the hourly bulletins on the Sacco and Vanzetti case. They whisper, they fidget, they regard each other with worried eyes. It is like the war days, when George Creel’s skilled liars were scaring everyone with the news that the Kaiser’s airplanes were about to bomb New York, Boston and Chicago.

You walk in among those crowds, mostly made up of clerks and professional people, and you will hear no words of sympathy for Sacco and Vanzetti — the sympathizers are as cowed as a lonely unbiased North-

erner at the lynching of some poor friendless Negro in the South.

What you do hear is deep whispers, mutterings, and ominous mob-rancors.

“They ought to kill them! We don’t want that kind of people running our country!” I heard a husky young Harvard ex-football player snap out to all within earshot at one of the boards.

I used to work on a newspaper in Boston and dug up some old friends who are still reporting or writing editorials on various papers. They told me they have never seen this slow, provincial, hidebound city in a mood such as the present.

“Everyone is in a state of tension, and anything can happen,” the newspapermen say. “If this were the South the respectable mob would be storming Charlestown jail to lynch the two Italian workers.”

Let no one be fooled by the new legal aspect of the case. The Massachusetts supreme court will probably add the weight of its prestige to the “legal” respectability of the lynching. The danger is just as strong as it was last week. Our comrades are to be executed. Massachusetts has set its mind to this. Only intensified large-scale demonstrations will save Sacco and Vanzetti.

SACCO AND VANZETTI MURDERED

Boston, Aug. 23, 1927.

Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti are dead.

They were murdered by order of “The Commonwealth of Massachusetts” in the electric chair at the

Charlestown state prison a few minutes after midnight.

Each was pronounced dead a few seconds after the electric switch was thrown by Robert C. Elliott, Sing Sing executioner, and their bodies

were laid on the stone slabs brought into the death chamber.

Sacco entered the death chamber at 12:11; he was pronounced dead at 12:19. Vanzetti entered the death chamber at 12:20; his lifeless body was removed from the electric chair at 12:26.

Both workers made short speeches protesting their innocence to the last. Little opportunity was given them, however, and they were rushed into the chair and hurriedly strapped by prison guards.

At 10:40 Governor Fuller closed the last door of hope for Sacco and Vanzetti. He refused to grant any further respite to the two doomed men. His answer was made to Miss Luigia Vanzetti and Mrs. Rose Sacco who made a last impassioned plea to the governor when less than two hours of life remained for the two workers.

Mrs. Rose Sacco, Miss Luigia Vanzetti, Arthur D. Hill, chief of defense counsel—all were dismissed casually by the governor who told them to "produce more evidence." Flanked by three of his hard-boiled legal advisers, Fuller was deaf to their pleas.

At 9 P.M. Warden Henry notified Sacco and Vanzetti that they were to die. "We must bow to the inevitable," was Vanzetti's comment.

Thousands of workers started to march on Bunker Hill from the north end at 11:55 tonight:

They were broken up at once by

police who rushed them into disorder. They immediately reformed their procession and again started. Clashes were frequent, police swinging their clubs mercilessly.

Squads of mounted men rushed from the prison to break up the workers. Machine guns were mounted on Bunker Hill.

Vanzetti made a short talk in which he protested his innocence. He was cool and collected. As he entered the death chamber he shook hands with his guards.

Then he sat down in the chair without any instructions and said: "I wish to tell you I am innocent and never committed a crime. I thank you for everything you have done for me. I am innocent of all crime—not only of this one but of all crimes. I am an innocent man."

The procedure in the death chamber was still and grim. Warden Henry gave the signal. Robert C. Elliott, the executioner, was standing at the switch and caught the signal instantly. He pushed the switch in with a hand. The lights went dim. The victim in the chair gave a lunge that made the strong leather straps creak. After ten seconds the switch was gradually drawn out, but not all the way. The lights grew bright again.

In another ten seconds the switch was forced in again. More dim lights. There was a second lunge by the victim but weaker than the first.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

After the 1921-23 depression, government officials and economists predicted a golden age of endless prosperity. Only the Communist Party warned that another crisis was inevitable. On October 29, 1929, the biggest economic crisis in history struck the country. Stocks on the Wall Street Stock Exchange crashed. Millions of workers were fired. The Herbert Hoover Administration did nothing to feed them, urging them to sell apples on street corners. The Communist Party was in the forefront of the people's movement for federal unemployment insurance, cash relief and public works to provide useful jobs. The biggest demonstration took place on March 6, 1930, in Union Square, New York City. A year later, a national hunger march to Washington was organized. In 1932, thousands of veterans and their families marched to Washington asking for a cash bonus to feed their families. The ex-servicemen won \$1 a day and \$1.25 for every day overseas.

A SIGNAL OF COMING STRUGGLE

EDITORIAL

October 29, 1929.

It can't happen now in America—but it did!

Only a few hours after Herbert Hoover, the idol of American business, had pledged his word that "the fundamental business of the country . . . is on a sound and prosperous basis"—and after J. P. Morgan, Charles E. Mitchell and other heads of the six biggest banking houses of the country had formed a vast money pool to prevent it—the Stock Exchange fell into a second crash. This was the biggest that has ever occurred since the panic that attended the beginning of the world war in 1914.

The money pool of the six biggest banks in the United States entered the market with a fund of one hundred million at their disposal. They

bought huge blocks of stock to keep prices up. Yet prices fell in avalanche after avalanche about their ears. Thursday's catastrophic fall in the market was followed by Monday's still bigger collapse which wiped out unknown thousands of relatively small speculators and about five thousand millions of dollars of "values." The "best stocks in the world" were thrown on the market as "rank speculation."

The naked fact is that this collapse in the stock market is a real tremor in the oncoming earthquake of economic crisis.

"Is the stabilization of American capitalism becoming stronger, or is it becoming more and more precarious, shaky and decayed?" This is a question which has been at issue for many months between the open and and concealed defenders of capitalist



October 30, 1929

class ideology, on the one side, and the spokesmen of the working class Communist movement, on the other.

The last session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the United States of America, held in the first days of this month at New York, again pointed out clearly that:

"All of the main features of the third period of the postwar crisis of capitalism, as revealed in the analysis of the Sixth Congress of the Communist International, are manifesting

themselves— some of them even more sharply than elsewhere—in the present situation in the United States. The very rapidity of growth of the productive forces in the United States becomes in itself a powerful factor for the intensification and acceleration of the general crisis of capitalism."

Capitalism cannot control the anarchy of the market which is inherent and inescapable in the system of capitalist production.

JOBLESS DEMAND RELIEF

New York, March 6, 1930.

The greatest demonstration ever seen in this city packed two great sections of Union Square yesterday. It extended up all the side streets, reached north on Broadway to Seventeenth St., north on Fourth Ave. for a similar distance, massed on the sidewalk across the street on Union Square West and Union Square East, and on the sidewalks on both sides of Fourteenth St. In the face of twenty-five thousand police and firemen mobilized against them, 110,000 persons demonstrated and paraded.

No one knows how many more were grouped up the side streets, kept away from the square by some of the 500 or 600 police mobilized around Union Square for that purpose. The demonstrators were unemployed workers, and workers who came at the call of the Communist Party and the Trade Union Unity League. Many police were kept in ambush up side streets.

The huge throng voted thunderously to adopt the demands of the Councils of the Unemployed and of the Trade Union Unity League for immediate relief. They said that these funds should come from the city treasury and from taxes on the wealthy. They asked for unemployment insurance paid for by the employers and administered by committees of the workers and unemployed.

They elected a committee headed by William Z. Foster, general secretary of the T.U.U.L., Robert Minor, editor of the *Daily Worker*, I. Amter, New York District organizer of the Communist Party, and representatives

of the young workers, the Negro workers and the unemployed to present their demands to Mayor Walker at the City Hall.

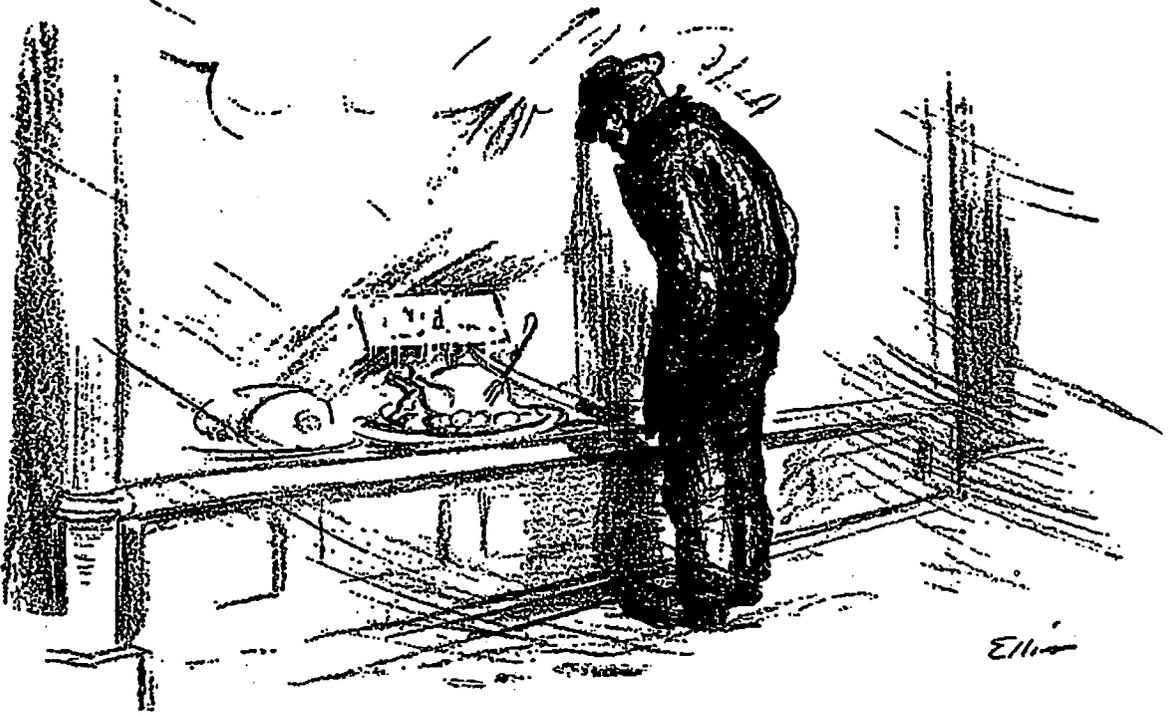
In a few minutes Foster stepped on the stand at the north end of the square and reported: "Whalen and the city officials have handed Broadway and other streets over to every monarchist and militarist exploiter of Europe and America to parade on, but now when the workers and the unemployed workers of New York demand the use of these streets, Whalen's answer is that they cannot have them! Will you take that for an answer!"

A tremendous shout of "No" burst from the crowd.

"We'll march down Broadway to the City Hall and present these demands to Mayor Walker," said Foster.

Police charged into the marchers. They clubbed right and left at those carrying the workers' slogans. While this was going on a sharp battle raged at the north end of Union Square, the crowd cut off from the march turning against the police who were battering them with clubs. Several police were put out of the fight by the demonstrators. The fire hose was turned on the jobless.

Whalen was seen by reporters to throw a cat-fit when he saw the parade starting, and to send the bomb squad out to get Foster, Amter, Minor, and the other members of the committee to the mayor, "dead or alive." However, this committee appeared about 3:30 in City Hall park, forced its way past the police and started up the City Hall steps to the



March, 1928

mayor's office. On the steps squads of police pounced on them and arrested them. Besides the three above

named, committeemen Joseph Lester and Harry Raymond were arrested here.

THE HUNGER MARCH

New York, Dec. 1, 1931.

The National Hunger March is progressing according to schedule in spite of all provocations and armed attacks in some cities. The marchers will converge on Washington, arriving Dec. 6th. They will present demands for unemployment insurance to guarantee full wages to unemployed and part-time workers. They want immediate winter relief for unemployed workers to be financed by us-

ing the funds now available for imperialist war, and by a special tax on the rich, if necessary.

The National Hunger March proceeds in four main columns. Column 2 left Buffalo Sunday, and reached Syracuse yesterday. Column 3 left Chicago Sunday and reached Detroit yesterday. Column 4 left St. Louis Sunday and reached Cincinnati today, after spending last night in Terre Haute. Column 1 leaves

Boston tomorrow. Each column started with delegations which have been on the march for over a week in some cases, from points farther away.

Hammond, Ind., Nov. 30, 1931.

When the National Hunger Marchers of Column 3 arrived here from Chicago, yesterday, they found a crowd of a thousand assembled at State and Fayette Streets. The mayor of Hammond had previously promised that the march through the city could take place without attack by the police and had permitted "meetings at convenient corners on the way." In spite of this, Police Chief Thomas J. Martinson, evidently with the consent of Mayor Charles D. Schonert, ordered a brutal attack on the marchers and the crowd.

Police hurled tear gas bombs so fast that they gassed not only the mass of workers and the marchers, but themselves as well. A terrific struggle took place as the workers and marchers defended themselves with their hands against the clubs of the police, all in a confusion of tear gas fumes.

The police clubbed two marchers severely and blackjacked a girl. They smashed all the glass on the trucks and cars, and tore off the banners. One truck was so badly damaged that it will not be able to continue. The others were driven out of town in several groups, two trucks being entirely cut off from the main line of march by the police.

Attempts are being made to get these back and overtake the main procession which is going right on its way to Washington.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 1, 1931.

The National Hunger Marchers of Column 3, arrived here safely last night and received a fine reception from the workers of Detroit. After three crowded meetings at which marchers spoke, they slept the night and are on the way today for Toledo, and from there will go on stopping overnight in Cleveland and Youngstown, and reaching Pittsburgh Dec. 4 where they will join up with Column 4. The combined columns will then go on to Washington. Column 3 started Sunday from Chicago, was attacked by police and broken up in Hammond, Ind., reassembled and continued according to schedule.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1931.

The National Hunger Marchers of Column 2, including the delegates, mostly from northern and western New York, came into Syracuse last night by breaking right through the cordon of police and state troopers who were trying to bar them from the town.

Steubenville, Ohio, Dec. 1, 1931.

Forty-five men, about half of them Negroes, surrounded by police, were herded into the Steubenville jail Sunday night.

"The Hunger Marchers! They're arresting the Hunger Marchers!" spread through the crowds watching them. Many tried to speak to the men shoved along by the police, but the police threatened to shove them into line, too, if they didn't get away.

But soon it was learned that they were ex-servicemen, on their way to Washington to demand of Congress their full bonuses to keep them from



Robert Minor

January, 1924

starvation. They had come this far across the continent in a box car, but railroad detectives and police hound-

ed them out of the box car and into the jail.

HOOVER IGNORES HUNGER MARCHERS

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1931.

"We want unemployment insurance!" was the demand thundered today by 1,500 National Hunger Marchers, against the marble walls of the Capitol Building. The Capitol bristled with machine guns on roof, portico and balustrade. Sawed-off shotguns peeped from windows and porches.

Tens of thousands of workers and farmers were massed about the building.

Two delegations elected and sent in by the National Hunger Marchers approached the entrances of the Senate and House of Representatives Building at noon. They demanded the right to read the demands of these delegates of 12,000,000 hungry, jobless workers to the 72nd Congress. Each was refused admittance to the Congressional halls. Each refused to turn over the demands to the police,



Robert Minor

December 20, 1924

and each was forcibly driven from the Capitol building by the police.

Later, Hoover also refused to see the representatives of the jobless when the National Hunger March went to the White House.

Still later, they marched on A. F. of L. headquarters, where William Green, president of the American Fed-

eration of Labor, let in a delegation of the A. F. of L. members in the Hunger March. They denounced Green to his face for opposing insurance, daring him to a debate or to come out and repeat his slanders to the 1,500 delegates massed outside.

Sergeant-at-Arms David Barry asked Benjamin for his "petition."

"We're not handing in a petition. We are making demands in the name of 12,000,000 starving, unemployed workers. We demand to enter. The hungry masses of America are starving. They can't wait any longer."

The sergeant, backed by plenty of

police, refused. The committee persisted, and the police then forcibly shoved them out of the building, in spite of their struggles to enter. Substantially the same procedure took place at both the Senate and House chambers.

POLICE GAS BONUS MARCH

Washington, July 28, 1932.

Cavalry, infantry and tank corps troops, called out by the War Department against the veterans, hurled tear gas bombs and finally drove the ex-servicemen out of the government building at Third and Pennsylvania Avenues.

Gen. MacArthur, chief of staff of the U.S. Army, looked on approvingly, according to press reports, as his men "mopped up" the area.

Terror reigned throughout the region as 50 cars filled with homeward-bound government workers were stalled by the activities of the troops. The cries of children whose eyes were blinded by the smarting gas were heard throughout the area as the troops donned masks to protect themselves.

One ex-serviceman was killed—shot through the heart. Several were wounded following a clash with police and a hand-to-hand battle—the result of the police attempt to evict the men from their quarters. A large number of vets was arrested.

The police attempted to evacuate the bonus marchers from the 3rd and Pennsylvania billets early this afternoon. Over a hundred police, under

the direct command of General Glassford, rushed the building where men from Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were quartered.

The vets were driven out by the surprise attack, but soon rallied at the rear of the building. Using the military tactics taught them during the imperialist war, the veterans flanked the police and drove them off with sticks and bricks.

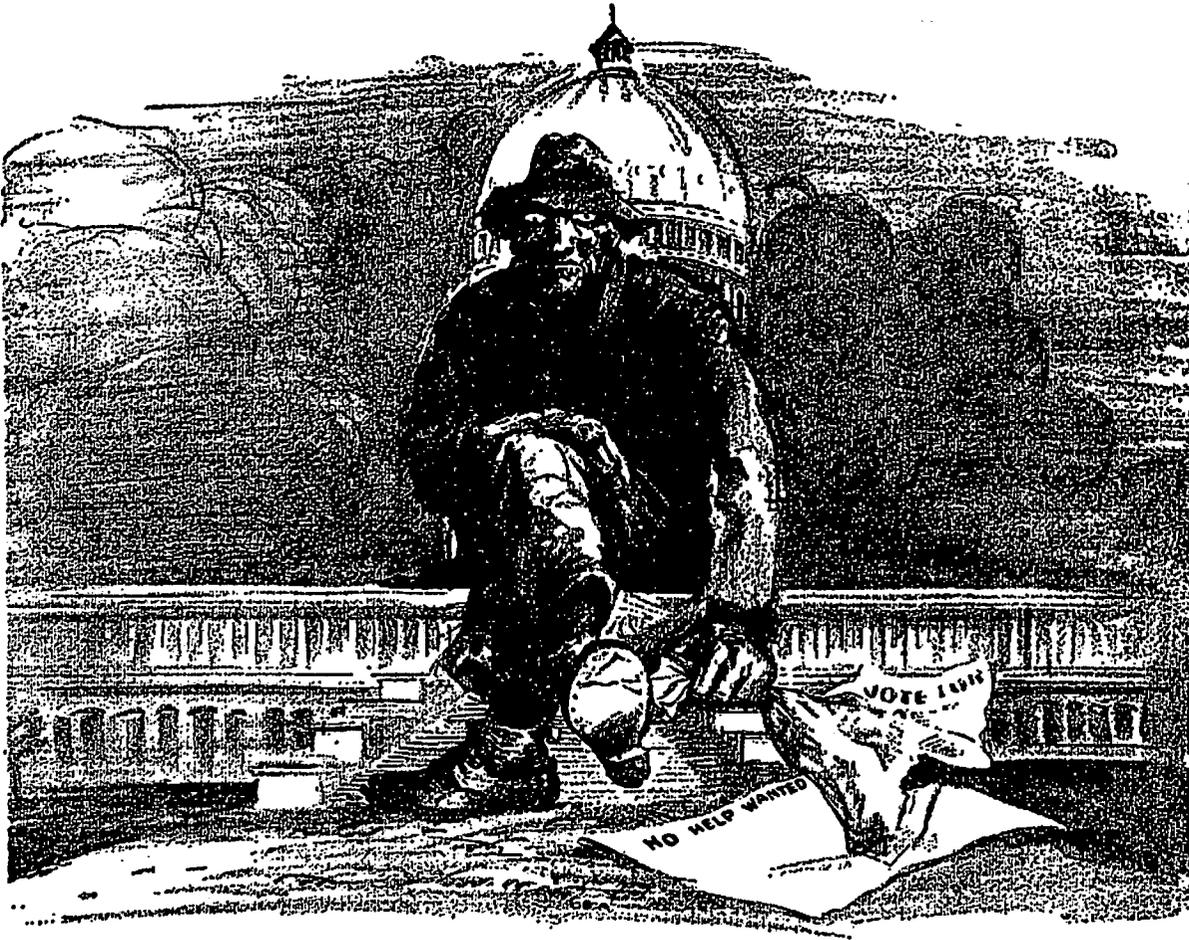
The police retreated from the area only to return soon with reinforcements. Over a thousand veterans were in and around the building.

The police deployed, advanced and fired point blank at the bonus marchers. The veterans fought back with their fists, bricks and sticks. Three veterans fell, one of them dead.

The men continued to hold the building, while the police retreated and went about the work of roping off the entire area.

Glassford attempted to speak to the veterans following the shooting, but was booed down. He beat a hasty retreat from the area.

Meanwhile, the vets in Anacostia, learning of the attack on their buddies, rushed across the 11th Street



February 27, 1928

drawbridge to the scene of the battle. Five thousand veterans from the camp joined their buddies in the city.

The rush of veterans across the bridge foiled all attempts of the po-

lice to raise it as they did last June when the bonus army marched to the Senate to demand immediate payment of the bonus.

THE SCOTTSBORO CASE

Violence against the Negro people has been a commonplace since the Civil War. Official sources estimate 3,302 Negroes were lynched from 1882 to 1931. Many thousands more were victims of unreported violence and killings. Of these, only a small percentage involved the trumped-up charge of "rape"; most lynchings concerned wages, land and violations of the Jim-Crow system. Moreover, accused Negroes, if brought to trial, were automatically convicted by all-white juries. In 1931, these daily barbarities against the Negro people had reached a crescendo. They, and the foreign-born white workers, were bearing the brunt of reaction's attempt to divert the people's anger from the great economic depression.

On March 25, 1931, in Paint Rock, Alabama, nine Negro boys, aged 13 to 20, were pulled off a freight train and jailed in nearby Scottsboro, the county seat. Two white girls who had been hoboing on the same train—Ruby Bates and Victoria Price—accused them of rape. The arrest received only routine and scant notice in the commercial press. But a Communist organizer in Alabama wired the facts to the *Daily Worker*, the Communist Party and the International Labor Defense. A campaign was launched immediately to prevent the routine mass-lynching, legal or extra-legal.

This began the justly celebrated defense which, during more than seven years, aroused the whole world to the oppression of the Negro people, saved the lives of all nine of the defendants, and won from the United States Supreme Court the ruling that systematic exclusion of Negroes from jury service constitutes a violation of Federal law. In the course of this protracted battle, Americans of differing nationalities, faiths and political creeds united against the injustice of the Jim-Crow system. Workers and intellectuals in many foreign lands demonstrated repeatedly their solidarity with the Negro people.

A high point in this fight came on April 6, 1933, when Ruby Bates reversed her previous testimony, denying that the boys had committed rape on her or Victoria Price.

RUBY BATES DENIES RAPE

Decatur, Ala., April 6, 1933.

Ruby Bates walked into the Morgan County Courthouse here today, took the stand, and categorically de-

nied that any of the nine Scottsboro boys had attacked either her or Victoria Price, as charged by the prosecution.

Thus she completely repudiated all the testimony she gave at the first trial.

Her testimony fell like a bombshell in the crowded courtroom.

Originally one of the two star witnesses for the prosecution at the first Scottsboro frame-up trial which doomed the nine innocent Negro boys to the electric chair two years ago, the 19-year-old Ruby Bates made her dramatic entry into the courtroom—after having disappeared from her home two weeks ago—as the state opened its rebuttal.

Ruby Bates, who was along with Victoria Price during the time of the alleged attack on a moving freight train near Scottsboro, Ala., in the Spring of 1931, declared that if her companion was assaulted, "I knew nothing of it."

Delivering a body blow at the prosecution's frame-up, Ruby Bates swore on the witness stand that she and Victoria Price were in a different part of the train from that in which a fight occurred between the Negro and white boys.

Yesterday, Haywood Patterson, under cross-examination, steadfastly denied that he said at the previous trial, that he had either seen the girls at all, or that he had been a witness to any "rape." When Prosecutor Knight failed to get Patterson to change his story despite rapid-fire questioning, Leibowitz demanded that the Attorney-General show courtesy and respect to the Negro boy. "I'm not ashamed of the way I'm treating this witness," Knight replied.

Under questioning by Gen. George W. Chamlee, chief defense attorney,

Percy Ricks, a Negro railroad fireman on the Scottsboro train, added important new testimony, sharply contradicting the story told by Victoria Price.

"I saw them both [the two girls] running up toward the engine," he said. "Some of the men with shotguns came around and headed them off. Then they turned and ran the other way until another batch of men came up from that direction and stopped."

Ricks said that he was standing near the water tank in front of the train when he saw the girls climb out of the box car and run excitedly toward the engine when the train stopped. A few minutes later they were caught by deputies coming from both sides after them.

This completely supports the defense contention that Ruby Bates and Victoria Price sought to run away, fearing arrest for vagrancy, and told the "rape" story only after they had been held in jail in Scottsboro. The witness also supported the previous testimony of the defense that the boys were in different, widely-separated cars and were not found together with Victoria Price, as claimed by the prosecution.

Late tonight Capt. Burlison, in charge of the state militia, revealed that he had been informed that K.K.K. mass meetings were planned in adjoining communities.

Mrs. Janie Patterson, mother of Haywood Patterson, now on trial, appeared in the courtroom for the first time today. "I'm afraid of what will happen if I am free," the boy told his mother. The mother wept.

"WHY I FLED PRISON"

BY HAYWOOD PATTERSON

New York, Sept. 5, 1948.

Haywood Patterson, writer of the letter in the adjoining columns, has spent 17 of his 34 years behind prison bars. He escaped last July from Kilby Prison, Montgomery, Ala., where half of his life was spent.

THE TEXT OF HAYWOOD PATTERSON'S LETTER

Exposes Slave Conditions at Atmore, Alabama Penal Farm, as "Living Hell"

Yes, I am the Scottsboro boy, namely, Haywood Patterson, and am not a refugee from justice.

I am only a victim of circumstances over which I had no control. And I do want the people of America to realize that I am not trying to hide from justice but what I have done was just and right. The only unjust thing I did in Alabama was the killing of two state dogs in order to make my escape clear. Now I can't begin to say how sorry I am about this, but it had to be done or else!

How cruelly and brutally they have treated me for many gloomy years. And so many years I have slaved, exposed to all sorts of weather by the slave drivers. Why, the bosses have made me pull plows, they have used me and others like mules. I got proof for this. One Willie Colman pulled the plow until he gave completely out. The boss in turn whipped the boy with heavy sticks unmercifully on the state farm in Atmore, Ala.

I have seen Negroes' heads rolled

up in the doors of cars and beaten. One boss sits in the car whipping him in the face and another boss on the outside of the car whipping the hind part.

Now I was faced with a tough problem. The whole five years I spent in Atmore. I was put on the spot the very first day I was there. The fact is that the bookkeeper, Fenchie Home, being in Scottsboro, he bent over backward trying to get the inmates to put me out saying that I had caused the state a lot of trouble, that I had caused the state to put n-----s on the jury roll to serve as jury.

But I was wise. Nobody could play up to me except a friend. But once I got careless and came pretty near getting put out. You see the bosses tried all they could to get the Negroes against me. One of the bosses, Charlie Sidmore, put a weak Negro up to "steal" me [to knife—Editor] one night. He stole me of course. I got it in the lung, over the heart and arms. But after all I wasn't afraid. I fought him off with my hands until my friends came to my rescue.

Now as for myself, I have never had a proper chance in life. Of course, since I am restored to freedom and life, I am begging society to please allow me a chance to do good since I have never had a chance. Do not vote for me to go back into a living hell. Please give me the assistance of every possible kind. Save me from my personal enemy. I would be very glad, you know.

HAYWOOD PATTERSON.

HERNDON GETS 20 YEARS ON CHAIN GANG

On July 11, 1932, Angelo Herndon, 19-year-old Negro, was arrested in Atlanta, Ga., for having organized a demonstration which won \$6,000 in unemployment relief. Herndon, at that time a member of the Communist Party, was charged with violating an 1861 Georgia law against "inciting to insurrection."

BY R. H. HART ✓

Atlanta, Ga., January 19, 1933.

An all-white jury yesterday brought in a verdict of guilty against 19-year-old Angelo Herndon, Negro organizer, charged with attempting to "incite to insurrection" for his activities in organizing Negro and white workers for joint struggle against starvation. Herndon was tried under an old statute.

Fearful of the growing protests of the aroused workers, Negro and white, the all-white jury recommended a sentence of 18 to 20 years on the Georgia chain gangs for Herndon. The sentence is practically a death sentence.

The Atlanta press carries such headlines as "Death Penalty Asked for Red in Atlanta Sedition Trial—Man Accused of Agitating Jobless."

Joseph H. Greer and Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., prominent Negro attorneys engaged by the International Labor Defense, conducted a brilliant defense in the dramatic three-day battle. They boldly brought to the front the question of Negro oppression and the rights of the workers, white and black, to organize in the workers' political

party, the Communist Party. They stressed the Communist position on the Negro question, full equality for the Negroes and the right of self-determination.

The defendant, Herndon, broke through the class rulings of Judge Lee Wyatt and used the courtroom as a tribunal to impeach capitalism and to defend the Communist Party and its leadership. Herndon declared in part:

"You may do what you will with Angelo Herndon. You may indict him. You may put him in jail. But there will come other thousands of Angelo Herndons. If you want to really do anything about the case you must go out and indict the social system. But this you will not do, for your role is to defend the system under which the toiling masses are robbed and oppressed."

The packed court audience hung on Herndon's words as he described the pitiful conditions of the black and white working-class mothers with their starving children, who had assembled at the Hall of the Unemployed Council to demonstrate for relief. So marked was the sympathy

of white and Negro workers for the Negro organizer that the court several times warned against any demonstration.

No charge of any specific act by Herndon was entered in the case. There was merely a general blanket statement that he was "inciting to riot."

Chauvinistic insults against the Negro people featured the State's case throughout the trial. Watson, an Atlanta dick, repeatedly referred to Herndon and other Negroes as "niggers" or "darkies." This brought sharp protests from the defense attorneys and the court was forced to rule against such terms during the trial.

THE REICHSTAG FIRE FRAME-UP

To justify his seizure of power in 1933, Hitler arrested George Dimitroff, Bulgarian Communist, and three others. Hitler said the Communists burned the Reichstag to "start a revolution." Dimitroff proved that the Nazis themselves burned the Reichstag. A world protest movement, combined with Dimitroff's courageous stand, compelled the Nazis to release him.

DIMITROFF SHATTERS FRAME-UP ✓

Leipzig, Germany, Sept. 24, 1933.

In tones of defiance which stunned his Nazi prosecutors, George Dimitroff, facing death with three other Communists on framed-up charges of setting fire to the Reichstag, placed the fascist regime of Germany on trial before the entire world.

Dimitroff threw the Hitlerite executioners into a purple rage as he faced them in the Supreme Court here and accused their Brownshirt chiefs of being the real incendiaries of the Reichstag on February 27, last.

The presiding judge was particularly enraged by Dimitroff's constant and fearless use of the terms "trick" and

"provocation" regarding Nazi police methods. At one point the Hitlerite judge threatened to call a halt to the frame-up trial if Dimitroff did not cease these telling characterizations.

"I am not a terroristic adventurer," Dimitroff said. "I am a supporter and an admirer of the Bolshevik Revolution and I am working for the dictatorship of the proletariat. But I am against individual terroristic actions and 'putsches,' not because of sentimental considerations but because our policy and program demands other action.

"The burning of the cathedral was an act of provocation against the Bul-

garian Communist Party which the government exploited for its own terroristic regime."

It was at this point that Dimitroff declared:

"Things like that are being done in Germany today."

When the judge denounced what he characterized as Dimitroff's "derisive manner," the defendant aggressively replied that the Nazi judge might find it understandable if he knew that he, Dimitroff, had spent "six months in confinement, five of which were spent handcuffed and during which time I could not sleep. I naturally sound excited and possibly use expressions which are not 'permissible.'"

Although speaking in imperfect German, Dimitroff electrified the courtroom with his bold and clear-cut declarations.

Drawing a sharp line of demarcation between Communism and individual terrorism, Dimitroff presented a sharp and lucid analysis of the Communist position. Although warned by the presiding judge, Dimitroff declared that "I am here to defend Communism" and proceeded to a fiery attack on Nazi police methods.

While the world press believes that Van der Lubbe, witness for the Nazis, is dying, Presiding Judge Buenger insists that Van der Lubbe is capable of following the proceedings of the trial.

Van der Lubbe was examined regarding three fires he is alleged to have started before the Reichstag fire. Judge Buenger's method is to present Van der Lubbe with a finished statement, requiring only "Yes" or "No" answers. Van der Lubbe's replies are inaudible, but the interpreter states "Yes" or "No" alternately.

Judge: "Why did you fire these buildings?"

Van der Lubbe: "My own ideas."

Judge: "What were your reasons for doing it?"

Van der Lubbe: "I didn't know myself at the time."

Disregarding the judge's efforts to shut him up, Dimitroff turned to Van der Lubbe, and shot this question at the stupified Dutchman:

"Why don't you speak? Are you bowed with a sense of guilt because of the crime you have committed against the world proletariat?"

GOERING UNMASKED BY DIMITROFF

At the German Frontier,
November 5, 1933.

Testifying at the Reichstag arson trial, Gen. Hermann Wilhelm Goering, fascist leader and Prussian Premier, angered and confused by the questions of George Dimitroff, one of the four Communists on trial for their lives, declared that "irrespective of

how the trial may end," fascism will wreak its vengeance on the Communist leaders.

When Dimitroff, Bulgarian Communist leader, protested that the Nazi police had done nothing to trace real perpetrators other than the four Communist leaders framed up by the Nazis, Goering shouted:

"I order you not to put such insolent questions. You have reason enough to be afraid when you leave the custody of this court."

Dimitroff here asked: "Does Goering know that the 'criminal' Communist Party he speaks of leads in one-sixth of the world, the Soviet Union,

the greatest and best country in the world?"

Goering turned scarlet with rage, and shouted: "It is unheard of that such criminals, such rascals dare such impudence here. You will experience something on leaving here. Such scoundrels belong on the gallows."

SIT DOWN! ✓

In November, 1936, a new kind of strike appeared. Thousands of auto workers in Detroit refused to leave factories until wage and union demands were granted. These were the famous "sit-down" strikes. These strikes, led by the C.I.O., sparked the organization of the giant trustified industries. For years the Communist Party had urged such organization. Organizers hired by the C.I.O. included hundreds of Communists.

BY GEORGE MORRIS

Detroit, January 16, 1937.

I telephoned the information bureau of the Western Union to find out if there was a wire for me.

"Yes, Mr. Morris," a young woman's voice said. "Shall I read it?"

"Yes."

"*Rush magazine story two thousand words auto sit-down strike.* And by the way, Mr. Morris, since you are interested in sit-down strikes," she continued, "I just got a call from my brother. He is sitting in Cadillacs and he wants me to bring him his toothbrush."

Everybody was doing it! The auto workers set the style. Since the first up-to-date sit-down, at the Bendix

plant, two months ago, it had gone "round and round" just like the song. Bus drivers, bakery workers, laundry, upholstery, battery, flat glass, steel workers, unemployed, evicted tenants, E.R.A., W.P.A. workers, and even the Flint bowling alley pin-boys (a hundred of them, and they won something, too)—all went for sit-downs. The sit-down had already served to crack some powerful manufacturers like General Motors!

Approximately 1,200 workers occupying the giant Fisher plant had set up an administration that showed executive and organizational ability, courage and a splendid spirit of solidarity.

The last time I visited the Fisher

plant was two months ago. I had rushed to learn the details of a three-hour sit-down in one department.

Now I found that those who had led the small sit-down were naturally put forward by the workers as the leaders of the big sit-down. Bud Simons, a lanky Southerner, was chairman of the shop stewards. Bill Moore, a father of eight children, more cool-headed than the others, was chief councilman. The council of five was the directing body of the administration in the shop.

Will Kennedy, a tall, broad-shouldered youth, was chief of police in the plant. Joe Devitt, who looked like Jack Dempsey, conducted the information bureau.

I recognized all these boys as the very same ones who delightedly told me of the first success, two months ago, when they proved to the workers their ability to lead.

"It's no cinch keeping this army organized," Moore told me. "But she is in top shape. We have been holding the plant for almost two weeks and there ain't been a scrap among the boys once."

Two rows of unfinished Buick bodies extended along the plant. The men slept on the fine upholstered cushions.

The regular company cafeteria in the basement came in for a great deal of praise by the men. This was the first time they really recognized its value.

"Saves us a lot of trouble. Dining tables, dishes, stoves—it's all there," one worker told me with an air of one who felt that all companies from now on should make such provisions for sit-downs.

Special committees provided for every detail of this newly established community. These committees operated under the strike committee composed of elected stewards—police, feeding, sanitation and health, education and entertainment, athletics, information, etc.

The police department provided gate guards inside the plant. They checked passes of outgoing and incoming people. The company guards were supplanted.

"We told the company guards that if any were seen around the plant in crowds of more than two, it'd be too bad for them," one of the workers said.

"We keep the plant clean—damn sight cleaner than the company ever kept it," a worker told me.

The men discovered many forms of entertainment and education to pass the time away. They'll certainly know plenty about the labor movement when the strike is over.

Young Gene Fay, called the "professor," conducted daily classes on parliamentary procedure and history of the labor movement. He also saw to it that the plant was well provided with labor literature. "The men are sure hungry for it," he said. The *Flint Journal*, the only local daily, and as rotten an anti-labor rag as one could find, was put on the boycott list, I was told. The *Daily* and *Sunday Worker* were tops.

The strikers formed a 10-piece orchestra and gave regular concerts every night at eight. There were at least six radios. A loud speaking apparatus, able to broadcast throughout the southern half of the plant, was installed. Hundreds of people every



January 4, 1937

night accepted the invitation of the strikers to stand outside the information window and listen to the concert through a loud speaker directed out of the window.

Meetings were usually held twice a day. Reports were given on the latest developments. Discussions took place, and all misunderstandings were straightened out.

But while they were having a good time, they never forgot their guard duty and they were forever planning how to fortify themselves against the imminent attack from deputies and vigilante mobs. They did not conceal their readiness to defend themselves.

"Sure we'll use the fire sprinklers if we have to. Don't they use fire hoses to break strikes? And we've got Duco paint spray guns, too," one man said.

I was told that the enemies they must watch were not all on the outside. There were undoubtedly stool-pigeons inside, including a Black Legion gang, whose disruptive activities had, however, been foiled.

I parted from the Fisher boys convinced that if General Motors tried something they'd have a fight on their hands.

SPAIN IN ARMS ✓

In 1931, the people of Spain ended the monarchist dictatorship and voted for a Republic. In February, 1936, the Popular Front, a coalition of peoples' parties, won an overwhelming victory. General Francisco Franco, supported by Hitler, Mussolini and the Vatican, led an uprising on July 18, 1936. The United States, Britain and France embargoed arms shipments to the Republic. But thousands of Americans went to Spain as volunteers in the International Brigades to help defend the Republic. Of the 3,000 Americans, 1,500 were killed in action.

IN MADRID

BY ROBERT MINOR

Madrid, January 27, 1937.

Madrid is now the center of the world, and everybody knows it.

Here the fascist forces, on an international scale, are staking their claim for the conquest of Europe.

Here is where the question of war and peace—the question of whether we shall have an immediate Second World War—is being desperately fought out; because Spain is staked out as an essential foothold of the

Third Reich of Hitler, to ensure the success of the military venture against European democracy. Already Germany's infiltration into Spain and into Spanish Morocco through Melilla, with perhaps rather small but powerfully equipped military units, has gone far toward the strategic arrangement which the German general staff considers necessary for the Second World War. If Hitler wins Spain, the Second World War is prepared.

The sight of a fleet of bombing

planes over a city is a frightful thing. I saw 19 big German Junkers, shining in the sunlight, high above the city, going straight for their objective. What objective? They were seeking out the working class sections of Madrid. In the working class sections, large crowds gather in long lines, about five abreast, waiting for certain essential food supplies. The German planes specialized in aiming

tremendous aerial bombs at these crowds. It is a policy of frightfulness, a policy of trying to terrorize and break the spirit of the civilian population and, first of all, of the working class.

This kind of warfare is not aimed at any immediate military objective. No soldiers are killed. It is a studied policy of killing civilians.

CROSSING THE EBRO ✓

BY JOSEPH NORTH

(Wireless to the *Daily Worker*)

With the Spanish Republican Troops on the Aragon Front, by courier to Barcelona, July 25, 1938.

This dispatch is being written on the southern bank of the Ebro River. Until three o'clock this morning it was known as the fascist side.

For the last few days the Republican Army has been asking for volunteers to row the first troops across the Ebro.

Many more than were necessary volunteered for this dangerous work. I met some of them at the river edge after they had done their day's task, grinning and asking for smokes.

Among them was Joseph Cobert of New York, who recently returned to Spain after having been here once. With him I met Kenneth Yocum of Local 157 of the United Automobile Workers of Detroit, still wearing his union hat.

They helped the "marineros" row the boats across the Ebro in the early darkness today. This explains the extraordinary activities among the Lin-

coln-Washington Brigade which I had observed in recent trips to their camp.

They had been training night and day how to get across the river and what to do once they were on the other side.

The entire Spanish Republican Army which is now on this—the former fascist—side of the Ebro, had been in training for this great achievement.

As I crossed the stream, I saw a group of soldiers marching toward the pontoon bridge escorted by guards.

They were fascist prisoners. Most of them were lads of 18, just drafted into the Franco army in the 1940 "quinto" (draft).

On the way to the river's edge, our car drew in under a tree as an enemy plane crossed over us machine-gunning the road.

Seven fascist planes followed. A few feet away from us an ambulance halted and the driver urged us to help him take the wounded out while the enemy strafed the road.

We pulled Eusbio Cambrero, a pris-



July 29, 1938

"Today in the very territory where Dave Doran was killed, his buddies are driving through to retake Gandesa."—Joseph North, Daily Worker Spain correspondent, in a cable from the Ebro River front.

[Dave Doran was a Communist hero of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in Spain, killed March, 1938.]

oner, out of the ambulance, another lad of 18. He told me he was from Caceres. He had been in the army for four months with the 50th fascist division, a Moorish division, he said.

He lay there under an olive tree with his wound bleeding through the bandages and called us "comrades." He told us the attack was so sudden that his contingent was demoralized and the officers fled first, leaving the men leaderless.

Some hundreds of yards off, Italian planes dropped their loads, followed by a deep rumble.

As this is being written, I can hear the constant roar of enemy aircraft dropping loads in Republican territory. They are now bombing and strafing all roads leading to the Ebro.

But their aim is bad. A concentration of anti-aircraft cannon, which thunders at them, keeps them high and knocks their aim off.

Digby Robinson, a Los Angeles boy, another volunteer "Ebro boatman," as the lads called themselves, told me his rowboats were strafed by an enemy plane and sank after the men got across.

He said all the Republican soldiers returned the fire of the strafing planes, shooting in an organized manner and keeping the planes high.

He said the Spanish troops in his boat sang the *International* as the fascist aviator poured his machine-gun bullets down upon them.

Yocum, the U.A.W. lad, told me, "Put this in your story. I am wearing this U.A.W. hat here so the boys in the union back home will fight for unity as hard as we are fighting for victory here in Spain. Be sure and put that in."

This magnificent action takes place after three days of concentration of material and men in this sector. Trucks loaded with rowboats and volunteer oarsmen have been coming to the Ebro for the past 48 hours.

The peasants I spoke to on the road today were excited and happy.

"Have we crossed yet?" they asked. "Is it true we crossed?"

I have not yet caught up with the American battalion, which is deep in former fascist-held territory, but as soon as I do, I will let you know by courier to Barcelona how things are.

As I hand this story to a courier, I can see the smoke rising all along the river bank, lifting up from where the fascist bombs landed.

So far they have not been able to hit any of the pontoon bridges thrown across the river.

THE MUNICH BETRAYAL

From 1933 onward, Hitler prepared for war. He formed a war alliance with Japan called the Anti-Comintern Pact. To encourage Hitler to wage war against the Soviet Union, Neville Chamberlain and the Daladier government signed the notorious Munich Pact of September 29, 1938. This gave Hitler the munition works of Czechoslovakia. The Communists alone denounced this pact while all other parties hailed it.

THE BETRAYAL

EDITORIAL BY

HARRY GANNES (Died Jan. 4, 1941)

The betrayal concocted at Munich surpasses the scandalous crimes committed by Hitler and Chamberlain at Berchtesgaden and Godesberg.

No wonder the Tory traitor Chamberlain and his fascist friends wanted the real peace forces of the world excluded from this conference.

Czechoslovakia was barred because Chamberlain, Mussolini and Hitler, with the assistance of Daladier, were scheming to dismember this fortress of peace and democracy.

The Soviet Union was kept away because the Munich plotters feared that Moscow would block the Hitler-Mussolini-Chamberlain-Daladier conspiracies against peace.

The world-wide indignation which upset Chamberlain's treacheries at Berchtesgaden and Godesberg must in this graver hour be aroused to upset the worse betrayals plotted at Munich.

Fearful of the rising discontent and

opposition to war among the German people, the Nazi war-makers look to the Munich conspiracy to come to their rescue. And Chamberlain and Daladier, alarmed by the upsurge of the British and French people against the sell-out of Czechoslovakia, are moving with greater rapidity through the Munich conference to meet Hitler's demands.

More than ever, the people should be aroused to halt Hitler and to save world peace.

The peace forces of the world were hemming Hitler in. They were overwhelming the Nazi dictator's diplomatic agents. They must now be rallied to prevent Chamberlain from saving Hitler at the expense of Czechoslovakia and world peace.

The American people must see that this betrayal of Czechoslovakia strengthens fascist aggressions and emboldens Hitler in his plotting and conspiracies against peace and democracy in Latin America. It endangers the very peace of the U.S.



October 6, 1938

THREE YEARS AFTER

EDITORIAL

October 1, 1941.

Rarely in history has a myth ever been so rapidly and thoroughly pulverized as the Munich promise of September, 1938, that it had brought "*peace for our time.*"

Munich was a cold-blooded, calculated piece of treachery. It was engineered by Chamberlain and Daladier who turned Europe over to Hitler as the price for a Nazi attack on the Soviet Union. The heart and soul of Munich was this philosophy that a bargain could be made with Hitler against the U.S.S.R.

What the clever architects of Munich could not see—although the Soviet government repeatedly warned them of it—was that the power which they placed in Hitler's hands could be turned *against themselves*. In bargaining with Hitler, they became victims of Hitler.

It is part of the record that the United States made the mistake of acquiescing in this policy; it refused to lift the embargo against Republican Spain. (It is still regrettably true that remnants of this approach linger in the government's continued recognition of Petain and Franco, in dallying with the Mannerheim regime, and in unwillingness to clamp down fully against Japan's aggressions in the Far East.)

Events swiftly proved that Munich was not only a betrayal of Czechoslovakia. It was a betrayal of 28 nations in Europe, including France. It brought Britain to the brink of dis-

aster; and placed the United States in the greatest jeopardy in a century.

But Munichism is far from dead. The common people of the world detested Munich, even though many were for a moment deceived by the lies of its sponsors. But among the "top" circles, the fatal and fantastic delusion that Hitler can be made into their "servant" lingers on, always ready to transform itself into naked treason in the Petain style. What is Lindbergh if not a typical Munich traitor?

We also still see apologies and alibis for the Munich crime. Witness the *New York Times* which editorially absolves the Munichmen of 1938 of any evil intent—"Mr. Chamberlain was an *honest man.*" Witness its plea that "the decision had to be made by those whose people would pay for the war."

All this is a foolish effort to picture Munich as something that could not have been avoided.

But the events of these three years cry out what the working people of the world felt instinctively, and what the Communist patriots of France, England and America proclaimed in the teeth of abuse, that *Munich could easily have been prevented by resolute enforcement of collective security. Confronted by a united front against him — including Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, and the Red Army—Hitler could not and would not have marched.*

Munich is being avenged three years after.

TOM MOONEY

In the 1938 elections, a coalition of the Roosevelt Democrats, the trade unions, and the Communists elected a New Deal governor in California. One of the fruits of this victory was the fulfillment by Governor Culbert Olson of his promise to free Tom Mooney. Mooney had been framed on a murder charge by the open-shop corporations.

TOM MOONEY FREED

BY AL RICHMOND

Sacramento, Calif., January 7, 1939.

There isn't a freer man in all the world today than Thomas J. Mooney.

Of course, it was an illusion, but it seemed that as the hands on the clock in the assembly chambers at the state Capitol in Sacramento reached 10:55 A.M. (Pacific Coast Time) today they paused in their interminable rounds.

For at that moment, Governor Culbert Olson pronounced: "I have signed and now hand you, Tom Mooney, this full and unconditional pardon."

The thread of time broke — the thread that had been winding for twenty-two-and-a-half years behind San Quentin's grim walls.

Tom, the radiance in his eyes glistering through a mist, stepped forward and dedicated himself to that faith which had remained unshaken in all those long years behind the bars.

He pledged to devote the remainder of his life to working for a new and better social order, to bringing about the unity of labor and the release of his comrade, Warren K. Billings. "I am not unmindful of the fact," he said, "that this case is not merely one of an individual charged with a crime."

"It symbolizes our whole economic, political and social order. This order is in a state of decay throughout the whole world. It will be replaced, and I hope it will be replaced by a new and better social order.

"To that end I shall dedicate my life."

He then painted a picture of the march of fascism in Europe and the world.

"I know of no greater force that can halt the onward march of the sinister reaction of fascism than the economic strength of the workers.

"I shall dedicate also and devote my life to bringing about the unity of the labor movement in America."

This rededication was prefaced by a brief account of the memories that he had borne for 22 years, memories of the trial at which he was framed. The tears became uncontrollable and his voice broke when he recalled the vilification that was directed at his mother, who gave her life in the fight for his freedom, and others dear to him in the courtroom where the sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

"I shall never forget," he said.

THE MOST CELEBRATED CASE OF ALL TIME

BY ROBERT MINOR

(Special to the *Sunday Worker*)
San Francisco, January 7, 1939.

Twenty-two years ago I descended the gangplank of a boat from Los Angeles into this incomparably beautiful San Francisco with a telegram in my pocket. It requested that I come to take over the work of organizing the trade unions in an effort to save the lives of five people whose names I had never heard before—Tom Mooney, Warren Billings, Edward D. Nolan, Israel Weinberg and Mooney's wife, Rena.

In the Spring of that year—1916, the long bitter labor struggle up and down the California coast had approached a point which both sides foresaw would be decisive.

A fund of one million dollars had been established in June for strike-breaking purposes by the Chamber of Commerce.

Most prominent among the corporations of the so-called open shop movement were the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. and United Railways, and the Street Car Corporation of San Francisco. To break the driving force of labor organization the open shoppers had made an alliance, on what was later proven to be a cash basis, with some of the most corrupt pirates that ever sold out the labor movement, who then held many strategic points as union officials. By gentlemen's agreement, certain fields of labor were marked off as guaranteed against organization.

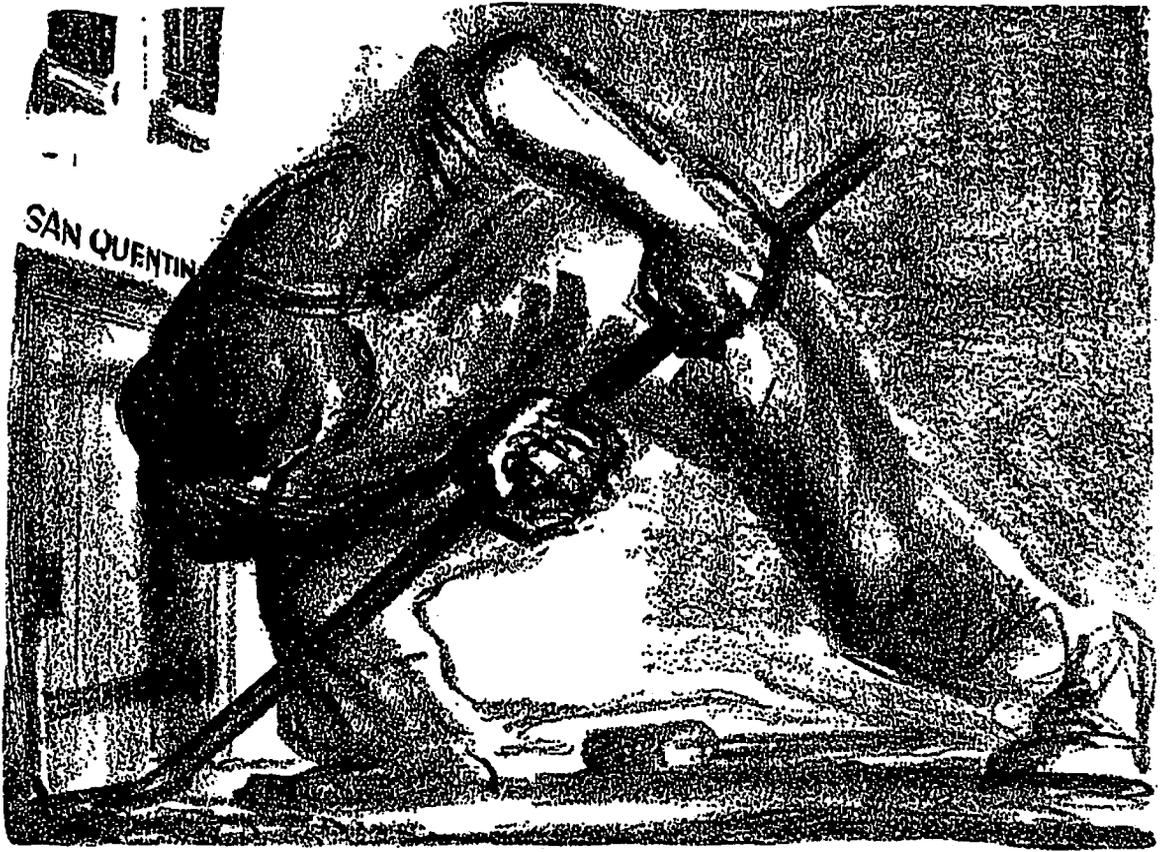
One payment of \$10,000 from Pacific Gas & Electric to a trade union

official, later exposed, illustrates the tone and spirit of this agreement. The election of Charles M. Fickert as District Attorney on a so-called United Labor ticket was financed by Pacific Gas & Electric and United Railways for the purpose of removing the young San Francisco labor leader, Tom Mooney, member of the Molders' Union and son of an Irish member of the Mine Workers. Mooney had "violated" the gentlemen's agreement by organizing motormen and conductors of United Railways and leading them in a strike. The strike had failed, and vengeance had struck with lightning swiftness and a brutality destined to startle the whole world.

This vengeance was the frame-up of Tom Mooney. Because of it, diplomatic exchanges were to flash around the world. Celluloid buttons bearing the name and face of San Francisco's labor leader, Tom Mooney, began to appear pinned to the uniforms of soldiers on both sides of the World War. Infantry charges in No-man's land were likely to bring soldiers with bayonets at each other, each seeing the Mooney button on the uniform of the other.

The frame-up of Tom Mooney became the most celebrated case of all time.

The explosion that took the lives of ten innocent people and wounded forty others in the San Francisco Preparedness Day parade July 22, 1916, had nothing to do with the Mooney case except as a convenient excuse for the arrest of the strike leader Mooney with his wife and the three men who



April 26, 1928

had been his closest helpers in the strike, Billings, Weinberg and Nolan.

We entered the trial of Tom Mooney in the early days of 1917 with absolute and indisputable proof that Tom Mooney and his friends were not guilty. The photographs destroyed completely the whole fabric of underworld perjury, but the frame-up gang proceeded undaunted, and merely changed the evidence. Fickert and Swanson produced a cattle thief from Oregon, Frank C. Oxman, who testified to an entirely new story, and McDonald and other underworld char-

acters changed their evidence, fixing the time differently.

Nevertheless the evidence so overwhelmingly proved the innocence of Mooney that acquittal was taken for granted by many who did not understand the real forces behind the prosecution. I recall walking to the Court House with Maxwell McNutt, then chief defense attorney, on the day the case was to be given to the jury. McNutt smilingly asked: "Well, what will Tom be doing now?" I replied: "Tom is going to be condemned to death today." McNutt turned pale and trem-



January 11, 1939

bled, asking how I could think such a thing possible.

"The evidence will have no effect upon the verdict, Max," I said. "The verdict was written before the trial began. This is no trial, it is a struggle of labor and capital."

McNutt could not believe it. After the verdict he collapsed and was taken to a hospital.

The Chicago Federation of Labor, spurred by John Fitzpatrick, Ed. Nockels, William Z. Foster, Jack Johnstone and others, was the first big re-

serve to come to our rescue. Other trade unions in Seattle, Butte, Montana, and the United Hebrew Trades of New York quickly rallied to the defense. The trade unions of San Francisco and California began to throw off the influence of the ring. From New York, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers gave quick and effective help through the inspiration of Sidney Hillman and Joseph Schlossberg. Slowly but surely the American trade union movement was being won.

The disintegration of the frame-up was accelerated by the popular movement of protest. Prostitutes and underworld habitués, in moments of drunkenness, complained that detectives got too big a split of reward money. At least two police officers became uneasy as the great angry mass of labor protest swelled in volume. To allay the protest and at least to appease the powerful Machinist Union No. 68, the prosecutors released the machinist leader, Ed Nolan, without trial.

Rena Mooney went to trial at a moment when the pressure of the mass protest had begun to be felt. Several underworld witnesses, whose criminal records had been exposed,

could no longer be used. The trial was such a shameful farce in the eyes of the public that Mrs. Mooney had to be acquitted.

Israel Weinberg was given such a farcical trial that even one of the underworld witnesses while on the stand was overcome with shame and exonerated Weinberg. There being simply no witnesses, Weinberg was perforce acquitted. But after his acquittal the fury and the power of the frame-up ring was still so great that he was kept in prison seven months after being found not guilty.

From Governor down, the frame-up ring remained determined that at least Tom Mooney must die. They felt that to release him would be such a stimulus to organization of labor as would put an end forever to their plans of a state without unions and without democracy.

But today Mooney, the battle-scarred veteran, the man of iron, is free.

They said it couldn't be done. We knew it could. We know that the working class, fusing around itself the great democratic movement of the American people, can do all things.

NAZIS INVADE U.S.S.R.

On June 22, 1941, in violation of their non-aggression pact, the Nazi government launched an attack on the Soviet Union. Hitler was able to do this because there had been little actual warfare between Germany, France and Britain in 20 months following the invasion of Poland. Since September, 1939, the German and French armies had been facing each other along the Maginot Line without clashing.

The reason for this nearly bloodless phase of war was the continued illusion that Hitler had abandoned his plans for world conquest. Tremendous propaganda had earlier deluged the United States to encourage Hitler against the Soviet Union behind the "Save Finland" propaganda. Finland was violating Soviet borders on Nazi orders. The American Communists had, since 1933, been denounced as foreign agents for advocating American-Soviet co-operation against Hitler Germany. After September, 1939, they were similarly denounced as isolationists and foreign agents for warning the country against involvement in an anti-Soviet war on the side of Germany and its ally, the Mannerheim regime in Finland. This was the period to which anti-Communist propagandists refer as the "flip-flop" of the Communists.

With the crossing of the borders of the Soviet Union, the fundamental proposition of the Communists, repeated constantly since the rise of German fascism, that Hitler represented a menace not only to the Soviet Union but to all countries was at last confirmed. The way was opened for the American-Soviet-British alliance which the Soviet government had been urging in vain up to that point.

PEOPLE RALLY TO STALIN

Moscow, July 5, 1941.

The entire population of the Soviet Union, in huge mass rallies throughout the country, rose up to pledge unqualified endorsement of Premier Joseph Stalin's historic call to arms.

Popular response to Stalin's call is taking the form of workers' rallies in plants and factories, in mines, and on collective farms.

Typical of the speeches made in these rallies was that of the woman worker Durnyasheva, employed for 16 years in the Trekhgorka Textile Mill, largest in Moscow. Mother of six children, she told the assembled workers that one of her sons is in the Red Navy, and added:

"Not only our sons, but all of us will defend our fatherland with our lives. We shall crush and destroy the

fascist beast until not a trace of him is left. All the finest people in the world are taking part with us in our struggle against Hitlerism. We will be victorious."

Moscow's locomotive engineers met and addressed an appeal to railroad workers throughout the country in which they said:

"Today, in the hour of danger for our fatherland, our group appeals to all railroad workers to mobilize all forces, all material resources, in order to fulfill their task with honor."

At the Stalin Metal plant in Leningrad a Stakhanovite worker told a plant assembly as he was leaving for the front:

"The savage fascists encroach on our plants, our fields, our forests. They seek our national resources, they

In the Spirit of 1776 – Crushing Hitlerism in 1941

William Gropper



William Gropper

July 4, 1941

would destroy our free labor. But fascism will find its grave in this, its last battle.

“In this hour of severe trials for our fatherland, I am going to the front as a volunteer and I call upon others to follow my example. Victory will be ours.”

The miners of Donbas are working with increased intensity.

“The country expects more coal from us,” stated the miners of one of the pits. “The more coal and metal there is in the country, the sooner the enemy will be destroyed. Three miners from one of our brigades left for the front. But the amount of coal formerly

mined by seven persons is now mined by four.”

Collective farmers voiced the same opinion. An elderly woman collective farmer stated: “The cannibal Hitler and his vile pack want to deprive us of our happy life. But the Soviet people will break the bones of the fascists. They will never set foot on our soil. The Red Army with the support of the whole people will wipe this scum off the face of the earth.”

Great patriotic enthusiasm prevails among the Cossack collective farmers on the Don. Old men are taking the place of those who have gone to the front.

PEARL HARBOR

Five and a half months after Hitler invaded the Soviet Union, his ally, Japan, attacked the United States. The attack took place at Pearl Harbor, U. S. Naval Base, December 7, 1941. Naval leaders, acting on the Munich philosophy that our main enemy was Russia, were caught completely by surprise. Up to the very eve of Pearl Harbor and even after, pro-Axis propaganda was rife. The *New York Daily News* on November 20, 1941, carried an editorial entitled “Come on—Let’s Appease Japan.” John Foster Dulles had said: “It is only hysteria which says that either Germany or Japan contemplates an attack upon us. . . .” On December 8, Congress declared war on Japan. On December 11, Germany and Italy declared war on the United States. It required much suffering and heavy losses to confirm the correctness of the Communists’ persistent demand for American-Soviet co-operation.

EDITORIAL

December 9, 1941.

The United States is answering the treacherous, savage and unprovoked assault launched upon it by Japan.

Let there be no illusions about the scope of the Japanese attack and the immense goal that motivates it.

Japan’s blow unfolds the plans of the Berlin-Tokio-Rome alliance for a

William Gropper



December 9, 1941

world-wide assault in which Berlin and Tokio act in unison against the United States.

The center of this Axis war against America is Berlin.

The spearhead of it is German fas-

cism; its commander-in-chief is Hitler.

Every American who vows today to make Japan pay for its crimes needs to grasp the truth accurately expressed by the National Committee of the Communist Party yesterday:

"This is an unprovoked act of war, not of Japan alone but of the Berlin-Rome-Tokio Axis war alliance. It is directed against the United States in the first place, against the whole Western Hemisphere, Great Britain, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics,

and against the Japanese people themselves. It is an act of war aimed at consolidating the enslavement of all the occupied countries and territories of Europe, Africa and China—and to extend that slavery of conquest to the East Indies, the Philippine Islands, Latin America and the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

Thus, it is one war, with two prongs directed against us east and west, which America faces.

STALINGRAD

BY VETERAN COMMANDER*

New York, January 28, 1943.

For years the Germans' strategists had been dreaming of a modern re-enactment of the battle of Cannae where, during the Second Punic War, the Carthaginian general Hannibal encircled and annihilated the Roman army of Lucius Paulus Emilius, in 216 B.C. Forty-eight thousand Romans perished and 20,000 were taken prisoners.

Since then "Cannae" has become a byword, and the German strategists of the last century and a half have been muttering it in their sleep.

They achieved a "Cannae" at Sedan on September 2, 1870, when the French Army capitulated with Emperor Napoleon the Third, 85,000 men in all.

The next "Cannae" type battle was won by the Germans at Tannenberg, in August, 1914, over the Second Russian Army of General Samsonov, which lost over 100,000 men in killed and, mostly, prisoners.

Now, at Stalingrad, the greatest "Cannae" has been achieved precisely over those who always dreamed of inflicting its horror on others.

All in all, the Stalingrad battle of encirclement and annihilation lasted 60 days, from November 26 to January 26.

About 300,000 picked German troops, supersaturated with technical means of war, were packed into an area of some 1,000 square miles between the Volga and the Don.

When the armies of General Rokossovsky forced a passage across the Middle Don at Serafimovich on November 10, they whipped back south-

* "Veteran Commander" was the pen name used by Sergei Kourmakoff.



November 26, 1942

eastward and, having met with other Soviet troops advancing westward, south of Stalingrad, virtually encir-

led the colossal German spearhead.

Instead of now being a bulwark, Stalingrad became a sort of "anvil"

against which the German troops were being pounded to a pulp by Soviet troops attacking ceaselessly from the West.

Six weeks later, there were only a little over 100,000 of them left free and alive. The aerial transport system had failed because of the fierce action of the Soviet fighter planes.

On January 8 the Germans were offered honorable terms of capitulation. They refused. On January 10 the final assault against them began and lasted until January 26. During that period 40,000 enemy troops were killed and 28,000 taken prisoners. The number of wounded is not determined.

The Red Army has captured 523 planes, 1,297 tanks, 2,978 guns and a truly colossal amount of other equipment, such as 170 radio transmitters, for instance. The Red Army destroyed

132 planes (this number does not include the 500-odd transport planes shot down over Stalingrad during the last two months), 290 tanks and much other equipment.

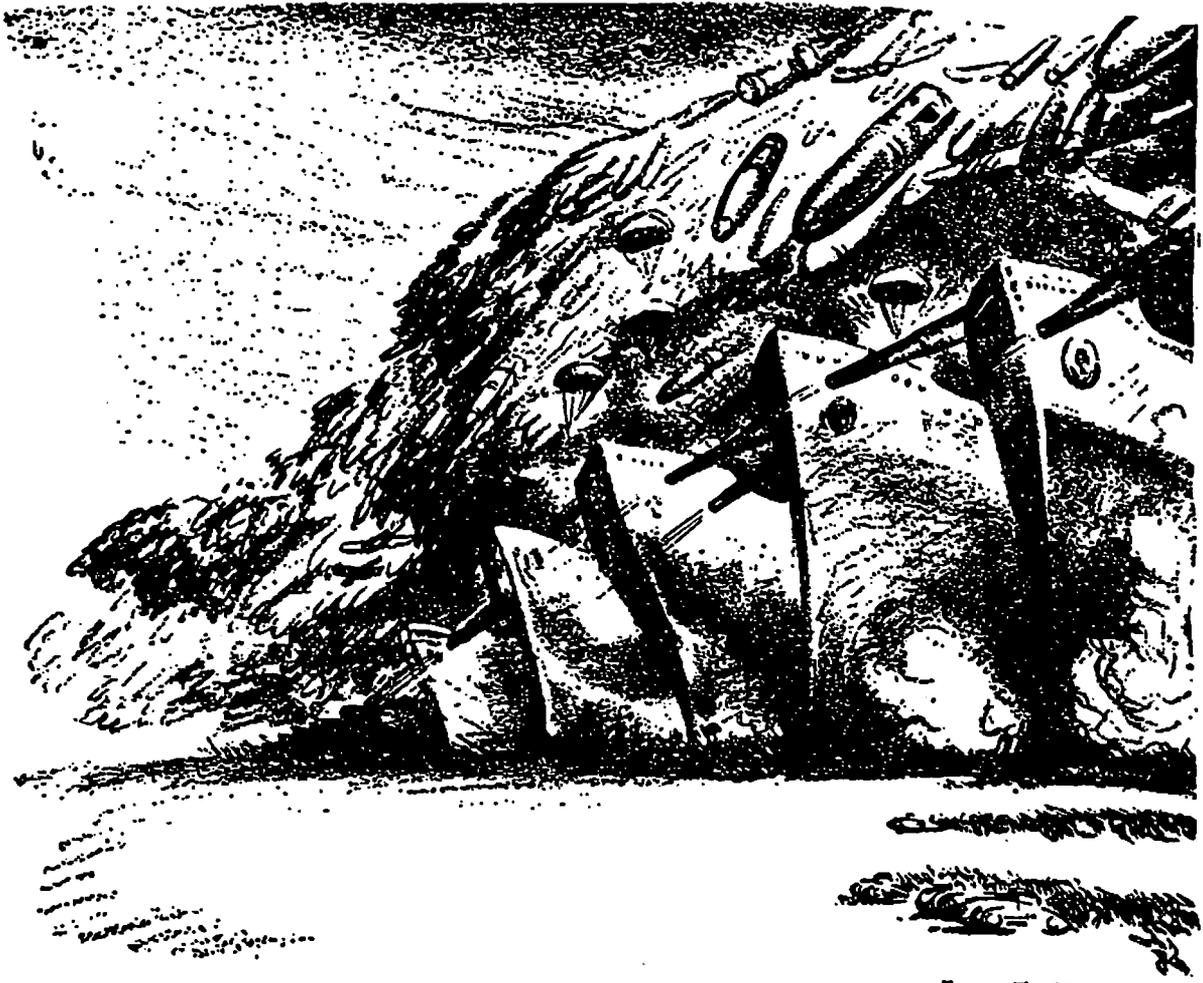
Of the original 300,000 Axis troops between the Volga and the Don, a pitiful handful of 12,000 remains today, huddled in the cellars of the industrial area of Stalingrad.

The greatest "Cannae" in history has been consummated. The shades of General Samsonov's regiments have been avenged. "Stalingrad" now supersedes "Tannenberg," "Sedan" and "Cannae" as a concept of military disaster by encirclement and annihilation.

Generals Rokossovsky, Malinin and Chuikov have kicked Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Hoffman and Van Francois off the pedestal of modern "Cannae-makers."

D-DAY

On June 6, 1944, D-Day, the invasion of France by British and American troops opened the long-awaited and long-demanded second front. This invasion had been promised to the Soviet Union in 1942 when Molotov visited Washington. Churchill had opposed the opening of the second front in France, advocating instead the invasion of Africa and the Balkans, away from the center of the German power. Appeasement forces in Washington had worked to delay the attack upon the German armies in Europe. On the eastern front, Hitler had concentrated 250 divisions of his 300-division army. The Soviet armies had borne the brunt of the war for two years. At Stalingrad they had suffered terrific losses but held firm and launched a counteroffensive which marked the beginning of the end of German military power. With the Russian armies rapidly advancing toward Germany, the western powers on D-Day crossed the channel and landed in Normandy.



June 7, 1944

RENDEZVOUS IN BERLIN

BY ILYA EHRENBURG

Moscow, June 8, 1944.

On June 6, 1940, the Germans forced the Somme and invaded Normandy. On June 6, 1944, Allied troops landed on the coast of Normandy. It began with the blitzkrieg. Will it not have a blitzkrieg ending?

We Russians know what war means.

We are familiar with all its miseries, and we know how hard the dawn of June 6 was for hundreds of thousands of people—families and friends of our fighters. But we also know that nothing will stop our Allies now. Have we not a rendezvous with them in Berlin?

We highly esteem the gallantry of the Allied fliers who prepared the way

for yesterday's offensive, and the courage of the Allied sailors who were undismayed by powerful shore batteries. We admire the bravery of the Allied infantry who have demonstrated that no walls can stop men who hate tyranny.

And we feel, too, that we are entitled to point out that today is also an achievement of the Red Army. It was a long road from Dunkerque to Cherbourg and Le Havre. It passed through Stalingrad and the Dnieper. When the Germans invaded our country, they had the most powerful army in the world. None could stand before them. But we did. We destroyed not only the finest German divisions, not only thousands of Messerschmitts and Tiger tanks; we destroyed the Germans' faith in victory.

We helped open the road for our friends and today we are doubly happy; we are proud of the victory of our friends and we are proud of our battle-torn standards.

The German strategy is based on the idea of encirclement. At Stalingrad, the surrounder found himself surrounded. After that, Germans when falling into troubled sleep saw in their dreams nothing but "kettles." Now that nightmare has become a reality, Germany finds herself in an enormous "kettle" and she will settle in that kettle like a sinner boiling in sulphur.

The assault on Germany will be concerted; it will come from the east and the west and the south. We were not stopped by the Dnieper or the Dneestr and we will not be stopped by the Niemen or the Vistula. Our Allies are battering down the Atlantic Wall, and they will batter down the Siegfried Line.

Things are moving to a head, and on this happy, sunny day we once more swear that we will come to the Germans in their lair, and we will make them understand with fire what we couldn't make them understand with words.

For a soldier there is no higher praise than the praise, "brave friend." Today the Red Army is proud of its friends, and I know that the Americans, the English and the Canadians will smile amid the smoke of grim battles when the news reaches them of the Red Army's rejoicing.

The assault on Germany has begun. Caterpillar-tracked tanks will write the verdict. There she goes—victory is the old greatcoat of the soldier. She is not carved out of marble. She is warm like our suffering hearts, and she is radiant like our hope or like the world seen through tears of happiness.

Let us clench our teeth. Only a little longer and victory will come and the bright first dawn of peace.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

The Communist Party, which was organized in 1919, expelled its general secretary, Jay Lovestone, in 1929 for his theory that the American boom was permanent. Earl Browder, the next general secretary, dis-

solved the Communist Party in May, 1944, and replaced it with the Communist Political Association. Browder's theory was that Wall Street would become progressive after the war. The opposition to this move was led by William Z. Foster who, in the special emergency convention of July 25-28, 1945, led in reviving the Communist Party as a Marxist-Leninist organization.

FOSTER CALLS FOR RETURN TO PARTY

New York, July 27, 1945.

The special national convention of the Communist Political Association opened in New York on Thursday morning with a unanimous recommendation from the National Board of the organization that the Communist Party be promptly reconstituted.

William Z. Foster, member of the secretariat of the C.P.A., reported this recommendation to the convention on behalf of the National Board in a report critically reviewing the errors of the past 18 months and projecting the main perspectives for the future.

Similar action had been recommended by state conventions throughout the country, and was urged by delegates who took the floor following Foster.

Foster said it was necessary to break

with the "chronic tailism" which developed under the leadership of Earl Browder in the C.P.A. and which resulted in "hiding the Party's face and avoidance of mass struggle."

"The Party," he stated, "must recover its political initiative and Communist boldness—even though reactionary members of the Truman administration, of the A.F.L. executive council and the N.A.M. may not like it. . . ."

As the two big problems ahead, Foster cited the need for developing the broadest and most active kind of movement for increased wages "within the framework of the wartime no-strike pledge," and the "still bigger test" of the 1946 Congressional elections which will be marked by a reactionary drive for control of Congress.

PARLEY REESTABLISHES PARTY

New York, July 28, 1945.

By unanimous vote of the 93 delegates to the special national convention of the Communist movement, the Communist Party of the United States was reconstituted yesterday.

This action eliminated the short-lived Communist Political Association which delegates felt had been an outgrowth of policies promoted by Earl

Browder minimizing the independent role of the organization and sapping its ability to resist the reactionary business policies of American big business.

The delegates adopted Article I of the new constitution of the Communist Party which reads:

"The name of the organization shall be the Communist Party of the United States."

As a result of reorganization of the party and development of a vigorous policy of action, there was a general feeling among the delegates that the Communist movement could play a more aggressive role in co-operation with other groups in combating fascism and reaction.

Strongly emphasized in the new constitution was the principle that members of the party have "not only the right, but the responsibility, to participate in the making of its policies and in the election of its leading committees."

Every member of the organization was obligated "to fight with all his strength against any and every effort, whether it comes from abroad or within our own country, to destroy the rights of labor and the people, or any section thereof or to impose upon the United States the arbitrary will of any group or clique or conspiracy."

Browder adhered to his thesis that

the big bourgeoisie of the United States "is driven onward on the path of a progressive policy."

Expressing disagreement with references in the resolution to negative aspects of American policy in the Far East, Browder said:

"It is not enough to note the vacillations of American policy toward China and to denounce this as revealing the aim to maintain the reactionary Kuomintang puppet regime. It is more important and more permanent that official American policy, whatever temporary vacillations may appear, is pressing toward the unity and democratization of China."

Browder asserted that his speech had been misunderstood and that he did not propose to defy the convention. But William Z. Foster, veteran leader of the Communist movement, served notice that Browder would be expected to adhere strictly to his new pledge.

DREISER JOINS THE COMMUNIST PARTY

July 30, 1945.

As a testament to his deep faith in "the common people, and first of all, the workers," Theodore Dreiser, one of the outstanding novelists in the world, applied for membership in the newly reconstituted Communist Party and was admitted unanimously by the delegates.

Addressing his letter of application for membership to William Z. Foster, Dreiser declared:

"I am writing this letter to tell you of my desire to become a member of the American Communist organization.

"This request is rooted in convictions that I have long held and that have been strengthened and deepened by the years. I have believed intensely that the common people, and first of all the workers,—of the United States and of the world—are the guardians of their own destiny and the creators of their own future. I have endeavored to live by this faith, to clothe it in words and symbols, to explore its full meaning in the lives of men and women.

"It seems to me that faith in the people is the simple and profound reality that has been tested and proved in

the present world crisis. Fascism derided that faith, proclaiming the end of human rights and human dignity, seeking to rob the people of faith in themselves, so that they could be used for their own enslavement and degradation.

"But the democratic peoples of the world demonstrated the power that lay in their unity, and a tremendous role was played in this victory by the country that through its attainment of socialism has given the greatest example in history of the heights of achievement that can be reached by a free people with faith in itself and in all the progressive forces of humanity—the Soviet Union. The unity of our country with the great Soviet Union is one of the most valuable fruits of our united struggle, and dare not be weakened without grave danger to America itself.

"Communists all over the world have played a vital part in welding the unity of the peoples that insures the defeat of fascism. Theirs were the first and clearest voices raised against the march of aggression in China, Ethiopia and Spain.

"Dr. Norman Bethune, the great pioneer in saving war wounded through the use of the blood bank, died in China helping the free peoples of that country withstand the Japanese hordes years before the democratic countries came to their aid. His dying request was that it be made known that since many years he had been a Communist.

"In the United States I feel that the Communists have helped to deepen our understanding of the heritage of American freedom as a guide to action in the present. During the years when

fascism was preparing for its projected conquest of the world, American Communists fought to rally the American people against fascism. They saw the danger and they proposed the remedy. Marxist theory enabled them to cast a steady light on the true economic and social origins of fascism.

"More than 11,000 Communists are taking part in that struggle as members of the armed forces of our country. That they have served with honor and patriotism is attested to even by the highest authorities of the Army itself.

"It seems to me that this ought to discredit completely one of the ideological weapons from the arsenal of fascism that disorients the country's political life and disgraces its intellectual life — Red baiting. Irrational prejudice against anything that is truly or falsely labeled 'Communism' is absurd and dangerous in politics. Concessions to Red baiting are even more demoralizing in the field of science, art and culture.

"If our thinkers and creators are to fulfill their responsibilities to a democratic culture, they must free themselves from the petty fears and illusions that prevent the open discussion of ideas on an adult level. The necessities of our time demand that we explore and use the whole realm of human knowledge.

"These historic years have deepened my conviction that widespread membership in the Communist movement will greatly strengthen the American people, together with the anti-fascist forces throughout the world, in completely stamping out fascism and achieving new heights of world democracy, economic progress and free

culture. Belief in the greatness and dignity of Man has been the guiding principle of my life and work. The

logic of my life and work leads me therefore to apply for membership in the Communist Party."

LYNCH TERROR NORTH AND SOUTH

Two shots shattered the silence of Freeport, Long Island, New York, 1:30 A.M., February 5, 1946. Two Negro brothers fell dead, and a third was wounded. The four Ferguson brothers were returning home. One had just re-enlisted in the Army; another was a veteran, and a third was in the Navy. The brothers had entered a bus terminal, ordered coffee, and the proprietor refused to serve them. An argument ensued. The brothers left the terminal, and the proprietor called a policeman. The policeman accosted the brothers just outside the terminal. He lined them up against the wall, kicked one in the groin and began shooting. After the killings, a storm of protest raged throughout the state and nation. Republican Governor Dewey was forced to order an investigation of the murders, but the killer cop was whitewashed.

Three weeks later in Columbia, Tennessee, on February 25, state troopers and local police shot up the town's Negro community. A Negro mother had been assaulted by a white man, and her son, a veteran, defended her. One hundred and one Negroes were arrested, two murdered in jail and a third critically wounded.

TAPS IN FREEPORT

BY HARRY RAYMOND

Freeport, L. I., February 8, 1946.

The last three plaintive bugle notes of "taps" faded across the broad expanse of sun-bathed Long Island National Cemetery this afternoon. A casket bearing the body of Pvt. Charles R. Ferguson, U. S. Army Air Corps, was lowered into the ground.

Ferguson, a 27-year-old Negro, had

served honorably in the war against fascism. But he did not die as he would have preferred to die, on the field of battle. His young life was snuffed out last Tuesday by a bullet from a service revolver of a Negro-hating policeman.

Yet, as though he had fallen in a military campaign, he was buried with full military honors. A neat flag



February 9, 1946

of his country, supplied by the U. S. Army Quartermaster, was carefully draped over his casket. There was an Army rifle squad. Three volleys were fired. A clergyman said a prayer. Everything was strictly regulation and GI.

Standing before the open grave, Mrs. Minnie Ferguson, the widow, wept bitterly. A small group of relatives and neighbors stood with bowed heads. More neighbors would have come. But there was little room in the small caravan of borrowed cars that

drove the 17 miles to the cemetery. And some had to stay behind in the Ferguson home to be with little two-year-old Wilfred, three-year-old Richard and Charles, five, children of the dead soldier. They did not know their father was dead.

As the sad little caravan drove back to Freeport, another funeral procession bearing the body of Alfonzo Ferguson, war veteran and brother of Charles, who was likewise shot to death by the trigger-happy cop on that tragic Tuesday, was on its way to another open grave.

Alfonzo's funeral was simple. There were no military trappings. Navy Seaman 3/c Joseph Ferguson, the third brother, who received a bullet wound from the same police gun, stood at the graveside when Alfonzo's body was lowered.

Richard Ferguson, fourth brother at the scene of the killings, did not at-

tend the funerals. He was in Nassau County jail where, protesting innocence, he was railroaded for 100 days on a disorderly conduct charge. Richard is the one who charged yesterday from his cell that Policeman Joseph Romeika, slayer of his brothers, deliberately killed the two without provocation.

Romeika was whitewashed by local authorities when he said the brothers were "disorderly" and claimed Charles threatened him with a non-existent gun.

Perhaps Mayor Cyril Ryan of Freeport, Police Chief Peter Elar and Nassau County District Attorney James N. Gehrig think the case against Policeman Romeika is a closed book now that the two brothers have been properly buried and the third jailed. But a growing citizens' movement is demanding justice in this village.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE

BY HARRY RAYMOND

Columbia, Tenn., March 9, 1946.

James Morton, local Negro undertaker, pointed to an electric sign and a clock in front of his establishment and said: "That's the only thing they did not destroy." His funeral home was in the path of the uniformed mob of state highway patrolmen that came roaring through the Jim-Crow section February 25, spraying the area with machine guns, bent on lynching Navy veteran Jimmy Stephenson because he defended his mother against blows from a white man.

"Men in uniform of the state of

Tennessee did this," Morton told me as we entered a shambles, once his casket display room. We were looking down on two-foot high letters KKK carefully marked with a white powder across the top of his most expensive casket.

All the casket linings were destroyed by the hoodlum patrolmen. They had poured quarts of red embalming fluid on the cloth and cut it with knives.

All windows of the Morton place were shot out, the venetian blinds smashed to splinters, floor lamps torn up and destroyed, books and records strewn to the four winds and a heavy



March 4, 1946

iron stove literally beaten apart. With fiendishness, these men, sworn to uphold law and order, ripped and tore the chapel draperies. Pieces of wreckage were on top of a Bible on the pulpit.

This is what I saw nine days after the Negro community had thwarted the lynching with a few shotguns, and

six days after two Negroes were shot to death by five patrolmen in the Maury County Jail. I went down into the one-block-long colored business section with the town's leading Negroes when they were permitted to return to their places of business without police passes.

Mr. Morton, 75-year-old Julius

Blair, his son Sol, a barber, and another son, Charles, drug store proprietor, guided me through the wreckage.

No wrecking job could have been more complete. The barber shop was a pile of junk, with all windows out, mirrors shattered and barber tools stolen. There are 34 bullet holes in front of the shop. Every juke box in East Eighth St. is smashed to bits and the money removed. One of these was in a little store owned by Earl McCaw.

It will cost thousands of dollars for Mr. Blair to reopen his drug store. All glass cases, the cash register, windows, juke box and chairs were beaten to rubble in Ivria Davisons restaurant. But he's open for business.

A state guard's bayonet was shoved through the music box in Charles Harris' refreshment store. The looters

stole \$50 from his till and carted off all his beer to the 20th Century Club several miles away, where they staged a "party."

Is the state planning compensation? No. Mr. Morton, a highly cultured man, the Blairs, Columbia's leading Negro citizens, and 13 others are out on bail ranging from \$250 to \$5,000 awaiting all-white grand jury action on charges of attempt to murder and carrying firearms.

The fact that the last 13 Negroes were granted the simple legal right to bail last Wednesday was considered a victory here. This gives a general idea of the hard fight ahead for freedom of all the innocent and heroic colored citizens and punishment of the white killers and gangster marauders.

FIGHTING JIM CROW IN SPORTS

For years, the National and American Leagues had a "Gentlemen's Agreement" to keep Negro players out of the game. This discrimination was challenged only by the Negro weeklies. With its birth in the fall of 1936, the sports section of the *Daily Worker* joined this fight. Its interview with Ford Frick, President of the National League, put on the record for the first time the fact that no written laws banned Negro players. The heat was then turned on the magnates, and on the high commissioner of baseball, the late Judge Kenesaw M. Landis. Landis in 1942 finally issued an official pronouncement that any single club was free to hire players regardless of color. On April 10, 1947, Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, announced tersely that the Dodgers had purchased the contract of Jackie Robinson, Negro ball player.

PAIGE ASKS CHANCE FOR NEGRO STARS

BY LESTER RODNEY

New York, September 16, 1937.

"Let the winners of the World's Series play us just one game at the Yankee Stadium—and if we don't beat them before a packed house they don't have to pay us!"

That was the challenge thrown by Satchell Paige, brilliant Negro pitcher. He was talking about the unwritten Jim-Crow restriction that keeps him and other Negro ball players from their rightful place in America's national pastime.

Paige didn't make that statement boastfully. It was made with a quiet confidence backed by the records.

"No all-star team of major leaguers has ever beaten a Negro team on the Pacific Coast in after-the-season games," he told me at his room in the Olga Hotel in Harlem.

"How many times have you beaten them out there, Satchell?" I asked.

He smiled. "I don't remember exactly—but they never beat me in four years trying. And they had some ball players trying. Joe DiMaggio, Charley Gehringer, Dizzy Dean, Pepper Martin, Babe Herman and others." Seriously he added, "There must be something wrong somewhere. Must be just a few men who don't want us to play big league ball. The players are O.K. and the crowds are with us."

"Say," he went on, "just let them take a vote of the baseball fans as to whether they want us in the game or not. I've been all over the country, and I know it would be 100-1 for us.

"And I don't think I'm saying too much when I say that the Yankee Sta-

dium wouldn't come close to holding the fans who would come out the first day Negro ball players went into action."

Lying on his bed next to the banjo he strums expertly was a copy of Monday's *Daily Worker* with DiMaggio's statement that he was the greatest pitcher of them all.

That tribute from the Yankees' great outfielder didn't surprise him, and he returned the compliment.

"Joe's a swell guy, and I rate him and Charley Gehringer the best batters I faced out there on the coast.

"Here's something for you. Two years ago when the Pittsburgh Pirates were in spring training at San Bernardino, California, we were playing games out there with our all-star Negro team. There was talk of an exhibition game between us and the Pirates. Well, the Pittsburgh manager turned the game down. And was frank about the reason. Said he was afraid the Pirates would lose the game and lose prestige. Said I don't think they could hit Paige."

"Did you bump into any warnings against playing or outright prejudice in your travels around the country?" I asked.

"Well," he said reminiscently, "some politician warned us not to tour the state of Texas once. Said Negro and white ball players on the same field down there would never be tolerated. We toured the state from one end to the other and you should have heard the crowd cheer us.

"They said we couldn't go into Texas and we did. Now the same peo-

ple are telling us that the people don't want us in the big leagues. . . ."

I asked Paige if he had been aware of the drive launched last spring by the *Daily* and *Sunday Worker* to have the Brooklyn Dodgers give him a trial.

"Yes," he answered. "I was out in Puerto Rico then, and heard about it. That was really starting something. When you keep talking about the issue and pressing it, it just is a question of time before the fans will want

to see the Negro stars and will demand them."

But Satchell is 29 years old and a little afraid that the break might come too late. I reminded him that Dazzy Vance, one of the greatest of all times, first got his regular big league chance at the age of 29, and hit his peak around 34.

"Hope I hit my peak at 34," he grinned, leaning back on his bed and stretching. "I don't think they can keep us out that long."

"ROBINSON'S A DODGER," THE GUY SAID

BY BILL MARDO

New York, April 11, 1947.

It was 3:13 on the big scoreboard clock at Ebbets Field. Montreal was coming to bat in the top of the sixth and I had just spilled a container of coffee across my typewriter. Les Rodney, seated alongside me, mumbled something that vaguely sounded like "sloppy" and I was ready to rub his nose into my wet cypaper when one of the scribes walked behind our chairs, tapped me on the shoulder and said simply: "Robinson's a Dodger." The words hung like that in mid-air. And then that mad dash to the other end of the press coop where someone was handing out small slips of paper which bore a single sentence: "The Brooklyn Dodgers today purchased the contract of Jackie Roosevelt Robinson from the Montreal Royals. Signed—Branch Rickey."

What's there to say? Good people everywhere fight and fight and fight for a bit of progress: then they win, and all of a sudden the words are

stuck in your throat. You feel elated in a strangely quiet way. You sit down at your typewriter and if words don't come at least the thoughts are there. In that funny, relaxed way.

Oh, there's so much you think of on a day like this. Your mind flits back to the day you first met Jackie Robinson and the pretty little girl who was soon to become his wife. And you remember Jackie's words just 48 hours after he'd signed to a Montreal contract. "I only hope that some day I can do some of the same good that Joe Louis has." And the pretty, quiet girl looked on with shining eyes.

And a half-year later . . . on a neat, sunbaked ballfield in Sanford, Florida, you and many other writers swarm around a Negro infielder as he comes out in Montreal uniform for the first time. The pleasant ease with which he handles himself, despite the terrific pressure which must feel like an anchor around his neck.

You remember him stepping into

the batting cage, all eyes on him, the sure swing of his bat and one thing you'll never forget. How on the third pitch he gave the ball a long, solid ride into the outfield . . . and the cow who continued to serenely chew the short grass even though a round baseball missed her head by inches.

You remember an almost unbelievably perfect day, that opening day last year for the International League and again the pressure hanging on one athlete down there on the ball-field. And as he hits first a home run, and then a single, and then a double, and steals base after base, and performs brilliantly everywhere, a good-meaning writer next to you says: "My God, Abe Lincoln musta' wrote the script today!"

And, if he did, Jackie Robinson was certainly dotting the "i's."

"I got bugs in my stomach," Jackie grinned. It was practice session 20 minutes before game time and the

stocky star was having his first look at Ebbets Field. He already knew from a brief conversation with Branch Rickey earlier that he was going to be brought up to the Dodgers—but he didn't know it would be later that same day. Yes, he was as tight as a drum, plainly nervous. He'd been sick, and he kinda hoped it wouldn't stop him from having a good day for all the kids who were cheering his every move out there in practice.

So these are some of the things you think about as you try and relax over the news of Jackie Robinson. Simple, mostly pleasant things. There's time tomorrow to answer some of the foolishness that I suppose will be uttered in the usual corners.

There's time tomorrow to remember that the good fight goes on. But, for today, let's just sit back and feel easy and warm. As that fellow in the press box said: "Robinson's a Dodger —and it's a great day, isn't it?"

GAMBLING WITH MINERS' LIVES

On March 25, 1947, the mine fields of Centralia, Ill., were rocked by an explosion. It was the worst mine disaster in our history. The death toll was 111 miners. One year earlier, on March 3, 1946, Republican Governor Dwight H. Green of Illinois had ignored a request by those miners for action to make the mines safe.

BY RUBY COOPER

Centralia, Ill., April 5, 1947.

Driscoll A. Scanlan, mine inspector

for the sovereign State of Illinois, looked straight and hard at the ring of newspapermen feverishly jotting

down every syllable of his story. The story of how 111 miners died needlessly here—and why.

“Had you done this reporting before the accident, I could probably have prevented it,” he said bitterly. And the record bears him out.

Turn back the calendar. It is March 13, 1946. In an office in the State House at Springfield, capital of the State, sits Director Medill, appointee of Gov. Dwight Green, and warm collaborator of mine operators like the Bell & Zoller Co., owner of the death-trap mine, Centralia, No. 5.

Facing him is Inspector Scanlan, who had submitted report after report predicting an explosion at No. 5 Mine, because of its dangerous conditions.

Medill was angry. In his hands he held a copy of a letter sent to Governor Green by the officers of Local 52, United Mine Workers, in which they pleaded with the governor, “To please save our lives.”

Once before, on March 14, 1945, Scanlan had begged Medill, with tears in his eyes, to shut down the No. 5 Mine.

“If the dust becomes ignited, there will be an explosion that will spread throughout the mine and probably kill every man,” he warned.

Medill gave Scanlan a cold look and a colder answer:

“We’ll just have to take that chance.”

Now, a year later, but still one year before the disaster at No. 5 Mine, Medill had summoned Scanlan again.

“Cut down the size of your reports,” Medill told him bluntly. “Those damn ‘Hunks’ down at this mine wouldn’t know the condition of the mine, if you didn’t call it to their attention.”

Then, as Scanlan was leaving, Medill gave him a parting warning: “I think you understand now what kind of reports I want to come in here.”

Scanlan knew his job wasn’t safe, but he also knew what coal mining was like. He kept on sending in reports on the mine’s unsafe condition. Medill put Ben Shaw, Illinois Coal Operators’ representative in touch with Scanlan.

Shaw had a copy of one of Scanlan’s reports before him.

“You have no authority to recommend the installation of sprinklers,” Shaw burst out. He warned Scanlan to “withdraw the recommendation.”

Scanlan stuck to his guns.

“The dust in Mine No. 5 is so dense that a blown up cable might start it off,” he wrote. “Or blasting that is done in this mine might do it.”

They knew he was telling the truth. They knew the records showed the mine had once been shut down briefly—in April, 1945—because of its dangerous condition.

They knew they were violating all safety laws in their hunger to dig coal for profits without regard for the lives of the miners. They knew the dust could easily be ignited and set off just such an explosion as did take place on Sunday, March 27.

They knew blasting and firing in the mine was being done before the miners left the mine, in violation of the law. They knew more than 100 men were working to one air split, another clear violation of the law.

So it happened. Now No. 5 mine is deserted and still. Scanlan says parts of it couldn’t have been worse wrecked by an atom bomb. The bodies of 111 miners have been hoisted up

from the tangled wreckage and buried.

And Scanlan faces the world again with tears in his eyes to tell why it happened. Scanlan probably never opened Volume I of *Capital*, the great work of Karl Marx. He probably never heard of Leonard Horner, the British factory inspector whose reports caused Marx to say: "A monument should be erected to Horner."

The blunt words of Driscoll Scanlan in his straight-talking reports to Medill and the operators will nevertheless be his historic monument.

It happened, he said, because "companies like the Centralia Coal Co., which do not correct dangerous conditions in the mines, count dollars ahead of human lives."

THE MARSHALL PLAN

On June 5, 1947, Secretary of State Marshall, in a speech at Harvard University, proposed American economic aid to countries accepting certain undisclosed conditions. He said: "Our plan is directed not against any country or doctrine." In September, 1947, a meeting was held in Paris by the big powers, ostensibly to map the economic reconstruction of Europe through Marshall's plan. At this meeting, the Soviet delegation revealed the political conditions that had to be accepted by any country getting U.S. aid. These conditions, the Soviet delegation revealed, would deprive the receiving country of the right to determine its economic, political and social life. The plan rapidly developed as the economic and military extension of the Truman "cold war" to "halt Communism."

The *Daily Worker* alone, after studying the plan, charged that it represented a scheme for Big Business domination of other countries and their rearmament for war against the Soviet Union. The top leaders of both the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. declared support for the Marshall Plan. It was also greeted by Hitler's financial adviser, Hjalmar Schacht.

THE RUHR — CAN LIBERALS SUPPORT REVIVAL OF REICH TRUSTS?

BY MILTON HOWARD

New York, July 18, 1947.

Ten days ago, when most of the country accepted the notion that the Marshall Plan was a genuine aid-to-

Europe proposition, this paper warned that the revival of German industrial war power was the heart of that plan.

At that time, we said: "What the Marshall Plan really is will be swiftly

revealed by coming events not only to its opponents but also to its supporters. It is a plan to make the German Ruhr the heart of a 'revived' Europe." (*Daily Worker*, July 7, 1947.)

This week's announcement that Washington has instructed our military government in Germany to disregard the Potsdam Agreement and concentrate on reviving the enormous heavy industry of the German Ruhr dramatically confirms our warning.

The Marshall Plan is unfolding not as a genuine reconstruction of Europe, a reconstruction which every thoughtful American must favor.

It is unfolding as a deliberate revival of the war-breeding industrial power of German monopoly, as an American alliance with the old Nazi cartels and banks, an alliance in which Wall Street becomes the master.

Hailed by American progressives as the kind of thing they quite properly desire—the rebuilding of Europe and the stimulation of American production—the Marshall Plan is being revealed piece by piece as another phase in the historic reversal of American policy begun by the notorious Truman Doctrine. Everywhere, we are deserting the allies who stood with us in the camp of democracy.

We are regrouping ourselves with the fascism we just helped to conquer.)

Are the progressives of the nation ready to underwrite the revival of the sinister German industrialists as the backbone of American world policy?

American Communists share with all progressives the same desire to see a vast rebuilding of the ravaged world,

a desire to see American economy pumping its magnificent production into the arteries of world trade for the rebuilding of the cities ruined by the Axis.

But we would be false to our vision and to the harsh reality of the Truman-Marshall Doctrine if we did not emphasize to the country the gap between the Marshall pretension and the Truman-Marshall deeds.

Writing in the liberal daily *PM*, Max Lerner said the other day: "If we use our money to rebuild German heavy industry, we will do so at the expense of the rest of Europe. We will be freezing the results of the German industrial conquest of Europe. . . . We can so arrange things that Germany will be run for the benefit of Germany and the future warlords of Germany. Or we can arrange things that Germany will be run for the benefit of Europe and for the future democratic Socialism of Europe" (July 15).

What becomes of this reasoning today in the face of the new instructions sent by the State, War and Navy Departments to General Lucius D. Clay, military governor of the U.S. zone, placing the revival of German heavy industry, under U.S. control, as the new goal? What becomes of the expectation that Secretary Marshall will lead Europe to "democratic Socialism"?

Whether the Hoover Plan is replacing the Marshall, or whether the Marshall Plan was anything but the Hoover plan in disguise is not important now.

Can Washington support for the German Nazi industrialists mean anything but a rise of anti-Semitism here?



November 6, 1947

Can progressivism support a policy which makes inevitable a clash between Washington and the socialist aspirations of the British people, not to speak of their fears of a new rise of

German aggression in the future?

If American liberalism evades these questions it prepares the way for its own rapid destruction at the hands of an emerging native fascism.

BILLION-DOLLAR EMPIRE SCHEME FOR EUROPE

BY JAMES S. ALLEN

New York, June 14, 1947.

The word is out that Europe must

organize itself, and Britain has been designated as the political organizer. As the junior partner Britain is as-

sured the role of political policeman, but the Bloc itself, is to be a solid dollar bloc.

It is hoped to kill two birds with one stone: to organize the Western Bloc which thus far has proven elusive, and to bring this bloc under the control of the United States.

Once a single agency has been established, which is to determine the needs and allocate the dollars, the United States would presumably be willing to extend up to five billion dollars annually to keep the thing going.

Instead of separate loans to Britain, France or German Bizonia a lump sum will be advanced, which in turn will be allocated to the various units of the new dollar empire in Europe.

This is planning on a grandiose scale, so grandiose that it overlooks the innumerable and insuperable obstacles that have thus far prevented even much smaller projects of regional planning in Western Europe.

For the past six months, the merged Anglo-American zone in Germany has been run as a joint undertaking—but conditions there remain chaotic, unorganized, unplanned and critical. The West German government that has just been set up under the guise

of an Economic Council, remains as precarious and unstable as conditions in West Germany, and is moreover subject to the constant tug-of-war between Britain and the United States for control of the Ruhr.

Since the end of the war, Britain has been attempting to bring about an economic union of Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg, but this has not even reached the first stage of a customs union. The project for an Anglo-French economic union has fared even worse.

And in France, despite the ousting of the Communists from the Government, the prospect of winning the people for a West European bloc under American domination is dim, to say the least.

But this is the scheme seriously being worked up in Washington. We now see more clearly what is in back of the officially inspired fury over Hungary and the constant talk of the "failure" of the Moscow Conference. The Truman Doctrinaires would have us believe that a settlement with the Soviet Union is impossible, so that they can proceed with their scheme for taking over various parts of the world.

HOW THE BANK PRESIDENT WANTED TO HELP ASTORIA'S UNCLE

BY ROB F. HALL.

Washington, July 20, 1947.

"This is Uncle Harry," said Astoria. "Be nice to him. He's one of our cash customers. He reads the *Worker*."

I looked Uncle Harry over. He was

lean, grizzled and regarded the world with a quizzical eye. And, believe it or not, he had white chin whiskers.

"What's on Uncle Harry's mind?" I asked.

"The Marshall Plan, what else!"



December 15, 1947

said Astoria. "He wants to talk about it."

"Why, it's a threat to the sovereignty and independence of small nations," I said, adopting my best editorial tone. "It jeopardizes their integrity. It—"

I noticed Uncle Harry's attention had wandered. He was gazing out my office window toward the stately dome of the nation's Capitol.

"Don't you agree?" I asked Uncle Harry.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Uncle Harry. "What I've read about the Marshall Plan reminds me of a story."

I looked at my watch. "Gee, Uncle Harry, I've got to go," I began.

"Take it easy, pal," said Astoria. "This story will do you good. You and your long words!"

I subsided in my chair and Uncle Harry began.

"It was back in 1933 and times were hard for us farmers. I owned 160 acres of good bottom land but

with 12-cent cotton and 50-cent corn, I hadn't been able to put aside a thing for seed, feed and fertilizer.

"I went into town to see Walter Street, president of the Farmers and Mechanics Bank. 'Mr. Street,' I said, 'I want to make a loan.'

"Mr. Street looked over his spectacles at me and said, 'Well, Harry, I might be able to do something for you. You've always been a good risk, paid your debts, and your reputation as a hard worker is pretty fair around here. I'll let you have \$1,500 but you'll have to agree to help yourself by fulfilling some conditions.'

"I asked him what conditions, and he said, 'Oh, nothing very serious,' and began listing them.

"First, you'll have to cut down that stand of timber on your southeast 40. I'll buy the logs for my sawmill, paying you a price I consider fair.

"Then you'll have to sell me your three milk cows. You can buy canned milk from my commissary, you know. You won't need your pasture, so you'll plow that up and sow it in cotton. That reminds me, Harry,' he said, 'you've been sending your cotton to the Red Star gin instead of ours. You'll have to change that.

"Then I'll expect you to plant that north field in peanuts instead of corn. Now you've got to open a road through your cowlot so I can get to a piece of ground sown without having to go a half mile around. I know it cuts your land up but it will be more convenient to me.'

"I asked Mr. Street if that was all. 'No,' he said, 'I want it understood that I can come over any time and supervise your work without being prosecuted for trespassing. Also I

hear you're planning to install a bath-tub in your home. That won't do, Harry. That's an extravagance. The old wash-tub was good enough for your daddy and it ought to be good enough for you.'

"I told him my children sort of wanted that bath-tub. 'Don't make any difference,' Mr. Street said. 'Your children must be satisfied with what the good Lord and Walter Street gives them. As a matter of fact you should stop your kids from associating with that shiftless Redder family down south of you. First thing you know, your daughter will be marrying that trifling Kim Redder who has all those radical ideas. And, Harry, I absolutely will not permit that.'

"Anything else," I asked Mr. Street.

"Well, I might as well be frank with you, Harry,' he said. 'Some of us don't like the fact you voted for that poor white trash candidate for sheriff last year. We are going to run Clarence McKellar for sheriff and we expect you and your wife to vote for him next May.'

"Of course I was boiling mad by this time, but I didn't let on. I looked old Street in the eye and said, 'You're mighty good to me, Mr. Street. Now if I do agree to all these things can I get the \$1,500 right away?'

"Oh, no,' said Street. 'First it will have to be approved by the bank's board of directors and as you know they are rather reluctant about making loans outside the family right now.'

"Then he looked at me sharply, and said, 'Well, Harry, do you want to sign the papers now?'

"I got to my feet and said: 'Not to my dying day, Walt Street. You take



December 6, 1947

that \$1,500 loan and stick it up your hollow tree.'

"And then I walked out and slammed the door. Of course, I and the wife and kids had a hard year but we made it. And I've never regretted my decision for a moment.

"And that, sonny, is the way decent people are thinking about this Marshall Plan. I'll be seeing you, Astoria." Before I could blink an eye, Uncle Harry was gone.

I glanced at Astoria. "Is he really your uncle?" I asked.

"Of course," said Astoria. "Why do you ask?"

"I just remembered why his face was familiar. With that grizzled face and those chin whiskers, he is the exact image of that well-known character of the cartoons. You know who I mean—Uncle Sam!"

"Yes," said Astoria, quietly. "The real Uncle Sam."

"PETE" CACCHIONE AS I KNEW HIM

BY BENJAMIN J. DAVIS,
COMMUNIST COUNCILMAN,
CITY OF NEW YORK

November 16, 1947.

A disastrous loss has been suffered by the working class and common people of America, and by the Communist Party, in the untimely death of Comrade Peter V. Cacchione. We are too close to him to evaluate fully the gap that this mighty spirit has left in our ranks. History alone can mark a proper epitaph. But in the City Council, in the Communist Party, and among the people of Brooklyn who three times and with increasing votes sent him to represent them, his absence will soon enough be felt.

It is too little known that Peter V. Cacchione was the leader of the perennial battle to save the five-cent fare. Others who also became vigorous opponents of a raise in the nickel

fare, sometimes got the sole credit. But it was Pete who personally symbolized the vision and leadership of the battle, organizing and inspiring others to struggle and doing so through a tireless mobilization of facts, of mass pressure, of evidence, that the bankers and real estate interests could not ignore.

The present Muzzicato state law, which gives the voters of New York the right of referendum on any raise in fare, was largely a result of the avalanche of protests Pete inspired against the greedy Wall Street bondholders. His testimony at the Board of Estimate hearing last February, before the Mayor and the Board decided to betray this people's cause, was of such excellence that some of the same men, who now lead the betrayal, thanked him for his valuable contributions. The millions of sub-



November 16, 1941

way riders and straphangers will miss Pete now.

Pete possessed a genius for knowing what the workers and their families needed and wanted and he marshalled the facts—he dug up the truth from the burial place in which the financial plunderers had hidden it—to use it in behalf of the people. He had, despite severely defective eyesight, a remarkable mastery of the financial and governmental structure of the city, state and nation. His encyclopedic knowledge on the number of housing units needed by the veterans and their families, the catalogue of births and deaths in New York in any given year, the utility rates in every major city of the country, and a dozen additional fields settled many a controversial point in the City Council.

Few bills of Pete's, or any other progressive councilman, ever were

passed. But his presence in the Council was a people's searchlight trained upon every act of the Council, and his enormous influence was indelibly stamped on every progressive measure enacted by that body.

Pete was a worker, and he lived and breathed the ups and downs of the working man and his family. He remained close to the people, and nothing could break his ties with them. Each new penny that milk climbed higher, was another pinch of exploitation that he with millions of workers felt so bitterly, and it sent him into a rage. The beating of a little Jewish boy or the lynching of a Negro, he felt upon his own back.

The only battles between us in the City Council would be when I, instead of him, would rise to the defense of the Negro people. Once, when one of the Councilmen objected to a resolution on Negro History Week, Pete

took the floor and for 20 minutes outlined the 300-year history of Negroes in America in such a manner that the whole Council was spellbound. The astounded parliamentarians, overwhelmed by Pete's scholarship, forgot to avail themselves of the 10-minute limit on debate. The resolution passed.

Pete's rise was the rise of the American working class to new heights of political consciousness. He represented the highest type of working-class and Communist leadership.

Pete was a statesman. Having the modesty and basic soundness of his class, he infused with that the science of Marxism-Leninism, and transformed it into the first victory of a Communist elected to public office in the United States. He was a symbol

of the greatness of the American working class and its potentialities. He was, above all else, a revolutionary with an unshakable confidence in the victory of Socialism.

The tributes paid to him upon his death will never be forgotten. Neither will the slanders that the vile monopolist press and its agents heaped upon him and his party be forgotten. We shall struggle on for peace, security and democracy—for the America and its people he loved so well. We shall be unsparing in the fight against fascism and war. Few men enjoyed, as I did, the privilege of working so closely with such a great American. His name will endure when the flow of history shall have washed away the names of the lilliputians that now misrule the destiny of America!

THE TAFT-HARTLEY LAW

In 1947, the Republican-dominated 80th Congress decided to nullify most of the provisions of the pro-labor Wagner Act of 1935 and the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Law of 1932. With the co-operation of 126 Democrats, the Republicans passed the Taft-Hartley Law which revives injunctions, prohibits mass picketing, allows the hiring of scabs in strikes, makes unions financially liable to employer court action and splits the trade unions on the basis of "loyalty" affidavits.

THE PATTERN FOR DISRUPTION

BY GEORGE MORRIS

New York, April 6, 1947.

The United States Chamber of Commerce has revealed itself as the real directing center of the disruptive

factional activities within the labor movement.

The Chamber frankly reveals the real plan to infiltrate, seize and company-unionize unions in its pamphlet

called *Communists Within the Labor Movement*.

No camouflage. No fancy double-meaning words. The instructions are plain. To managements, how to circumvent the Wagner Act and cooperate with company pets in labor ranks. To stooges within the labor movement, how to disrupt a union through internal strife.

The target, of course, are the progressive unions which the Chamber calls "Communist-dominated." But that is only the entrance wedge for an up-to-date union-smashing formula.

We will show that:

The Chamber's instructions are a perfect description of factional Red-baiting activities within the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, auto, shipbuilding, marine and other unions.

The Chamber's instructions have also been followed to the last detail in recent White House orders for a "loyalty" purge of government workers.

The Chamber is the real inspiration for the recent rash of secession movements in a number of C.I.O. unions.

The Chamber is main headquarters for the Hitler-like cry for a witch-hunt in books, films, radio and education.

The Chamber is working with Trotskyites, Socialists and Social-Democrats.

The Chamber's manual conforms in every detail to similar instructions issued last year through Social Democrat (right-wing Socialist) Leo Cherne's Research Institute of America, a labor relations service. It is based on the thesis that unions can be made ineffective through internal

disruption and the so-called war on "Communism" provides the entrance wedge for company stooges.

This is a modern version of the industrial espionage service widely used in days when unions were still few and weak.

Instructions for promotion of factional activity begin with a section called "the worker fights Communism." The employer is warned that his hand must not be seen because it would be "fatal" for the boss-favored group if discovered. The employer is also warned against "two temptations" — "providing the anti-Communist faction with funds," and open "relaxation of plant discipline" against "employer pets in the shop."

The employer is advised to steer a policy that would encourage the organization of a "machine" of the "best fighters against reds," prompted by "patriotism, religion and unionism." The Chamber lays its hope on conservative groups among workers but deplores that many of them have no "experience." It is therefore suggested that:

"As their allies they may have some proletarian groups such as Socialists and Social Democrats, and non-Stalinist Communist groups."

The Chamber assures its member managements that they needn't fear the Trotskyites — "non-Stalinist Communists"—and Socialists.

Ironically, the Chamber's handbook was prepared by its "Committee on Socialism and Communism." But, it explains, the "Socialist variety of collectivism" is not serious because it is "not a strongly organized movement here." The "zeal" comes from the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists

for which the Chamber expresses a special love.

With composition of the caucus settled, the Chamber passes to "Tactics in the Struggle" in an imaginary "communist-dominated" local:

"They met quietly in one another's houses, while holding the Communists in check from meeting to meeting, and worked out a slate for the next election. Each member canvassed throughout the entire plant and built up strength for a particular candidate, but no indication was given that these candidates were part of a unified slate. At the last minute, a merger was effected and the strength controlled by each member of the caucus was thrown to all the candidates in the group. The Communists were caught off guard and soundly defeated."

Having taken over a local, the friends of the Chamber are advised to "contact similar groups in their union and also non-Communist locals of other unions in their region." This will enable them to "pool information," and assist each other in "passing out literature, organizing demonstrations and exposing local Communist concentrations."

Those appear to be the only kind of leaflets and demonstrations that the Chamber has ever favored.

"Consolidation of Power" is the next chapter in the union-busting handbook. The "decent new officers" are advised that the deposed "reds" won't give up so readily and that both management and local officers must collaborate to eliminate them.

Within the union, the "decent officers" are urged to conduct meetings with "firmness" against "Communists"

and become experts in parliamentary art.

"In this regard, it would be a fatal mistake to disband the caucus which originally won the election. The caucus can ensure attendance of meetings, enter into preliminary discussion of important points, and arrange disciplined voting to table Communist-inspired nuisance or political motions."

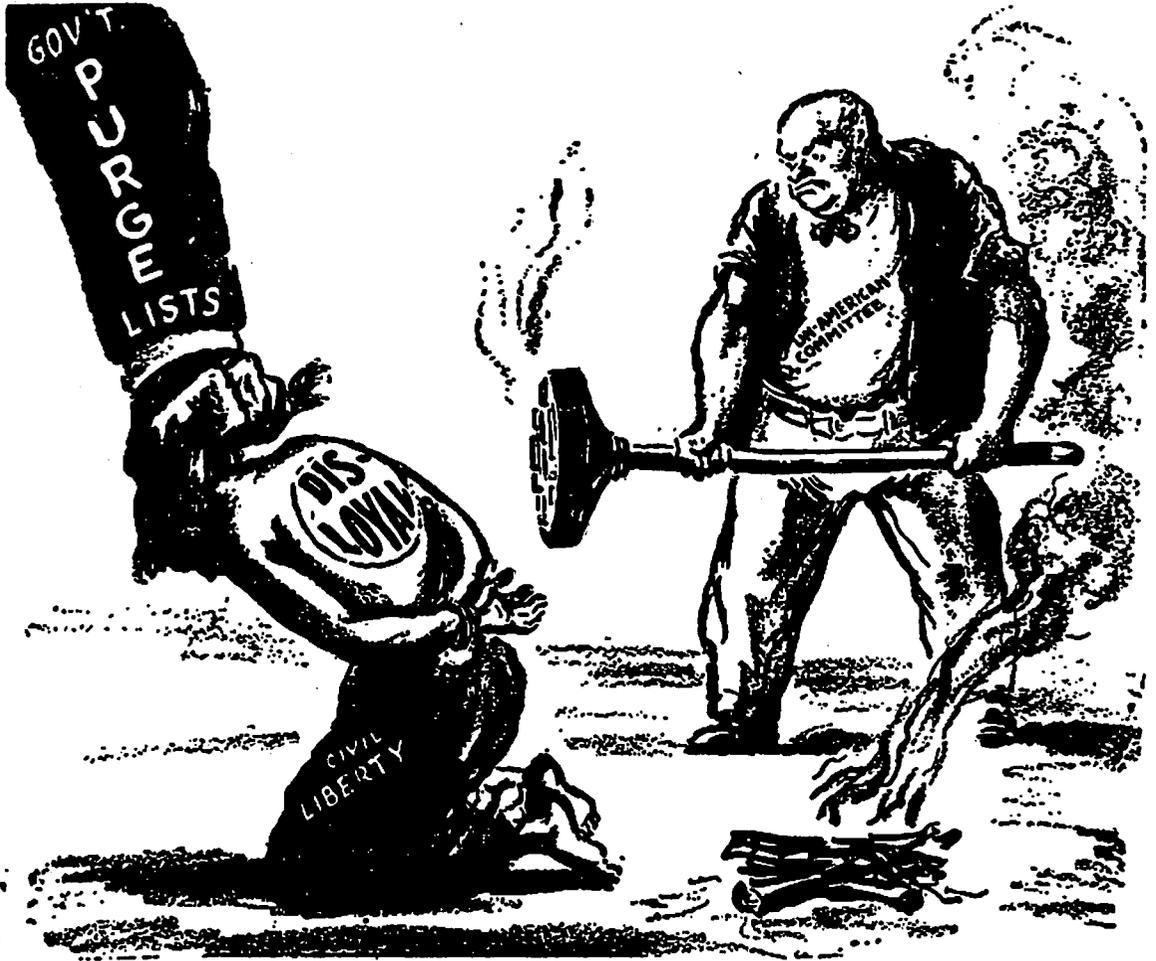
The Chamber suggests charging that Communists "neglect" union work because they are too busy with party work. It proposes whispering campaigns about "Communist infiltration." The absence of proof of Communist membership needn't be a source of worry, since such charges will have effect with "those discriminating enough to weigh the evidence."

The employer should be careful not to appear to be interfering in the internal affairs of the union, the Chamber advises. He can, however, create a favorable atmosphere for his friends among the workers as follows:

"Such intervention might be resented. He can be well satisfied if the general atmosphere is hostile to Communism.

"Of course, if some outside group with no economic interest in the company is attacking Communism, this is a piece of good fortune for the employer. Thus, for example, veterans and church groups have often been concerned with the problem."

This explains the rash of outfits throughout the country with tremendous but mysterious sources of funds, that are engaged in dishing out millions of leaflets and pamphlets against labor and "Communism." These are sold to employers in wholesale lots for mailing or distribution to employees.



December 16, 1947

Thus, the employer is not directly involved. This also explains why there is such a tremendous market for Red-baiting books in this country. Publishers are giving top priority for lies against the Soviet Union or against the new democracies of Europe. Stool-pigeon reports like those of Louis Budenz and of Trotskyite, Socialist or Social-Democratic authors are especially wanted.

Communism is no more the issue today than it was when the great eight-hour movement of the eighties swept the country or at any time workers drove for better conditions. But the services of experts in the art of Red-baiting are always brought out to put a red tag on any one or anything progressive. This is relied upon by reactionaries as a weapon to divert and confuse the struggle and defeat it.

COMMUNISTS FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY

BY MEL FISKE

Washington, September 16, 1948.

Communists are the most conscious supporters of democracy and the most loyal and devoted Americans in the United States, Ben Gold, C.I.O. Fur and Leather Workers Union president, today told the two-man House subcommittee investigating "Communist influences" in the fur industry.

In a heated exchange with Rep. Wingate Lucas (D-Tex.), Gold declared that the Communists will "fight to the death any fascist conspiracy to overthrow our democratically-elected government in our country."

He outlined the methods used by the manufacturers to break the union and maintain the split engendered between the right- and left-wing furriers by the bosses.

"Were these men promoting violence Communists?" Schwabe asked, interrupting Gold. Gold flared up.

"No, these men were gunmen. Communists don't believe in force and violence. The Communists fought against the use of force and violence."

Later Gold enlarged on this statement, when Schwabe asked him the same question.

"No one in our union uses force and violence. If he did he'd be expelled. There's no one in our union who would advocate the use of such fascist tactics," he said vigorously.

"We're opposed to force and violence by any group to overthrow any democratic government. That's fascism," he declared.

"Since Communists use force and

violence, you'd say they were the same as fascists?" Schwabe asked.

"I didn't say that. Communists don't believe in force and violence," he replied sharply.

"Then you'd say you were opposed to communism," Schwabe insisted.

"No, I'm not opposed to communism. I'm opposed to fascism. The fascists use force and violence," Gold maintained.

"Do you think Communism can be beneficial to the people," Schwabe continued.

Gold hauled out a newspaper clipping and quoted from an interview with Bishop Dunn who said that communism was beneficial to European workers.

Angered when Lucas asked him whether he was a Communist, Gold pointed a finger at him and boomed: "I object to your question. It violates every conception of our precious principle of democracy in this country. But it's a matter of record, and I've never denied it; I have been a member of the Communist Party for 25 years and I'm proud of it."

And when Lucas asked him whether he would fight for the United States in a war against the Soviet Union, Gold cried out:

"Do you want war? I want peace. War is death to our country. I stand for the United Nations and every effort to achieve peace. Why go to war against Russia? For what? Just to take a gun and shoot Russians? Why?"

Lucas, his face crimson, shouted: "And if the Russians attack us?" ..

"The Russians will never attack us. They don't provoke wars. It's the American munitions makers who provoke wars. Our country is still being

bled by them. They made billions in profits and they want more," Gold exclaimed.

NEGRO MOTHER OF 12 FACES ELECTRIC CHAIR

Outside Ellaville, Georgia, a town of 1,000, a white farmer was killed in a scuffle on November 4, 1947, by two Negro youths after he'd threatened their mother with a rifle. Three months later, Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram, mother of 12, and her sons, Wallace, 17, and Sammie, 14, were convicted by an all-white jury, and sentenced to die in the electric chair. The news of this atrocious miscarriage of justice finally leaked outside the Iron Curtain of Jim-Crow Georgia, and soon the *Daily Worker* was printing the full facts of the case. The Communist Party, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, labor unions, churches and other groups all across the nation protested this "Georgia Justice." The death sentence was reversed by the Georgia Supreme Court and a life sentence imposed. The fight still continues for the Ingrams' freedom.

BY HARRY RAYMOND

Ellaville, Ga., February 22, 1948.

Tears welled up in Mrs. Geneva Rushia's wide brown eyes when she spoke of her mother.

"I saw her in the Albany jail," she said suppressing a sob. "I took her some clothes. She is brave and tells me not to worry. But to think of her waiting there—such a good mamma—waiting to go to the electric chair. And my brothers, Wallace and Sammie—they're just children—sentenced to die, too."

Others had told me earlier how Mrs. Rosa Lee Ingram, widowed Negro

mother, and her two teen-age sons were forced to subdue John E. Stratford, neighboring white farmer, when he came into the field last November threatening to kill Mrs. Ingram with a rifle.

Stratford was felled by a blow on the head and died. The Ingrams were condemned to death last month by an all-white Schley County jury. Execution date, originally scheduled for February 27, has been stayed pending action on a motion for a new trial.

I knew these facts when I arrived in southern Georgia a week ago. But one cannot measure the full depth of

this terrible tragedy of Jim-Crow justice without knowledge of the hidden facts of the case—facts that no major newspaper or news service in the nation made the slightest effort to ascertain and publish.

To get the true story of the case I spent a week visiting and interviewing Negro tenant farmers and sharecroppers along the red clay back roads of Schley and Sumter Counties. Sam Hill, leading Negro farmer of Sumter County, gave me my first piece of startling news.

"Mrs. Ingram is the mother of 12 children," he said. "When the officers came to the Ingram farm and carried away Mrs. Ingram, all covered with blood from the beating from that white farmer, and arrested the four older boys, seven little ones, the youngest 17 months and the oldest 11, were left behind in that farm house with nobody to care for them."

Mr. and Mrs. Hill went over to the Ingram farm when they learned of the arrest of Mrs. Ingram and the boys and brought the seven little Ingrams to the Hill farm for safe-keeping.

Mrs. Rushia, 24-year-old daughter of the condemned mother, her husband Sam Rushia and their children, Sammie, 4, and Rosa, 2, hurried back from Florida, quitting work in the bean harvest, to take care of the stranded Ingram children.

It was in a small one-story, three-room house on the Hill farm that I talked to the Rushias and Charles In-

gram, 17-year-old boy who was arrested with his mother but acquitted of the murder charge.

Rushia and Charles Ingram were fighting a threatening brush fire when we drove up. Mrs. Rushia, a slender woman with warm dark eyes and a beautiful, intelligent face, came out to greet us. Seventeen-month-old Robert Lee Ingram was in her arms. Trailing behind her were Frankie May Ingram, 3, John Ingram, 5, Walter Lee Ingram, 6, Dollie May Ingram, 7, Marcella Ingram, 9, James Frank Ingram, 11, and her own two children.

We stood for a moment, stunned by the scene. The children were barefooted. My friend who drove me up in the car was thinking; I too thought—here was Heartbreak House. Here's why men must stand up and fight.

My friend spoke first. "We've collected some money in Americus and Atlanta and we'll get some milk and other food out here for the kids," he said.

"Oh, we need it bad," said Mrs. Rushia. "But we would have had enough if Mr. C. M. Dillinger, mamma's landlord, hadn't taken our milk cow, a calf, our 15 hogs and the whole crop of corn, cotton, cane and peppers. The only things he would let us take from the farm were our house furniture and our mule. And the mule ran away yesterday."

"Tell them up in New York," a local Negro leader told me, "that this is another Scottsboro case."

PACKINGHOUSE BURIES A STRIKE VICTIM

The C.I.O. Packinghouse Workers strike of 1948 was an effort to win a "third round" wage increase. The union counted on the support of the C.I.O. to help it. The union carried the fight for 10 weeks without adequate support by other unions. The workers had to return with no more than the nine-cent hourly raise that was offered them. Some of the strike battles were very bitter. Three strikers were killed before the struggle was over.

BY RUBY COOPER

Chicago, April 25, 1948.

The procession of slowly walking packinghouse workers extended as far as the eye could see.

Bustling Ashland Ave., the hub of Packingtown, paused. Thousands lined the sidewalks. Here and there a woman's hand moved to wipe away a tear.

An ordinary, unsung packinghouse worker was on his way to burial. The packinghouse workers and community were paying their final respects to Santo Cicardo—killed on the picket-line at the Armour soap works.

Little was said; words weren't necessary. They knew why 38-year-old Santo Cicardo was dead, leaving behind a brave widow and distressed 12-year-old daughter.

The words had been spoken the night before at a memorial meeting of 5,000. It was "murder perpetrated by the greed of the meat trust backed up by Chicago police power," all the speakers had said.

That was the widow's verdict, too. Her eyes still swollen from tearful grief, Mrs. Cicardo sat on the black-draped outdoor meeting platform and

told newsmen: "I think it was murder."

Despite her mourning, she was there because she knew her husband would want her to stand with the packinghouse workers at whose side he fought. "He knew he had to do his part in the union," she said simply. "He thought they were entitled to a raise."

It wasn't easy to talk. Clinging to her was the now fatherless daughter. Just being there was her story—filled in later by a packinghouse worker who described how she had ejected representatives of Armour & Co. when they piously came to her home after her husband's death.

"I know you too well," she had told them. "Santo worked for you too long. We couldn't get along on his wages, and now he's dead because he asked for more money."

The packinghouse strike was rounding out its sixth week. Santo Cicardo had fallen in the battle—a victim of the strikebreaking violence unleashed by the packers as it moved to the showdown.

Led by a color guard of uniformed

Negro and white veterans, the heads-bared packinghouse workers moved through Packingtown, Saturday morning in tribute to the slain striker on his way to the final resting place. Negro and white workers walked side by side.

The destination of the mass funeral was reached. They surged into the ball park of the Back of the Yard

Council and lined up deeply at the street's edge.

Slowly, the hearse with Cicardo's body and family cars drove by on their way to the cemetery. The color guard dipped the flag.

Hats were brought up over hearts. The packinghouse workers gave the final salute to their dead hero.

AN UN-AMERICAN COMMITTEE

Martin Dies (D.—Texas), in the Congress of 1937-38, organized the Dies Committee for the investigation of "un-American" activities. The purpose of the committee was to undermine the New Deal and Roosevelt's friendship policy with the Soviet Union. The committee was frequently praised by the Nazis, and was backed in this country by the Du Ponts, Charles Lindbergh, the America-First Committee and other groups favoring friendship with Nazi Germany. President Roosevelt denounced the committee's investigations as "a sordid procedure." Henry Wallace, Roosevelt's vice-president, said: "As a matter of fact, the effect on our morale would be less damaging if Mr. Dies were on the Hitler payroll." After Martin Dies was defeated in the election of November, 1944, the committee was reconstructed and made permanent on the motion of Rep. John E. Rankin of Mississippi, notorious for his white supremacy position.

The Republican Party took control of the committee, which began to carry out the program Dies had failed to carry out. The committee launched the notorious Hollywood probe and the investigation of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. It cited for contempt Eugene Dennis, General Secretary of the Communist Party, 10 Hollywood writers, 11 members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, and Gerhart Eisler, German anti-fascist refugee. These received jail sentences ranging from three months to three years, on "contempt" and other charges. The committee drafted the Mundt-Nixon Bill which would in effect outlaw the Communist Party. This bill was temporarily defeated by popular protest. To hide its political maneuvers, the committee launched a tremendous "spy scare" in the press.

DID "UN-AMERICANS" THOMAS, MUNDT, AND RANKIN AID AXIS PROPAGANDA?

BY ART SHIELDS

New York, April 6, 1947.

The three leading members of the Committee on Un-American Activities encouraged Nazi propaganda in the United States.

J. Edgar Hoover, F.B.I. chief, who works with this committee, is well aware of this fact.

The record of the pro-Axis activities of the three chief inquisitors can be found in black and white in the files of the Congressional Library and in Hoover's own Department of Justice.

The names of John Parnell Thomas (R.—N.J.), Chairman of the Committee; Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota, the so-called "strong man" on the Republican side, and John E. Rankin (D.—Miss.), the leading Democrat, appear on documents which the Department of Justice used in obtaining convictions against Axis agents.

Articles by Thomas and Mundt, for instance, were featured in *Scribner's Commentator*, the American "Nazi bible," whose editor, Ralph Townsend, went to prison as an Axis agent after millions of copies of this poisonous sheet were distributed to soldiers and civilians.

Rankin's aid to Nazi agents is a matter of court record. The Department of Justice sent the Ku Kluxish Mississippian's name to the jury in the trial of George Hill, an agent of George Sylvester Viereck, Nazi propagandist.

Rankin was listed by the Department with a group of other Congressmen who let Hill use their free mailing

privileges for the distribution of Nazi literature.

Hill and Viereck went to prison—for what they had done with the help of the pro-Axis Congressmen. But Rankin, Rep. Hamilton Fish and other Congressional confederates are still at large. They'd have fared worse in Europe.

Hoover knew with whom he was dealing when he accepted the committee's invitation to broadcast his hate-Russia message from the committee chambers last month.

The F.B.I. chief, above all other Americans, knew that Rankin, one of his hosts, was the darling of all American Nazis.

He knew that the organ of the German-American Bund, *Der Weckruf und Beobachter*, had quoted Rankin more than any other Congressman.

Rankin's hate-the-Jew and hate-the-Negro speeches had made him the Bund favorite.

Scribner's Commentator had been founded in 1937 by Charles Shipman Payson, biggest stockholder in the American Rolling Mill Co., as *The Commentator*. It was pro-Nazi from the start. Its first issue in February, 1937, carried a racist piece by John B. Kennedy on "Why Joe Louis Must Not Be Champion."

"It is a mistake to assume that Hitler wants war," argued H. V. Kaltenborn in the next number. "Those who, like myself, have seen and talked with him many times are convinced of his sincerity."

The magazine that featured the pieces by Thomas and Mundt was finally listed as subversive by the Department of Justice.

Many of its articles were merely translations of short-wave propaganda broadcasts from Germany.

Mundt is the most internationally conscious pro-fascist on the Un-American Committee.

He is also a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. His likes are exceeded only by his animus against the followers of Roosevelt and progressive trade union leaders.

Mundt shared, in his 1942 campaign, a slush fund of \$53,000 furnished South Dakota Congressional candidates by the Du Ponts, who gave \$6,500; the Mellons, who gave \$10,000;

the Pews, \$8,000; and the Chicago *Tribune's* Robert McCormick, \$5,000.

Scribner's Commentator obviously had no difficulty in getting Mundt's consent to run one of his anti-war broadcasts in its issue of December, 1941, just before Pearl Harbor. The pro-Axis magazine's editor had likewise had no trouble in getting Thomas' consent to the use of his broadcast attacking Roosevelt as Communistic in the issue of August, 1940.

Even after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Mundt was still referring to what he called the "provocative foreign policy" of the Roosevelt administration.

Such men as Mundt, Thomas and Rankin are no judges of Americanism.

THE STATEMENT THE UN-AMERICANS FEARED

BY EUGENE DENNIS

New York, March 30, 1947.

[Here are the words the House Un-American Committee was afraid to hear. This is the statement Eugene Dennis, general secretary of the Communist Party, wanted to present to the House committee in opposition to two bills which would abolish the U. S. Constitution's Bill of Rights for Communists and all progressives but which the committee would not permit him to read or enter into the record.]

I am here to defend the inalienable right of Americans to be Communists. I am here to defend the constitutional right of the Communist Party to function as a legal political party which

openly presents its views, its program and its candidates to the American people.

I come now to the allegations that the American Communist Party is the "agent of a foreign power"; that it "advocates the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence"; and that it is not a political party in the accepted sense, but "a conspiracy."

In the 28 years of our Party's existence, not a single American Communist has ever been proven or convicted of acting or conspiring to overthrow the Government of the United States. It is therefore obvious that such a charge cannot possibly be upheld against our Party as a whole.

I read now from Article IV, Section 10, of our Party's Constitution:

"Every member is obligated to fight with all his strength against any and every effort, whether it comes from abroad or from within our country, to destroy the rights of labor and the people, or any section thereof, or to impose upon the United States the arbitrary will of any group or party or clique or conspiracy, thereby violating the unqualified right of the majority of the people to direct the destinies of our country."

I read also from Section 2 of Article IX:

"Adherence to or participation in the activities of any clique, group, circle, faction or party which conspires or acts to subvert, undermine, weaken or overthrow any or all institutions of American democracy, whereby the American people can maintain their right to determine their destiny in any degree, shall be punished by immediate expulsion."

I wish to emphasize that it is precisely those who advocate the use of force and violence to overthrow the new democracies of Europe and to put down the national liberation movements of Asia, and who now seek to bring fascism to power in the United States, who accuse us Communists of wanting to overthrow the government of the United States by force and violence.

Force and violence are the weapons which have always been advocated and employed by those who resist basic social change. In American history, the classic examples of this are the British Tories and their American agents who resisted the national liberation movement of the 13 colonies;

and the counter-revolution of the slaveocracy which forced the nation into Civil War.

Pro-fascist monopoly cannot have its reactionary way in these United States without resorting to force and violence. And history has shown that once fascism is entrenched in state power, the people have no other recourse but to overthrow it by force and violence.

The right to take such revolutionary measures when and if they become necessary is proclaimed as an American right in the Declaration of Independence. It was through the American people's exercise of this inalienable right that our nation was founded.

But fascism has not yet come to power in the United States. We Communists and millions of our fellow Americans are determined that it shall never come to power. That is why we Communists and other anti-fascist progressives urge that the American people unite in a broad labor and democratic coalition whose concerted, public, mass action can check and curb the imperialists, the reactionary monopolists and save our country from the hell of fascist terror.

We Communists have never made any secret of the fact that our ultimate objective is socialism. But there is nothing in this fact to substantiate the charges that we are a "conspiracy," that we are "foreign agents," or that we advocate the "overthrow of the United States government by force and violence."

As American workers we strive publicly and by democratic means to convince the American people that socialism is the only way to end the scourge of economic crisis, unemployment and

violent class conflict. We strive to convince them that only socialism can once and for all put an end to reaction, fascism and war which are engendered by monopoly capitalism.

We Communists are confident that the day will come when the majority of Americans will decide by their own free choice, on the basis of their own experience and in harmony with their fundamental interests, to march forward along the road of social progress toward socialism—that is, to establish the common ownership of the national economy under a government of the people, led by the working class.

As Marxists, we know the road cannot be mapped out in advance. It will be prospected and cleared by the millions of democratic Americans who seek it. It will be an American road, opening new frontiers for the traditions of American democracy and built according to American specifications by the common people of America who develop further the democratic know-how which is ours.

Our path will not necessarily follow the twists and turns taken by the peoples of other countries who also, because of the inexorable logic of economic and social development, move toward a similar goal.

We Communists are not utopians, and, come what may, we are not nor ever will be adventurers. Marxism and patriotism alike teach us that we must differentiate between what is possible today and what can be realized tomorrow.

The better and more progressive America toward which we strive can be built only by the American people, led by labor, and on the foundation of a stronger American democracy.

It is only natural that we Communists should bear the first brunt of this current Red-baiting attempt to turn victory into defeat, to wipe out all memory of the war and the aims for which it was fought, and to rob the American people of Roosevelt's heritage. It is just as natural that this un-American Committee, which gave aid and comfort to the Axis enemy during the war, should play a leading part in this postwar pro-fascist conspiracy.

But the lessons of the anti-fascist war and of Franklin Roosevelt's partnership with the common man live in the hearts and minds of the American people. The German people had no such reservoir of experience and strength to draw on when Hitler proclaimed his 1,000-year rule of terror, nor had the rest of the world's peoples. And yet—Hitler's Great Reich lasted not 1,000 years, but 12.

It should be long remembered that those 12 years, so terrible for the people of Germany and of the world, were the same 12 years in which the German Communist Party was outlawed.

We American Communists are here to stay. We will endure as long as America's working people endure. Regardless of what repressive measures against our Party in violation of the Constitution and the basic democratic principles upon which our nation was founded, hundreds of thousands of American workers and progressives will learn to be American Communists. Their school is the struggle of America's common people against the American trusts and empire builders.

In the agony of his last torture, Galileo told his inquisitors, "The

earth still moves." We Communists know that human society moves, and that it moves in the direction of democratic advance and social progress.

ABE LINCOLN GRILLED

BY ROB F. HALL

Washington, February 11, 1947.

Since I am not a scientist I cannot tell you exactly what happened that December night. Someone said a group of young army officers were experimenting with a small model of a new atomic rocket gun and fired it by accident.

I scrambled over chunks of marble to get a better view of Lincoln's statue, which always sat squarely in the center of the memorial. You probably remember it. The figure of Lincoln sat in a large arm chair, his head bent slightly forward as he gazed thoughtfully out across the reflecting pool toward the great dome of the Capitol.

From my new point of vantage I could see into what was once the Memorial Building. The chair was there—but empty! How long I stared, I don't remember. But I recall dragging myself down to the bank of the pool to reflect on this strange event.

Suddenly someone touched my arm. I turned to confront a great gaunt fellow, a head taller than I, with unruly hair and a beard. His coat reached to his knees and, like his pistol-legged pants, needed pressing. But his face was kind and his voice reassuring.

"I am not wholly a stranger to your city," he said, "but it has been a long time since I worked here. Could you perhaps guide me to the Capitol?"

Here in our America we wish to move along democratic paths and by peaceful means.

"Well, I'm going there," I said, "You can come along if you wish."

"What transpires today?" he asked.

"The big story is the House Un-American Activities Committee," I said. "They're holding a hearing, to expose the Red menace."

"Indeed," exclaimed my companion. "I thought the problem of the American Indians was long ago settled."

"Not Indians, Communists," I said.

"Young man," said my new-found friend, "you interest me. Lead on."

In 30 minutes we pushed into the committee room of the House Un-American Committee, and found seats.

"Perhaps you better not sit with me," I whispered. "I'm the correspondent of the *Daily Worker*, and these storm troopers may get the idea you're a Communist."

"I don't understand," he said, not bothering to whisper. "I used to know a Communist named Karl Marx. In fact, I wrote a letter to him. And there was a Communist named Joseph Wedemeyer, who was made a general in our army."

"Sh-sh," I muttered. But too late. Mr. Robert Sapling, the committee counsel, glared down at my friend. "So you had correspondence with Communists. You don't by any chance work for the government?"

"Well, yes, I guess I do. At any rate I did work for the government

and I never was discharged," said my friend. "Why do you ask?"

"You'll find out soon enough," growled Sapling. He turned to the committee chairman, Rep. K. Tarnell Pompous, who had just taken the chair.

"The committee will come to order," yelled Pompous, pounding the gavel.

"Mr. Chairman," said Sapling, "we have a witness here, a government employee who is thick with Communists."

"Swear him in," shouted Pompous.

Rough hands were laid on my friend. He was pushed up to the witness chair.

"Tell the clerk your name, raise your right hand and swear to tell the whole truth, nothing but the . . ."

"My name is Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln," said the tall stranger.

I started with amazement. But I was alone in my surprise. The name, coming from a living man, meant nothing to the audience, it seemed. And I reflected on the new wonder of the age, atomic power, which reduced the living to putrescent death and made statues of stone come to life. But I had little time for reflection. The questioning had begun.

"Yes," Mr. Lincoln was saying, "I wrote to Mr. Karl Marx and other officers of the International Workingmen's Association. This organization of workers—Communists, I believe—had hailed my election. They felt our war against the slave power carried the destiny of their class.

"I was not displeased by the sentiment. I had myself reached the conclusion that labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor. Labor is the supe-

rior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

"We don't permit witnesses to make statements," said Chairman Pompous, "that is, unless he's Gerald L. K. Smith or the Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan. You accepted support of a foreign labor organization. Now tell me, yes or no, do you favor the Communist International?"

"The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, tongues and kindreds," said Lincoln. "That is what I wrote Marx."

"This man has had very frequent contacts with foreigners, Mr. Chairman," said Sapling. "Swedes in Illinois called him '*arbetarson* Lincoln.' That's an alias."

"Yes," said Lincoln, "that means 'Lincoln, son of the workingman.' The German-American workers organized Lincoln-for-President clubs."

"Is it true that a Russian named Tolstoy said that 'Lincoln, as the wonderful hero of America, is know by the most primitive nations of Asia'? Answer yes or no," yelled Pompous.

"If he did, I'm grateful," said Lincoln.

"If the chairman will permit me," interrupted Sapling, "I would like to establish that the witness fomented strikes."

"I was always glad," said Lincoln, "to see a system of labor prevailing in our country under which laborers can strike when they want to, where they are not obliged to work under all circumstances. I like the system which lets a man quit when he wants to."

"Ask him about the Communist plot to have everybody vote in the South,"



August 11, 1948

pipied up Rep. John E. Hankin of Mississippi.

"True democracy makes no inquiry about the color of the skin, or place of nativity, or any other similar circumstances or condition. I regard, therefore, the exclusion of the colored people as a body from the elective franchise as incompatible with true democratic principles," said Lincoln.

"That settles it," said Hankin. "This man's a Soviet agent." Then scowling at Lincoln he said, "Do you or do you

not believe in revolution?"

"Any people anywhere being inclined and having the power have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better," said Lincoln. "This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world."

"What did I tell you!" shouted Hankin.

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it,"

continued Lincoln. "Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. . . ."

"Take him away!" cried Pompous, getting very red in the face. "Call Tom Clark. Call Edgar Hoover. Call somebody quick!"

Two husky guards leaped to their

feet and in a moment had handcuffs on Lincoln.

"And you say he works for the government?" a mild-mannered man sitting by my side asked me.

"Yeah," I said. "Twice he was elected President of the United States by the people."

(Editor's Note: Lincoln's statements are taken from his speeches and writings.)

A HUNGER STRIKER'S DAY

BY JOSEPH NORTH

[The nation coined the term "deportation-delirium" to describe the midnight raids on thousands of workers after World War I. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer ordered these deportation raids in the belief that he could cow foreign-born workers and terrorize the native-born. That was 1919. Today, a new deportation delirium is on the way. President Truman's administration has ordered the arrests. The winter of 1948 saw five progressive working-class leaders jailed on deportation warrants. The Department of Justice refused to grant them the elementary right to bail. Taken to Ellis Island, they decided to go on a hunger strike. No morsel of food passed their lips for six days. They dared death to carry the truth to America. On the sixth day, the men won the right to bail. The next pages describe a day in their Ellis Island cell during their heroic fast.—*Editors*]

New York, March 4, 1948.

Here is what it is like to be on hunger strike on Ellis Island.

The *Daily Worker* was able to get this picture from Irving Potash, who is out on bail until Monday.

Their cell is white-tiled, floors, walls and ceiling. It faces a blank wall. They were removed yesterday to the hospital on the Island.

The cell they were in first had windows from which they could see the New York skyline, the ocean liners passing by, the sun and sky.

But orders came from higher authority to move them to an inner cell crowded with the three double-decker bunks. There were two at first, but a third was carried in when Irving Potash joined the hunger strikers.

John Williamson and Charles Doyle urged Ferdinand Smith and Gerhart Eisler to use the bottom bunks. The question of clambering to the upper bunks became important as the pangs of hunger weakened the men. Smith and Eisler then insisted that they change places from night to night.

It is hard to sleep at night. The entrance to the adjoining toilet is doorless and the brilliant light floods the cell. The presence of the 24-hour

guard in their cell is not conducive to sleep. The guards gets up from time to time, every hour or so, awakens the men with his motions.

During the day he sits, notebook in hand, jotting down every word the men utter. That seems to be his orders.

At first they could take two walks daily, half an hour each time. As the hours of the hunger strike ticked away, they found themselves weaker and weaker, talked it over. They decided to cut down their walks to five minutes.

The air in the cell became stifling. The inside window facing the corridor has no glass, just wire mesh. When somebody outside would open a window, a draft would sweep through. The room would get cold. The men weakened by hunger had to don their coats. Then somebody outside would close the window. The room would become unbearably hot. The coats came off.

By Wednesday morning all the men had pains in their stomach, saw how pale each had gotten.

By Thursday talk had died down. The men were silent most of the day.

Whatever strength the men had they used to talk over how best to convey to the American people outside that they must fight against the encroachment of fascism; that this hunger strike to win bail is part of that fight; how best to convey the idea that they were not doing this for themselves alone, but to help all Americans safeguard their civil rights.

One of them said the denial of bail was only A—there's B and C, all leading to fascism. How to convey that every step must be fought?

After 72 hours without food, the men found themselves dizzy, getting weaker by the hour. Smith could barely get off his cot. Doyle had to be helped down, pale as a ghost, dizzy.

After the second day it was hard to concentrate on reading.

Most of their time is spent in reading letters that pour in from all over the country. Workers from Gary, Chicago, San Francisco, students, college professors. People, all over.

All the letters pledge support, speak of "renewed efforts."

Time begins to feel endless, the minutes creep on, seem to stop moving.

The men decide to answer the letters, but there is no table in the room. They demand a table, which they get.

Williamson is sitting at the table answering letters. He looks up, mentions one he received from a Detroit worker he knew. The worker writes: "When my daughter read what happened she asked me, 'Why do they do this to Johnny Williamson. I know him. He's a good man. Why do they do that to him?'"

Williamson continues reading: "I see, Johnny," the worker writes, "I've got a big job to do, explaining to my little girl what's good, what's bad."

The spirit of the men cannot be crushed. They seek to lighten the strain by joshing each other. When they helped Doyle down from his cot, one said: "You're like the month of March, Doyle."

"How's that?" he asked.

"You got up there like a lion, came down like a lamb."

They try that with everything. As their lips grow parched, they go over

for a drink of water. Smith takes a mouthful: "Good breakfast," he says. In the afternoon it's dinner and in the night, supper.

Every few hours an official walks in, asks brightly: "You fellows want to eat?"

He hears a chorus of "No." Then he asks each one separately. He gets the same answer. He looks at them and leaves.

THE EDITOR TESTIFIES

BY JOHN GATES

Washington, May 28, 1948.

[The following statements are part of the stenographic testimony of John Gates, editor-in-chief of the *Daily Worker*, before the Senate Judiciary Committee on the Mundt-Nixon Bill, Friday, May 28, 1948.]

Sen. Ferguson: Have you any idea if war came between America and the Soviet Union, as to where you would stand?

Mr. Gates: I certainly do have.

Sen. Ferguson: Where would you stand?

Mr. Gates: I have been a volunteer now in two wars in the interests of the American people. I volunteered for the Spanish war in favor of the Spanish Republic. And it now has been proved that that was in the interest of the American people. I volunteered for the last war; I served over four years in the Army. I will volunteer in any war against any enemy of the American people.

Sen. Ferguson: All right, then you do not follow Mr. Foster's political ideas?

At first they try to read books, and read a lot. There is Philip Foner's *History of the Labor Movement in the United States*; Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*, other books.

They sit writing letters until fatigue overtakes them. Then they lie down.

The minutes tick away, slow, long minutes like hours.

Mr. Gates: That is not in contradiction of Mr. Foster's idea, because I do not consider the Soviet Union an enemy of the American people.

Sen. Ferguson: I say if it ever went to war with the United States?

Mr. Gates: If who went to war?

Sen. Ferguson: If the Soviet Union ever went to war.

Mr. Gates: There is only one possibility of the Soviet Union ever going to war against the United States, and that is if the United States declared war against the Soviet Union.

Sen. Ferguson: Then what would you do? Suppose that took place, where do you stand?

Mr. Gates: I would consider such a war to be against the interests of the American people.

Sen. Ferguson: Therefore?

Mr. Gates: Just as the war of Nazi Germany against the rest of the world was not in the best interests of the German people, and I would therefore work to bring that war to a close.

Sen. Ferguson: But you would not join the forces?

Mr. Gates: That all depends. I cer-

tainly would not volunteer as I did in the two other wars, because it would not be in the interests of America.

Sen. Ferguson: Would you heart be in it if you were drafted?

Mr. Gates: Certainly my heart would not be in it, because this would be a war against the best interest of the American people.

Sen. Ferguson: Then we could expect you to betray the United States?

Mr. Gates: You certainly would not. I would betray the United States if I participated in a war against the best interest of the American people.

Sen. Ferguson: So, if we went to war with Russia and you were taken into the army, we could expect you to go to the Russian side, wherever it was possible to give them aid and comfort?

Mr. Gates: You certainly could not expect me to do that.

Sen. Ferguson: What would you do?

Mr. Gates: I would direct myself toward the American people to put pressure upon our government—

Sen. Ferguson: But you are in the army.

Mr. Gates:—or to change that government to one which would bring about a peace.

Sen. Ferguson: You are drafted. I put the question that you were drafted. What would you do? What could the American people expect from you?

Mr. Gates: I would use all means at my disposal to convince the American people that this was not a war in their interest and to bring that war to an end.

Sen. Ferguson: But would you fight?

Mr. Gates: Of course, I would fight. If I didn't, I would be killed.

Sen. Ferguson: That is the only reason you would fight?

Mr. Gates: Naturally. I was in the Army in the last war, and I can tell you that there were plenty of Americans who were drafted for that war that didn't fight that war willingly, but I opposed them on that score. I fought that war very willingly because it was in the best interests of the American people. Any time any enemy attacks the United States of America, I will always defend the best interests of the United States of America.

Sen. Ferguson: I was talking about a war with Russia, no matter how it took place.

Mr. Gates: Such a war is not in the interest of the American people.

Sen. Ferguson: I see.

Mr. Gates: Whoever starts such a war against the Soviet Union, in America, is betraying the interests of the American people.

Sen. Ferguson: My question was, no matter what the cause.

Mr. Gates: By the way, if you want my testimony in the record, I might say that I have not been sworn.

The Chairman: Mr. Gates, do you solemnly swear that the testimony you give before this committee is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. Gates: I do.

Sen. Ferguson: I will ask you this question: Are the answers that you have given the truth?

Mr. Gates: They certainly are. I always tell the truth.

Sen. Ferguson: That is all I want to know. So, this amounts to your testimony here being sworn through all your previous testimony. You understand that now?

Mr. Gates: Yes, sir.

The Chairman: On this one subject let us assume something which you do not think is possible. Assume that Russia should attack the United States, how would you feel about it? What would you do about it?

Mr. Gates: My answer to that question is that there is only one circumstance under which Russia can ever possibly attack the United States, and that is if the present socialist government of Russia was overthrown by a fascist government. Then that country could attack the United States. But as long as socialism is in power in the Soviet Union, they have no interest in attacking any nation or any people, least of all the American people.

Sen. Revercomb: How do you know the attitude of the present officials of the Russian government, to make such a statement as you have made?

Mr. Gates: I know them for two reasons. First of all, because of their stated policies as they have appeared in print and in public on many occasions. I know it secondly, because I am a Communist, also, and as a Communist I am most of all interested in peace. I am opposed to war. All Communists all over the world are opposed to war and will fight for peace. That is why I have reason to believe that in the Soviet Union they have no interest in war.

Sen. Ferguson: Did they not attack Poland and Finland?

Mr. Gates: They did not.

Sen. Revercomb: If the Russian government desires to expand its influence in any part of the world and in furtherance of that purpose, should declare war upon this country, having

toward this country the attitude that has been expressed here by Mr. Foster this morning, if war should come, what position would you take on that?

Mr. Gates: I exclude that possibility.

Sen. Revercomb: You cannot exclude it.

Mr. Gates: I do exclude it. You can't tell me I can't. I do.

Sen. Revercomb: You mean there could not possibly be an attack by Russia?

Mr. Gates: A socialist government has no interest in attacking any people, because there are no capitalists in that country. The only ones who profit from war are capitalists.

Sen. Revercomb: You are not willing to answer the question I put to you, even if you consider it a hypothetical question?

Mr. Gates: I deny the hypothesis.

Sen. Revercomb: You may deny the hypothesis, but you cannot refuse to answer the question as it was framed.

Mr. Gates: I believe that I am being as frank as it is possible to be. I cannot answer a question on the basis of a hypothesis with which I do not agree. When your premise is false, then your answer is bound to be false. Therefore, I can't answer your question.

Sen. Revercomb: You are contending, then, to speak of knowledge of the attitude of those who administer the government of Russia today.

Mr. Gates: I have studied their attitude and their printed word.

Sen. Revercomb: You are not willing to make answer to a question in the event your studies and conclusions should be incorrect; is that correct?

Mr. Gates: I think you are placing a wrong interpretation upon the whole matter.

Sen. Revercomb: You said you would not answer the question which I propounded to you because the hypothesis was wrong. If you were incorrect in saying the hypothesis was wrong, what would be your answer to the question?

Mr. Gates: I can't answer that. That contradicts all the laws of logic. When you start out with a false premise, no matter what kind of answer you give to a question that is based on a false premise, that answer would be incorrect and would be worthless.

Sen. Revercomb: In other words, there is no possibility, in your conclusion, of a war being made by Russia to expand her influence.

Mr. Gates: That is correct, not as long as socialism is in power.

Sen. Revercomb: You are not willing to say, as an American citizen, what you would do if such a war in fact did come?

Mr. Gates: I told you what I would do as an American citizen, using all my rights as an American citizen, I would try to bring that war to an end as a war that was not in the interests of the United States of America.

Sen. Revercomb: Because you would want Russian influence to dominate this country.

Mr. Gates: That is not correct. Because I want the interest of the American people to dominate this country against Wall Street.

Sen. Revercomb: You want that done under the ideas and ideologies that exist in Russia today.

Mr. Gates: I do not. I want that done

under the ideas and ideology of Marxism, which is a scientific belief which holds good for every country in the world. There is not one law of physics for the United States and another law of physics for the Soviet Union. The law of physics applies everywhere.

Sen. Revercomb: The laws of political science and political government—

Mr. Gates: They apply everywhere and the highest law of political science, in my opinion, is Marxism.

Sen. Revercomb: Is that the guiding principle of the Communist Party in Russia today?

Mr. Gates: It is.

Sen. Revercomb: Therefore, we may come to the conclusion that you would want this government put under the same form of government as exists in Russia today.

Mr. Gates: No, I would not. We want socialism in the United States of America. That is, we want a system whereby the private ownership of a few capitalists of the basic means of production would be transferred to the people as a whole and operated for the use of the people, rather than for the exploitation of the people. As for forms of government, they are different in each country, depending upon the traditions and conditions of those countries. Take the situation you have in Europe today. The governments of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria are not the same forms of governments as in the Soviet Union. You do not have Soviets in those countries. There are many differences between the governments of these countries and the government of the Soviet Union.

Sen. Revercomb: These other coun-

tries are dominated by Communists or by adherents to the Communist idea of government as communism is known in Russia.

Mr. Gates: Or anywhere else in the world.

Sen. Revercomb: Or anywhere else in the world.

Mr. Gates: That is right.

Sen. Revercomb: The reason you hesitate to say what position you would take in the event of war between this country—

Mr. Gates: I do not hesitate. I have

FOREIGN IDEAS

BY GERHART EISLER

New York, June 1, 1948.

"Personally I regard Communist Parties operating illegally as much more dangerous than those under official surveillance, unless one is ready to extirpate them completely."

Who said these golden words? Stassen, Dewey, J. Edgar Hoover, Mundt, Parnell Thomas or somebody else among the defenders of the "American Way of Life"?

Each one of them could have said it. Each has already said it in one way or another.

However, these words are taken from the *Goebbels Diary*, page 394, Doubleday & Co.

"For the Fuehrer there is practically no possibility of a compromise with the Soviets. They must be knocked out, exactly as we formerly had to knock out the communists to attain power."

If you delete the words "for the Fuehrer" and put instead "for the President or for the Secretary of State

answered that very forthrightly.

Sen. Revercomb:—and Russia is that you really desire for this country the kind of government that obtains in Russia today.

Mr. Gates: I do not. I did not say I want the same kind of government as they have in the Soviet Union.

Sen. Revercomb: You want it based on the Marxist principles.

Mr. Gates: The same kind of economy, based on Marxian principles, that is correct.

Marshall," this sentence could nowadays be written or expressed by any official or unofficial spokesman of American foreign policy. But if you do not delete these words and leave "for the Fuehrer," it is an exact quotation from the same *Goebbels' Diary* (page 359).

"The Fuehrer indorses my anti-Bolshevist propaganda, that is the best horse we now have in our stable."

Watching American foreign policy of today one could put instead of the words "the Fuehrer," the names Harry Truman, Marshall, John Foster Dulles, Vandenberg and many other leading Americans.

But if you leave the words "the Fuehrer," then again it is only an exact quotation from the same *Goebbels' Diary*, page 284.

"A gang of men not worthy of bearing the name of Germans."

If you change this sentence into "a gang of men not worthy of bearing the name of Americans"—then you practically quote the authors, advo-



August 10, 1948

cates and supporters of the Mundt bill.

But if you let the sentence stand, then it is a quotation from a speech of Kaiser Wilhelm II, made in the 90's of the last century, in which he cursed the German Social Democrats as traitors to their country, because they fought against German imperialism, for the advancement of the German workers and for socialism. (Only after the majority of the leaders in 1914 joined the camp of German imperial-

ism and supported the imperialist war did they become, for the Kaiser and the German ruling classes, "worthy of the name of Germans.")

Indeed, it is not difficult to find for every reactionary proposal, nauseating speech and dastardly deed of American reactionaries the same proposals, the same speeches, the same deeds in the history of European reaction, counter-revolution and fascism.

If such a policy is called "The American Way of Life," if this is

called American ingenuity, it is pure bunk. For all this stinks from the rottenness of age, from misuse and abuse, from bankruptcy. All this has been tried again and again at different times in different European countries. Fortunately a great part of Europe and Asia got rid of all this and of the feudal, semi-feudal and

capitalist conditions which created these "ways of life."

Therefore, if somebody should be accused of importing foreign principles, police state methods, reaction and suppression into the United States, it is not the Communists but the reactionary American imitators of European reaction.

A NEW PARTY IS FOUNDED

Political crises in the U.S. always produced new parties. The struggle against the Federalists by Jefferson produced the Democratic Party. The struggle against the Slaveholders produced the Republican Party. Later crises produced the Populist movement of the 1890's, the Farmer Labor Party of 1924. After the betrayal of Roosevelt's Potsdam Agreement, and the revival of Nazi war power in western Germany for war against the Soviet Union, a new anti-war, anti-monopoly party became necessary. The Progressive Party, founded in Philadelphia at the convention of July 23-25, 1948, was the result.

30,000 CHEER WALLACE'S CALL TO VOTE PEACE

BY ROB F. HALL

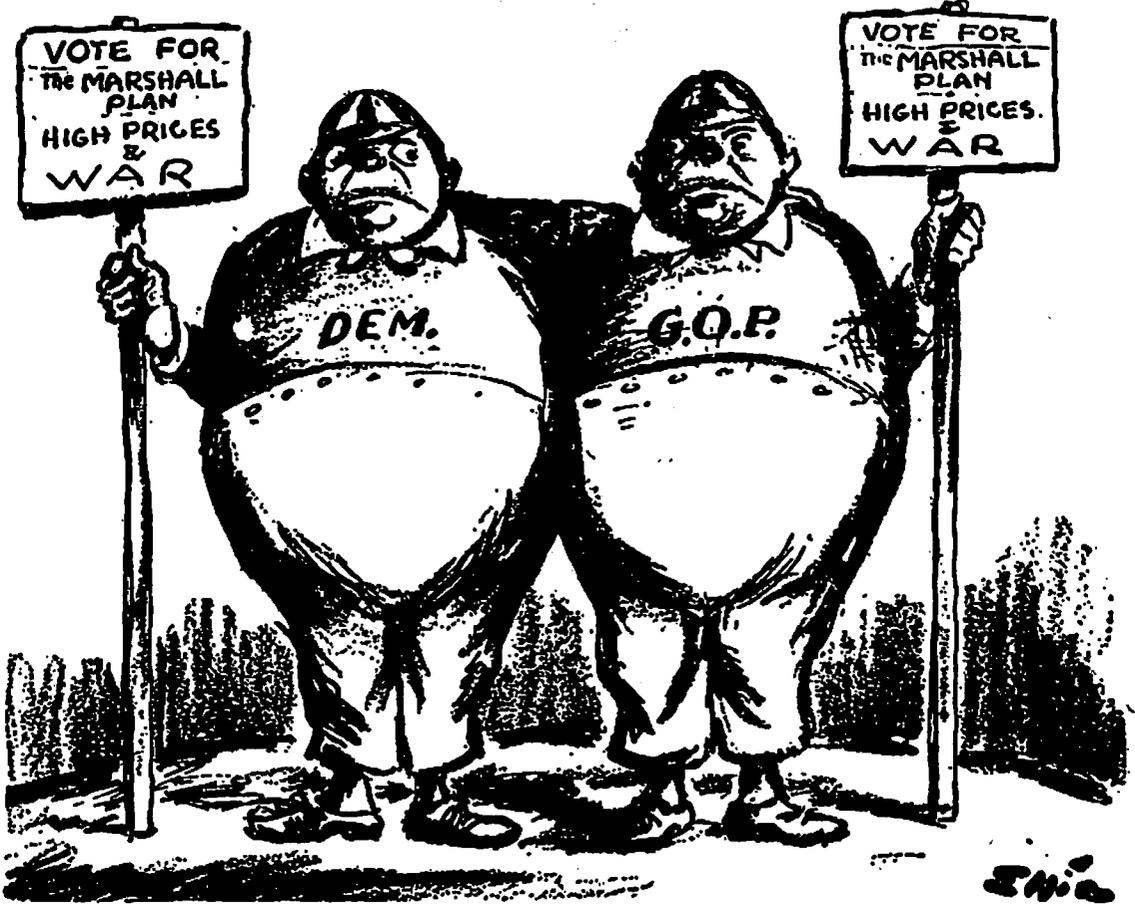
Convention Hall, Philadelphia,
July 25, 1948.

Thirty-two hundred delegates of a new party were streaming out of this convention city tonight. They carried with them the same enthusiasm and vigor which made the Progressive Party convention unique in this convention city.

In the early hours this morning at Shibe Park, Philadelphia's version of the Yankee Stadium, delegates had seen and heard more than 30,000 citizens and voters cheer Henry Wallace

almost to the point of voice-destroying hoarseness. Old hands here said they had never seen anything like it. Some were reminded of the great meeting for Franklin D. Roosevelt in nearby Franklin Field eight years ago. Others mentioned F.D.R.'s acceptance speech appearance in this same field 12 years ago. But this was a new party, built by ordinary people since last January.

But what the old hands didn't quite grasp was that the allusion to Franklin Roosevelt was appropriate. This was the movement fighting now, as Wallace, Taylor, Marcantonio and



January 14, 1948

Paul Robeson pointed out, to continue the program of peace, freedom and abundance launched by F.D.R.

Now they have their own party minus "the kings of privilege" which, Wallace said, "own the old parties—the corrupted parties, the parties—whose founders rebelled in times past, even as we do today, against those whose private greed jeopardizes the general welfare."

No one could escape the sense of history of the occasion. Wallace pointed out that Thomas Jefferson

founded a new party in this city 150 years ago. That party "was buried here in Philadelphia last week," he said. The stands roared approval from the reserved boxes to the left field bleachers.

"Four score and seven years ago," Wallace continued, "the successful candidate of another new party took office in Washington. Lincoln, with the emancipation proclamation, fulfilled the promise of the new party which he led to victory."

But "the party of a Lincoln" has be-

come a party of, by and for the corporations, Wallace added, and has been reduced to the "party of a Dewey."

Again the crowds roared. For the new party had in its platform placed itself squarely against the monopolists, and had undertaken a militant crusade for Negro rights.

Wallace expressed dramatically the passion for peace, the rejection of war, which has seemed to grip the people of this new party.

The cold war has brought death to millions of Americans, Wallace said. They die of diseases which we could prevent if we turned our science as enthusiastically to the purpose of peace as to the uses of war.

Henry Wallace cried out, amidst cheers of the "Gideon's Army" in Shibe Park, "Franklin Roosevelt did not fear; he reveled in the names hurled by those who feared the shape of his vision. We of the Progressive Party shall cherish the adjectives and the round of hate thrown at us. They are a measure of the fear in the temples of the money changers and the club houses of the military."

OPERATION GEORGIA

BY IRENE PAULL

Atlanta, September 26, 1948.

It's a hot sticky day in the Negro slums of Atlanta. The noonday sun beats down on your head and the heat gathers you in so you can't escape. You go in and out of the rotting, unpainted shacks, in and out of taverns, stop people on the streets.

94

To the cheering audience in Shibe Park, Rep. Marcantonio shouted:

"We shall not be divided. We shall not be intimidated."

Marcantonio told the crowd that the first step into the pitfall of fascism comes when the people do not defend the constitutional rights of Communists.

One of the convention heroes of the Civil Rights struggle was Sen. Glen Taylor. Taylor's defiance of Jim-Crow laws in Birmingham, as a result of which he faces a jail sentence, was hailed by Larkin Marshall, Negro publisher of Georgia, when he placed the Idahoan's name in nomination yesterday.

Taylor told the crowd: "We shall insist upon holding non-segregated meetings in every corner of this nation. As for me, I am going back to Birmingham. Their Jim-Crow police chief, who was a delegate to the Democratic national convention, will have to put up or shut up. They will have to throw me in jail for 180 days as they threatened they would if I came back to Birmingham or they will eat crow—Jim Crow."

"Will you help put Henry Wallace and the Progressive Party on the ballot in Georgia?" "A new kind of party . . . a new party . . ." You hand out the pamphlets. "Jim Crow Must Go."

Now it's a mill section we're covering today . . . a white mill section in Atlanta. The beloved name of Roosevelt opens the door to you in

the mill villages and the doors don't slam in your face. The workers listen.

The woman who comes to the door is lean and bony. She's carrying a baby and there's too much humility in her face.

"I reckon I don't count for much. My husband an' my daddy always says votin' is a man's business."

"It's you who suffered in the Hoover days . . . you who saw your children go hungry . . . you who should be most concerned that it does not happen again. Voting is your business. You do count. You count as much as any man."

Maybe it's because you're so defiantly sure of yourself. Her gentle eyes meet yours as if to say: "You really believe that, don't you? You really believe a woman counts!" She lays the baby down and reaches for the pencil.

In the next house the man is at home. He is long and lean and grizzled and is solemnly bent over his breakfast. You state your business and he looks up without haste. "Wouldn't drive a stranger from my door, Ma'am," he says with chivalry, "but I'm a white man and don't favor no n--- lovers."

You take him off the subject of the Negro question and remind him of the Hoover days . . . point out the danger of another depression . . . show him the similarity between the Roosevelt and Wallace program. . . . He hears you through.

"Are you aimin' to tell me a n---r is as good as I am?" he comments irrelevantly.

"What she is sayin' is right," his wife has been listening, bent sullenly

over the apples she is peeling for a pie. "Wallace would make a better President than Truman any day."

Her husband keeps chewing, calmly. No use wasting time with him. You thank him and get ready to go, then turn to his wife, "Maybe you would sign, Ma'am. . . ."

Without a word she turns and leaves the room.

"I reckon she'll sign all right," says the husband, drawing out his words with an incongruous grin. "If she's fixin' to get run off the place. . . ."

You stop a young worker on his way home from the mill. He understands your business, listens, nods his head. "I can't write, Ma'am. You write my name in there for me." Then, his eyes flashing, he opens the palm of his hand and shows you a shallow flesh wound on the inside of his thumb. "I tore it on a cable this mornin' . . . jest a little hurt like this an' y' know what? He fired me! The boss done fired me! I got a wife an' three kids an' that boss done fired me for gittin' this thumb tore a little on a cable. He can't do that, kin he, now, Ma'am? He can't git away firin' me fer a little thing like that?"

On the broken down porch of one of the miserable "homes" in this area sat a barefooted man, a shabby woman, and three tattered children. I humbly beg their pardon for the thought that almost kept me away from their door. "They look so poor," I thought, "they must be demoralized and hard to talk to. I wonder if there's any use. . . ."

The family greeted me with the hospitality they would extend to a welcome guest. The man apologized for his bare feet, explaining that he

had such a bad case of pleurisy that he lost his job and has been unemployed for a long time and has no shoes. In that little impoverished family group I found so much native intelligence, so much clear understanding and human dignity, that when I left all of us felt a mutual regret that we would probably never meet again. The mother took a petition on her own initiative and said she would have it filled among her friends and neighbors.

But it's not easy going. There are doors slammed angrily in your face . . . mostly in the middle class districts. There are insults hurled at you . . . but mostly by cranks. Even an occasional Klansman will stop and talk to you and explain that he doesn't really hate the Negro . . . but if F.E.P.C. becomes a law, the Negro will take his job . . . if segregation laws are broken down, who knows what horrors would ensue. . . ! He signs your petition to show he is not so bad and he walks away from you

in confusion . . . for there is confusion. Confusion unlimited. Race hatred like a disease infecting the southern people. Hatred springs from uncertainty and fear.

I wish I could give you a picture of the courage of our people in the South. Of the simple courage of Larkin Marshall, the Negro candidate for the Senate. When the Klan burned a cross on his lawn he was asked by the press to make a statement and he said, "Just say I ain't goin' nowhere. Just tell 'em they can carry me out but they won't run me out."

"Time to get off our knees and stand on our feet," he told our canvassers' meeting at Macon. "This is no easy stamping ground. Got to fight every inch of the way. I been everywhere in this state. In the cities and in the cow counties. You got to have guts to make the folks know the truth and the truth will make you free."

ISRAEL

The dream of the Jewish people for their own state became a reality on May 14, 1948. The Soviet Union's support in the U.N. for the partition of Palestine and America's agreement, created the state of Israel. The new state was invaded by British-led and British-armed troops of Trans-Jordan. Through the U.N., the State Department began a campaign to cut the new state in half and deprive it of its leading ports, over the protests of the Soviet Union and the eastern democracies.

A NEW NATION

EDITORIAL

New York, May 14, 1948.

The sun is rising on a new nation, a new state, in Palestine.

The Jewish people do not care for the investments of the Dillon Read banking firm of Wall Street, the firm of Secretary of Defense Forrestal, the man who haughtily tells Americans that defense of the private profits of his Wall Street colleagues is "national security."

The Jewish people do not fear the anti-Semitism of the fake "Socialist" Bevin, nor will they surrender to the Bevin-Churchill gangsters of the Arabian feudal chiefs, armed with British and American guns and led by British officers.

The new Jewish state will rise despite the Truman-Marshall planners who tried to stab it in the back in the U.N.—and are still trying after they had promised to support it.

The new Jewish state will rise, and it will be defended on the battlefield, no matter what the London "Socialists" or the Washington dollar imperialists prating "democracy" may do.

It was the Soviet Union's delegate

Gromyko who helped start the train of events in the U.N., which is being crowned today with the birth of a new state. Last May, Gromyko announced Soviet support of the demand of the Jewish people for the partition of Palestine.

Warren Austin, Washington's spokesman in the U.N., could not but follow the same position. U.S. agreement with the Soviet position pleased decent men and women everywhere. It seemed to augur a new stage of American-Soviet co-operation, from which would follow a long-range peace settlement of other issues. But the Truman-Marshall planners never intended to fulfill their pledges. Austin had in his pocket the treacherous "trusteeship" proposition even while he was ostensibly supporting the new Jewish state. The bipartisan coalition in Washington betrayed its pledge on Palestine as it has been betraying our pledges to de-nazify Germany, the Potsdam and Yalta pledges to permit the peoples to march forward to people's democracy wherever they wished.

Today, the Marshall Planners shake



June 11, 1948

hands with Hitler's closest financial and military backers. Today, it is oil investments and bases for an anti-Soviet war which count in Washington, not peace and the aspirations of small nations.

But, history marches on—in Palestine, no less than in Greece, China, or Indonesia. In Palestine, it is the Haganah and its allies; in Greece, it is the heroic guerrilla movement; in China it is the mighty and victorious

People's Army led by the Communists.

In every case, the enemy is the same—the imperialism of London and Wall Street.

The country should demand, loud and strong, that Washington cease its intrigues against the Jewish state—cease the phony “trusteeships” and “High Commissioner” hoaxes—and grant it recognition without delay.

In any case, the desire for nation-

al independence cannot be crushed, either in Palestine, or Europe, or

Asia, regardless of what the Marshall Planners think or do.

PARTISAN IN ISRAEL

BY A. B. MAGIL

Abu Ghosh, Israel,
September 12, 1948.

Driving in the hills encircling Jerusalem in a command car which looks like an overgrown jeep, we gave a lift to a young fellow near this abandoned Arab village. I don't know who mentioned the word "partisan," but it was like turning on the current inside him.

Dov Pribulsky, born 21 years ago in Poland, is a veteran of four years' service as a Soviet partisan. "I grew up with my gun," he said in Yiddish. "When I started in 1941, the gun was bigger than I. By 1943, I caught up with it."

Dov is one of those youngsters who knows how to take care of himself.

Not even 15 months in Cyprus could clip his wings.

"How was it in the Soviet Union?"

"I didn't feel I was a Jew," he said.

I thought he meant it in a negative sense—that he had lost the feeling of Jewish identity. But he added: "No one insulted me."

"We were 30-odd Jews among 600 partisans," he continued. "We were all treated alike—no difference at all. If it weren't a question of coming here, Russia is the place I'd have chosen to stay in."

"Why did you come here?"

"A question! My fatherland."

His eyes sparkled. "And besides, we Jews have a few scores to settle. It started in Berlin and will end in Jerusalem."

THE MURDER OF WILLIAM MILTON

BY ART SHIELDS

New York, July 19, 1948.

Anger is sweeping through Negro homes in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn over the latest police murder.

Willie Milton, 31, Negro member of the Communist Party, who had a lot

to do with winning a big rent strike on his block last year, is dead, with one New York police slug in his back and two others in his chest.

The latest victim of Police Commissioner Wallander's treat-em-rough policy was shot in the back as he was turning the knob of his front door at



July 20, 1948

258 S. First St. A half dozen neighbors saw the killing.

"I saw daddy drop to his knees as the bullet hit him," said his son, Eugene Milton, a student at Junior High School No. 50.

"I saw daddy drop," the boy continued, "and then stagger through the door. The cop finished him with more shots fired through the glass door."

Peter Kilcommons, the cop, wildly emptied his .38 clip. I saw two

chipped spots in the marble panelling in the hallway; another bullet gouge in the hall plaster, and a hole in a door jamb far in the rear, where other slugs found their targets.

Willie Milton gasped out his life in Greenpoint Hospital at 5:45 A.M., Thursday morning, six and a half hours later.

His wife wasn't permitted to see him before he died.

"The police pushed me away when

I ran to him on the lowest steps of the stairway," said his wife to me yesterday.

"Willie was calling my name—'Irene! Irene!' He was all covered with blood. I fought to get to him, but the police shoved me away roughly. He kept calling 'Irene!' when the ambulance took him away. They threw him on the stretcher like a dog, with his arm hanging down at the side," she added bitterly.

A Jim-Crow bartender, who doesn't like Negroes in his place, started a fight, which led to the murder.

"I saw the whole thing," said little Leroy Goodwin, 11, who lives in another apartment in the Milton house.

"It was about 10 o'clock. I had gone to the corner of Grand and Have-

meyer for a popsicle, when I saw this policeman, Kilcommons, chasing Mr. Milton and his brother, Joe. The cop was firing as they ran down Have-meyer St. But the shots didn't hit him at first. They got him just as he reached his own door stoop. Mr. Milton was hit in the back. He fell to his right knee. Then he got up and fell into the house. The cop kept on shooting."

And a dozen Negro men and women of Williamsburg told me they will fight to the limit to have the killer punished.

Mrs. Irene Milton, the widow, will be one of the leaders in the fight.

"I can't bring back Willie," she said. "But I will fight to keep Georgia from coming up to New York."

THE ASSAULT ON BOB THOMPSON

BY ROBERT FRIEDMAN

New York, September 27, 1948.

This *Daily Worker* reporter interviewed Leona Thompson in her Sunnyside, Queens home two days after her husband, Communist leader Bob Thompson, was knifed and beaten by three political gangsters in a nearly successful attempt on his life.

Outside, as twilight came to the suburban street, Ellen Thompson, 7, was snatching the last few moments of play before her mother would call her to dinner. Inside, while the meal

cooked, Mrs. Thompson spoke of the shocking assault upon her husband and its significance for all Americans.

A tiny intermittent cry was a constant reminder, as we talked, that this weary-looking, grave-faced young woman, whose eyes flashed when she spoke of the crime, and whose whole face warmed as she talked of "Bob" and the children, had left a maternity ward bed little more than a week ago.

Little Jimmy, whose Communist father reaction smeared as an "alien"

agent, is the great-grandson of "Big Jim" Thompson, first settler of Oregon.

Leona Thompson was bitter over the efforts of the press and city officials to cast doubt on the occurrence of the attack or to minimize its gravity. "There were no discrepancies in Bob's story," she declared. "The only discrepancies have been in the papers, changing their distortion of fact from edition to edition."

Besides the great shock, Leona Thompson said, she felt a "terrible anger" that this attack could have happened. "I, who have known Bob as his wife for 11 years, know his gentleness and sensitivity to people and their needs. I still have letters from soldiers and officers who knew Bob in the Army; who, even if they didn't agree with his political views, loved and respected him for his ability to inspire them to fight against the enemy.

"The real crime is to indict such a man on a force and violence charge

when it is the indictment itself which encouraged the force and violence against him."

"You've seen Ellen," her mother said. "Each morning I get up and see her get ready for school, give her her milk money and watch her go off with that eager shining face to her wonderful world. I want that wonderful world to be a reality for her. I want my child to grow up to make her contribution to the world, learning to love and live with people.

"As a mother of two children, I feel that all mothers should have a sense of obligation to protect their children, to fight to put a stop to this insidious evil threatening their children's security and their very lives.

"I'm not speaking in any far fetched way. Since July, I've had a very realistic attitude toward the way encroaching fascism can reach into the intimate pattern of our lives.

"There's only one way to stop it," Leona Thompson said quietly, "and that is to fight it."

INDICTMENT OF THE TWELVE

In 1940, Congress passed the Smith Act which made it a crime "to advocate the overthrow of the United States government by force and violence." The penalty is 10 years in prison and \$10,000 fine. After this law had been on the statute books for 8 years, 12 leaders of the Communist Party were indicted under its provisions although the Attorney General on February 5, 1948, admitted there was no evidence against the 30-year-old Communist Party to justify the charge of force and violence. World-wide protests were organized by groups who saw in this indictment a plot to bring war and fascism to America.

THE PLOT TO OUTLAW THE COMMUNIST PARTY

BY WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

New York, August 16, 1948.

The meaning of the arrest of our 12 leaders is that it is an attempt to outlaw our Party. The reactionaries aim to do this by wholesale convictions and by securing hostile legal interpretations of the Constitution in the hope that this would drive our Party underground and would lay the basis for the further condemnation of the Party by legislative action. We must be quite clear about all this, so that we can fully expose this frame-up plot to the masses and arouse them to the danger to their freedom involved in outlawing the Communist Party.

The reactionaries who are behind this attack upon our Party have several related motives. First, the Truman Administration needs a Red herring to help it get itself reelected in November by confusing the people. The Republicans have deliberately created a Red herring of their own in the spy scare, to disrupt the Moscow negotiations and to turn the people away from the high cost of living. And the Democrats are doing the same thing with the Communist arrests. It is all as cynical as that.

President Truman, to enable himself to hang on to power, is quite willing to send guiltless people to jail by undermining the Bill of Rights. But what better can we expect from a President who broke four national strikes and who shares fully the responsibility for the Taft-Hartley Law and the soaring cost of living?

A second and more important rea-

son for this attempt to outlaw our Party is that the reactionaries want to stifle its clear and powerful voice. They realize quite well that the Communist Party is the most resolute of all the fighters against the war drive of American imperialism and for the defense of the people's living standards and civil liberties. Consequently, they are seeking to deprive the people of this Communist leadership by trying to decapitate our Party and eventually to drive it underground.

But the most decisive reason of all why they want to outlaw the Communist Party is the same reason that Hitler had for illegalizing the Communist Party of Germany. This is because such action is basically necessary for the building of fascism.

American reactionaries, like those in Hitlerite Germany, understand very well that if they are to be successful in their general attack against the people's democratic rights and organizations, they must cripple the Communist Party. With our Party outlawed, they could and would then attack far more effectively every active organization and movement of the people as being the work of underground conspirators. The attack upon the Communists is the major phase of the drive toward fascism that is now taking place in the United States.

The defense of the arrested Communists must be fought, therefore, in the broad forum of public opinion as well as in the trial courtroom. We must show up Truman's cynical election reasons for the persecution; we

must explode the fantastic Republican spy scare; we must unmask the slanderous charges against the defendants. But above all, we must make the workers understand that they have a big stake in this case; that the outlawing of the Communist Party would be a deadly blow against the labor movement, against American civil liberties, and against mass living standards.

Everything depends upon our making the workers and the people understand that the attempt to legalize the Communist Party is an attack upon their organizations and their well-being.

That the capitalist reactionaries attach great importance to the outlawing of our Party is proved by their determined and repeated efforts in this direction. It is only a little over a year ago since we had the first direct attempt, in the shape of the demand of the late Secretary of Labor Schwollenbach, for Congressional legislation to legalize our Party. But this naked proposal aroused instant and widespread opposition in the ranks of organized labor, the liberals, and the people's forces generally. The masses correctly smelled fascism in Schwollenbach's reactionary proposition and he had to retreat from it in a hurry.

Then, not long afterward, came the infamous Mundt police state bill. The authors of this measure, learning from Schwollenbach's sad experience, and that of the Un-American Committee itself, tried to hide the fact that their bill aimed to outlaw the Communist Party. They sought to railroad it through Congress in a hurry under the lying pretext that its pur-

pose was only to "regulate" the Communists, to "bring them out into the open." And this bill's backers almost succeeded in getting it adopted by Congress. But the people came to see through the ruse in time. A broad united front opposition of A. F. of L., C.I.O., Progressive Party, Civil Liberties Union, Communist Party, and many other groups, finally exposed the sinister purpose of the bill to outlaw our Party, and on this basis they defeated it. The masses correctly sensed that to outlaw our Party would be a long step toward fascism.

Now we have the present effort to outlaw the Party by arresting and vilifying its leaders. This is an even more insidious and dangerous move than the two others that have preceded it. This time the stale accusations of trying to overthrow the Government by force and violence are coupled up with lying, terror-provoking charges of espionage directed against us. The aim is to do the outlawing job in the courts under the cover of a pretense of rendering legal justice. What they could not accomplish in Congress by the Schwollenbach and Mundt proposals they hope to put through in the courts.

This latest attempt to outlaw our Party can be defeated, as were the two previous attempts.

The American people do not want the Communist Party outlawed, not because the majority agree with its political program, but because great masses realize that the outlawing of our Party would undermine American democracy—what there is left of it. We must be fully aware of this fact and take our case to the people in all its political implications.

TRIAL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES ..

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

New York, October 21, 1948.

[George Bernard Shaw, world-renowned British playwright, asked yesterday by the *Daily Worker* for comment on the indictment of the twelve Communist leaders in the United States, declared the American legislators "would charge Saint Peter with sedition as well as murder if he were not beyond their reach."

Shaw's statement, which he entitled "The Trial of the 12 Apostles," was cabled to the *Daily Worker*.]

Ayot Saint Lawrence, Welwyn,
Hertfordshire, England.

Nothing in the sham that now passes for democracy is more childishly foolish than legislation in the U.S.A. nor so conclusive as to the failure of its schools to teach history.

In America today the number of citizens who have read the *Communist Manifesto*, books of Marx and Engels or of the Hammonds and Upton Sinclair and have been converted to communism by them hasn't been counted; but it can hardly be less

than one percent of the population of upwards of 130,000,000.

Illiterate as the world still is, we estimate its Marxists at a million and a quarter. To suppress communism, the American government has arrested 12 persons and charged them with advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence, which is exactly what Washington and Jefferson did, thereby creating the United States of America.

The founder of Christianity was a Communist with 11 faithful Apostles, chief of whom struck a man and his wife dead for keeping back their money from a common pool instead of sharing it. But American legislators, ostensibly Christians, don't read the Bible, much less Karl Marx. They would charge Saint Peter with sedition as well as murder if he were not beyond their reach.

I refrain from comment. The situation speaks for itself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Hammonds Shaw referred to are J. L. and Barbara Hammond, who did extensive research work in British labor history.

CHINA WINS FREEDOM

The Chinese people tried to form a democratic republic in 1911. Since that time, they have had to fight against the power of the feudal landlords and the notorious Chiang Kai-shek dictatorship. This dictatorship began to wage internal war against the Chinese Communists and progressives in 1926. Chiang murdered millions. During the Japanese invasion, he kept his troops in reserve for future use against the Chi-

nese Communist armies which were fighting the Japanese. Today, the world rejoices at the glorious victories of the Chinese peoples armies led by the Communists. China is being liberated at last. This great event is changing the history of the world. The following piece is about two of their military leaders.

TWO PEOPLE'S GENERALS

BY JAMES WONG

December 12, 1948.

The two top Communist field commanders who are hammering at the gates of Nanking and creating fear and terror in the hearts of Chiang's corrupt officials in the Kuomintang capital are Generals Chen Yi and Liu Po-cheng.

Chen is a veteran Communist and a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. He studied engineering in France after the first World War as a student-laborer and returned to China during the 1925-27 Revolution. His thoroughness in preparation and exactness in execution of military plans still reflects the training of an engineer.

During the war against Japan, he frequently dreamed of the happy days when he could take off his uniform and engage in reconstruction work. His troops could tell you that Chen often warned them that good soldiers must be ready to adapt and adjust themselves to the period of peaceful reconstruction; for the real heroes then, he was reported to have said, will be those who can build the country for the people.

Gen. Chen is in his early fifties. He was with Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh when they began to build the base of the Chinese revolution and its

revolutionary army in Ching-Kang-Shan, Kiangsi, in October, 1927, with exactly 60 worn-out rifles. Through 20 years of struggle, they have succeeded today in building a regular army of 3,000,000 and are on the verge of liberating their entire country from the double oppression of imperialism and feudalism.

In the critical days of January, 1941, when Chiang Kai-shek double-crossed the Communists, ambushed the new Fourth Army, captured its commander and killed its deputy commander, Chen Yi was appointed to take over the command by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. He warned Chiang Kai-shek that he would return attack for attack if the Kuomintang reactionaries dared split the united front against Japan by double-crossing their own countrymen.

His energetic struggle against the Japanese invaders and his correct use of the united front policy achieved such great results that by 1944 the New Fourth Army became the master of Eastern and Central China. Many American flyers forced to land or bail out during their missions against the Japanese were saved by the New Fourth Army. And even the American Navy found it necessary to establish contact with Chen's forces



Gen. Liu Po-cheng
"The Brain"



Gen. Chen Yi
"The Hammer"

in preparation for landing in China.

When Chiang Kai-shek broke the Political Consultative Conference agreement and started the civil war against the Chinese people, Chen Yi was in command of strategic Shantung Province and North Kiangsu. His East China Liberation Army fought the toughest battles in China proper and won them all. In little over two years of fighting, Chiang lost over half a million troops in Shantung alone, including the complete American-armed and American-trained 74th Kuomintang Army. Chen's victories have forced Chiang Kai-shek to shift his high command in the Shantung-Kiangsu theatre five times already. Each one of them was defeated and disgraced.

Chen's success as a military commander earns him the popular nickname "The Hammer." It means that whenever he descends upon an enemy

nothing is left of him. In short, he is famous for smashing his way through.

For instance, in January, 1947, when the turn-coat general, Ho Peng-chu, betrayed the Liberation Army and joined Chiang Kai-shek to launch an attack on the people, Chen Yi had him captured alive within 11 days and turned him over to the peoples' court for trial and execution.

In the battle of Tsinan, two months ago, Chen stormed the city, knocked off 100,000 Kuomintang American-trained and American-armed crack troops, and captured their top commander, Gen. Wang Yao-wu, known as one of Chiang's five "tiger generals"—all in seven and a half days of fighting.

During the recent battle of Suchow, he knifed into the city's eastern flank, encircled Chiang's Seventh Army Group numbering 100,000 to 150,000 men, cut it up, had it completely de-

stroyed within two weeks. Then he surged southward to encircle Chiang's Second Army Group and had Suchow completely isolated and blocked up in a pocket.

Cooperating with "The Hammer" Chen Yi in the present Communist drive toward Nanking that has forced Chiang Kai-shek on the run and sent his third wife to Washington to beg for help, is the shrewd, swift-moving "One-eyed Dragon," Liu Po-cheng. Liu is also a veteran Communist and a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China.

During the war against Japan, he served as Chief of Staff for the Communist Eight Route Army and commanded its 129th Division, which was expanded to well over 300,000 men by 1945. Liu is known throughout China as "The Brain" of the Communist Armies. Wherever there is the most strategic spot, Liu is always in charge. He has yet to lose a single battle.

During the early months of the present civil war, when Chiang had absolute superiority in men and arms, Liu advocated the "theory of suit-cases" as a means of tying down Chiang's troops. He explained to his comrades that cities are like traveler's suit-cases in the Chinese civil war, and the greedy dictator loves them.

The thing to do, he said, is to hand over a suit-case to Chiang whenever he advances. Soon you will find the greedy dictator has a suit-case in each of his hands, another one around his neck and one tied to each of his legs. After he is so overburdened with suit-cases, he would not be able to move, and that is the time for the people's

army to attack him and destroy his troops. When all of his troops are destroyed, the people's army will recover all the suit-cases.

Liu is a very modest man and a good mixer among his troops. Although he is already in his late fifties, he still is the slickest and swiftest and marches an average of 30 miles a day. He was the first Communist general to cross the Yellow River in August, 1947, and he forced the turning point of the war by cutting deep into Chiang Kai-shek's rear after the Kuomintang was bogged down by "suit-cases" in the north.

As soon as he crossed the Yellow River, Liu advanced rapidly toward the direction of Nanking, captured a big Kuomintang arsenal and took 150,000 rifles and guns. Chiang was in such a panic that he recalled whatever troops he could to guard the gateways to Nanking. But actually Liu only sent a small swift-moving detachment toward Nanking. The bulk of his army was consolidating and building bases in the Ta Pei Mountain areas which control all strategic roads in the central China plain.

When the Ta Pei Mountain bases were built, he advanced westward and southwestward, threatening to cross the Yangtse River in May. Again, the panic-stricken Chiang was forced to concentrate a lot of troops along the Yangtse River, particularly in the swamp areas in Hupei Province. But Liu did not cross the Yangtse and Chiang's troops were left along the banks to be worked on by the famous Hupei malarial mosquitoes all summer long.

From the way he fights, Liu is a perfect coordinator with Chen Yi.

"On to the Revolution!"

Fred Ellis



October, 1927

Ellis

While Chen hammers and smashes his way through Chiang's armies in the present battle of Suchow, Liu traps and destroys whatever reinforcements Chiang sends. And, having achieved his purpose, moves onward to create more crises for Chiang's armies.

Meanwhile, Liu is also keeping a strong army, numbering a quarter of a million men, in the central China front around the Hankow region. No one can tell what he is going to do. When Chiang is busy trying to defend Nanking, Liu's Central China Liberation Army may cross the River in the upper Yangtse, move into the rice bowl areas of Hunan and knife its way all the way down to Canton, where

Chiang is planning to establish his new capital.

But Liu is not only an excellent commander, he is also a good student of Marxism-Leninism. Even in the thick of battle he reads Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao Tse-tung's work. In addition to his military responsibilities, he is also President of the Central China Military and Political University. At one of the birthday parties given him by his troops, he told them that he wants to live long enough to become a good student of Mao Tse-tung, and that when he dies he wants them to remember him as a man who was always trying to be a better Marxist.

WORTH REPEATING

Pieces—mostly recent

—by our writers



\$35 A HEAD

BY WILLIAM ALLAN

Bay City, Mich., August 21, 1943.

Two hundred and twenty-eight Negroes, jammed into four vans, as in the slave ships of old, were brought here from Georgia three weeks ago. They were sold to a canning company at a price reputed to be \$35 a head.

The 228 Negroes were delivered to three farm camps in Bay County. One of them is a pig sty. There they slept separated from the pigs by a three-foot wall of straw bales.

After two weeks of starvation, 40 of them fled. Today they are roaming the Saginaw Valley, seeking a night's rest or a handful of food, hoping to find employment or means to get back to Georgia.

Brought to Bay City to gather cucumbers for the pickle factories on the promise of \$6 to \$12 a day, the 228 Negroes left jobs in Savannah, Georgia.

They were recruited by the Georgia State Employment Service, affiliated with the U. S. Employment Service whose address is P.O. Box 626, Savannah, Ga. I have before me the mimeographed handbill that states:

"To work in Michigan pulling cucumbers—male or female from 14-55 years of age. Transportation and housing furnished. Job will last until September 20. Each worker paid one-half gross value of pick. Each worker paid off at end of day. Should make from \$6 to \$12 a day. The only thing worker furnishes will be cooking utensils."

Based on that, 228 people signed

up. The man who came to Savannah, Ga., to swing the deal and bring them to Bay City is Clyde Thompson.

Welfare Director Grove G. Stine of Saginaw County, Mich., said he was told Thompson was paid \$35 for each man, woman and child he delivered.

Interviewed at his farm, Thompson said he had no comment on how much he was paid "per head."

No one could mistake what Thompson was, after hearing him. I arrived at the sorting shed at Lingood, having been courageously brought there by two of the Negro workers who had fled from there a week before.

Thompson led a grand rush of white overseers at Bill Marinoyitch, the *Worker* photographer, as he shot a picture of one of the vans that brought 52 of the 228 from Georgia.

Told to take it easy, Thompson said, "What made me mad was seeing you with them n—s. After all, I'm a southerner."

Another thing must be told. The story of three days and two nights when 228 people, men, women and children, were locked up in four vans that travelled from Georgia to Michigan.

They slept on straw and ate with the few pennies they brought along. The back doors of the vans were locked from the outside during the long nights the cargo was on the road, the only air was from two peepholes about eight inches in diameter, according to Dr. Loftus, health officer of Bay County.

Human needs were taken care of when mass hammering on the walls of the vans brought the vans to a halt for some ten minutes beside some dark and lonely road.

In many Negro homes tonight they are finding shelter and food, but that's only temporary. After a day or two they must find another friend.

AL HITS 6 OUT OF 7

In October, 1947, the *Daily Worker* sports page added a handicapper, Al. In his second day of picking the ponies at the local track he hit a gaudy 6 out of 7, a feat which drew comment even from the far away Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*. While this was an exceptionally hot day, Al, with or without racetrack dialectics, continued to hold up his end nobly in the picking.

October 16, 1947.

SOCKO!

Daily Worker handicapper Al, warming up to his job on the second day, picked a phenomenal total of six winners in the seven races at Jamaica yesterday. And the seventh, "Whatucallum" lost by a nose to spoil a perfect day.

Here are Al's winners and what they paid:

First, Hyson \$10; 3rd, Slumber Song \$5.20; 4th, Afire \$5; 5th Miss Kimo \$6.80; 6th, Cornish Knight \$3; 7th, Jacapoly, \$7.20.

A ten dollar win bet on every one of Al's selections yesterday would have netted a clear profit of \$116.

Al picked three out of eight the first day and now has a total of nine out of fifteen winners on the nose. Which is some picking!

"I SAW LIFE IN THE BLACK BELT"—CLOSE-UP OF A DIXIE PLANTATION

BY ABNER W. BERRY

August 31, 1947.

I have just taken a peep into the past. I have seen 1876 social conditions preserved in 1947 America. On a plantation in Wilcox County, Alabama, I saw how a handful of wealthy planters, carrying the banner of "white supremacy in politics," have preserved the poverty-breeding sharecropping system.

I have seen how murder goes unpunished—and why.

I have seen why Alabama historians assert that Black Belt civilization "rests on the twin pillars of the Negro's strong shoulders and a bale of cotton."

And I have seen the frail shoulders of malarial women and eight-year-old children who carry a large part of the wealthy planter class on their backs.

Wilcox County is just over 100 miles due south from Birmingham. Negroes are four-fifths of the population — 20,500 Negroes to 5,200 whites. The Negroes, almost without exception, are sharecroppers, field laborers, saw mill workers, road gang members, domestic workers, and handymen for the wealthy whites: Mostly, the Negro families are sharecroppers. White persons run the businesses, administer the law and what passes for justice. And four or five planter families—the

Millers, Finkleys, Sadlers and Hendersons—own land and collect what the Negro cropper grows.

There are 10,000 Negroes of voting age in Wilcox County, but not one remembers ever having voted. In the 1946 election campaign, which brought out the largest vote in modern times, 2,000 white voters went to the polls—a solid Democratic vote.

Bruce Henderson, a northern educated Presbyterian Elder, is the leading planter-politician in the county.

Henderson's plantation acreage is measured by his croppers in terms of creeks, forests and rivers. Most folks say the place covers about a third of the county. And a Negro cropper told me: "Most folks in the county, to my knowing, work for Mr. Bruce."

The Henderson croppers live in shacks shaped like saddlebags — two rooms divided by a covered porch. There has never been paint on them, and the walls are covered with Birmingham and Montgomery newspapers. Fireplace and wood stove are used for cooking. The dip-bucket well, kerosene lamp and the outhouse take the place of running water, electricity and plumbing. Fewer than 1,000 families in the county enjoy the latter.

Moving from shack to shack on the "Henderson place," it was hard to tell which of the two instruments of planter rule—poverty and terror—is the

more effective. The poverty is self-evident everywhere. The terror was less obvious. The murders took place, in most cases, some place else.

A family of two adults and two children owes the landlord around \$300 for "furnish" (food and feed from the commissary) and the credit merchant another \$100 for articles not to be found in the plantation commissary. This size family cannot farm over ten or fifteen acres of cash crops—cotton and corn. So they will end up in the hole this year and every year.

Most croppers work for the Hendersons on a "fourths" contract—a fourth of the crop to the cropper, the rest to the planter. The Hendersons "furnish" the cropper and plow his plot with a Farmall cultivator. This latter is a new wrinkle in Wilcox County. Now they can put in more hours and days on the Henderson land, doing the many operations necessary for a family dealing in timber, cattle, horses and merchandise for nearly a thousand families.

This is an "enlightened" plantation. It blends 1876 relationships and 1947 industrial techniques. But it is still a plantation. It is still based on the poverty and fear and enforced ignorance of the black majority.

School closes in May for cotton chopping and again in September-

October for cotton picking. I have seen children from four to sixteen working in the fields in May while city children attended school. I have seen children of eight years in the month of August, when the heat drove the mercury to over 100, doing the family ironing with an iron heated over a bedroom fireplace. The plantation rests on "the Negro's strong shoulders." A lot of the weight is carried by children who will carry the scars of illiteracy into adulthood.

On Henderson's plantation are women with a "touch of malaria," shivering through cycle after cycle, unable to get the one county doctor to visit.

On Sunday mornings and throughout the day the roads are filled with churchgoers.

Here and there a country preacher, and sometimes a cropper with a son in the Army mentions "the government."

They can't understand why "the government" allows them to remain voteless after four wars have been fought avowedly "against tyranny."

They remember, as if in a legend, the time when "the government" was on their side, when democracy after the Civil War briefly rode the plantation rows and planters sulked and plotted in the towns.

18 COUPLES WED QUIETLY

British royalty in 1947 staged a lavish marriage of Princess Elizabeth to the scion of a wealthy, titled German family, Philip Mountbatten, Duke of Edinburgh. The press devoted millions of words, entire pages and front page headlines to this event. On the day after the marriage, the *Daily Worker*, under large headlines, ran the following Page One story.

BY BERNARD BURTON

November 17, 1947.

Eighteen non-royal couples were wed quietly yesterday at the City Clerk's office in New York City's Municipal Building. An on-the-scene check revealed that the brides and grooms had come from such widely scattered points as the East Bronx, Flushing, Harlem, Yorkville, Chelsea, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Williamsburg, Flatbush, Bensonhurst and East New York.

The couple from East New York, both of them young and slightly awed, repeated the itinerary of their wedding procession as they waited in the anteroom waiting for "next." The bride, attired in a pale blue, flowered print dress, purchased a week earlier at a prominent 14th Street store, had left her mother's three-room apartment, Van Siclen and Livonia Aves., at 9:30 A.M. to meet the groom at the I.R.T.'s New Lots Ave. Station.

The bride was not accompanied by her father, who had left several hours earlier for Manhattan to attend to his duties as a clothes presser in a building at West 37th St. The prospective

mother-in-law was also unable to participate in the procession, being compelled to attend to her three-year-old grandson, whose working parents reside in the same three-room apartment.

Walking with a buoyancy which ignored the dull, chill morning, the bride hurried her steps as she spied the groom waiting at the foot of the stairs to the El. They greeted each other with a graceful embrace and a kiss which left hardly a smudge of Prince Feather Lipstick on the groom's smiling lips.

The groom was also unescorted. He wore a gray suit, a topcoat, and the cool breeze ruffled his light brown hair. He was hatless.

The bride, who has ash blond hair, straightened her navy blue hat, which was trimmed with a wisp of veil, as the couple, holding hands, slowly climbed the steps. They were temporarily parted as the waiting crowd on the platform thronged abruptly into the same car.

The separation, however, lasted only to Utica Avenue, where they transferred for the Lexington Avenue

Subway. This time, they vowed, there would be no separation. With the bride holding grimly to his waist, the groom, who stands five feet, ten inches, and weighs about 182 pounds, charged through the crowd. But it was to little avail. There was no seat for the non-royal couple. Nevertheless, the 20-minute ride to Brooklyn Bridge held its recompense. The couple stood close together, swaying in rhythm

with the train, with the bride's veil occasionally tickling the groom's nose.

At Brooklyn Bridge they were hastily ejected from the car, but they again slowly mounted the steps, and made their way across the square which was crowded with cars honking their horns. Traffic police showed visible signs of losing their patience as they tried to keep the traffic moving.

The Daily Worker said . . .



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18 COUPLES WED QUIETLY AT CITY HALL

THE MARRIAGE TRAIN



TRAINMAN catches subway car slips as East New York bride and groom enter car together with throng of onlookers.

Non-Royal Lovers United in Simple Rites

By Donald Burton

Eighteen non-royal couples were wed quietly yesterday at the city clerk's office in New York City's Municipal Building. An anti-access check revealed that the brides and grooms had come from widely scattered points on the East River, Flushing, Harlem, Yorkville, Chelsea, Bedford-Corwood, Williamsburg, Flatbush, Dumbo and East New York.

The couple from East New York, both of them young and slightly awkward-looking, requested the ceremony at their wedding reception as they waited in the anteroom waiting for their "best." The bride, attired in a pale blue, flowered prairie dress, purchased a week earlier at a pawnshop 14 St. street, had left her mother's three-room apartment, Van Dyke and Lincoln Aves., at 9:30 a.m. to meet the groom at the IRT's New Lots Ave. station.

UNESCORTED

The bride was not accompanied by her father, who had left several hours earlier for Manhattan to attend to his duties as a grocer in a building at West 57 St. The prospective mother-in-law was also unable to participate in the proceedings, being compelled to attend to her three-year-old grandson, whose waiting parents reside in the apartment.

Walking with a hesitancy which favored the doll, the bride hurried her steps as she spotted the groom waiting at 14.

Princess Elizabeth Weds Prince Philip

steps to the St. They greeted each other with blue which left a hardly noticeable smudge on the groom's fading lips.

The groom was also unescorted. The end broke rattled his light to

The bride, who has such a fit hat, which was referred to as "bonds, slowly climbed" walking crowd on the

Britain Snags Plan For Palestine Partition Thomas Jefferson On Breeding of Kings.

-- See Page 9

As they reached the hallway to the City Clerk's office, they were unceremoniously ushered into the anteroom by other brides and grooms seeking to be first in line. Our couple thought they were about fifth.

The groom, who wore a ruptured duck on his lapel, arose suddenly as a clerk called two names. "That's us, honey," he said, and they walked into the office with two witnesses, who had met them in the anteroom. They were shopmates of the groom, who holds

the post of polisher in a Brooklyn metal plant.

In the clerk's office, a little tired man droned through the ceremony, waited for the "I do's," and declared, "I now pronounce you man and wife."

They returned to the apartment of the bride's family where her mother greeted the newlyweds with: "The folding bed came from the store. We'll put it up in the kitchen tonight."

There were no gifts from the White House.

... but the rest went ga ga.

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SENATORS TO WEIGH CONTROL OF CREDITS, RENTS, SPECULATION
 Curbs on Commodity Trading, Bank Loans and Time Deposits Set for Committee Action
HEARINGS START MONDAY

Group Delays Consideration of Price Controls and Rationing for Many Days, Says Today

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The Senate Banking and Currency Committee today voted to begin hearings on the President's anti-inflation proposals for early next week, including curbs on loans to foreign countries, commodity trading, bank loans and time deposits.

BLUM TAKES POST AS PARIS PREMIER; FACES TEST TODAY
 Socialized Veterans Will Oppose Pullman in Assembly and Bank Conference Two

Blum's Success is Uncertain

PARIS, Nov. 19.—President Vincent Auriol announced this morning that he had named Blum as Premier for a second time after a day of intense speculation, during which it was reported that Blum would be named only if he could secure the support of the Socialists.

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP WED IN ABBEY; LEAVE FOR 10-DAY STAY IN QUIET VILLAGE; LONDON THROGS CHEER ROYAL PAGEANT

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IS SOLEMNIZED



POMP MARKS EVENT
 Grandeur and Tradition Hold Sway With World's Royalty Attending
 Progress Self-Possessed
 Archbishop of York Delivers Homily After Centenary Purveys Ceremony
 By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS
 LONDON, Nov. 19.—(Special Columnist and Press Photo.) Duke of Edinburgh, who married the Queen in a ceremony of singular grandeur and splendor.

UNLAMENTED MUSSOLINI

BY COUNCILMAN PETER V.
CACCHIONE*

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung,
down to the vile depths from which
he sprung."—*Sir Walter Scott*

"The evil that men do lives after
them."—*William Shakespeare*

May 6, 1945.

No good will be remembered of Benito Mussolini. He will go down in history as the foulest betrayer of all time. He betrayed his nation—not only when he handed it over to the German fascists, but from the first day he took power in Italy. He betrayed all the great traditions of the Italian people with his foul attack upon the Ethiopian people.

Mussolini received the death he deserved. The *New York Times* laments the horrible end of Benito Mussolini. But how could it have been otherwise? He was given a trial by those he had betrayed, the people, and was executed by those same hands. Not only did Mussolini get his just desserts, but a considerable number of people who made up the fascist hierarchy of Italy died with him. It was as it should be—the order to fire was given by a man who had fought in Spain as part of the Republican Army.

I am sure that the Italian Partisans learned a lesson from the A.M.G. administration in southern Italy. Under its control there has been consistent

temporizing with the fascists, and up to the present time only two fascists have been brought to trial and executed. I am sure that the Italian Partisans learned a great deal from those elements that are temporizing with the fascists and collaborators in the European countries that have already been liberated. Is there a question in the minds of any sincere lover of democracy that Mussolini, Farinacci and all fascists and collaborators should be executed? Of course, Herbert Hoover would like to have a waiting period of ten years for the population of the world to get back to its "senses"—a waiting period of ten years in order to allow the fascists the opportunity to again sow their seeds and create a third world war?

This is no question of executions for the sake of revenge. Either the fascists must be exterminated entirely, or we will have another war in another generation, with the destruction of civilization. Fascism can be compared to a foul, dread disease, which if permitted to continue and spread, will destroy the entire population.

I have always had faith in the Italian people. We Italian-American anti-fascists knew of the struggles that the Italian people conducted against fascism in Italy. During the 30's we received word from underground channels of these tremendous struggles on the part of the Italian people. We knew that fascism had not

* Died November 6, 1947.

won over the minds of the Italian people. The Italian people have demonstrated this to the world.

The Italian people are part of the great camp of world democracy. They

will go forward and build a life of freedom and democracy. They will go forward to carry out the ideals of that great Italian liberator, Guiseppe Garibaldi.

ARE RICH KIDS MORE INTELLIGENT?

BY DYSON CARTER

July 18, 1948.

How does you child measure up against sons and daughters of the rich? For a long time, psychologists have had one answer: Children from families of workers and farmers are, on the average, less intelligent than youngsters born to rich parents. Boys and girls from well-to-do parents are as a rule much brighter.

Maybe you think this outrageous. But millions of children have had their minds rated by school tests. Kids from across the tracks got lower intelligence ratings than their schoolmates from the best homes.

Most of our psychologists accepted these facts. They believed that children from "better" families are better fitted to succeed in life, smarter than children from the "lower" classes.

After all, isn't it natural? Aren't capitalists smarter than workers and farmers? Are working class youngsters doomed to poverty because they are stupid?

To a scientist, it is amazing to see how such ideas got into the heads of so many psychologists and social

workers. These ideas are now being exposed. They are unscientific and utterly wrong.

Doctors W. A. Davis and R. J. Havighurst, American psychologists, have raised the central question. Do our "intelligence tests" really measure a child's mental capacity?

Years ago famous scientists like Ralph Tyler, test director of the U. S. Armed Forces Institute during the war, criticized these tests. Tyler said they "cause our communities and our industries a tremendous loss" because they do not measure "the true learning-potential of the millions of children in our lowest socio-economic groups."

Davis and Havighurst have gone much farther. They have proved that regular tests are drawn up so rich children can give far better answers than poor kids.

Now the scientists who drew up the tests weren't consciously trying to give the rich children a break. But psychologists live in a middle-class prosperous world. So their questions and problems are those facing prosperous people. They usually do not know how

the vast majority of people live, work, think.

Shocking facts are reported by Davis and Havighurst. For example, take an average worker's kid and one from a rich family. Each one, in his own group, is definitely bright. Now give them the regular "intelligence" test.

The rich kid quickly grasps all the questions. But 70 to 90 per cent of the questions will be about things the worker's kid is not very familiar with.

Take a question using the musical term "sonata." Because middle-class and rich children have definitely more chances to hear classical music, nearly all know what a sonata is. But few workers' and farmers' families ever use the word. Most of their kids get stuck on it. They miss the question. So they get a lower "intelligence" rating.

Just suppose the psychologists took out "sonata" and put in terms like "time clock" or "foreman" or "scab." Then the test would be just unfair to the rich children. Because their families rarely, if ever, use such words.

The general conclusions drawn by Davis and Havighurst are very important. They say "mental tests" are based on problem solving. What problems a child is used to solving depends on how he or she lives. And the well-to-do children live very differently than the vast majority.

Workers may rightly ask why it has taken scientists so long to grasp one of life's plainest truths. The answer is clear. Scientists, the same as all other people in society, are strongly influenced and prejudiced by the level of society in which they live. Most scientists deny this, and say that "sci-

ence is above society." But this doesn't stop them from making terrible blunders.

Here is what Doctors Davis and Havighurst say about the scientists who draw up "intelligence" tests. "They continually make the error of regarding middle class culture as 'true' culture, or the 'best' culture."

Again: "Most schools do not teach pupils how to explore even the simplest real-life problems, and how to proceed to solve them." Much of the academic stuff taught in school "destroys the real aim of education, which is to learn how to think so as to solve life problems."

How were the mental tests developed? By testing great numbers of school children, who rated from very low to very high in their school work. But school work is not a scientific measure of a child's intelligence. Hence the very basis of "intelligence" tests is ridiculous, unscientific.

Professors of psychology have long argued why it is that boys differ so much from girls in certain tests. There is a clear explanation. In our society, men and women are subject to "differentiations." Doctors Davis and Havighurst see this now, but Marx and Engels saw it 100 years ago. Today, our women are grossly subjugated, exploited, segregated. Give a girl a test based on problems that girls have to face in our society, and she will rate much more intelligent than boys. But our school tests heavily favor boys, just as our society does.

Take the factor called "motive." The profit motive is the official morality of capitalism. But the drive to make profits, to win selfish personal gain at the expense of others, to crush your



"Who wanted a third party?"

neighbor ruthlessly, means very little to vast numbers of people. It means everything to middle-class and rich people. And their children.

What has this got to do with "intelligence"? A great deal. The test problems often bring in "motives." Here again, the motives are familiar to rich kids. When Davis and Havighurst drew up new tests, using motives appealing to all children, then the rich youngsters tested no better than the poor ones.

"Intelligence" tests have little meaning for the people and their children. Such tests give highest scores to

"upper" class families. In that class the main problem is to live off the labor of others. The best motive is lust for personal gain. The strongest emotions today are hatred of progress mingled with terror at the victories of socialism.

At least some scientists are seeing through the disgraceful fraud of "mental tests." But it will be a long and hard fight to change these ratings. The rich will not easily give up this system of cheating, which rates their children higher than the children whose real intelligence they fear.

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY

BY HOWARD FAST

October 6, 1946.

They tell an old wives tale of a small boy who was normal in all ways but one. This lad, who was 12, was a fine, upstanding youngster, healthy, cheerful—but unfortunately marred by one defect. When he heard the word "communism," he went stark, raving mad, screamed, frothed at the mouth, and finally fell to the floor in a quivering, pitiful heap.

Now while this condition and this peculiar type of reaction is not uncommon in adults, many of whom have the mental age of a twelve-year-old child, you will admit that it can become rather frightening and worrisome to a fond father and mother. And the mother and father of this particular child, whose name was Johnny, decided to do something about it. Being modern parents, they did not tie the poor moppet to the radiator, but took him instead to visit one of the best psychiatrists in town.

The doctor was impressed with the parents' statement of the child's condition, for while he had been a practicing psychiatrist for many years, and had come in contact with all sorts of mental illness he had never encountered anything precisely like poor Johnny's phobia—that is, in children.

"Does Johnny read the *Chicago Tribune*?" he asked the parents.

"Never!" they replied.

"The *New York Journal-American*? *Life Magazine*?"

"Never," the harried parents answered.

"Westbrook Pegler is not a friend of yours?"

"Certainly not," the parents said.

The psychiatrist thereupon sat down to talk to Johnny. They had a long, rewarding conversation, and at the end of that time, the psychiatrist said to the child's parents:

"Undoubtedly, Johnny has a rather serious phobia. But he seems like a reasonable child, and I suggest that you take him home and explain very carefully what the program of the Communists really is."

"Will it help?" they asked the doctor eagerly.

"I have no doubt but that it may produce surprising results," the doctor answered—and the delighted parents hurried home with their little one. And that very night, they began the cure.

Very gently, daddy said to his son, "Johnny, you know what trade unions are?"

"Yes, daddy."

"And you're not afraid of trade unions? You don't think they're bad, Johnny?"

"No, daddy."

"And, Johnny, you know what the fight for peace means?"

"Yes, daddy."



"Well, darling—I believe fascism is coming."
"Oh, my!—and this is the maid's night out."

"And the thought of wiping out the human race doesn't delight you, does it, Johnny?"

"No, daddy."

"And you would not be afraid of

a way of life that eliminated crime, because it prevented the big thieves from stealing from the people, and it gave the people some hope, security and education, so that they did

not produce poor misfits to crowd the prisons? You would not be afraid of that, would you Johnny?"

"No, daddy."

So it went, and point by point, daddy explained the matter to little Johnny. Jobs, education, civil liberties, public health—point after point was carefully explained to the moppet. And when he had finished, daddy said, very slowly and carefully:

"And, Johnny, when you take all these things and put them together."

But he never got any further than that.

"COMMUNISM!" Johnny shrieked. "COMMUNISM! COMMUNISM!"

And he went stark, raving mad, quivering and frothing at the mouth.

Now I tell this little tale for a purpose. There is a very dangerous and sinister trend of things in this land of ours today. It has been best expressed recently in the pages of Henry Luce's *Life Magazine* by one Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a hack-historian employed for the not too noble task of

Red-baiting. Schlesinger charges that anyone who believes in one or more of the points in the program of the Communist Party of America must, *ipso facto*, be a Communist. He intimates that unless these people cease fighting for the same things the Communists fight for, they must consider themselves Communists and take the consequences.

What a frightful and immoral accusation this is! The Communists fight for what is good and necessary in the struggle for peace and human freedom. Therefore, no one else must join in this struggle against war and fascism. Therefore, anyone who raises his voice for peace is an agent of Moscow.

Such is the thesis of Arthur Schlesinger and his cronies!

No one would mistake the mental sickness of little Johnny for profundity. Mental and moral rot is just that—mental and moral rot.

Truly, those whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad.

THE HASHMALL CASE

BY ELMER O. FEHLHABER

April 11, 1948.

When you meet the editor of the *Columbus Citizen*, the Scripps-Howard newspaper charged by Ohioans with having promoted mob violence in this city, you gain a clear understanding of the mentality that is working feverishly toward war and the establishment of a police state at

home. Here is a person in a position of molding public opinion who looks upon war as a necessity, who is willing to cast aside democratic principles and is imbued with racial superiority, expressed particularly in his antagonism toward the Negro people.

I spent one hour and a quarter with Don E. Weaver, editor of the *Citizen*, who has been indicted by

the decent citizens of Columbus as the man who fanned hysteria to the point where a mob of 400 persons wrecked the home of Frank Hashmall, local Communist leader.

Weaver is gripped with a fear psychosis on Communists akin to the late Adolf Hitler. Apparently he was somewhat worried over meeting me alone. Consequently, he summoned his city editor and his managing editor to sit in on the interview.

He declared that he was not responsible for the violence which shocked Columbus and the entire state and said he had never incited mob action.

I referred him to an editorial in the *Citizen* which called upon the workers at the Timken Roller Bearing Co. to acts of violence.

He did not, however, desire to discuss this editorial. Instead, he referred to a later editorial which hypocritically cautioned against violence after the *Citizen* had aroused a gangster element to a fever pitch.

"We were very objective," Weaver said.

I told him of a number of prominent citizens I had interviewed, including leading church people, who blamed the *Citizen*.

"They aren't representative of the people of Columbus," he said.

Weaver, I learned, had been a Scripps-Howard editor in Fort Worth, Texas. I thought he might have learned his technique of lynch hysteria in the Southland, and asked him if he had any experience with mobs in that city.

"I don't recall any," he said. "We never had any mob violence." He paused. "Well, there was a shooting

fray in Fort Worth. Nothing like this. There were some Negroes who had infringed on a white neighborhood."

This chauvinistic remark confirmed what I had learned from Negro leaders in Columbus about Weaver. They asserted he had attempted to stir up racial difficulties when an air base, manned by Negroes, was established in Columbus.

Weaver's thinking is further illustrated by his comment on the burning of a cross by the Ku Klux Klan outside Columbus.

"It may have been a prank," he said.

Weaver believes that the United States must conquer the world.

One of the ills of the world, he explained, is "too much population" and he went on to subscribe to the school of thought that wars and famine are nature's way of reducing the excess population.

Weaver attempted to question me on Communism. I found it difficult to discuss the subject for he admitted he had never read any Marxist literature. He had a Hearst-like conception of socialism.

I asked him why he didn't study Marxism inasmuch as he hated it so much.

"I suppose I should," he said. "I am ignorant on the subject."

Weaver, in defending his paper's policy of continually printing pictures of Hashmall's home and listing his address and telephone number, declared that "this was a matter of public interest."

"Congressman Vorys from this county was one of the leaders in getting the House to vote to include Spain in the Marshall plan," I said.

"Did you print a picture of his home, or publish his address and telephone number?"

"No," Weaver replied. Then he went into a weird explanation of how the Congressman didn't have an office at his home while Hashmall did.

At the conclusion of the interview I asked the Scripps-Howard editor if

we weren't headed for a police state.

He admitted without any sign of concern that this might be necessary as we move toward war. And I left with the conviction that here was a man who had already arranged his mind whereby he would fit into such a state and give an ambitious demonstration of his eager and loyal service.

GIANT LOCOMOTIVE PLANT SHUDDERS TO STOP

BY BEN FIELD

Schenectady, January 21, 1946.

He stands on the corner near the main gate of the American Locomotive factory, a little man screwed up against the cold. His stocking cap is pulled down to his thin nose and he shivers and wheezes.

"I don't want to be caught inside the plant. I'd rather be outside in this strike, but that's the way they fixed it with the union. Powerhouse men are to be inside. That gas down in the ash dump don't do your lungs any good."

He had been a brakeman on the Delaware and Hudson railroad before he got his job at the locomotive factory. "I was never home. That's why I quit. I make \$45 a week, hell of a wage for a family."

Anton Gudzin, who has worked for the locomotive factory for 46 years, rests at his home after his picket duty in the snow. He is a ruddy, stocky

man with a furrowed face and heavy shoulders. He operates a drill press, working on the huge cylinders for some of the locomotives powering this nation's railroads.

When he started at the plant, which is the second largest in the country, he made 15 cents an hour. Organization is the jack which raised his wages over the years. What his union is fighting for is a boost of \$2 a day and a union shop.

"We can't get conditions from this company. They got a new trick to cut our wages by half. We want non-union people in the plant to climb off our backs and be with us."

Mrs. Gudzin joins the talk. She is a comely, white-haired woman. There isn't a pin out of place in her home. On the table are photographs of grandchildren, a nephew in the service and several vases with haw-branches and peacock feathers.

Many of the workers of the loco-



On Strike—Tie 'Em Up!

omotive factory worship at the St. Anthony Church. In the basement of the church are two girls brewing coffee for the strikers.

Winifred Nusser is a housewife whose husband lines locomotive cabs. Her life from early childhood has been tied to this factory. Her father was a pattern maker in it and finally left because he could not earn a living.

She said: "The high cost of living reaches right into our home, and so must the picket line. Some of our men have waited 22 years to go on the picket line."

There are 1,200 veterans in the locomotive workers and 1,200 more are expected back.

Now that American Locomotive is tied up, Schenectady is fast becoming a strikebound town. General Electric workers are rousing into their second week on the line. The fight is grim but spirits are high. A cow is visiting the picket line, a gift of neighboring farmers. A sign painter among the strikers has completed a sign to be carried by Bossy—"Two bucks a day. That is our beef."

LIFE OF THE PARTY

IT IS NOT A CRIME TO BE FOREIGN BORN

BY ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

March 10, 1948.

It was something of a shock to me to be asked by a young comrade: "But why are so many of our leaders foreign born? Why didn't they become citizens?" There was a note of reproach, of impatience—as with the never-ending shortcomings of the older generation, an unconscious jingoistic assumption that to be native-born is the right thing and naturally gives one priority in leadership.

If this were just the shallow remark of one individual, it would not be worthy of comment, but it is sufficiently general to warrant an analysis. Some good old-fashioned agitation on this subject is required.

Who is a native American? Only the Indians—and it surely hasn't helped them very much. They are voteless, often homeless and without food, wards of an indifferent government. All the rest of us are "children of immigrants and revolutionists" — as President Roosevelt reminded the D.A.R. Not to realize this is to be as ridiculous as the Irishman my father told me about who was asked just after he landed: "Well, how do you like the country?" He glanced back at the gangplank and those coming ashore and remarked virtuously: "Oh, sure it would be a fine country if it wasn't for all them damned foreigners coming in!"

The immigrants came by choice—a hard choice, to scrape together the

fares, to leave their loved ones behind, to come to a strange land far from their native green fields, where a different language was spoken and ways were so strange.

They came, willing and anxious to work, to find freedom from tyranny, new opportunities for themselves and their children. They built this country—the railroads, the mills, the roads. They worked in the mines, the steel plants, stone quarries, sweat shops and for long hours and little pay. They lived in tenements, shacks and hovels in slums and company towns.

They were laughed at and abused by the "native-born"—called Hunkies, Polaks, Canucks, Dagoes, Micks, Kikes and hundred of other terms of scorn. Always the bosses pitted the newcomers against those already established to maintain their control.

Except for those lucky enough to speak English, citizenship was not easy to attain. This advantage (and not superior brain or brawn, may I say?) put the Irish into politics, on the police force, as superintendents in steel and coal, firemen and railroads, etc.

Every big strike in our country from the '70's on was foreign-born. Every big union in America was built by the foreign-born, fighting to get for themselves what America had promised and denied, what they had come here to secure but were cheated of—life, liberty and happiness.

The history of American labor in

its early days of bloody struggle is the story of brave immigrant workers, many of whom could not speak a word of English.

It was during such titanic clashes of capital and labor that the cynical gibe was hurled: "If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?" And the defiant answer came back: "I do like this country, but not you—Mr. Boss."

William Z. Foster fought alongside the foreign-born steel workers in 1919.

I knew them in textile, in Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, where we had 25,000 strikers of at least 25 nationalities, speaking 50 different dialects, traditional "enemies" in many European countries, "fellow workers" here.

They became marked men and women; citizenship was denied them. They were blacklisted politically as well as in the shops. They often had to change their names and go elsewhere to work.

It's easy enough to be a citizen if you were just born to it. But it was and still is made very hard for others. It takes a long time. There's a lot of red tape. There are many difficulties, in many cases impossible requirements, and if one was known to be a Socialist, and I.W.W., an active trade unionist, later a Communist—second papers just did not come through. This happened with Claudia Jones, Beatrice Siskind, Irving Potash, Alex Bittelman and thousands of others in the past half-century.

If people have lived and worked in this country, have committed no crime of moral turpitude (which getting arrested in the class struggle certainly is not), if they have families here, are permanently located here

they should automatically become citizens after a reasonable number of years.

This is their country by right of labor, just as much as ours who are native born. The price of remaining in America should not be to keep your mouth shut and be a good and willing slave. There cannot be two grades of citizenship—native and foreign-born, with the threat of being torn away from one's home and family ever, like the sword of Damocles, hanging over the heads of the foreign born.

It is not a crime not to be a citizen. It is a crime to deny citizenship to good men and women because of their labor records and political views. We, in the Communist Party, are proud of our leadership, native and foreign-born alike, and will fight for their protection. We elect them on their records of love and devotion to the working class. We honor them for the enemies they have made.

Let us have none of this stupid carping, such as by my questioners, which indicates not only ignorance of the class struggle but a "softness" that came with the past easier period, which is over. We must re-learn many lessons. This is one of them. "Divide and conquer" has ever been the masters' weapons. The foreign-born and native-born, flesh and blood of the working class, are one in the Communist Party.

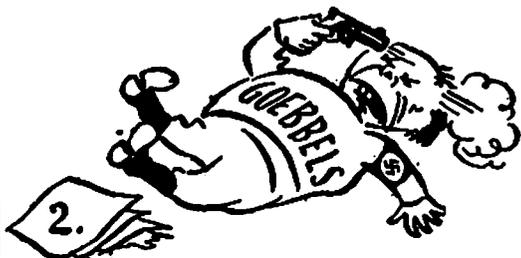
The enemies are resuming the brutal tactics of 1919 and 1920. We must create that great mass spirit of tremendous solidarity of all workers, which alone can organize to effectively defeat them. They have hurled a challenge. We must arise "like lions after slumber" to meet it.

August 12, 1945

FOR YEARS, THIS MANIAC HAS BEEN
SPOUTING THE VILE NAZI PROPAGANDA —



WHEN THE RED ARMY WAS AT THE GATES OF
BERLIN, HE SHOT HIS BRAINS OUT —



X-Raying the Ghost of Goebbels

A CITY THAT DIED

BY ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

September 29, 1948.

A city that died, drowned and died in 45 minutes, that is the epitaph of Van Port, Oregon, the largest housing project in the world. It was built for war workers, poor people who came from east and south—over 40,000 of them, to help build ships and landing barges for the armed forces.

It was an act of providence that the Columbia River did not break loose before. The city was built below the water level on flat, marshy land, something like the Hoboken meadows. It was built, against the advice of the engineers of the War Department, near the city of Portland, that has beautiful hills and clean, safe flatlands in meadows beyond those hills.

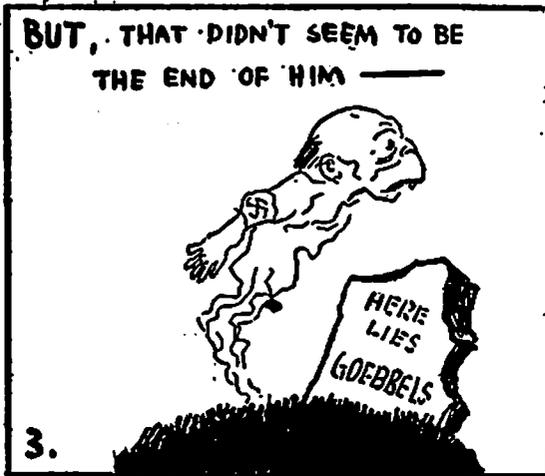
Portland never really wanted these war workers as permanent residents

— “Oakies and Arkies” they called them. Unfriendly Portlanders hoped they’d leave when the war was over.

Last spring, after heavy snowfalls in the Rockies and other northwest mountain ranges, the heaviest body of water since 1894 rushed over the mighty Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams, roaring toward the sea through the wide Columbia River, which drains Idaho, Washington, Oregon and part of Canada. The worst flood for 54 years broke loose, and its tragic target was the helpless wartime city of Van Port.

About 18,000 people still lived there. They knew and feared the rising Columbia River. They heard that at the nearby racetrack all the valuable horses were moved out.

But the Housing Authority had issued a leaflet on Memorial Day de-



claring the dikes were safe, that 36 hours' notice would be given to evacuate, and advising people not to get excited, not to move and not to listen to "alarmists." That meant the Van Port Tenants' League, 1500 strong, whose chairman was a Negro worker, and who were demanding action.

Sunday afternoon, the same day, the earth dikes broke. If it had happened at night, all would have been drowned in their beds. Officially they say 23 people died. But there is a strong feeling that many more lost their lives. A missing persons list was never given out.

Fortunately many people had left; many had gone to the beaches, children were not in school—or the catastrophe would have been much more dreadful. But all personal possessions were lost or ruined by the flood. I saw a car that looked as if giant hands had twisted it to pieces. People had lived in this make-shift place during the war, hoping for decent housing

afterward. Now they are living like gypsies in the City of Roses.

First, I went with our Party organizer, Mark Haller, to see the ruins of Van Port, where a million-dollar school disappeared in a matter of minutes on May 31. It was a horrible mess, like an earthquake, even after all these months of drying up and salvaging.

But even worse was the sight of the veritable "DP" camps where Van Porters are at present housed. What a cruel, heartless, greedy system is capitalism as we saw here.

The same real estate interests, to whom the flood was a blessing, have resisted prefabricated dwellings for these flood victims. They insisted on holding the annual Rose Festival in June in the face of this terrible disaster.

Hotel rooms were reserved for guests and refused to the flood refugees. Negro residents shared their already crowded houses.

Congress appropriated \$10,000,000 for immediate aid. Of that, \$4,000,000 was used to scour the West for a most rundown, dilapidated, inadequate collection of used trailers. Along the railroad tracks, near the oil tanks, at the foot of Portland's lovely hills, is this "DP" camp.

The trailers are so small that the adults of a family use one and the kids another. The rent is \$28 a month. There are community toilet facilities. Many are Negro families.

No more can Portland boast, as she used to do proudly, of "a city without slums." This trailer camp, housing hundreds, is worse.

There are no night lights, and when it rains, as it does so much in Portland, it must be bleak and dreary beyond description.

Downtown, offices of the Housing Authority and Equitable Insurance Co. are in the most modern, beautiful, all-glass, air conditioned building I have ever seen. Up on "Snob Hill," as the refugees sarcastically call it, new houses are built. Prices for new small houses and rents for old ones

have skyrocketed since the disaster. Three rooms, formerly \$85, are now \$115.

The demands made by the stricken tenants were reasonable:

1. To investigate the flood and fix the blame;
2. to take over auto courts and hotels for the Van Porters;
3. city rent control;
4. building of prefabricated houses with the \$6,000,000 left.

None has been carried out.

Demonstrations were held before City Hall with a picket line with banners down Broadway. "Billions for Greece and Turkey; nothing for Americans," one read. They were attacked as Communists. Now they call themselves "the Van Port Reds."

White and Negro hands joined in a human chain—to rescue drowning people. A 20-foot rush of water swept away all differences.

They live together now in close kinship of anger and rebellion against their fate, their homes of yesterday today's monument to greed. Like a gaping wound is this DP camp in the heart of the City of Roses, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

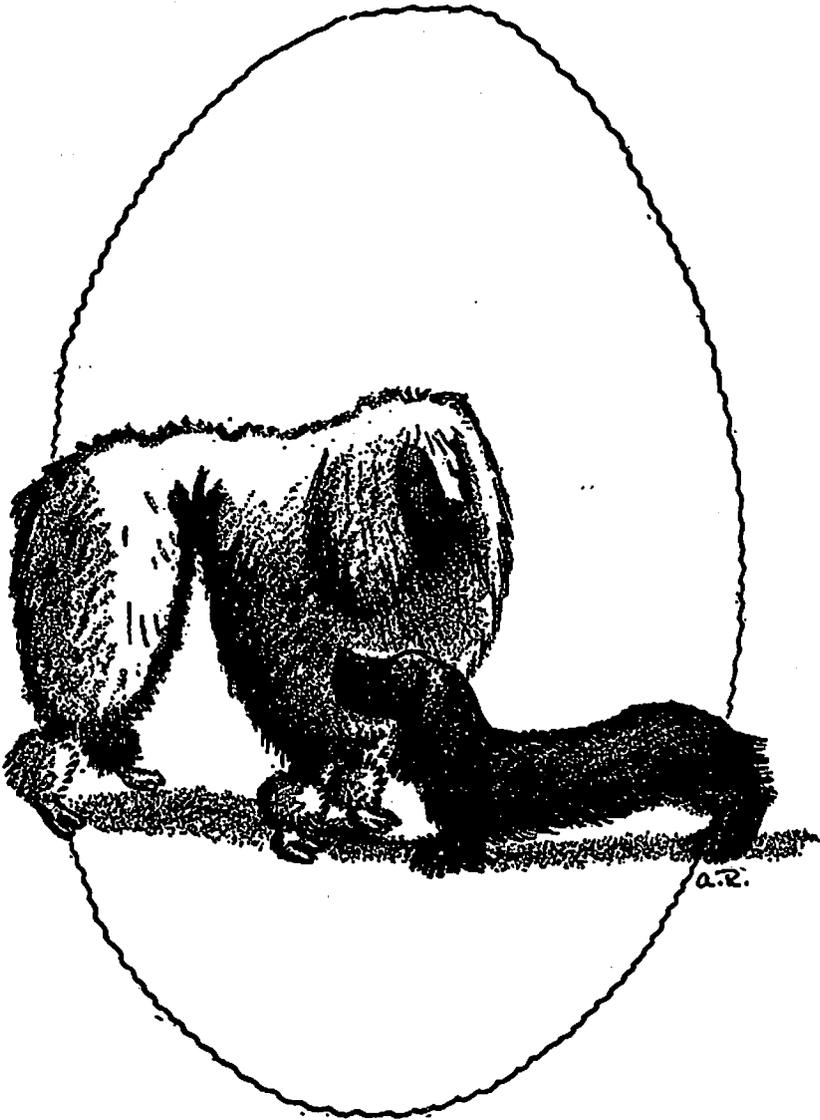
WHY LET THE KIDS SWELTER IN THE CITIES?

BY WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

August 27, 1947.

One of the worst features of the unbearable heat waves that periodically engulf our communities during mid-

summer is the fact that the children have to sweat through them in our stifling cities. This is all quite needless. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of nearby cool farm country



“Well, it looks like Palm Beach again this winter.”

and forest land beckoning to the youngsters to come out and be happy there.

What ought to be done is to organize things so that during the hot months of July and August the whole mass of city children should be moved out into the country and to the

beaches. This should be done not only in the case of New York, where the kids fry during the two hot months, but also in the many other big cities in the humid belt.

It's about time the workers in their unions should insist that their children, from infancy on up through

the school ages, get a break in the summertime. They should not merely have a week or so in the country, but the whole summer. This would be of incalculable benefit to the kids, not to speak of relief to their heat-harassed parents. Long summer vacations would vastly improve the children's health, would give them a much-needed acquaintance with country life, and would be a real blow against the appalling present-day juvenile delinquency.

It is intolerable that the workers should permit their children to sweat out the summers in the hot and filthy cities. The whole atmosphere of the cities in the summertime is detrimental to child life, not to mention child happiness. Besides the unpleasantness and unhealthfulness of the steaming weather, the playground facilities in all cities are utterly inadequate. Often they are so bureaucratically managed that actually fewer kids can use the organized playing fields than formerly played there when they were just vacant lots.

As things now stand, in the New York area, only relatively a few people are able to pay the fabulous prices demanded for country cottages and can keep their children there during the hot months. Other children, also comparatively a fortunate handful, may get a week or so in the country from some organization or other, or may have an occasional boat trip on the Hudson. But all this is merely

a drop in the bucket. The great mass of children hardly leave the city at all in the summer.

What is needed is to send all the city's kids to the country, and for the whole summer. And this should be done, not as a matter of charity or as an advertising stunt by a Hearst paper, but as the natural right of children to two months of the year in the green fields and woods or on the ocean beaches. To many kids today, a week in the country would seem like a week in paradise if they could but get it. In this matter the writer speaks from his own experience as a slum-raised youngster.

Of course it would cost some money to move the armies of kids of New York and other great cities out into the country for the summer. At that, however, the cost per kid would be little. But what of the expense? This country is lousy with money, with so much money in fact that it soon will be choking upon it in an economic crisis. Actually, the mass movement of the kids to the country in summer would be a stabilizing influence in our insane economic system.

The trade unions in the cities should take up this matter and put an end to the shame of their kids sweltering in the cities while the children of the well-to-do enjoy themselves in the country. If the unions will display a dime's worth of activity, their children also can go to the country.

LINCOLN STEFFENS— MUCKRAKER

BY SENDER GARLIN

August 9, 1940.

The great truth that slowly dawned upon Lincoln Steffens, America's greatest exposé journalist, in the later years of his life was that you cannot moralize corruption or injustice out of existence. And when he died on August 9, 1936, Steffens was convinced that only a fundamental reorganization of society, such as he had personally witnessed in the Soviet Union, could cure those ills against which he had fought so valiantly and vainly for so many years in America.

Lincoln Steffens saw more of corruption, chicanery, and outright thievery on the part of the American ruling class than perhaps any other American publicist of his time. And yet, as Upton Sinclair once reminded him, he seldom drew the logical political conclusions from his observations. For nearly 50 years Steffens roamed the land, exposing the monstrous crimes of the capitalist class and its political hirelings. He studied the sores and leprosy of civilization in our America, but he was long in arriving at the only diagnosis: that all these were symptoms of a disease which is inherent in a capitalist society.

Until the twilight of his life Steffens made a virtue of detachment; to him wrongs and injustices were a result of a lack of "understanding" between oppressors and oppressed.

But if Steffens learned slowly, he

learned well. Inevitably the lessons of the World War, the Versailles Treaty, the Russian Revolution and events at home commenced to form in his mind those convictions which he was so eager that John Reed avoid in order that he might "play with life."

For Steffens, who for years was a reporter with a great narrative gift, could no longer rest with mere reporting, and he determined to try to change the things he found evil. In 1934 he wrote a letter which carried that glowing salutation, "Dear Comrades." It follows in part:

"When the panic came in 1929, I struck the trail again to see and listen to some of the big bosses of this big business, the men who had jeered at us muckrakers and—I found that they did not know what had happened to them and to us, they did not know what was wrong, what to do about it! They DID not know, they *do* not know. Our rulers and masters do not understand the machinery of their business or of our civilization; nor what to do about it; and our schools and colleges—our culture does not know what else to do than to go on and rise and collapse again, and again, and again. . . .

"Now, all this lifetime of mine when they jeered at me and my colleagues of the muckrake—these makers of the muck in high jest bade me report to them if I came to the end of my trail when, if ever, I found a

cause and a cure for us and for them and our evils. And I promised many of them and myself that when that day came I would indeed—report.

“Well, that day has come.

“I can come down to earth, here, on this carefully chosen spot—before this crowd of willing listeners, to the only crowd that *must act*—I can come here and point out to you and to them and to all my fellow-American citizens a scientific cure for all my troubles.

“It is Communism. For these United States, I mean *especially* for this great and successful country, at this very time of its distress and confusion, now, when we are shocked to discover that in our dumb blindness we have hit upon machinery and methods by which we can produce so much food, shelter, and clothing, that we cannot distribute our abundance at a private profit. . . .

“Communism can solve our problem. That’s my muckraker’s proclama-

tion. That program meets our American capitalist situation precisely and it is the only American party that meets it—head on; the political corruption, the poverty and plenty, the periodic depressions of business—all our troubles; and proposes to solve them at any cost. The Communist Party offers to do that in California, in the United States . . . it has done it in Soviet Russia, where you can go and see—as I have—where anyone can go and see our horrid old uncivilized economic system lying upside down on its back out on the steppes with its rusty wheels in the air.

“There, before our eyes, our searching, unbelieving eyes, there a leading part of the human race has done the job that we still have to do. And need to do, and must do.”

Thus, while Lincoln Steffens said hail and farewell to sentimentality, he discovered the fountainhead of real sentiment—Communism.

HE WAS A MAN

BY MIKE GOLD

He was a short man with a coal-black beard, and a great impressive head with eyes that could burn with indignation at any human wrong, or soften with pity or sparkle with brilliant wit. At any time, by selling himself to the class he hated, he could have lived in comfort, had a fine home and all the luxuries of a well-to-do burgher. But he preferred poverty to intellectual treason; persecution to obedience to laws which he knew

were only the legal front of an oppressive class.

He knew, in return for the tenacity and honesty with which he fought for the working class, exile, hunger, bitter insult, daily travail, arrest and death. But he never wavered in his convictions of the truth; he never altered or softened one word of his condemnation of the ruthless exploitation by the capitalists of the proletariat; he never sank into the swamp of scepticism or despair, or turned to the

world which would have paid him well for ceasing his attacks upon it.

He was one of the few truly great men humanity has known. He was one of the most profound philosophers in this history of human thought. And he was an unflinching revolutionist, an ardent fighter, an implacable opponent of all evil.

His name was Karl Marx.

"I am a man," Marx once said in answer to a question put to him by his daughter, "and nothing human is alien to me."

Nothing was alien to this man. Nothing that men experience and suffer was unknown to him; nothing that was human escaped the interest of his thought. For first and foremost, he thought in terms of people, of what they lived for, what they suffered, what they dreamed of.

His great theory of historical materialism which has helped in revolutionizing the scientific thought of the world, is based upon a simple observation, so simple that generations of bourgeois professors find it impossible to see it despite their high-powered eyeglasses. It was, that at the basis of all civilization there lies the fundamental truth that the ways and methods that man pursues in getting his food, in finding shelter, in reproducing his kind, determine the social relations in which he lives.

A simple thought. And yet, how many vials of hatred, how many kegs of poison, the professors have emptied on Marx in denial of this elementary truth which any child could see. And they emptied their hatred upon him because it was so simple and because it was a truth: and the professors are not paid their annual salaries to tell

truths. On the contrary, chairs in philosophy are conferred upon the most skillful deniers of the truth of Marxism; this is a fundamental maxim of bourgeois universities.

All his life long Marx fought the capitalist class. Early in life, he perceived that any further growth in the progress of humanity, any change in society, must inevitably be wrought by the working class. Only the working class, Marx saw, could be the instrument which abolishes forever classes among men. The bourgeoisie is the last class in society which lives on the labor of any class. Only the proletariat, conquering society, appropriating the instruments of production, will be enabled to rule without living and feeding on the labor of another part of the population. And Marx fought untiringly to teach, to educate, to help develop the knowledge and understanding of the workers.

He was always extraordinarily pleased when he learned that some worker, who had educated himself, had made efforts to write on political or philosophical questions. He was more pleased by this small beginning of hard-won knowledge by some tanner, like Joseph Ditzgen, than by the whole host of obscure, imposing tomes of the university gentry. He helped, he taught, he worked indefatigably as the leader of the First International, and as a lecturer, to further the education of the workers. About the reviews of his *Capital* he once remarked it was simpler for the workers and children to grasp his meaning than for all the learned professors put together.

The bourgeois biographers would

often have us believe that Marx was nothing but a cold, calculating monster, nothing but "a brain" and one who simply used the proletariat as a stepping stone for his own personal ambitions. This is typical of scoundrels who can see men in no other light than as images of themselves.

Did Marx suffer as he did, endure poverty and persecution as he did, simply to further his own ambitions? If he had been ambitious, as these gentlemen are, he would have proceeded as they did on the road to success; by lying, treachery, boot-licking, blackmail, fraud and exploitation. This is the way the ambitious become successful in the capitalist world.

They said the same about Lenin, now about Stalin; they have always said it about labor leaders who were unwilling to compromise themselves or be bribed. It is impossible for these gentlemen, as it is for all bourgeois and philistines, to understand devotion to a cause despite heaven and hell, except as a means to advance or enrich one's own pocketbook. But

Marx, unfortunately for these panderers, was not cut after their pattern. He was a man that only a revolutionary movement could produce; and a man of such caliber that he helped produce, in return, a revolutionary movement.

But Marx was also cut after a pattern which our comrades themselves at times fail to grasp. Marx at no time became an ingrown, blind bigot; he did not succumb to narrow sectarian understandings of people and events. He did not eschew "culture" in the name of "economics"; he did not sneer at emotions as though emotions were incompatible with being a true revolutionist. He lived fully, vitally, completely. He sometimes got drunk; he sometimes made mistakes; he liked a pretty face.

Besides this, Marx loved poetry, knew whole acts of Shakespeare by heart, and wrote *Capital* in the bargain. I'm simply illustrating that Marx could laugh as well as fight, love as well as think. This is sometimes important to remember.

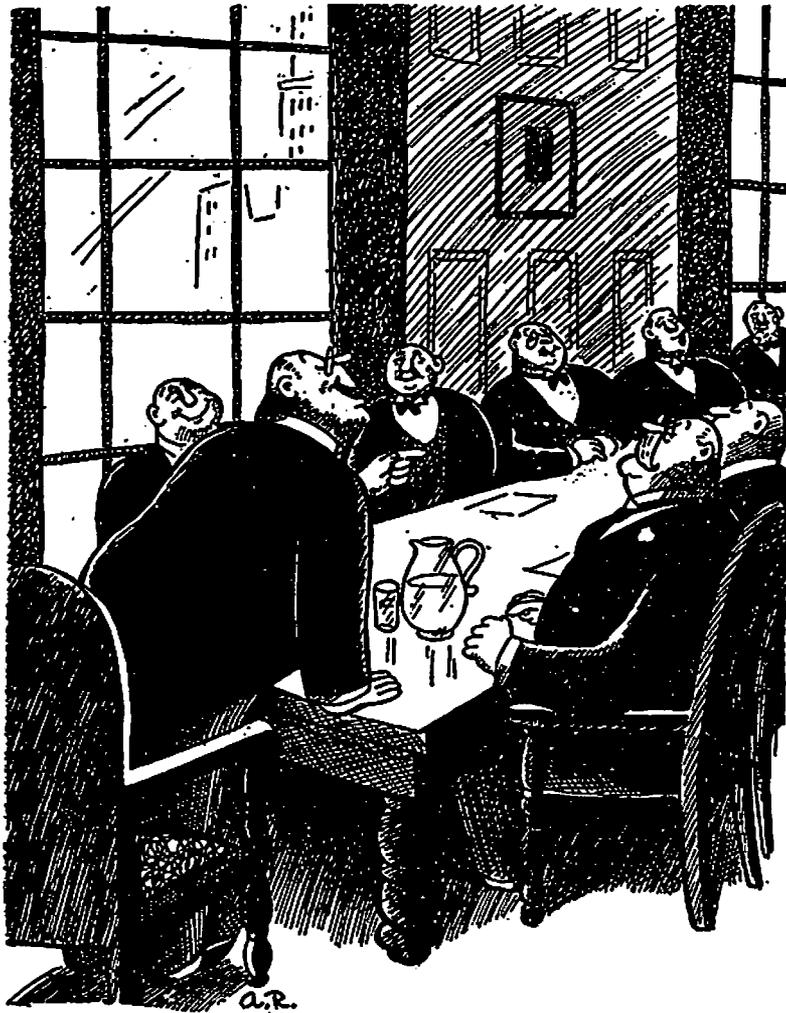
HELL IN A DRUGSTORE

BY MIKE GOLD

The poor druggist has made his last stand on his broken arches. He has served the last customer with epsom salts, rouge or ice cream, and locked up the store. He trudges home, thinking, "Well, now I can get away from the smell of cheap soap, ether and

rubber goods. Thank God, I can smell my baby's diapers again. The store is peaceful at last; I can sleep."

But the store isn't peaceful. Every well-run drugstore carries at least 60,000 items. That is what we mean, children, by civilization. And at the witching hour of midnight, all these



“Fellow workers. . . .”

strange symbols of civilization come to life. Yes, sir, it's just like the fairy tales you have read.

And if you think the world is a mess, you should visit a drugstore at this hour. Each of the 60,000 is a rank individualist, and they squabble, fight and abuse each other all night. They act like a regiment of Hitlers.

Last night, for example, in a certain

drugstore there were at least eight fights going on. Step by step, each of the 60,000 items had been lined up on bellicose sides. It would have resulted in something like a world war, and the place would have been a wreck. But the sun rose just in time, and as you know, this is when the clock and the pot lose their lives in the fairy tales.

What were they fighting about? To

begin with, a bottle of Listerine, fat, yellow and smug, had been boasting loudly how it could cure athlete's foot, and dandruff, and halitosis, and a lot of other things.

But a bottle of pink Lavoris sneered at Mr. Listerine.

"So what?" said young Lavoris. "I can do all that and cure pyorrhea, besides. And what is more," he said with the vanity of such drugs, "the ladies like me. I look better and smell better than you."

Pompous Mr. Listerine almost turned pink himself with anger. And six other mouth-washes butted in, boasting of their own merits. It was a war of each against all.

Chocolate Sundae, who is a natural-born pacifist and liberal, tried to soothe them.

"After all, you are brothers," he reminded them sweetly. "The same chemical formula fills your bottles; will you let a slight difference in color and price lead to war?"

And Sundae had to rush off in a moment to another corner, where a fierce new quarrel was on. Castor Oil, always a bully, had taken a punch at little Ex-Lax. The big gallon was actually jealous of the brown tin container, who had become so popular recently.

"I believe in honesty!" yelled Castor Oil. "This little punk is just a cheap crook. I am what I am, but he pretends to be chocolate candy."

"I do the job, don't I?" little Ex-Lax whimpered. "Just because you're older you pick on me. Hit a guy your size; try Cascarets, for instance."

"I will," yelled Castor Oil, "he's a crook, too." So the stout old bully socked Cascarets, and then went after

Feenamint, and a dozen other candy-coated dynamiters of the American gut. It was a riot. What could poor Sundae do but wring his hands? Even the enema bags got into the fight, and they are usually quiet and mind their own business.

Off in the mysterious backroom, where the prescriptions are made, even worse was going on. It was more dangerous back there, because some of these drugs were killers.

Little black pills and powders with long Latin names were threatening each other with murder. Opium said he could lick Arsenic. This was a joke; but Opium was always hopped up with his own day-dreams. So Arsenic had jabbed him just once, and the poor dope had curled up. But Morphine butted in. Then a lot of other alkaloids. What could Sundae do?

Especially since he could hear out in front the roar of a new battle. Twenty different kinds of smelly soap, each claiming to be the best for the skin, were fighting each other; and belligerent cans of Flit and roach-killer were, for some strange reason, battling among them. What could you make of such a mess? Then the cough medicines and nose drop compounds discovered a *casus belli*, and sailed into each other. A box of toilet paper brutally slugged a bottle of Maraschino cherries. Rubbing Alcohol, a cheap bruiser, knocked out Omega Oil, that refined young boxer, with a surprise blow.

You would think the women would stay out of such a scene. But when they got started they were worse than the men. You never heard such a screaming and hair-pulling. Carrot Rouge spit in the face of Brick Rouge.

All the nail-files and nail-paints smacked each other around. And old Mineral Oil, what did he do? Was he pouring peace on these troubled waters? No, he was strangling a case of corn-salve, and kicking with his feet at the chewing gum.

That's how it went on until morning. It's the fault of the system. After all, why manufacture so many kinds of mouth-wash and call them different bragging names? This leads to war in

drugstores and in life. Why not get the best formula for mouthwash and make up big quantities of it, and sell it cheap to the people? Don't you think so, children?

But no, the system has to make war. And even the drugs fight after midnight. Yes, the store would have been a wreck. But then the sun came up, and I hope, and you hope, too, that the sun of Communism will soon shine on us all and bring us peace.

NEGRO NAVAL HERO

BY EUGENE GORDON

January, 1942.

Robert Smalls, short and stocky, seemed older than 23, what with a long mustache encircling his upper lip and a tufted goatee on his squarish chin. It was his horseplay and his jokes among the other Negroes of the Planter's crew that made people think of him as an overgrown kid. The fact that he could be as stern sometimes as the Planter's Captain Relay didn't fool anybody. Captain Relay and his brother Confederate navy and army officers said Robert would go on being a happy-go-lucky Negro wheelman doing a white pilot's work for a Negro wheelman's \$16 a month. And he'd go on paying \$15 of that to the slave-owning lady whose property he was.

That's what *they* said.

"The way that black boy imitates Captain Relay!" the slaveowners laughed. "Why, if you saw 'em to-

gether at a distance you couldn't tell which was which."

"Yes. If imitation's flattery, old Cap'n Relay's flattered to death."

The Negro people who retell that tale today—and the records of the Navy Department and of the Congress bear out this tale—declare that resemblance between the black Robert Smalls and his white boss stopped right there.

After June 13, 1862, neither Captain Relay, who just yesterday had commanded the Confederate gunboat Planter, nor any of his fellow officers, ever again slapped their thighs in hilarity over Robert's "flattery."

Captain Relay, along with other officers of the rebel navy, then blockaded in waters about Charleston, S. C., by the Federal fleet, went ashore on the evening of June 13. All, including Captain Relay, were going to spend that night with their families; the Cap-

tain, however, had something additional to think about. He was sailing, early next morning, with a consignment of guns and ammunition for the new Confederate fortifications at Ft. Ripley.

"Have her loaded and steamed up, ready to sail at daybreak," the Captain told John Smalls and Alfred Gradine, engineers. "And, Robert, be ready to pilot her out the minute I come aboard."

Robert Smalls said, "Yes, sir." Although a wheelman, he had been piloting the Planter for six weeks (at a wheelman's smaller wages). Years of experience on boats in the Charleston harbor had placed his services in constant demand. There were scores of slaves doing pilot's work but not bearing that title nor drawing the pay.

The Planter's slave crew that night went about its jobs with more than usual vigor. By midnight the gunboat was loaded. They whispered they were lucky the two mates were also in town. Otherwise they never would have untied the Planter and sent her along the darkened wharves to the pier where a group of Negro women and children waited.

Speaking in whispers, watching nervously for any sign in the shadows, the nine Negro seamen directed Robert Smalls' wife and three youngsters and the wife, the child and the sister of the first engineer, John Smalls, to hurry on board and hide. Robert, at the pilot's wheel, wiped clammy sweat from his forehead. He began steering the 148-foot sidewheeler, with one fore and one aft gun, away from the wharf toward the open sea.

Not until the feeble lights of

Charleston no longer blinked at them through the darkness did they dare speak hopefully.

Robert Smalls steered the Planter toward Morris Island. Hatch's light artillery, a Confederate outfit, was stationed there. He passed beyond the range of Ft. Sumter's guns.

Smalls and his crew looked back and saw rebel soldiers signalling frantically from Fort Sumter toward Morris Island. Smalls forced the old gunboat to put on speed.

Yes, if "imitation" was flattery, old Cap'n Relay must've been flattered to death!

The Planter now hoisted a white flag and paddled toward the Federal fleet. Captain Nichols, of the Onward, boarded her. He listened in amazement to the Negro pilot's simple explanation. Smalls delivered the Confederate gunboat, the Planter to the United States Navy.

A Mr. Dezendorf, member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, said in the House of Representatives some years later: "Smalls' record has been carefully investigated and proved correct. He has a courage and well-directed intelligence and patriotism of which the nation may well be proud. . . ." Dezendorf introduced Bill H.R. 7059 "authorizing the President to place Robert Smalls on the Retired List of the Navy."

Robert Smalls, later was himself elected for three terms to the Congress of the United States. He held the rank of major general in the South Carolina militia. He is being held up today by the Negro people as an example of a man who was able to do splendid service because his government gave him a chance.

WILL 1920 BE REPEATED?

BY MAX GORDON

January 5, 1947.

It was just 27 years ago, minus two days, that Speaker Thaddeus Sweet, Republican, of the New York State Assembly summoned to the well of the Assembly chamber the five Socialist Assemblymen and said:

"You whom I have summoned before the Bar of this House, are seeking seats in this body—you who have been elected on a platform that is absolutely inimical to the best interests of the State of New York and of the United States."

Speaker Sweet went on to harangue these duly-elected Socialist Party Assemblymen on the "alien" character of their party, its sympathy for the bloody Bolsheviks of Russia, its alleged association with the Communist International, its opposition to America's entry into World War I.

Having thus indicted and convicted them in one harangue, he informed them that "if this House should adopt a resolution declaring your seat vacant, pending a hearing before a tribunal of this House, you will be given an opportunity to appear before this tribunal. . . ."

Sweet was Assembly leader of the party that had full control of the House. And it forthwith adopted such a resolution declaring the seats of the five men vacant even before they had received trial or hearing of any kind and after they had been sworn in as members of the Assembly without question.

Never had such procedure been seen in an American legislative body before. But then, these men were "dirty Reds," representing New York City working-class districts whose citizens could not count as Americans anyway.

The resolution throwing the five men out of the Assembly and setting up a mock "tribunal" to try them after they had already been convicted touched off one of the most bitter "trials" in American political history.

The end, of course, was a foregone conclusion though the battle was far tougher than Speaker Sweet and his cohorts had bargained for.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of April 1, 1920, after a wild 24-hour session of hysterical Red-baiting and free-flowing liquor, a drunken and disheveled Assembly voted formally to expel each of the five men. The votes ranged from 116 to 28 to 104 to 40 for the individuals involved. They were a panicky bunch of men—frightened by the revolutions in Europe and dismayed at the restiveness of the working class in America.

They shared their fears with a good part of the American capitalist class. And so we had not only the expulsion of the five duly-elected Socialist Assemblymen, but the historic Palmer "Red Raids" throughout the country, the Sacco-Vanzetti frame-up, the outlawing of the Communist Party and thousands of deportations of aliens.

For a brief period, the capitalists thought that their dominance of the

country was threatened. In that brief period, they revealed their readiness to scrap all democratic liberties, the right of free elections and of people to choose their own representatives, if necessary, to challenge that domination.

But, of course, their rule was not actually threatened then. Capitalism was still firmly in the saddle in America. The forces of Socialism were still far too weak to offer them any real threat.

Even the Socialist Assemblymen upon whom the frightened reactionaries in Albany let loose the full fury of their panic were scarcely a threat to the capitalists. They were part of the Social-Democratic machine that had recently expelled the revolutionary Socialists, the genuine supporters of the working class of Russia, Austria, Germany, which were then striving to cast off the yoke of the reactionary bourgeois and landowning classes.

Because the capitalist class in America was very far from having its rule threatened at the time, reaction from the press and from many political figures to the Albany ousters was by no means unanimous. Editorials in some of the most powerful newspapers made it clear that they considered the move a mistake. They feared it would undermine faith in the bour-

geois democratic system by exposing the fact that democracy was still a *class* democracy, designed to cover up the rule of the capitalist class.

The powerful New York City Bar Association set up a committee to fight the expulsion, headed by Charles Evans Hughes, former Governor of the state and Republican candidate against Wilson in the previous Presidential election.

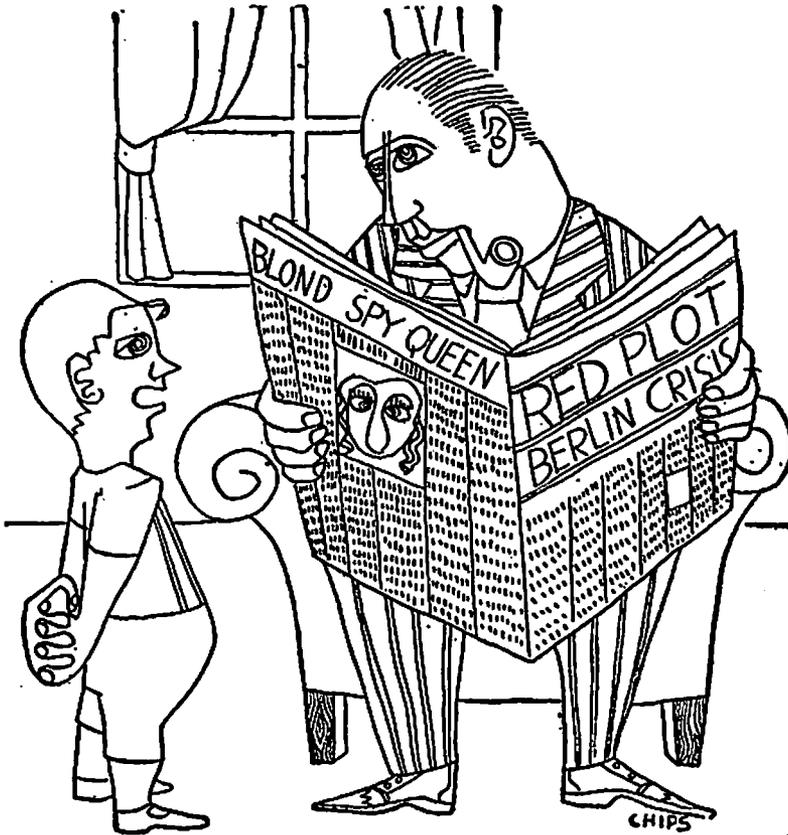
The chief grounds for seeking the expulsion of the Socialists were three-fold:

Their friendship for the Russian people and government which, in 1920, even the Social Democrats in America affirmed.

Their opposition to imperialist wars, also affirmed at the time by the Socialist Party.

Their backing of the great strike movements among the workers.

It is not strange that similar causes are operating today in the hysterical efforts to dislodge Rep. Vito Marcantonio, sole American Laborite in Congress, from his seat. Again, there are sections of the capitalist class that are frightened, that want a war of extermination against the Socialist Soviet Union, that want to destroy the popular democratic movements abroad and crush labor at home.



"Hey, pop, did we fight on the same side as the Russians during the war?"

HOW FASCISM STEALS INTO A NATION'S SOUL

BY MILTON HOWARD

December 23, 1945.

She saw me in my U.S. Army uniform and stopped me in one of the streets of Munich. She said:

"You are a Jew, no? Look here at my arm."

She rolled up her sleeve. Seven numbers were burned into her flesh, branded like an animal.

The SS had done it at Dachau

where her husband and two children were flung into the furnaces.

We saw those scientifically built ovens, with special rollers for sliding in the human fuel. Above, on the wall, there is a warning to the killers, "Wash Your Hands Before You Go Home." That's hygiene.

This woman, calm with the numbness of one who has passed through infernos and purgatories but who will

never reach any heaven of serenity again, told us:

"At night, they would awaken the older people. They promised them that the one who first reached the wires where they had hung lots of tools, hammers and such things, would get extra food.

"You should have seen the old women, half naked in the cold winds, too terrified to weep, almost turned into animals by despair. At a signal, the line broke and the old men and women stumbled and ran for the wire. The first one who reached it seized the hanging hammer, and fell dead instantly."

"You see," she explained, as if she were talking to a child, "there was electricity in the wires."

"The Germans laughed," she said, "when this used to happen. They did it often."

Many hundreds of German prisoners worked for us. I was able to talk to them. I was obsessed by a desire to penetrate into the consciousness of these Hitlermen.

They lied to us. They said they did not know. But even when they did know, they showed no horror. There was one who wanted to know if we could get him a copy of Goethe's *Faust*. "The poetry in it is wonderful," he explained.

I said to myself: "Here is one who will show me that he did not let Hitler debase him completely."

I said to him: "Tell me how a people capable of such achievements could let themselves be used as murderers on such a scale."

"It is a lie," he said. "We are innocent. We never committed these crimes."

I showed him (this was before the Nuernberg trials) the *Stars and Stripes* story on the plan to exterminate the Jews, men, women and children.

"Oh," he said, in a tone of relief. "I thought you were talking about atrocities. The Jews—well, naturally, that is different."

This cultured man who read Goethe had trained himself to feel no emotion at the murder of Jewish women and children.

That is what terrified us about Germany. Mostly Germany, but I heard it from Hungarians and Austrians too.

They said they had not realized what Hitler was up to. They said, "He did not hurt us. It was always the others, someone else."

There were millions of people in Europe who, as Iago said, "meant no harm." They accepted the steady advance of the Storm Troops out of the calculation that they could "outlive the storm" in comfort, at least in safety.

We saw such people everywhere. They had good homes. Good books. Libraries. Music. Records, phonographs, radios.

They had learned to live with blood and not mind it.

They had accustomed themselves to hearing the screams of tortured children and not noticing them. If some lingering conscience upset their little nest of quiet they turned up the radio volume on the Wagner they were listening to.

The cries of the Walkuere drowned the screams of the children whose veins were being drained for the Wehrmacht. The orchestration of Sig-

fried's forest chant covered up the shriek of the women flung into the dog kennels (I saw these at Dachau, still stained with blood and excrement).

We saw how fascism comes to a nation, stealthily, not with one vulture swoop, but with an unending series of compromises with evil.

It comes with the cowardice of those who delude themselves: "It is only the Jews they are beating."

Or, "It is only those Communists they are hounding."

It comes with the awakened greed of those who say, "Perhaps it will not be so bad to have the factories whirring with war contracts. What will be later we shall see. It cannot be so bad."

When we talked to those people, so talented, capable of such diligence, but now so depraved that they had lost even a sense of depravity and had

to be resurrected by mankind to the family of nations again—when we talked to these people, we thought of their counterparts in our own country.

I could just see them—the genteel people who are afraid to fight, the aloof ones who say, "It is not meant for me," the cowardly ones who say, "Why should I risk my neck, it will blow over later," and all the others who share the guilt.

This is what we will never forget about what we saw in Europe. It is the vital lesson, so simple, so banal even, and yet so vital for mankind's future, that, as William Blake sang:

"In every cry, in every fear
"The mind-forged manacles I hear."

Once we start to retreat before any single manifestation of this rottenness, we are lost. We win only as we never cease to combat it every inch of the way.

IF THERE WERE NO MOSCOW, WOULD THERE BE COMMUNISM?

BY MILTON HOWARD

November 2, 1947.

Where does communism come from?

Certain frightened classes—usually those with the most money—have been biting their nails over this question for a long time now.

But they have never dared to give the obvious answer. They always look

for the cause far, far away in some foreign country.

The idea of communism—that the whole people shall cooperatively own and operate the means of economic life—is older than Marxian socialism, of course.

There was, for example, the primitive Christian communism of the followers of Jesus. These humble folk,

artisans and slaves, dreamed of a life different from the one they were leading. They were considered revolutionaries by the Roman Empire. It is true that their dream of a happy life for all, without poverty or slavery, could be realized only in an unearthly vision. They had not yet developed the world-wide system of modern industry which is capable, at long last in mankind's history, of dominating nature and providing abundance for all.

Since the practical means for realizing Christian communism were not at hand, it remained a dream, an ideal, not a political program.

Marxian socialism gave the noble ideals of early communism a scientific basis. The rise of the system of private ownership, of the factory system, which we know as capitalism, gave birth to a new class—the working class. This class is now well on its way toward creating a new world in which the ideals of communism, of brotherhood and production for use, not for profit, will prevail.

Does this ideal of communism come from Moscow alone?

Ridiculous! If there were no Moscow, or no socialism in the Soviet Union, there still would be a world-wide movement for socialism, the goal of the communist movement.

"Why do you go to Moscow for your philosophy of how to make America better?" a Congressman asked me several months ago in Washington.

"Sir," I replied, "you should know the history of our country better. The idea of socialism in the United States was active even in the days of the Jackson and Van Buren Administra-

tions. A Utopian socialist, Robert Owen, was invited to address a joint session of Congress on socialism.

"You have a poor opinion of our American people if you imagine that all other nations can develop the idea of socialism but that our people have to import it."

Socialism springs inevitably and irresistibly from the development of capitalism. Wherever you have private employers hiring men and women for wages, and making profit out of their labor, there you will find socialism breeding as a hope and aspiration.

"Free enterprise" capitalism has created all these modern American wonders, cry its defenders. Why ask for another system?

True, capitalism in our country has built up our great factories. Capitalism has been lucky in the U.S.A. since it had no feudal barriers to overcome (except slavery in the South). It had a rich country to develop (and loot, too).

And because of a shortage of labor and the rise of fighting trade unions, it had to develop labor-saving machinery on a large scale. The genius of the American people for production helped greatly, too.

But this system has outlived its usefulness. The 1929 crash proved that. The great productive power of the country is badly hampered today by the private monopolies which are interested in high prices, high profits and low production. They can't plan for an economy without crises, poverty, unemployment and war.

A nation doesn't cling to an outworn system anymore than a boy clings to his breeches after he has become a man.

Where does communism come from? It comes from Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Birmingham, New York, Detroit, Chicago and from every factory in the U.S.A. It comes from the anarchy of Wall Street production, its planlessness, its waste and its unpatriotic devotion to private profit and not the national welfare.

Certain liberals say to the Big Business corporations, "The way to fight communism is to raise the standard of living, to build new homes and make life better."

Communists would be only too happy to be "fought" this way; for these are the things they are fighting for themselves. But if capitalism could do this, it wouldn't be capitalism.

Atom bomb fire-eaters dream of wiping out communism by destroying Moscow and the Soviet Union which inspires mankind. But that is a vain dream indeed.

Even if they succeeded, communism would spring right up again in their own factories and farms of America where the working people create the national wealth but don't get it.

As Marx and Engels, founders of scientific socialism, once said, "To abolish communism, they would have to abolish the working class. They would have to abolish the conditions of their own existence."

Pity the poor Red-baiters, therefore. They have a hopeless task.

50 WOMEN

BY CLAUDIA JONES

August 10, 1947.

It was a sultry day—the kind of Sabbath you'd like to spend on a beach or under a shady tree in somebody's yard. But there they were, 50 of them prepared to sit it out if it took all day—50 of the Quaker State's most anxious women meeting in the city of Pittsburgh.

What were they anxious about? Well, what would any woman be anxious about in these days of soaring prices and taxes, of policemen running wild, of a crazy bunch of people down in Washington abolishing good laws and enacting bad ones, of war talk so thick you can almost hear the cannon rumble everytime a profes-

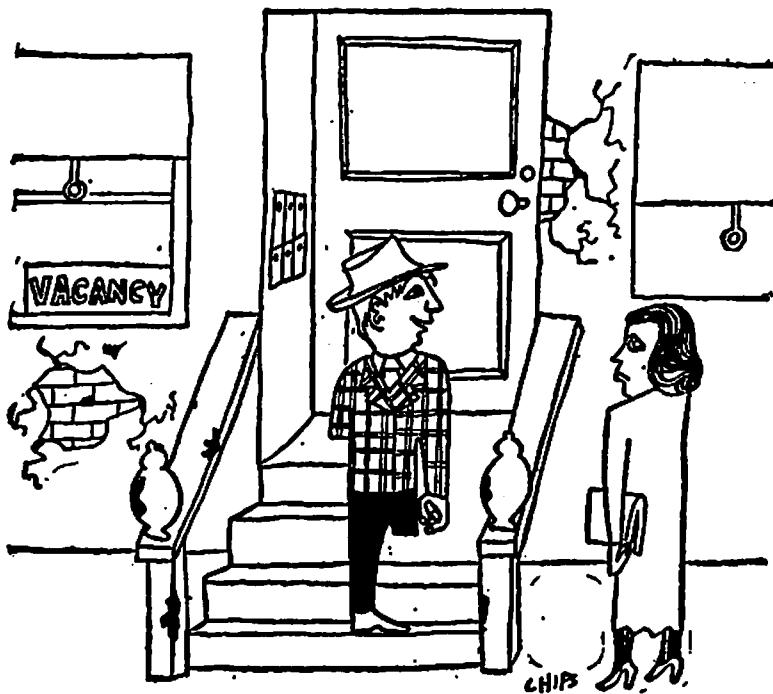
sional profiteer drapes himself in the flag and starts talking about "saving America"?

Who were the 50? For whom were they concerned and for whom did they speak?

There was Dolly Karpa, a blond, attractive young woman, who came from the mining districts of Washington County. Dolly had a common grievance—sanitation, or rather the lack of it, in her residential area.

"It's a rotten shame!" said Dolly, getting her steam up. "There's positively no sewage. The mining families have to use the old two-seaters. And the kids, what happens to the kids?"

"The children run around in the garbage and the sewage. Many of



"Well, dear, I got the apartment."

them become infected. Food is contaminated.

"There are no cultural facilities—no movies, nothing. And the salaries of our menfolk are so low you can't take taxes out to build adequate sanitation and recreation facilities."

Victoria Dombrowski was next. Victoria is middle-aged and motherly, but she puts passion in her speech. She told of the drowning of an eight-year-old child, and before she had finished, the tears had begun to stream down her cheeks.

"The little fellow was in the house playing, and I sent him home," sobbed Victoria. "They found his body hours later."

She couldn't finish. But afterward it came out that there are no recreational facilities in Washington County.

If there had been a swimming pool, for instance.

But then, who cares a tinker's dam about providing swimming pools for the children of miners!

Lisa Kruznich, of Croatian stock and an active trade unionist, spoke next. Lisa has flashing eyes, talks as if the torrent of words within her must escape all at once. An old-timer in the mine-fields, she recalled that the womenfolk of miners had led many a struggle for better conditions and had picked up the struggle when their menfolk were discouraged or sent to jail.

"It's time we picked up the stick again," said Lisa. "We've got to reorganize the trade union auxiliaries. They've got a vital role to play in repealing the Taft-Hartley Slave Law.

It'll be more than the men alone can do."

Lisa was followed by Garnet Johnson, a tall Negro woman with graying hair, whose daughter is a student at Pennsylvania University. Garnet is a domestic worker. Her words conveyed the triple sorrows of the Negro woman—the burden of being a woman, of being a Negro, of being sentenced to the blind-alley vocation of domestic service. A resident of Pittsburgh, Garnet told of housing congestion, of Jim Crow and segregation, of the rising wave of lynch terror throughout the nation.

"I am very happy to be here," said Garnet. "I think it's wonderful that other women are taking so much interest in us Negro women and our special problems.

"The case of Dora Jones in San Diego, California, who was held a slave for 40 years, shows just how special our problems are.

"And up on the hill here in Pittsburgh, I know of a Negro woman with six children who is being evicted from a condemned house. Where she will

live now, what with all the town being crowded and Jim Crow keeping us out of most areas, the Lord only knows."

When Garnet Johnson sat down there was a hushed silence for a minute or two. Then the other women began applauding Garnet's appeal for unity and for organization to fight the common battles of all women, and the special battles of Negro women.

From all of which it becomes obvious that the 50 women, who had come out this sultry Sunday in response to a Communist Party call for a conference on work among women, were expressing several important facts:

- Women's economic status has drastically declined since the end of the war, with employment dropping by 3,500,000.

- Women are becoming increasingly active in the fight against the high cost of living, the low standards of living which include inadequate or a complete lack of recreational, sanitation and educational facilities.

- Women are a powerful anti-fascist, anti-war force.

I GOT ENOUGH—I CAN'T STAND NO MORE

Early on the morning of December 12, 1948, the rear half of a six-story tenement in New York's Washington Heights community was smashed like an eggshell when the two-foot concrete wall of an adjoining abandoned ice house collapsed. It was as though a block buster had exploded on the tenement. Whole families were buried alive, and the death toll reached 37 before the last body was dug out three days later.

BY JOHN HUDSON JONES

December 14, 1946.

The rain fell steadily from a black sky. The searchlights glared and the firemen pulled out a big red and green mattress from a hole in the mountain of debris. The red was blood and the hole was apartment 12 at 2715 Amsterdam Avenue.

Suddenly a fire chief signaled from the heap and the 300 or more digging firemen and professional wreckers stood still. They had found a body, and their glistening hats came off.

The chief yelled, "Come up, Father," and a priest scrambled up the two-story tall mountain of bricks, twisted steel girders, and splintered wood. He administered the last rites and then the chief yelled, "Body bag up here!"

They passed the long black, sagging bag down. Camera bulbs flashed and reporters scuffled to get near "Blackie," the corner bartender, who had known most of the people who had lived there.

The bag flaps were opened. What was left of a man lay there with his arms broken and grotesquely twined over his head as though he had instinctively tried to protect himself as the building collapsed.

"Blackie," a stocky Italian fellow, peered in. "Yeah, that's poor Bill, all right. That's him." The raincoated police sergeant wrote down the name William Samson, age about 30. They closed the flaps and took him to the dead wagon.

The rain came harder. The firemen started to dig brick again. A 30-ton crane rumbled with hidden power as

the operator manipulated the huge arm as though it were a fountain pen. Everybody ducked when the big claw swung overhead.

From the hole they passed out piles of sheets, pillow-cases, towels and a bureau drawer—then a baby's kiddy-car.

The chief signaled again, and when the body bag came down and was opened, "Blackie" said, "Yeah, that's poor Marian, sure it is. I'd know her hair anywhere, although her face is almost gone."

The reporters peered in, too, and then they turned away without speaking. The Sergeant wrote Marian Samson, age about 26.

A hoarse scream tore into the crane's rumble. One of the wreckers ran down the heap crying hysterically. "I got enough! I can't take no more! I got enough! I can't take no more! Oh God, oh God, oh God!"

A couple of firemen caught him and a doctor ran up. He was led away.

Still they probed into the hole; directly in front, and overhead the remaining half of the tenement showed sheered off apartments from the third floor up to the sixth. To the left of the heap, sections of the two-foot thick ice house wall that smashed the apartment like egg shells, leaned precariously.

The chief yelled again. The priest went up. The tin hats came off. This time a big round wicker basket came down. "Blackie" looked, his eyes moistened, and his voice almost broke. "That's little Bill, and he was only a year old."

There were two more floors to go.



Capitalism: "Hey, there, you're taking one-sixth of the world?"
Labor: "Yes, and the job's not finished yet."

MEET A SOVIET STEEL WORKER

BY SERGEI KOURNAKOFF

Moscow, May 2, 1948:

He came into my office with that firm yet light step of a well-developed man. His blue serge suit seemed filled to the seams with bone and brawn. His facial expression bespoke a man used to taking responsibilities and quietly deciding important things.

An honored steelworker, Hero of

Socialist Labor, Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., Alexander Zvezdin sat down on the decidedly pre-revolutionary chair in the office.

I asked, not very originally: "Comrade Zvezdin, what is your main goal in life?"

"I suppose you don't mean my family life, do you? Outside of raising

my kids the best I can, my goal is to give the country more and better steel as fast as possible."

"And what about your duties as a deputy of the Supreme Soviet?"

Alexander Zvezdin in his extreme modesty did not want to play the role of a statesman. But that is what he is because in the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. he not only votes on momentous bills, but in committee he helps draft them. The section of the budget pertaining to the steel industry, for instance, is worked out in cooperation with, and with the advice of, experienced steelmakers like himself.

There is no 50 per cent of lawyers in the Supreme Soviet. It consists of men of action, not words. These are practical men and women of a few words who know exactly what the people want. And Zvezdin is one of them.

Zvezdin switched to his other duties as deputy.

"My job is also to see that all who voted me their confidence should get everything they are entitled to by law." And he smiled: "Also the benefit of the doubt when the case is doubtful."

And then he switched back to the subject which is really his whole life—steel.

"You see, with more steel we can have more houses and more nice apartments. People will ride in less crowded trains. They will have more cars. There are really but a few steps from the open hearth furnace to the kitchen stove. Being a deputy of the Supreme Soviet is only a part-time job. The main thing for most of us deputies is to produce. Then we can

legislate all kinds of nice things for our constituents. Our Constitution is not a lot of fine promises. It means what it says and we've got to deliver. So, I for one, have to pour a lot of steel between parliamentary sessions."

Frankly, at this point my thoughts wandered from the interview and leaped across the ocean. To Pittsburgh, Gary, and the dome of the Capitol in Washington. I wondered about the full-time Congressmen and Senators and the three-hundred-odd lawyers among them who produce only speeches and those amiable oratorical marathons which are known as filibusters. And then, how many steelworkers, or just workers, for that matter, are there under the Capitol dome? And another thing, how many of Fairless and Girdler's steelworkers can or care to think in terms of more steel for the country?

Zvezdin was born a Kuban Cossack in a village near Armavir. In his boyhood days he worked in the fields as a farm hand. Then he moved to Rostov-on-the-Don and worked in a mill for a while. After that he worked through a special elementary course for steel workers.

During the war he learned to make first class steel out of the stuff that was at hand. The steel mill he worked in not only did not stop producing high-grade steel, but increased its output. And that steel had to be good because it went to protect the bodies of Soviet tank men, to make guns and wheels for cars and engines which carried troops and weapons to the front.

Zvezdin put his whole heart and soul into his open-hearth furnace. And some of that heart went to the

front together with the steel. For in every ingot Zvezdin saw something which would push the enemy further west. He had a big stake in that process. His wife and children had been caught in the German onrush in the Kuban and they had to be liberated as quickly as possible. If not, they had to be avenged. So he poured his sorrow and his anger into the molten metal. Perhaps that helped some.

Zvezdin's technological method was picked up by other steelworkers, other shops, other plants, finally by the whole industry.

One day, in November, 1943, he was shaving in the bathroom of his apartment in the workers' settlement near the Liublino steel mill. The voice of the famous announcer Levitan came over the loudspeaker. He read the list of men and women who had been made Heroes of Socialist Labor for outstanding work. Among the names of academicians, engineers, physicians, designers, one name came like a bolt out of the blue: "To decorate with the Gold Star of Hero of Socialist Labor, Alexander Grigorievich Zvezdin."

And after that, with victory announcements coming in daily and even several times a day, what with the Gold Star and all that, things

began to move fast. Zvezdin's family was found. Emaciated, but alive.

In 1946, the workers of the Liublino steel plant named him a candidate for the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. Then he was elected.

When he got the Gold Star of Hero of Socialist Labor, he was not a member of the Communist Party. After that he joined the ranks of those whom the people call the brains, honor and conscience of our epoch.

His son, who is a student of the Institute of International Relations, a future diplomat, gets a scholarship of 400 rubles per month. His daughter, who studies at the Institute of Foreign Trade, gets another 375 rubles. With a nice apartment and a car all this provides the family with a comfortable living. Of course, when Zvezdin resumes his work as steel worker, he will earn much more. And he intends to do just that, even though many desk jobs could be his for the asking.

Is this a Horatio Alger story? I don't think so because Zvezdin's rise was due to his own energy backed up by a society which gave him rewards, inducements and facilities to do great things. After all, blasting the way toward upping steel production almost threefold is something, isn't it?

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOVIET DEMOCRACY

BY ADAM LAPIN

November 24, 1945.

Rudyard Kipling's lines about "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" might well become the theme song of our present-day imperialists. For they seek to isolate the Soviet Union from its western allies. They dream about western blocs of one kind or another directed against the Soviet Union. Political maneuvers to form a new "atomic bloc" excluding the Soviet Union have their counterpart in the anti-Soviet campaign in the American press. No aspect of this propaganda is more pernicious than the attempt to create the impression that democracy is the great dividing line between East and West—that the Western democracies are split from the Soviet Union by the latter's alleged totalitarianism.

Here is one of the great political issues of our times, one that needs clarity and understanding and gets all too little of either in our newspapers.

The New York *Herald Tribune*, for example, conceded yesterday that the Soviet system works, and that it has the overwhelming support of its people who sincerely believe that they have democracy. It grants that Soviet society works for civilized ends rather than "the brute ends of aggressive war."

But it repeats the ancient slanders that Soviet society is constructed along the same lines as German and Italian fascism, that it is a dictatorship and a police state.

Thus the *Herald Tribune* fails to shed any real light on the issue because like every devotee of capitalism it never gets down to brass tacks.

Of course there is a difference between democracy in the Soviet Union and democracy in Great Britain and the United States. It grows out of the difference between a socialist and a capitalist organization of society. Capitalist newspapers don't like to discuss this point which is the key to understanding the whole issue.

Even critics of the Soviet Union are frequently forced to admit that there is economic democracy in that country. Lack of independent means is no bar to a college education or technical and scientific and cultural opportunities of all kinds. One of the most basic of all democratic rights, the right to work, is guaranteed in the Soviet constitution and made a reality in daily life.

If any invidious comparisons are to be made on this score, they must be made between the capitalist democracies and the defeated fascist states. For Germany, like Great Britain and this country, could boast of private ownership of the means of production and great trusts and monopolies and

cartels—which had intimate connections with American and British finance.

Fascism is the product of capitalism in crisis turning to forcible means to retain economic and political power. But this doesn't mean that capitalist democracy and fascism are the same thing. This would resemble the falsification of which the anti-Sovieteers are guilty when they say that the Soviet system is the same as fascism.

The pitfall which traps most critics of the Soviet Union is their failure to see the tie-up between economic and political democracy. Soviet citizens have the basic economic right to work. They also have the basic political right to be free from racial and religious discrimination of any kind. Both rights are products of the same socialist system.

A major point of attack on the Soviet Union is that it has a one-party system. This is described as a deprivation of political liberty, and is frequently embroidered with ignorant variations of all kinds. For example, the supposedly well-informed *Washington Post* recently said in an editorial that only members of the Communist Party can work under the Soviet constitution.

But political parties are expressions of class differences. The Soviet peoples cannot be forced to form parties which have no basis in economic or political realities.

The number of parties is hardly a measure of democracy. Was France, on the eve of its betrayal by the Nazi collaborationists, more democratic, because it had almost a score of parties?

Nor is the two-party system in our country a guarantee of democracy. The tweedledee-tweedledum political set-up in the U.S. in which both major parties reflect the same class interests and programs is an effective denial of political expression to the masses of the people. Millions of people in the South are, of course, deprived of the right to vote by the poll-tax system.

Another major point of attack is that Soviet citizens have no freedom of criticism. But even some correspondents for capitalist newspapers like Alexander Kendrick of the *Chicago Sun* have been forced to admit there is plenty of freedom of criticism in the Soviet Union.

The real distinction here is that the Soviet Union was vigilant against fascist agents—and Justice Jackson at the Nuernberg trial has just revealed a plot by Japanese agents in 1939 to assassinate Stalin—while capitalist democracies have not been.

In our country there is complete freedom of expression for anti-Semitic and anti-Negro propagandists. There is freedom for those who admire fascism and want to see it in our own country. There is freedom for those who want war against the Soviet Union.

This is not democracy. It is one road to the destruction of democracy—the road which was taken by France, Belgium, Holland and other European countries. But this kind of freedom for the enemies of the people is an expression of capitalist society which contains within it the seeds of fascism and exploits the differences between racial and national groups to perpetuate its existence.

Socialism in the Soviet Union is

the highest form of democracy, safeguarded by a democratic economic system. Capitalist democracy is a precarious plant under constant attack when the interests of the capitalists seem threatened. When workers go out on strike, anti-strike bills to destroy the democratic rights of labor are promptly trotted out in Congress.

But if there are great differences between democracy in the Soviet Union and in the United States, there

are also great points of contact.

The Soviet peoples want to destroy fascism and the forces of aggression throughout the world. They want peace with all countries. Our people want the same things. This is the bond of common interest—but it must be realized against the powerful forces in our economic and political life who want to thwart the democratic will of the people as expressed in the last election.

PALE CHILDREN

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

South St. Paul, January 25, 1946.

If you want to find out how a society lives, what its values are, take a look at its children. Well, the children of packinghouse workers are ill-fed. Hidden hunger shows in the color of their skin, in the texture, and in the eye, and the bones. Starch diet over a long period can't be remedied by cream after a certain age. What a child doesn't have before it is born and in the first years of bone building and teeth building you cannot make up later.

If you want to know the toll of a low wage and a wage not guaranteed, look at the children.

Down on the river front lives Mrs. L., with five children and another coming. She is a widow and two of her sons have been working. Two are in the war. Yet they were so near

the edge of insecurity that already she fears they will have to have relief.

She is a neat, clean Italian woman and the same strange fear is in her eyes and it is identically mirrored in the eyes of the two young children who listen with this hidden terror to everything we say. I imagine already it is in the eyes of the unborn child, printed there forever—fear.

"No matter what you do," she says, "you cannot make the ends meet. It seems you could work every moment of your life and you cannot win. I worked, too, during the war; sometimes ten hours. It makes me spit blood now every day. Very hard work. I don't like to see my boys there working. I thought maybe someday they should go to school, but we have to have money. My husband died of illness, got the cold in the hog kill, we never had much in-



"Communist crackpot."

surance, now another comes. I don't know—"

They all live in a small, three-room, tarpaper shanty on the river bottom below the plants. It is piled on all sides with manure, hay and snow and a pot-bellied stove burns river chips and shavings in the middle of the room.

"I no want to go on strike," she says. "I want to work. My boys want to work, but we have to get enough to feed us to keep us up so we can work. Like my boys say, they want to kill the goose. I guess we are the goose all right." She laughs but I see the six eyes full of fear looking above the laughter.

LOW-SEAM MINE

BY WALTER LOWENFELS

Richlands, Va., January 26, 1947.

Perhaps the most unbelievable part of the coal crisis is that some men, called operators, make money, and spend their winters in fine homes and in Florida, out of what the miners go through every day and night in the mines.

"Have you ever been down in the mines?" the men ask you during a coal strike when they are out of the mines for a few cents more a day and the nation's wheels grind to a stop.

"If all the people who knock the miners would come down and watch the miners they might get something."

We spent just a few hours with a few miners in a low-seam mine. Here the men spend their days and nights on their knees, 3,000 and 4,000 feet from the mine mouth, and a thousand feet from hilltop and the sun, or the snow, or the rain or the cold.

In other mines it may be as far as five miles or more from the mine tippie to the face of the coal. And the average age of the soft coal miner who brings you your coal today is 43, and many are in their sixties.

Here, in the ocean deeps, there is no weather, no change, just the eternal dark, and the eternal damp, which is neither hot nor cold.

It was just chance that we spent our few hours in one of the low-seam

mines where a quarter of the nation's coal is mined. Here, in addition to everything else, the miners revive some ancient crawling life of eons ago.

The roof above them is 26 inches here, 30 inches there—a maximum of 40 inches anywhere. An average of two and a half or three feet in which they earn their daily bread and work their lives.

Some wear knee-pads, some say they do better without. For nine hours a day they never stand up straight. They scramble and crawl and burrow like human moles, and do it real fast, too. They run the cutters or the duck-bill loading machine, or hand-load at a face where the machines won't go, and here and there they do it on their sides because there isn't even room to kneel or crawl.

Every so often the mine roof shakes an inch over your head. The mountain rumbles like an earthquake. It seems as if the fires of hell have already exploded, but it's only another blast of dynamite at a mine face a few hundred feet away.

Why do they do it? I ask again and again as we travel through the coal fields. Once a miner it's hard to get away. It's hard to get other jobs at more than 75 cents an hour. It's hard to leave your home where you were born and where there is no other work except digging coal deep underground.

But under it all there is an unspoken pride and a joy in the daily battle with the vegetable debris of primeval

swamps that nature decomposed into carbon in the Appalachian Mountains ages ago.

A MEAN WOMAN

BY BETH MCHENRY

May 18, 1946.

The little girl's not much more than three and she's met with Red-baiting already. She came in from the outside with a strange look on her wonderful face and said, the mean woman talked bad to me today, mommy.

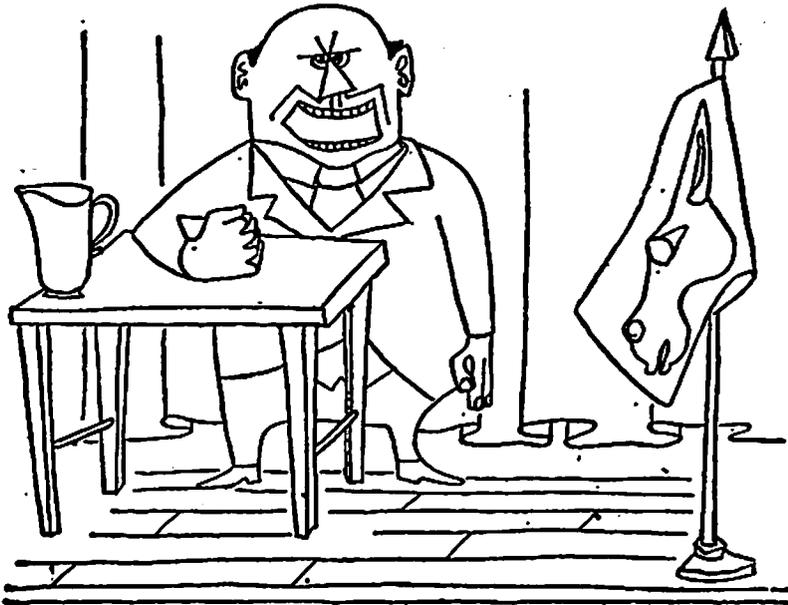
Ordinarily we don't bother much with what the mean woman says or how she looks, she being a warped and twisted old creature with a heartful of hate for Jews, Communists and humanity in general. We're accustomed to hearing her grunt as we pass en masse, a regular parade of a family, noisy and laughing, but always before she's not come close to either of the children individually. This day, however, the friendly little girl went up to the woman, perhaps with intent to conquer, and the mean woman let her have it. Your father's a Communist, she said to the child, and your mother's a Communist, and you'd be better never born than the way they're raising you.

The little girl didn't know what's never born and what was Commu-

nist but she did know that the woman was talking mean about her folks and her response was fighting. I don't like you, and my papa is good and my mommy is good and you're bad. And then of course, she cried, being just a little over three and frightened.

We hadn't meant to burden this little thing with heavy explanations about good and evil and the relationship of forces, but the mean woman brought the thing on. So we explained to the little girl about Communists and how they love children beyond anything else and are fighting to make everything good for them. And the little girl said, and no more children going hungry in Europe? And then she said, and all the children playing together? And then she took the hand of the smaller little girl and pulled her into a dancing circle and said, let's pretend we're all the children dancing together.

A little later, when the dancing had stopped and the high shrieking was silenced, the little girl started singing to her single tune, I love papa, and then, I love Communists, and then, go away you mean woman.



CHIPS



"Russian children speak a foreign language."

AH, THOSE FIGHT MANAGERS

BY BILL MARDO

February 24, 1948.

Ray Robinson's name never aroused any wells of affection in the hearts of those who manage fighters for a living. Put your own quotation around the word heart because while it means many things never was it intended to include hopping an airplane while a prizefighter you managed lay near

death in a strange town without even his parents arrived yet.

What has Mike Spinelli, the punk who took his cut out of Sam Baroudi while the body was still turning cold, go to do with the great welterweight champion? Only this. For many years Ray Robinson was vilified and slandered in the front offices of boxing because was "too damn indepen-

dent." Ray didn't like managers. Early in his career he got rid of his because he didn't believe a nickel phone-call to a matchmaker's office entitled somebody to half his earnings. Ray has since managed his own affairs while letting his close friend George Gainford use the formal title for the sake of Commission rulings. But as I say, Robinson's distrust and disgust for the blood-suckers has earned him the rep of being a bad egg.

You think of how Robinson feels about managers when you read of the knife Mike Spinelli dug into Sam Baroudi's dead body. And while you have known some good guys who manage boxers, you find it much easier to add up the louses, the ones who are out only for the quick buck and to hell with the fighter.

One night at Ebbets Field you'll never forget. This was a prelim on the Mauriello-Carollo card, and you were sitting right under the kid's corner. He couldn't fight worth a damn and you wondered whatever made him try the fight racket, but in his clumsy way he was trying his best even though he was taking an awful beating. But the two guys who owned him didn't think the one-minute interim between rounds entitled the kid to a rest. One of them slapped his bloody face silly while the other heaped filth and abuse on him. "You faker!" he screamed, "get in there and fight. . . . Faker. . . . Faker!" And this went on round after round; the kid took two beatings, one from the other fighter, and another from his

miserable managers with the foul mouth and stinging open hand.

Not all managers act that way. There was once a brilliant welter prospect name of Aaron Perry who came in here during the war days. He had racked up a neat record out of town and was even more sensational his first night in the Garden semi-final. The boy had everything and there was no reason why he shouldn't have gone to the top. His manager was a quiet, gentle looking white-haired old gent. But Aaron Perry was due for army induction in a few months, and this nice retiring old Santa Claus perpetrated as neat a job of managerial murder as did Sam Baroudi's manager. If Aaron Perry is alive today it's not because his manager wasn't trying.

In rapid fire succession, the young, still-learning Perry was matched with comebacking Henry Armstrong, who pounded his body for six rounds and then knocked him into a limp heap, then with Jimmy McDaniels, a wise campaigner from California who gave the kid such a merciless beating that a friend I took to the fights that night has never gone again; and so it went down the line. Aaron Perry was headed for the Army, you remember. His sweet old manager had no way of knowing whether he would ever come out of the service in one piece. So he rushed him in over his head, milked the magic of the kid's name dry, and walled a nice wad to see him through the years while Aaron was gone.

WHEN THE BOSS QUOTES SCRIPTURE

BY GEORGE MARION

August 18, 1947.

That old time religion—and those old time wage rates—are good enough for Quincy Beltram, Newark employer. He recently said that “having a union in my plant goes against the Scriptures,” and that he would give his workers “a raise when the Lord moves me to do so.” The Lord, however, moved his workers to strike.

The C.I.O. United Steel Workers, acting on the biblical principle that the Lord helps those who help themselves, went to work on the case and yesterday Beltram was in possession of a proposed union contract on which he has agreed to negotiate.

Beltram, who conducts Bible classes twice daily in his International Edge Tool Co. plant to fortify the spirit of his workers, and once a day gives them a vitamin pill and a glass of boiled water to strengthen the flesh, was reluctant to talk to me.

“The things of the Spirit,” he told me, “should not be splashed over front pages.” He said his religious views and their relation to his workers had once received publicity, “but that was not of my doing and was without my consent.”

Beltram's employees and others were not so reluctant to talk. I learned that Beltram, born in Italy 46 years ago, got religion when business went to hell in the early 30's. When business recovered and throughout the re-

cent war, he kept wage rates at 60 to 70 cents an hour (he claims that they average \$1 an hour) and piled up enormous profits from his meat-chopper and cutlery output.

Mike Caprio, 30, former Crucible Steel worker and active union representative in Beltram's shop, introduced me to most of the workers there. Many are war vets and were union members—“troublemakers,” Beltram says—before they came to International Edge Tool.

“Ask him why he couldn't keep his ‘good’ workers who had been with him 20 years, as he boasts,” Caprio said. “He couldn't keep ‘em because they wouldn't stay at his pre-war wage rates.”

Annoyed with low wages, Beltram's paternalism, speedup in the shop where the foreman Roland Lenzzi, sets the pace, 11 workers signed union cards late in July.

Beltram said the cards were handed out by “agitators” and the men didn't know what they were signing. On July 31 he stopped each worker at the gate and asked him if he wanted a union. Each one who said “Yes” (and there were 11) got a quick, “You're fired.”

“I followed the biblical precept, ‘Cast out the scorner and strife shall cease,’” said Beltram.

His men promptly walked out and set up a picket line with a placard carrying the equally valid biblical

text: "Master, give unto your workers that which is just and equal." Several had New Testaments on the line.

Beltram had never heard of the Taft-Hartley Law or, for that matter, the Wagner Act or the State Mediation Board. He heard from the latter by telephone a few hours later and went there to confer with authorities and steelworker organizers John Proto, William Mackay and the union's lawyer, Samuel Rothbard.

"I'm 100 per cent for the law unless it's in conflict with God's Word. Then I'm against it," Beltram declared.

He threatened to give up his business, abandoning a new and spacious \$100,000 plant into which he was scheduled to move with an enlarged working force—perhaps 60 men—in the near future.

"No union," he said. "I'll forgive 70 times 7 if my men will come back under my conditions—and the Lord's."

The Board and the C.I.O. evidently persuaded him, the men told me, that the Lord was on the side of the strongest picket line, for he

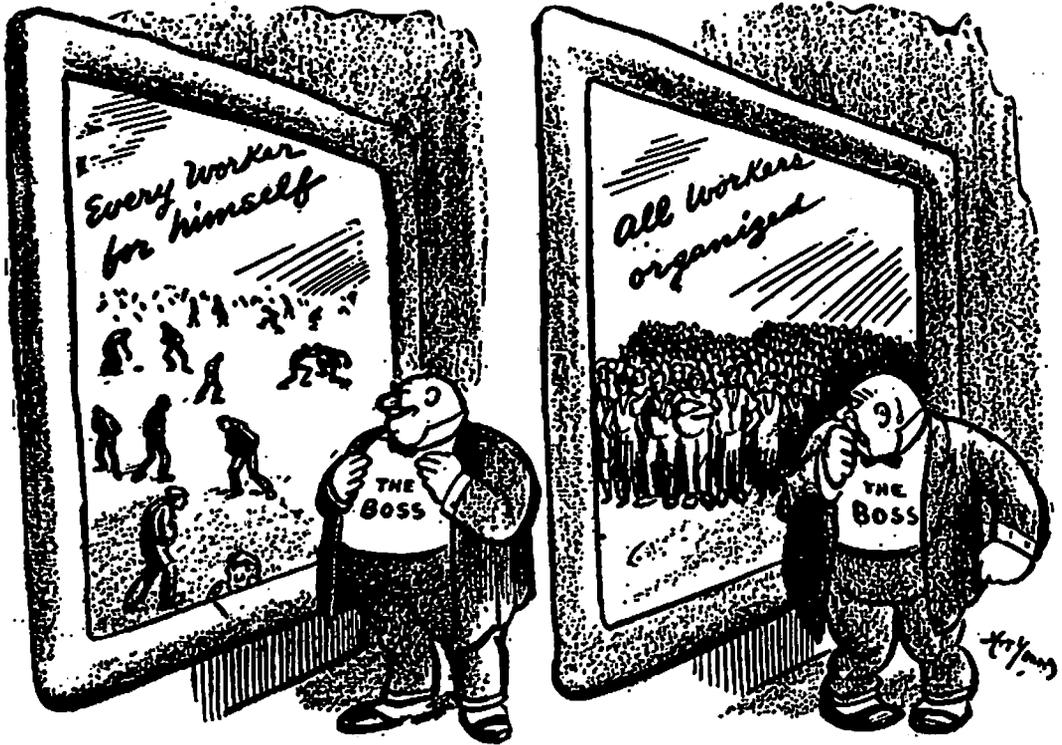
backed down within a few hours. The men went back the next day, an election was held and the union voted in.

"If he doesn't sign that contract, we'll walk right back out through that gate again," they say, with a wink at one of the older, inner-circle workers who had not signed a union card. "We don't have to be afraid. We younger fellows have established job security for the older ones."

Caprio said many of the men are sincerely religious, but disgusted with Beltram's self-serving fervor. The 15-minute Bible classes at starting-time, 7 A.M. and back-from-lunch-time, 12:45 P.M., now draw only one worker, they said. The 11:30 boiled water and vitamin pills are still swallowed.

Beltram says he doesn't even deduct from his income tax the money he spends on biblical bill-boards and car-cards. "It's God's money that he puts in my hands," he declared.

"The Lord isn't going to put so much money in his hands anymore," the men told me laughingly, but with serious intent. "Beltram is going to sign that union contract and pay decent wages—or else."



The picture the Boss likes . . .

. . . and the one he hates.

POINT OF ORDER

A SOLUTION TO THE HOUSING PROBLEM

BY ALAN MAX

November 10, 1946.

Point of Order has worked out a plan for solving the housing problem.

1. Raise rents on every first floor apartment. The occupants on the first floor will then move out.

2. Have everyone living on a second floor move down to the first floor; everyone on the third floor move

to the second floor; everyone on the fourth floor move to the third floor; everyone on the fifth floor move to the fourth floor; everyone on the sixth floor move to the fifth floor.

3. This means that every sixth floor apartment in the country will be vacant. Into all these vacant apartments, move the families, mainly vets, who have not been able to get an apartment until now.

4. Now raise the rents on every second floor apartment. The occupants will move out.

5. Then have every family on the third floor move down to the second floor; every family on the fourth floor move down to the third floor; every family on the fifth floor move down to the fourth floor; every family on the sixth floor move to the fifth floor.

6. Now every family which moved to the first floor (where rents were increased) should move to the sixth floor and get a reduction in rent.

7. Now repeat the process by raising the rents on the third floor. After everyone is moved again, the fifth floor will be vacant. Into this floor move those people who moved out

when the first floor rents were raised.

8. The whole process should be continually repeated. Although everyone will be getting rent increases, they will also be getting rent reductions. And while everybody will have to move out at some time or other, they will also be moved in again.

9. The plan will also solve the job problem for years to come by expanding the moving-of-furniture industry to first place in the nation's economy.

10. To anyone who finds a flaw in this plan, Point of Order will present a lease to an apartment for the year 1903.

HOW TO SPOT A COMMUNIST

February 23, 1947.

I have just been reading an article with the above title by Leo Cherne of the open-shop Research Institute of America. The article appears in the latest issue of *Look* magazine. Point of Order is inspired by Cherne's article to give some hints which will be published shortly in *Don't Look* magazine:

1. A Communist can be spotted by his frequent use of foreign words like "wages," "unions," "peace," "democracy," etc.

2. A Communist frequently uses the word "American." This word is derived from the Russian "American-sky."

3. Communists come to union meetings on time. Such behavior naturally

throws the meeting into confusion and is very disruptive.

4. To put his opponents off the track, the Communist member of a union, if he happens to be sick in a hospital, may not show up at the union meeting at all that night.

5. Communists do all their work in secret. On election day, for example, they insist that everybody cast his ballot in a closed booth.

6. Communists fight for the things the people want. For example, they fought for unemployment insurance. But they didn't really want unemployment insurance. That is why they fought so hard to get the law enacted.

7. The Communist believes in violence. But he conceals his belief in violence by not practicing it.

8. The Communists get their poli-



“And as Senator I will oppose the infiltration of Communism in the Soviet Union.”

cies adopted in organizations by introducing resolutions—such as against fascism—written in Russian. The rest of the members of the organization usually vote for the resolution because they are ashamed to admit they are not versed in foreign languages.

9. Communists who have party cards are probably Communists. Communists who don't have party cards are probably Communists. Communists who admit they are Communists are probably Communists. People who deny they are Communists are probably Communists. All Communists are probably Communists. All people who aren't Communists are probably Communists.

170

10. Communists conceal their ultimate objective, which is socialism, by proclaiming they are for socialism. Naturally this confuses people.

HOW TO AVOID BEING TAKEN IN

1. Don't sign any Communist petitions. Don't sign any petitions which any Communists have signed. Don't sign any petitions.

2. Don't join the Communist Party. If you do, the Communists will consider you a Communist.

3. Before buying tickets for dances, examine the ticket carefully. They may really be for another night than you were led to believe.

4. On election day don't vote for Communist candidates, Communist-supported candidates or any candi-

date who stands for anything supported by the Communists. If in doubt, don't vote.

PRICE PROBE

September 14, 1947.

Here is Point of Order's prediction of how the Congressional hearings next week on living costs, may turn out if the "investigators" have their way.

Rep. Bullogg: The first person who has asked to testify is Mrs. Ruth Armstrong who claims to represent a local consumers' group. Please take the stand, Mrs. Armstrong. (She does so.) Now, what is your name?

Mrs. Armstrong: Ruth Armstrong.

Rep. Bullogg: Ruth Armstrong, you say? According to our records your name is Ruth Thomas Armstrong.

Mrs. Armstrong: That is correct. Thomas was my maiden name.

Rep. Bullogg: Then why did you say your name was Ruth Armstrong?

Mrs. Armstrong: That's the way I speak of myself?

Rep. Bullogg: How can you expect us to believe your testimony about prices when you don't even tell us the truth about your name? Very well, proceed.

Mrs. Armstrong: Butter has jumped three cents a pound in one week alone and the price is now—

Rep. Bullogg: Hold on, Mrs. Ruth Thomas Armstrong—because it is time you came out from behind your aliases and let the people know who you really are—you say that butter has jumped three cents a pound in one week. Where did you read that fact?

Mrs. Armstrong: I didn't read it anywhere; I went shopping—

Rep. Bullogg: So, Mrs. Ruth Thomas Armstrong, you deny before this committee that you read it! Then how does it happen that what you are saying here was printed word for word in the Communist *Daily Worker* on Tuesday?

Mrs. Armstrong: I suppose they printed it because it happened.

Rep. Bullogg: You *suppose*, Mrs. Ruth Thomas Armstrong! This committee is not interested in what you *suppose*. We permitted you to testify because we thought you could bring us *facts*. And let me warn you right now, this hearing is not to be used for any further Communist propaganda. You may proceed, if you have anything else to tell us.

Mrs. Armstrong: I was about to say that the price of butter is today—

Rep. Bullogg: Hold on, Mrs. Ruth Thomas Armstrong! How do you know the price of butter today?

Mrs. Armstrong: I went shopping yesterday afternoon and—

Rep. Bullogg: So! You went shopping *yesterday* and presume to tell this committee the price of butter *today*—

Mrs. Armstrong: I'd be very much surprised if butter went down this morning—although it may have gone up still higher.

Rep. Bullogg: You would be *very much surprised*, you say! Now, Mrs. Ruth Thomas Armstrong, you come

here to tear down the dairy industry and instead of giving us facts you tell us you would be very much surprised—

Mrs. Armstrong: The price of butter yesterday afternoon at 3:15 P.M. in the A & P store on South Street was—

Rep. Bullogg: Hold on! I have just been informed, Mrs. Ruth *Thomas* Armstrong, that your full maiden name was not Ruth Thomas but Ruth Gracie Thomas. Is that correct?

Mrs. Armstrong: Yes, but I don't—

Rep. Bullogg: That means your name at present is not Ruth Armstrong, as you first told this committee, or Ruth *Thomas* Armstrong, as you testified later, but Ruth *Gracie Thomas* Armstrong. This committee hereby asks the Department of Justice to prosecute you on charges of contempt and perjury. Next witness!

SHORT POINTS

January 15, 1948.

Land of opportunity—where somebody whom nobody ever heard of can buy a million bushels of wheat that he never saw with money he never had and sell it to somebody whose name he'll never know at a profit he'll never disclose.

August 13, 1948.

Governor Dewey insists that the Republican Party "does not look backward, it looks forward." It only moves backward.

August 24, 1948.

Evidently the Thomas-Rankin committee has vowed not to rest until it has uncovered exactly who is responsible for our winning the war.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CASPER BLODGETT

A STORY BY ALAN MAX

March 30, 1947.

It was stifling in the small bar on Sixth Ave. The graying, ruddy-faced fellow next to me who had been downing scotch and sodas at a steady pace, wiped his forehead.

"Warm in here, isn't it?" he said, turning to me.

"Why don't you take your coat off?" I asked. He was wearing a long black overcoat.

"I always keep it on," he said. I asked why.

"It all goes back to Casper Blodgett," he explained mysteriously.

Casper Blodgett! A name that had meant frustration for me and hundreds of other newspaper men.

"You knew Casper Blodgett?" I asked.

"We were pals, close pals," said the stranger. "Casper and I were like that," and he crossed his fingers.

"You mean you know the secret of Casper Blodgett?"

He nodded. This was something! It would still be a big story—even

though Blodgett's suicide had occurred two years ago.

I don't have to remind you about Casper Blodgett—the mystery man who ran the General Powers industrial empire for six years. Blodgett, appearing from nowhere, had inherited the empire on the death of Sam Greyborn. For six years Blodgett's identity remained a complete secret. No one ever saw him. No one knew what he was like. Then one day his suicide was announced—funeral private and completely secret—and the empire passed into the hands of Sam Greyborn's two brothers and sister who run it now.

"You know about his suicide?" I asked the stranger.

The stranger looked around, and then whispered: "Yes, I know."

I moved closer and asked the bartender for a couple of drinks.

"Who was Blodgett?" I asked. "What kind of fellow was he?"

"He was no fellow," said the stranger.

"You mean he was a woman?" I asked.

"No, a sea-lion," was the reply.

I put down my glass and looked at the stranger. Obviously, whacky. He didn't notice my look, and went on:

"I've known many sea-lions in my time, but Casper beat them all."

I had been frustrated so often in trying to track down the real story of Blodgett, that one more setback didn't plunge me into an abyss of anything. At least the sea-lion angle was something brand new and might be worth a laugh around the office.

"Tell me about it," I said sympathetically. The stranger began his story:

Sam Greyborn, founder of the General Powers empire (auto, steel, chemicals, textiles, railroads), brought Casper Blodgett back from Alaska, where Sam had gone to purchase a couple of gold mines. Casper was about seven years old at the time and weighed 450 pounds. He was six feet long with dark brown fur and a mane of long yellowish white hair.

Greyborn installed Casper Blodgett in the artificial swimming pool in the garden of his high-walled estate on Shore Drive.

"I was working in the zoo," the stranger went on. "One afternoon while I was feeding the sea-lions, a man introduced himself to me. He was Sam Greyborn and he wanted me to work for him and take care of his new sea-lion. Greyborn offered me only a few dollars a week more than the zoo was paying. But I was sending a weekly check to my father who was sick at the time, so I took the job and moved into the Greyborn mansion."

The magnate was beginning to ail with heart trouble, the stranger continued. Sam had a houseful of relatives living with him, sitting around waiting for him to die. There was his brother Hubert (bridge champion of Palm Beach and Newport), another brother, Morehouse, who was in the middle of his fifth successive divorce from his fifth successive secretary, and a sister, Julia, the widow of a Russian prince.

They tried to conceal their impatience over Sam's lingering departure. But they were so clumsy at it that Sam had no difficulty reading their thoughts. What he read there made him furious. And he decided that he



The adventures of Bill Worker

would have his revenge when he died.

He might have left his fortune to charity, but he didn't believe in charity. So he left everything to the sea-lion. Only upon Casper Blodgett's death would the estate go to Sam Greyborn's relatives and meanwhile, Sam figured, Casper would run it pretty much into the ground.

Although I had never heard of anyone leaving an industrial empire to a sea-lion, I had read of eccentrics leaving money to dogs. Was it possible there was some grain of truth to the stranger's story after all?

"How did the relatives take the news?" I asked.

Julia had a nervous breakdown, the stranger explained. Hubert stopped playing bridge for nine days and Morehouse rushed out and almost married his sixth and seventh secretaries simultaneously. What made

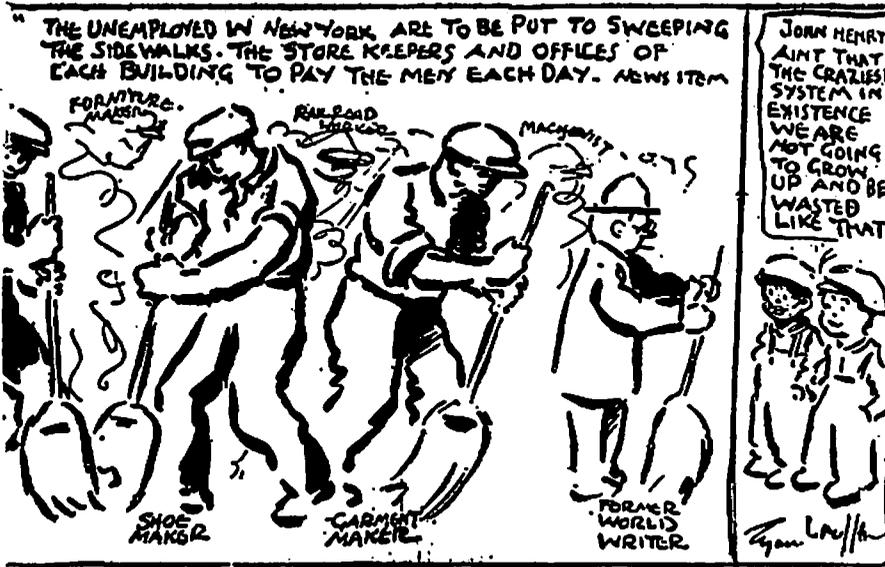
matters still more difficult for them was that, according to the will, the Greyborns couldn't contest the will, had to keep Casper Blodgett's identity a secret and had to treat Casper with all the respect becoming his eminent position. Sam Greyborn's secretary, Havelock Judd, was given power of attorney for Casper by the will, and authority to see that all provisions were carried out.

"Wasn't Sam Greyborn afraid his family would bump off the sea-lion?" I asked.

"Sure he was," replied the stranger. "He thought of everything. So in his will he provided me with a comfortable annuity so long as I kept Casper Blodgett by my side. I watched him day and night and no one could do a thing to him."

"But who actually ran General Powers," I asked.

"Casper Blodgett, of course."



I repeated the question, figuring the stranger had misunderstood me.

"Casper Blodgett made all the main decisions," said the stranger solemnly. "I know what I'm talking about, because as Casper's keeper—I was known as his valet during this period—I was present at all meetings of the board of directors."

"You mean the sea-lion attended General Powers' board meetings?" I asked.

"He was chairman of the board, so how could they hold meetings without him?" the stranger replied simply.

"The meetings were held at Casper's pool," he continued. "It was my job to toss fish to him during the meeting so that he would stay on the surface of the water or on his rock until the business at hand was disposed of."

He stared at me and said in an annoyed tone of voice: "You probably

think that Casper just ate fish while the others ran the show, don't you?"

I had to confess that such an idea had crossed my mind.

"Well, you're wrong, dead wrong," the stranger said belligerently. "It was just the opposite."

"You mean Casper Blodgett ran the show and the people snapped at raw fish?" I asked.

"Don't be a wise guy," said the stranger, "The sea-lion made the decisions and ate the fish."

"But General Powers didn't go to pot under Casper Blodgett," I objected. "It became bigger than ever."

"That's because Casper Blodgett was a genius in his way," said the stranger. "In fact, that was the cream of the jest. It showed how little Sam Greyborn knew about his own sea-lion. I remember one important board meeting. Casper Blodgett was sunning himself on his favorite flat rock.

Hubert, Morehouse, Julia and Have-lock Judd were seated in chairs around the edge of the pool. The meeting opened with the customary deferential questions to Casper Blodgett. "I say, Mr. Blodgett, how does the market look to you?" and "I say, C.B., what do you make of the situation in Europe?"

"Then Judd, who now had power of attorney for Casper Blodgett, made the report.

"I have here the financial statement for the General Powers auto industry for the first quarter of this year,' Judd said. It shows an increase in net profits of 87 per cent over the first quarter of last year. The question, of course, is whether an increase of 87 per cent is enough incentive for Mr. Blodgett to want to stay in business. Now, it would appear possible to increase the profits again for the second quarter, but a grave decision must be made. The issue is this: shall we speed up the belt-lines in our auto plants by an additional three cars an hour on each line or by five cars an hour? What is your opinion, Mr. Blodgett, three or five?"

"Casper Blodgett kept right on sunning himself. He was thinking. I tossed him a small fish which he gracefully plucked out of the air.

"Mr. Blodgett, shall it be by three more cars or five?" repeated Judd.

"Suddenly Casper Blodgett began to bark—you know that long, throaty bark of a sea-lion. The other members of the board tallied off the barks on their fingers. One—two—three—four—five—six (we all looked at one another in surprise)—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven!

"I counted 11,' said Judd, rubbing

his hands. 'Did you make it eleven?'

"The other directors chorused yes.

"Eleven more cars an hour on each belt-line! What a decision that was!" exclaimed the stranger, shaking his head in admiration. "It revolutionized American industry. That year General Powers turned out a quarter of a million more cars than the previous year—profits soared—do you remember?"

Indeed I did remember. I had written a story at the time: "Mystery Man Blodgett Working Wonders in Auto Output—Sees New Economic Era."

"It was shortly afterward that Cranshaw University awarded Casper an honorary degree of Doctor of Business Science, remember?" the stranger went on.

Yes, I remembered all right. I had covered the ceremony at Cranshaw. Mysteriously missing as usual, Casper Blodgett had been given his degree *in absentia*—as happened subsequently at Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton.

"There was even talk at the time of running Blodgett for the United States Senate on the Republican ticket," I put in.

"Yes," said the stranger regretfully. "He would have made a fine Senator."

"But what about the suicide?" I asked.

"I was coming to that," said the stranger. Things were going along fine, he continued. At one meeting, Blodgett raised the price of steel by \$9 a ton—nine barks. At another meeting, he gave the workers a dollar-a-week increase—one bark—when everybody expected he'd give them three—and the workers accepted it, too. The

General Powers empire was now worth about three times what it had been when Casper Blodgett had taken over. Then something happened."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Unions," replied the stranger. "The workers in the General Powers auto and steel plants began to organize. Casper Blodgett just couldn't seem to accept the new system. He was used to barking his decisions and having them carried out. Now, he offered them \$1.50 a week increase—a long bark and a short one—but the workers insisted on a \$5 a week increase. There was a strike in the steel plants—remember?—but Casper couldn't realize he had to make a new decision.

"No matter how many times Have-lock Judd explained matters to him, Casper stuck to \$1.50. The strike went on for months. He was losing millions every week. In the auto plants, Casper tried to speedup the belt-line again. But the auto workers said no speed-up. They went out on strike, too. I guess Casper just wasn't a collective bargaining sea-lion," the stranger added sadly.

"Well, what happened?" I asked impatiently.

"One morning," said the stranger, and there were tears in his eyes, "Casper Blodgett was found floating in his pool—dead. The family—that is

Sam Greyborn's family, not Casper's—announced it as a suicide."

"But it wasn't?" I asked.

"Sea-lions don't commit suicide—no matter how tough things are," said the stranger with indignation. "The water in the pool had been poisoned."

"But I thought you were guarding Casper day and night."

"I was," he replied. "That's why it was possible to poison him. I did it!" and his voice broke. "You see, I couldn't bear to watch Casper going down-hill after reaching the pinnacle. I knew him so well that I was sure he would be happier dead than having to deal with unions." He wiped his eyes. "Oh, I often thought of giving myself up to the police," he went on. "But there's no law against killing a sea-lion, except in the zoo."

"But by killing Casper Blodgett, didn't you end your annuity?" I asked.

"Oh, no," explained the stranger. "The will said that I was to get the annuity so long as I kept Casper Blodgett by my side. And here he is!" And with that, he opened his overcoat and pointed to the lining. It was dark brown sealskin and very handsome looking, too. "So long as I wear the coat, my annuity is assured," said the stranger. And, with a deep sigh, he closed the garment around him and walked rather unsteadily from the place, leaving me to pay the check.

ASBESTOS HEIR

BY LOUISE MITCHELL

March 17, 1940.

Tommy Manville, the five-alarm asbestos heir, is writing the story of his life, or the "Saga of a Screwball," in one of the national weeklies. The Manville Merry-Go-Round, as he calls himself, reveals how he spends his money, how he never worked to get \$30,000,000 and what his real interest in life is.

In his own words, Tommy takes you right to Bon Repos, his chateau upstate. "Bon Repos," he writes, "is one of the relics I have saved out of the \$30,000,000 I inherited from my father, who was the asbestos king. I've had four wives who cost me close to \$4,000,000. Now I'm in the field. I want to fall in love again. One more trip to the plate and I am through. My fifth wife is going to stick. I have no one to whom I can leave my millions."

The Bon Repos playboy counts the years of his life, not in numbers, or in figures, but in dames.

The human cash register is proud of his wealth because he tells you he can't ever go broke.

"If I started spending \$1,000 a day right now and lived to be 80, I'd still be in the chips," he says. But later he admits, "You have no idea how lonesome a millionaire can be. I have few pals. Everybody's trying to clip me." But Tommy won't give a cent up without getting his money's worth.

Every kind of hobby and game is kept in the mansion to occupy the nit-

wit's time when he is not hunting big game. Tommy's taste also runs to brunettes. Who said he was blonde-crazy? On the top of his mansion he keeps a red light. When it's on, it means Tommy's on the range.

The prodigal son tells how his father worked to amass \$50,000,000 all in one lifetime and how Tommy never had any use for work or study. "By the time I was 12 it was apparent that the formal education of Tommy Manville, Jr., was a hopeless waste of time for everybody concerned." The hardest job he ever had was spending the money his father left him.

The wastrel is extremely popular with some of the girls. "I give my girls bracelets, wrist watches, rings, pins, brooches and mink coats. Nothing under \$10,000. Sometimes I throw in a sports roadster. My daily bill for flowers averages \$100. The year of 1939, which was an off year because I had no wife to buy off, saw me through \$250,000. That's the price of being Tommy Manville."

One of the happiest exploits of Tommy's life was when he was coronated king of Bon Repos. They wouldn't let him into England with a bevy of blondes at the time of the coronation, so Tommy went home and had his own.

"It was the rowdiest, drunkenest, noisiest and brawliest party I ever saw. Over 500 bottles of champagne were turned over like dead soldiers. At one time there weren't enough ambulances available to carry out the

casualties, so I had to hire special taxis. As soon as the victims were repaired, they came back to the menage to pick up where they left off. . . My canopy bed was improvised to be my throne. My three favorite secretaries annointed me with a big crown, made of gardenias and roses. The Manville chorus then sang, 'Here's to Tommy,

the First King of the Sultan of Lov-ers'."

Tommy is not very popular in stiff-necked lorgnettedom. Tommy talks too much. Society doesn't like it. Be as crazy as you want, but don't let the whole world know, is their motto. It gives us bluebloods a black eye.

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

BY GEORGE MORRIS

January 7, 1948.

If you are one of those brilliant people who see increased production as the cure for high prices, then you will appreciate the topic under our consideration. And if you are a Marshall Plan fan, you will certainly understand that every minute counts—even in a washroom.

Both the Marshall Plan and our "woeful lag" in productivity per worker get serious treatment in the 312-page December issue of *Factory Management and Maintenance*. This is one of the publications of the McGraw-Hill Co., the corporation that so benevolently dishes out hundreds of thousands of dollars for full-page newspaper ads coast-to-coast to advise us that even the Taft-Hartley law is too liberal and that only if machines and men move faster will prices drop.

Getting down to cases, *Factory* singles out one such problem in a page-long piece headed "*Stopped Washroom Loitering*." Don't laugh. This is a serious problem and may

well mean the difference between victory and defeat in our battle for "the American way of life."

The story is of the way the American Paper Box Co. of Montreal had the "problem licked for good." This problem has baffled factory managements for years and was "seldom considered realistically," says the story. The result was that "valuable production time" and millions of hard-earned money went down the drain because the employees just "lounged" in the washrooms to smoke, "steal a glimpse at a paper," talk and discuss "the date the night before."

There seemed nothing to do short of "hiring a matron and a man to 'shoo' them back to their jobs," complains the *Factory* story. But here's how the Montreal firm had the problem "licked for good."

In building its new plant, two telephone-size (48 by 34 inches) individual laboratories were built every 100 feet along a factory wall. Practically all the machines, wash basins, slop sinks and drinking fountains



a.P.

“The day’s work is done, sir.”

were setup outside the lavatories, in full view.

But, continued the company, individual tiny rooms have helped only

180

“partially” to solve the “loitering” problem.

“We installed a yellow light over each doorway with a switch that is

operated by the bolt in the door itself. That is, just as soon as some one closes the door and pushes the bolt home, the light automatically flashes and stays lit until the door is opened."

Now, fellow workers, if, as is often the case, this column lands on your bulletin board, don't minimize the problem. Meet it in the spirit of labor-management co-operation. Get busy with your suggestions to improve upon the Montreal company's plan.

One serious defect in the plan, as was told to me by a worker of a steel mill where they installed it, is the trick of placing a bit of tissue over the door's bolt as it closes. The yellow light doesn't go on.

I can conceive of loads of prize-winning ideas for company suggestion boxes. Perhaps it would be advisable to have transparent glass doors. If the company is too old-fashioned for that, an automatic meter like those on taxis could ring a bell

when the standard time limit expires. This may be even elaborated into a cuckoo clock idea. A little birdie would suddenly surprise the sleeping occupant and squeak out, "Stand up, time's up."

Some enterprising firm might even develop a lavatory meter which conceivably could work on the time-clock principle. Every minute an employee spends inside one of those 48 x 34-inch rooms would be recorded. A special lavatory timekeeper would compute the results monthly.

Those who took more than their time quota would be docked. Those who spent less would get honorable mention. Nothing like a little encouragement. In fact, the employee who never goes could be entitled to a little cash bonus. Nothing like setting an example to the rest of the employees. He might even have his picture in the company's plant paper with the caption, "He never goes."

BANKERS' CONVENTION

BY JOHN F. NORMAN

Atlantic City, October 5, 1947.

The specter of communism is haunting the boardwalk, where the American Bankers Association has just closed its annual convention.

Wesley Nesbitt, who pushes a rolling chair for a living from Albany Avenue to Virginia Avenue and all points in between, says he wouldn't know much about it. At an average

\$23 a week, he's been too busy trying to provide for his three children to go looking for specters. No banker he.

The bankers know all about it. Indeed, this writer, fresh from a representative opinion-sampling of 12 good members and true of the A.B.A., is prepared to go out on the limb with the hunch that it's pretty near the only thing they do know.

Take George M. Bazemore, executive vice-president of the Waycross, Ga., First National Bank. Mr. Bazemore, queried on his opinion of Winthrop W. Aldrich's convention speech throwing the weight of the Rockefeller empire behind the Marshall Plan, came up with this:

"Profound, sir, profound. Tell you the truth, sir, I hadn't rightly studied General Marshall's Plan before this. Friend of mine lent me a copy of it several weeks back—college professor, brilliant chap, studies up on all these Plans, but I haven't had time to give it real serious thought before now.

"Of course, I browsed through it, so to speak, have to keep up with all these world affairs and Plans even in Waycross, you know—but now that Mr. Aldrich has analyzed this Plan the way he did, I can tell you I'm going back to study that Marshall Plan right down to the last page."

The second of the banker's dozen who submitted to the *Worker's* questions was M. J. Yellen of the First National Bank of Hudson, N. Y. Mr. Yellen was a little more explicit.

"Tell you the truth," he said, "I was out playing golf this morning."

Maybe you had the idea a convention of the American Bankers Association is a hushed, significance-drenched affair where the gimlet-eyed fraternity pace up and down settling the affairs of American capitalism with the flick of a cigar while the world hangs in the balance. Bless you, no. This jamboree is strictly from Sauk Centre, Minn.

By and large, they know their place. Homer A. Jones of the Bristol, Pa., Washington Trust and Savings

Co. and P. S. Farquar of the First National Bank of Niles, Mich., were downright startled to be asked to comment on Mr. Aldrich's proposal to get the Marshall-Truman Doctrine into high gear with a "non-partisan" banker-headed corporation.

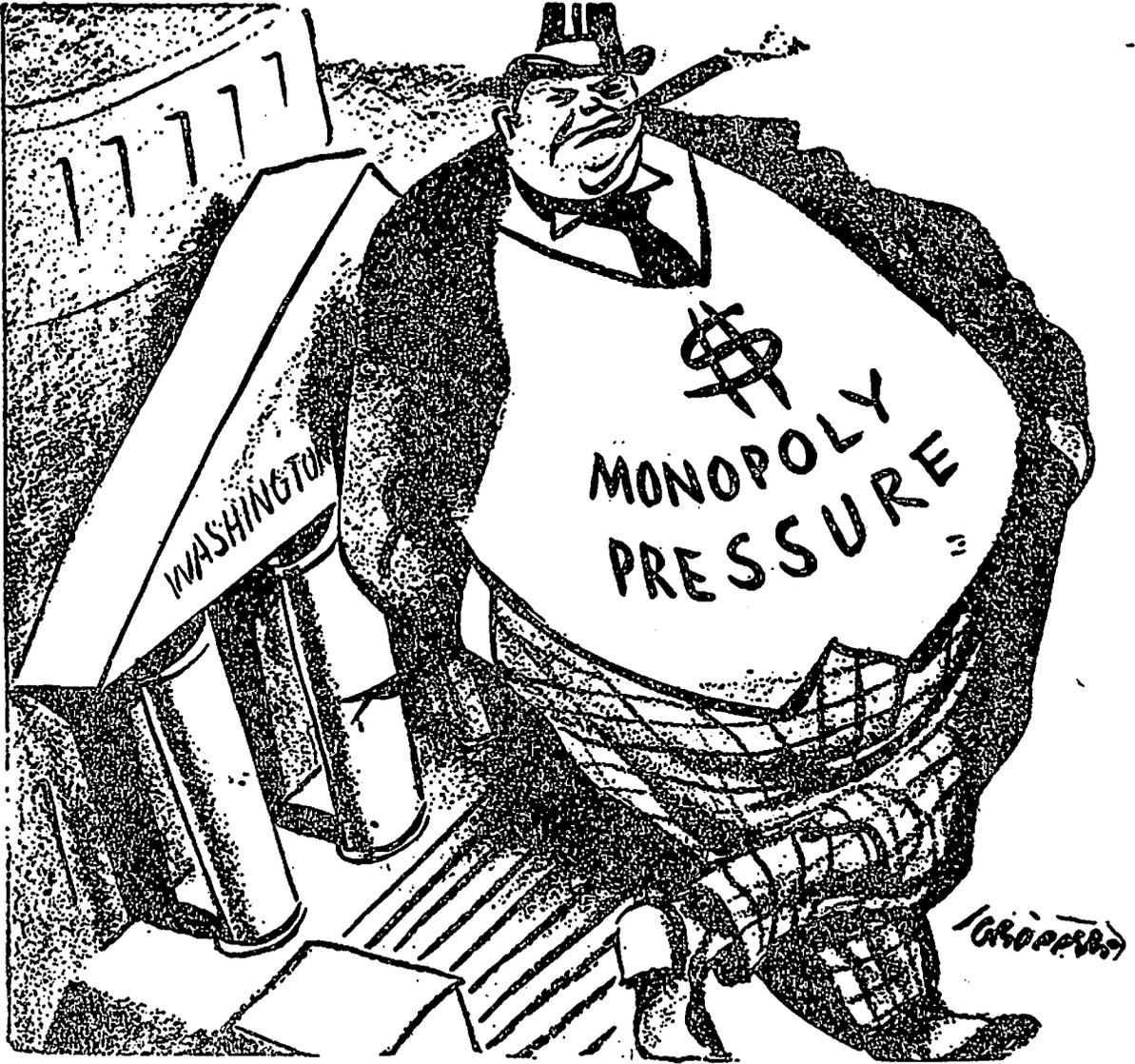
"Comment?" said Mr. Farquar. "When a man as big as Mr. Aldrich promotes an idea, it doesn't take much comment to know it's sound."

Not that they have all of their thinking done for them. Don't get that idea. All 12 of the *Worker's* representative bankers had advanced ideas on Germany, for example. Coffeyville, Kan., National Bank's Floyd Kelsoe's eyes fairly flashed with shrewdness as he expressed the unanimous opinion that the U.S. can rebuild Germany's key industries, under the Marshall-Aldrich plan, with no danger of war "from that quarter."

John T. Yantis, of the Brownwood, Texas, National Bank, was a good deal more direct. "The Germans are our kind of folks," said Mr. Yantis. "If we're going to head into the Russians we'll need everything Germany's got."

Mr. Yantis didn't answer immediately when he was asked why there seemed to be no Negro delegates at the convention. When the glaze went out of his eyes, he said: "That's the kind of communistic attitude the Marshall Plan is going to wipe out."

The A.B.A.'s Agricultural and Country Bankers Division threw a small dinner in the hotel's Mandarin Room. The grass-roots got away with Fresh Seafood Moderne, celery, mixed olives, carrot sticks, Cream of Fresh Mushroom Profiterole, Breast of Milkfed Capon on Sliced Ham Hoteliere, New



String Beans Au Gratin, Bermuda Potatoes Rissolle, Mixed Green Salad with Minot Dressing, Neopolitan Ice Cream and Demi Tasse.

Mr. Aldrich was not available for interview. Your correspondent, on the

lookout for more distinguished banker types, thought he had found him seated placidly under a potted palm reading a crisp copy of the New York Sun, and obviously sober. Turned out to be the house detective.

WHO ARE THE COMMUNISTS?

BY JOSEPH NORTH

June 13, 1948.

Recently I traveled to my Pennsylvania home-town to attend a high school reunion. I had received a number of letters inviting me to spend one evening with my classmates of a quarter century ago. We had slipped from each other's lives a long time back and the first embarrassed moments passed in efforts to recognize classmates whose girth had absurdly expanded or whose bright shock of hair had vanished with time. We stared at one another, scarcely concealing our dismay in a sort of ragged laughter.

I looked them over, my dear classmates, my generation. A sentimental moment, but I, for one, always give sentiment its due. What had life offered us, the hopeful youngsters of Woodrow Wilson's clamorous time?

I mused over the road we had traveled: from Harding through Coolidge to the devastation of the Great Engineer; the Depression, the Roosevelt era, World War II, to troubled 1948.

In the nearby tavern where George Washington slept, as the old familiar plaque proclaimed, we ordered highballs and my old friend clinked for Auld Lang Syne. Then he leaned over: "Is it true, Joe? They tell me you work for a Communist newspaper."

"True, George," I said.

"That means you're a Communist, doesn't it?"

"It does," I said.

He leaned back and regarded me

quizzically for a moment. "You were a pretty smart lad 25 years ago. What in God's name got you to go that way?"

Then began a conversation which closed when the restaurant did, near dawn.

"I'm violently opposed to Communism," George warned. "But," he said generously, "I admit there's a lot about it I don't know or understand."

First, he wanted to know, why had I become a Communist? "You had all the advantages I had. My father worked in the locomotive works. So did yours. You were a good student. So was I. Both of us got a college education. The ways of this country are good enough for me. I like this country. I like this system. I haven't done too bad. I'm a salaried man, about \$5,000 a year. I've built me a snug home in the outskirts of town, got a wonderful wife, a car, two healthy kids who go to college. You could have done as good. Maybe you did. But why in God's name are you a Communist?"

We ordered another round, and he leaned over to apologize. "I'm sorry if I sounded, well, brusque. I don't mean to. I just want to know. You understand."

I reassured him and began. "It's a little hard to know where to start," I said. "But first of all, I want to say this. Get rid of the idea that the Communist doesn't love his country. There's nothing alien in believing in



socialism. Americans a century ago had similar ideas. Do you know, George, there were Communists in this country before there was a Republican Party?"

He looked at me incredulously, burst into laughter. I repeated it. "Well, that's a new one on me," he said. "I never heard that one. Never."

I warmly recommended a book to him for reference: Philip Foner's *History of the Labor Movement in the United States*. I promised to send him a copy if he was interested. He hesitated a moment, then said he was.

I recounted the native roots of socialism, spoke of Robert Owen, the Utopian Socialist who twice addressed the House of Representatives in 1825. President Monroe and President-elect John Quincy Adams came especially to listen to the man who dreamed of a world where the people would control the productive forces of society.

"The brightest minds of that day were partisans of a different way of life," I said. "Men like Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Greenleaf Whittier, many others." I told George of Joseph Weydemeyer, Karl Marx' friend who enlisted in the Union forces and received his officer's epaulettes from President Lincoln. Weydemeyer, the Communist, came here from Germany the same time Wendell Willkie's folks escaped from the Kaiser's police.

I spoke of the Communist clubs that were founded in 1857 in New York and spread throughout the country. I traced the line of socialist descent through our labor movement to Eugene V. Debs and the million votes he got in 1912. "So, George, you see there's plenty of precedent in be-

ing a Communist in America," I said. "There's nothing new, nothing un-American in it. After all, what do you think we Communists advocate?"

"You tell me," he said.

"Boiled down to a few words it's this: public ownership of the nation's basic resources and major industries. And operated in a planned way for the people's good. What's so bad about that?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"So, George, you see there were Americans who believed in socialism, in communism, three-quarters of a century before there was a Soviet Union. Millions of men in the U.S.A. lived and died with the dream that a day will come when a few will no longer hoard enormous wealth, like J. P. Morgan, General Motors, Du Pont, and the many will no longer suffer inhuman poverty."

George bridled. "Inhuman poverty!" he exclaimed. "Most people in this country aren't dying of hunger. We've got the highest living standards in the world. We live better, eat better, dress better, than anybody else in the world. Right? I admit we've got poor people, sure, more than there should be, God knows, and I can understand some of them being interested in Communism. But you. You're not a worker. You're a professional, like I am. We get plenty of breaks. Why are you against this system? How come? What got you to be a Communist?"

It's a long story, I said. "A great Marxist once said every man arrived at Communism along his own road. Yes, predominantly, it is a working-class movement, but it's concerned with all mankind, all useful productive

people regardless of their color, their creed, their background, or whether they work with their hands or with their brains.

Essentially, yes, it is a working-class movement, for that's the class on the rise now, as the capitalists were a century ago. Each class rose, each reigned, each passed away—now it's capitalism's turn. It's outlived its usefulness to man. Today it breeds crazy poverty in the world, depression, George, the depression you know that's coming, fascism, war.

"How did you get to believe these things," George persisted.

I told him my story. "It's not unusual, many Americans have become Communists for similar reasons. As you remember, George, mine was a working-class family and I worked all during my school years. Summers in the shipyard passing rivets, or in the textile mill running bobbins. Like you did, George." He nodded.

"So I knew something about workers. I couldn't forget that my father died at 38 working in the acid department at the V— plant. I can still remember him clomping around in rubber boots up to his hips, lifting those heavy barrels that wrecked his health. I used to bring him the lunch pail and I saw him sloshing around in deadly acid. I never forgot. I remember the soup-lines we had in 1912 and 1913, just before World War I."

"A long time ago," George said.

"Wait," I said, "there's more."

I recalled to George the big boom of the Twenties. Okay. A new era: prosperity forever. Hoover promised us a car in every garage and a chicken in every pot. Just put your faith

in free, private enterprise, in Wall Street, and everything will turn out for the best of all possible worlds.

"Well," I said, "faith in Wall Street? It so happened that I worked for a year in Wall Street, after college. By accident I got a job in a Kuhn, Loeb office, 'starting at the bottom,' they call it. I was a board-boy there, putting the little pasteboard cards on the wall with the stock quotations.

"In a little while I came to regard the whole structure of Wall Street as a sort of giant gaming table, a glorified gambling establishment. They gambled with your life, your future, the country.

"Wall Street was a good lesson. But only one lesson. I stayed on in high finance—\$18 a week—for only a year. Then I went to work on a daily newspaper, you know."

"I used to read your stuff," George said.

"Well, I went into journalism with a sense of dedication. Like many college boys. I would write the truth, nothing but.

"In a few months I got that knocked out of my head when I tried to write the strikers' side of a story. As a reporter I quickly discovered the graft and gross corruption of our municipal system, the Shame of the Cities, Lincoln Steffens called it. I saw, personally, the publisher, the mayor, the G.O.P. bigwigs split the bootleg and red-light swag every Saturday night around a handsome, polished table in the office of the richest man in town.

"And, as you know, it's the same in every city of the country. Maybe not so open elsewhere, but the same in essence. This is all old stuff, by now,

George, but you've lived with it so long you take it for granted, as though it's got to be, forever.

"Another lesson, the biggest. The 1929 crash. I did a series of articles traveling around the country, George. I saw hunger. From New York to L. A. I saw American kids with hollow cheeks and proud men who hadn't eaten for days. On an Indiana farm I saw a farmer cut his Ford in half to alter it into a vehicle his horse could pull; he didn't have the cash to buy gas. And in three cities—in Duluth, in Chicago—I wrote stories of mothers who killed their pet dogs to make stew for the kids."

George looked his disbelief.

"I saw that, George. These were respectable working people who had to do that in America—1930, 1931, 1932. You may not remember. But I saw that. And when the next depression comes, do we have to go through all that monstrous chaos again?"

"I saw oranges dumped in California, wheat burned in Iowa, fat cattle roam the fields while children starved. Yes, in the richest country of the world.

"And who did anything about it? Did you, George? But there were peo-

ple who did. Everywhere across the land I ran into groups of poor people calling themselves Unemployed Councils who put their neighbors' furniture back into the little homes from which they and their kids were evicted. Out on the sidewalks with no place to go.

"And who were the Unemployed Councils? Wherever I looked into them I found Communists at the heart of things.

"I saw America hungry, George, and I saw that the Rich and Respectable People didn't give a damn. No, really. They were eating.

"And, George, because I loved America, loved our people, I came to love those who did something for America. I came to love the Communists. I went to them, asked for their literature, their program. I had seen them in action; I wanted to know their ideas. After seeing them in action, I didn't give a damn that the press and radio called them 'subversive,' 'agents of a foreign power,' and all the rest of it. For me the Communists were Americans who couldn't brook the poverty, the inhumanity, and they pointed a way out. I read, I learned, I became a Communist."

AN INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE DIMITROFF

BY JOHN PITTMAN

Sofia, Bulgaria, May 4, 1947.

George Dimitroff, Prime Minister

of the Republic of Bulgaria and the world-famed anti-fascist who turned the Reichstag Fire trial into an indict-

ment of Hitler Germany, believes the American people can defeat the instigators of fascism and war in their country.

Dimitroff thinks the American people do not want war, and that it is possible to unite all sections of the population on the broad single issue of opposition to fascism and war.

Such a national "front" would include every person from every strata, and every religious, national, racial and political affiliation, who would agree on a common program to defend democracy and preserve the peace.

Dimitroff seemed to exude confidence in the outcome of such a struggle, although the circumstances at the time of the interview were such as would have caused most men to view the world situation with alarm.

Dimitroff showed signs of strain. He had come directly to his office in the Bulgarian Parliament after a long and fatiguing session of Parliament. At that session he had been forced again and again to mediate differences between Minister of the Interior Anton Yugov and the leader of the opposition, Nicola Petkoff.

Yugov had delivered a sensational speech, documented with evidence, which he exhibited to the Parliament, charging the opposition with conspiring and conniving with Bulgarian fascist organizations and with the Nazis. Petkoff rose repeatedly to hurl epithets at Yugov.

Certain critics of the Bulgarian Fatherland Front Government assert that there is no freedom of speech in Bulgaria. But at this single session, Petkoff and his followers set a record for heckling and vituperative outbursts

that would put to shame a filibuster by Bilbo or the customary interjections of Tory back-benchers during a Laborite's speech.

At such moments, the resonant deep voice of Dimitroff would rise above the din and instantly quell it. Even Petkoff listens when Dimitroff speaks. And in firm, melodious tones, the Prime Minister would appeal to the reason and patience of the legislators.

But the session was a tiring one, and when Dimitroff reached his office, his face bore the visible marks of extreme weariness. For several minutes he paced back and forth, smoking cigarette after cigarette, until the nervous tension partially subsided. For all his sixty-five years, this veteran warrior against fascism has remarkable powers of recuperation. He settled back on a divan to think about the three questions I had asked, and presently he began to reply in his characteristic short, simple statements, each one accompanied by an appropriate gesture of his hands.

Is the tendency to fascism in the world today different from the fascist tendencies which developed in the period between World War I and World War II?

"If such differences can be spoken of," Dimitroff said, "they consist chiefly in the fact that after World War I it was the Germans who carried this fascist tendency, whereas today it is the imperialists of other countries who carry it."

Dimitroff specified "the imperialists of England and America."

However, he continued, "the basic characteristics of fascism in the past are the same today. The race theory,

the demand for living space, anti-Semitism, and so-called 'national socialism'—all these are the essentials of fascist ideology, no matter what form they take."

Obviously, of course, the specific forms will correspond to the particular traditions and ideological stereotypes of the country in which they are developed. Thus—I inferred from the Prime Minister's explanation—the fascist tendency in the United States masquerades ideologically as "one hundred per cent Americanism," as "defense of free enterprise," "preservation of democracy," "support of free nations," "defense of free institutions," "security against totalitarianism."

The instigators of fascism in the United States are not so crude as to repeat mechanically the ideological forms promulgated by Goebbels and Rosenberg. They recognize the traditional devotion of the American people to the democratic ideal. Hence, they disguise their aims by professing libertarian motives, by profuse lip-service to the concepts of "freedom," "liberty," "democracy," and "peace."

The forms of fascist ideology are thus seen to vary, but the content remains the same.

"It is," continued Dimitroff, "the aim for world rule. Before, it was the German imperialists, in union with the Italian and Japanese imperialists, who tried to realize this aim. But the united nations, and in the first place the Soviet Union, defeated this union under German fascism.

"Today the new fascism—Churchill and his followers in England and America—has the same aim for world rule. From this aim comes the idea

and activity of the Anglo-American bloc."

Dimitroff spoke with vigor. There was no trace in his voice of the fatigue which a few minutes before had been so evident. He was like an old soldier preparing for a new battle.

"Every fascist propagandist and every kind of fascist propaganda, no matter what its form, must be exposed and punished," was his final comment.

I was to see and hear the great anti-fascist warrior once again, and this time in circumstances which enabled me more fully to understand why he is beloved by his countrymen, why his portrait hangs in every home as well as in every public building, and looks down upon the streets of Sofia and Plodiv and Varna from the walls of the highest buildings.

Foreign correspondents who had toured the Grecian-Bulgarian frontier were summoned to meet Dimitroff at his office in the Parliament building. He was there to greet us—cordial, smiling, relaxed. He passed out cigarettes, bade us be seated, and chatted a few minutes with several of the Bulgarian newspapermen whom he knew. His interest in their personal affairs was genuine. How did Mischa like his new job? And was Maria's brother still working on his book of poetry? Had we seen the opera company's performance of Boris Goudonov, and what did we think of it?

Small talk—the kind of talk you and I and everybody else in Bulgaria, Louisiana or Basutoland spend most of our conversational hours making, but which seemed odd on the lips of the man who told a Nazi court in Leipzig, way back in December, 1933,

that Hitler and Goering and Goebbels, and their patrons Krupp and Thyssen, were the real incendiaries who applied the torch to the Reichstag. A pity the world did not heed those prophetic words, for a few years later

the same hands set all Europe in flames. The whole of embattled free humanity came to repeat Dimitroff's accusations, and to pronounce judgment upon those who accused him and sought his death.

THE NEGRO IN FILMS

BY DAVID PLATT

March 11, 1946.

It is time to join hands and curb Jim Crow on the screen.

What are the principal stereotypes of the Negro circulated to the far corners of the globe by the bourgeois film? He is the Stepin Fetchit clown who shuffles lazily through life; the devoted slave who refuses to be freed; the convict who goes to his death singing a spiritual; the African who runs from the jaguar while his white employer stands his ground and slaughters the beast; the scary fellow who trembles before a white sheet; the mental inferior who cannot pronounce words of more than one syllable; the carefree maid who licks the hand of her white mistress. He is the natural cook, the superstitious churchgoer, the razor and knife "toter," the chicken and watermelon eater, the social delinquent, the petty thief, the vicious criminal.

The films simply do not recognize the existence of Negro artists, machinists, factory workers, farmers, mechanics, sculptors, scientists, mechanical and civil engineers, cabinet-makers,

librarians, inventors, lawyers, nurses, firemen, architects, teachers, college presidents, editors, reporters, photographers, physicians, clergymen, dressmakers, barbers and secretaries.

Dr. L. D. Reddick, curator of the Schomberg Collection of the New York Public Library, recently examined a list of 100 outstanding Hollywood films which have included Negro themes or Negro characters of more than the usual significance. He found that 75 of them "must be classified as anti-Negro, 13 as neutral—with favorable and unfavorable scenes—and only 12 as definitely pro-Negro."

The practice of caricaturing the entire Negro people as part of the general Jim-Crow strategy of the employing class, goes back to the very beginning of film history, when the movies were principally "peep-shows." In 1903, Lumiere of France exhibited a film in this country with the brutal title *Niggers Bathing*. It was advertised as a "humorous" subject. Time marches on! In 1946, 20th Century-Fox shipped overseas an Agatha Christie mystery film called *Ten Little Niggers*. All in fun.

Vitagraph's *The Slave*, released in 1907, justified the lynching of a young Negro slave for killing a brutal overseer caught manhandling a white girl. "There can be no extenuating circumstances when a Negro lays his hand on a white man." The old fairy tale that the Negro enjoyed his lot as a slave was the theme of *Confederate Spy* (1910). Uncle Daniel, a Negro spy for the South, dies before a Northern firing squad, happy in the thought, "I did it for Massa's sake and little missa'."

Uncle Tom's Cabin saw the light as a movie in 1910. Of course the slashing indictment of slavery in the original Harriet Beecher Stowe novel was considerably softened up for the southern market. Edward Sheldon's play *The Nigger*, was filmed as *The Governor*. Behind its "noble" sentiments toward the Negro was a calculated attack on inter-marriage. In 1915, David Griffith, America's outstanding director, produced *Birth of a Nation*, the most vicious anti-Negro picture in our history.

THE MUGGITY WUMPUS

BY MIKE QUIN (died Aug. 15, 1947)

August 16, 1947.

Arriving back in America after an absence of 15 years or more, Dr. Emory Hornsnagle was surprised by a strange creature approaching him along the road. At first he took it to be a weird animal or land bird of the emu or cassowary variety. It waddled clumsily on four legs and had a large plum-like tail protruding from the rear.

As it drew nearer he perceived it to be a man crawling on his hands and knees. His hair had been shaved off and his head had been painted blue. His body was encircled by red stripes. What looked like a tail was a long stick decorated with streamers of colored paper and bearing a placard: *I Love Capitalism*.

As the man crawled he muttered over and over: "I am not a Communist. I am not a Communist."

"Then what are you?" asked Dr. Hornsnagle.

The creature took one look at Hornsnagle, then turned around and began to crawl away as rapidly as its hands and knees could carry it.

Hornsnagle quickly lassoed it by one leg and tied it to a tree. "Now there's no reason for you to be frightened," he said. "I am not going to hurt you. As a scientist I would like to know what you are."

"Let me go," begged the creature. "If I am seen talking to you I will get into trouble."

"Why should you get in trouble for talking to me?" asked Hornsnagle.

"Because you are a Communist," whined the creature.

"Nonsense," said Hornsnagle. "What makes you think that?"

"Because," said the creature, "there is nothing about you to indicate that you are not. If you were not a Com-

munist, you would certainly do something to indicate that you were not. As for myself, you can see at a glance I am no Communist."

"Just what is a Communist?" asked Hornsnagle.

"I don't know," replied the creature, "but you certainly would not accuse me of being one."

"But crawling on your hands and knees," said Hornsnagle, "and that, er—tail—isn't it all somewhat inconvenient?"

The creature broke into tears and Dr. Hornsnagle kindly loaned it his handkerchief.

"I used to walk erect," it said, "and speak my mind freely. It all started when they brought that resolution into the union."

"What resolution?" asked Hornsnagle.

"The resolution against Communism," said the creature. "They told us the employers would not deal with us because they suspected us of being communistic. So we passed the resolution to convince them."

"And then what?" asked Hornsnagle.

"They were still not convinced," said the creature. "It was discovered that many of our members had communistic books and literature in their homes."

"So what did you do?" asked Hornsnagle.

"We expelled them," said the creature, "and the rest of us burned our

libraries to make absolutely certain."

"Did that convince them?" asked Hornsnagle.

"No. They said our officials were communistic. So we expelled them too and elected new ones who were highly praised in the newspapers as reasonable and patriotic."

"What happened then?" asked Hornsnagle.

"Then we stopped holding meetings," said the creature. "There was nothing to meet about anyhow. It was impossible to make any demand or conduct any business without being called communistic. Later on we disbanded the union altogether."

"Didn't that convince them?" asked Hornsnagle.

The creature shook its head sadly. "No, indeed. Employers made a rule to employ only the most non-communistic workers who would work for the lowest wages. Everybody began to outdo each other in being non-communistic. Some of them began to crawl, and pretty soon no one could get a job at all if he didn't crawl. Then one thing followed another. The tail piece was thought up by William Green."

"Why don't you stand up and tell them to go to hell?" asked Hornsnagle.

"That would be impossible," said the creature.

"And why so?" asked Hornsnagle.

"Because," said the creature, "that would be communistic."

GOLDEN TRUMPETS OF YAP YAP

BY MIKE QUIN

The famous explorer, Dr. Emery Hornsnagle, in his recent book, *Strange Customs of the People of Yap Yap*, makes some interesting observations on the practice of free speech among the inhabitants of that little known island.

While being entertained in the palace of Iggy Bumbum, the Slobob of Yap Yap (High Chief), Dr. Hornsnagle asked the ruler whether free expression of public sentiment was allowed by the law.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Slobob. "The people of our island have absolute freedom of speech, and the government is conducted in exact conformity to public opinion."

"Just how does that work?" asked Dr. Hornsnagle. "By what method are you able to tell what public opinion thinks about the various matters that come up?"

"That is very simple," explained the Slobob. "Whenever any policy has to be decided, we assemble the entire population in the large courtyard of the palace. The High Priest then reads from a scroll to inform them of the business at hand. When that is finished, I determine the will of my people by listening to the Golden Trumpets."

"And what are the Golden Trumpets?" asked Hornsnagle.

"Golden Trumpets," said the Slo-

bob, "are the only means by which public opinion may be expressed. I raise my right hand above my head and call out: 'All those in favor, blow.' Instantly, all those in favor of the proposed action blow upon golden trumpets. Then I raise my left hand and call out: 'All those opposed, blow.' This time the opposition blows golden trumpets. The side making the loudest noise is naturally the majority and the issue is decided in their favor."

"That," said Dr. Hornsnagle, "is to my mind the most complete democracy I have ever heard of. I would like very much to witness one of these expressions of public opinion and take some photographs."

On the next afternoon, Dr. Hornsnagle had the opportunity he desired. The people of the whole island were assembled in the palace court yard to decide an important issue. They numbered about three thousand and were all quite naked except for loin cloths. However, just before the ceremony was about to begin, four richly clothed gentlemen were carried in on bejeweled litters. Glittering with priceless gems and reeking with perfume, they were deposited at the very front of the crowd, where they squatted on silken pillows and were fanned with peacock feathers by attendants.

"Who are they?" asked Hornsnagle.

"They," replied the Slobob, "are



"He still has the first dollar I ever earned."

the four richest men on the island."

Immediately after the arrival of the wealthy class, the High Priest read off his scroll. Then the Slobob stepped forward, and raised his right hand.

"All those in favor, blow," he shouted.

The four wealthy citizens all lifted golden trumpets and blew lustily.

The Slobob now lifted his left hand. "All those opposed, blow," he shouted. Not a sound came from the giant assemblage. "It is so decided," announced the Slobob, and the affair was over.

Later on, Dr. Hornsnagle asked the Slobob why the four wealthy citizens were the only ones who blew trumpets.

"They are the only ones who can afford to own Golden Trumpets," explained the Slobob. "The rest are only poor working people."

"That doesn't seem very much like free speech to me," remarked Hornsnagle. "All it amounts to is a group of rich men blowing their own horns. In America we have real public expression."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the Slobob.

"And how do you do it in America?"

"In America," said Hornsnagle, "instead of having Golden Trumpets, we have newspapers, magazines and radio broadcasting stations."

"That is very interesting," said the Slobob. "But who owns these news-

papers, magazines and broadcasting stations?"

"The rich men," replied Hornsnagle.

"Then it is the same as Yap Yap," said the Slobob. "It is the rich men blowing their own horns that make all the noise."

LEGION'S DARLING

BY HARRY RAYMOND

Long Branch, New Jersey,
May 26, 1948.

Local police today labeled as "phony" newspaper reports that clues to the mystery-shrouded death of Harold S. Adamson, 54, are being sought in his activities as an anti-Communist investigator for the American Legion.

"Adamson has been a notorious drunken brawler in these parts," a high police official told the *Daily Worker*, "and we are convinced he died in his Elkwood Hotel room some time after 12:30 A.M. Sunday, from a blow received earlier in a brawl. It does not appear that his so-called crusade against communism had anything to do with his death."

Police Chief Thomas J. Marks again produced Adamson's police record of 15 arrests as a guide for further investigation of the case.

Adamson, a top man of the Legion's Americanization Committee, had been arrested on one occasion for beating his mother, now deceased, and blacking both of her eyes.

He also had a record of arrests on

charges of manslaughter, breaking and entering, adultery and drunk and disorderly.

The report of Dr. Julius Toren, assistant county medical examiner, that Adamson was a chronic alcoholic and in a drunken stupor at the time of his death seemed to bear out the police theory that the Legionnaire had resorted to his old rowdyism and got roughed up along the shore.

Police are working on two theories:

That the self-styled anti-Red sleuth was slugged in a local barroom brawl.

That he was beaten up by an irate husband who resented the Legionnaire's possible attention to his wife.

It has been impossible to find anybody in this resort town who has a good word to say for the dead Legionnaire. Tavern keepers interviewed by the *Daily Worker* said that Adamson was a "trouble-maker." The most reputable tavern keepers had ordered their bartenders not to serve him. Many complained he owed them money for liquor consumed and was a bad debtor.

The railroad station's newsstand man said:

"The amazing thing is that Adamson, who was always insulting people and picking fights, lived as long as he did."

A leading hotel man said: "Just imagine the hell that would have broke loose here—what a big Red hunt we would have had—if Adamson had a clean record. If he worked for the F.B.I., as he claimed, the government ought to apologize to the people of this town.

Adamson had moved in top Legion circles here since he was discharged from the Navy after serving on dry land at the Pelham Naval Station during World War I.

"He had never seen action during the war," one of his Legion buddies explained, "and he spent most of his time commuting between Pelham and Long Branch."

The Legion is going to give Adamson a military funeral here tomorrow, but State Legion Commander Joseph G. Carty was doing his level best to get the word around that Adamson was not really the organization's top anti-Red sleuth. The fact is, however, that Legion officials far and wide had only recently hailed Adamson as their big, brave cloak-and-dagger man assigned to pry into the affairs of Communists and labor leaders.

HOW THE NEW YORK PRESS PLAYED THE ADAMSON STORY

Journal American

RED FOE SENSED 'VIOLENT
DEATH' TOLD FRIENDS HE
WAS MARKED MAN

World Telegram

ANTI-RED LINK PROBED IN
LEGIONNAIRE'S DEATH

Times

LEGION FOE OF SUBVERSIVE
GROUPS FOUND DEAD,
BELIEVED MURDERED

PM

LEGION INVESTIGATOR OF
RED ACTIVITIES SLAIN IN
JERSEY

Daily News

ANTI-RED LEGIONNAIRE SLAIN
IN JERSEY HOTEL

Mirror

PROBE FATAL BEATING OF
JERSEY LEGION LEADER

Herald Tribune

ANTI-RED AGENT IS FOUND
SLAIN IN JERSEY HOTEL

The Sun

LEGIONNAIRE'S DEATH
STUDIED: JERSEY OFFICIALS
SUSPECT MURDER ADAMSON
BELIEVED TO HAVE GIVEN
DATA ON REDS

TWO MINUTES

BY LESTER RODNEY

June 24, 1938.

"BACK TO HITLER, BUM!"

The cry spread over the Yankee Stadium as Max Schmeling went tumbling to the canvas for the third and last time in the brief two-minute fight before the thunderous fury of Joe Louis' fists.

You never saw anything like it.

Almost 90,000 people stretching out from the ring at second base, filling the huge triple-decked grandstands and receding far back into the Bronx night to see the young Negro champion clash with the German challenger. Four hundred working newspaper men around the ring ready to flash the news to the four corners of the earth, a microphone into which poured words that reached uncountable millions. This was more than a prizefight between two men. It was because Hitler and his Nazi bombast had made it so. They had stuck the whole stupid myth of "Aryan" superiority right out there on Max Schmeling's jaw for the fastest and hardest hitter in the history of ringdom to punch—and how Joe Louis punched it!

They came out, touched gloves as all the lights save the huge ones illuminating the ring went out and a hush came over the crowd. Louis lashed out with a left jab that darted through Schmeling's guard like the tongue of a snake and exploded right on the Nazi battler's fixed sneer of simulated contempt.

198

Hurt, Schmeling moved back slowly, crouching a bit—Louis moved in, whistled over a terrific left hook to Schmeling's jaw and for the next two minutes everybody was on his feet, screaming, or, as in the case of the 1,000 Nazis freshly arrived from Nazi-land to see the Hitler-predicted triumph of Aryanism, gaping.

It was impossible to count the incredibly swift and perfectly timed blows that whistled from Louis' sloping shoulders and connected in those brief seconds. Ten is a good guess. Back to the ropes went Schmeling and then he landed his first punch—the straight right that has been talked about so much—it hit Louis on the side of the jaw as the champ rolled with it, and then in stepped Louis with a stinging right that turned Schmeling half around and spun him into the ropes.

Gone was the sneer from Schmeling's lips. His face now had the terrified, abject fear of every loud-mouthed blustering bully the world over who has had his bluff called. As he came off the ropes, Louis drove in a pile-driving right to the body that brought an audible gasp from the Nazi, then a left, a right and another final right that landed cleanly and sent Schmeling crumbling toward the canvas on rubber legs. He was up at three with bleary eyes and Louis was upon him. He was getting suitable satisfaction for the two years of contemptuous insults Schmeling had directed at him and his people.

He set him up with that crackling left hook and then jolted over the right again and down went Schmeling for the second time. Up he popped once more, and Louis came across, measured him for the finisher and put his 198 pounds behind the final terrific blow. As Schmeling went down, completely unconscious, obviously cleanly knocked out, a towel fluttered into the ring from his corner, the long discarded gesture of surrender. Referee Donovan kicked it out, resumed the count and at five saw that further counting was useless. The fight was over, the crowd was roaring, Negro and white hugging each other in the stands, frantic, unashamed joy, and over all came the persistent:

"BACK TO HITLER, BUM!"

At that moment in Harlem people swarmed into the streets to shout their joy, to raise their arms in hilarious contempt for the Hitler salute. At that moment a banner went up on 7th Avenue with the words "Ethiopia Fights On!" inscribed on it, and spon-

taneous parades formed with the cry, "Down With Hitler!"

At that moment in Cleveland, Chicago, in Pittsburgh, all over the country, the cry went out into the night air, "Down With Hitler!"

You knew that somewhere in Germany people lifted their heads and smiled, that brown-shirted thugs who had spent the day smearing the windows of "non-Aryan" stores stood before their radios with jaws agape, that southern plantation owners perhaps quaked a bit at the story the radio had just told them.

Down in the dressing room Louis lay back on the table, smiling slightly as the reporters barged in.

"I feel like a real champ now," he said. Someone asked him if he had any personal feeling against Schmeling, as he had seemed to fight with more venom than ever before.

"I was sore at some of the things Schmeling's been saying," he said simply.

SELECTIONS FROM "BROADWAY BEAT"

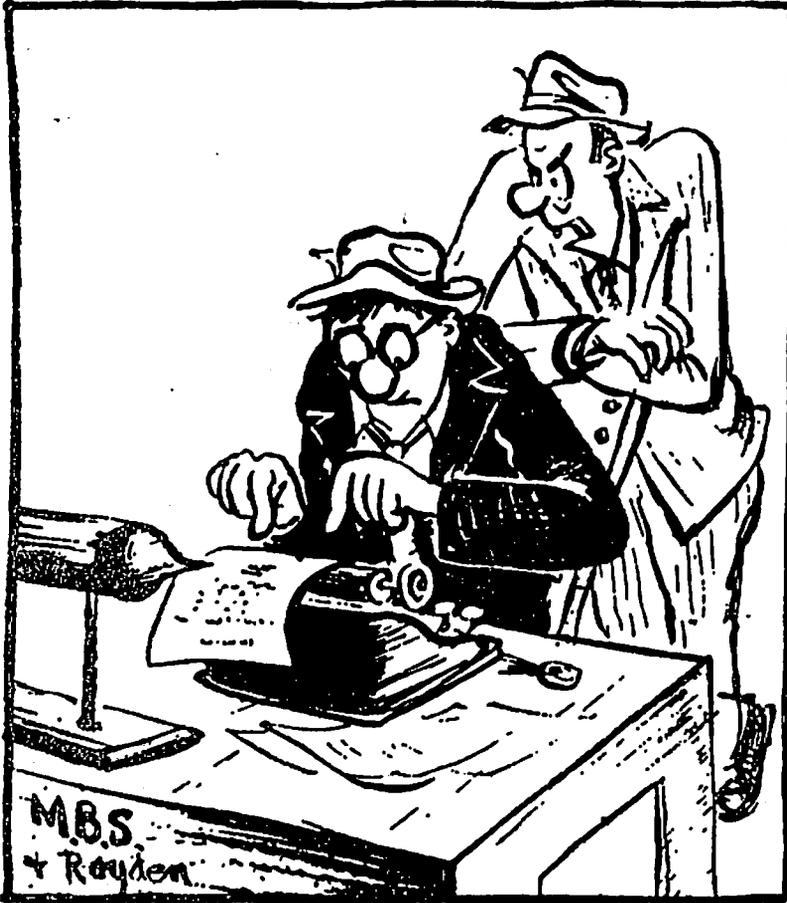
BY BARNARD RUBIN

September 17, 1947.

Newspapermen tell the one about a worm with an inferiority complex.

Things went from bad to worse until the worm finally had to see a psychoanalyst.

The final hallucination that caused the worm to take his inferiority complex to the medico was the one in which he thought he was Victor Riesel—and that he was writing a column called Inside Apples.



"No, no, stupid, the Marshall Plan, not the Martial Plan."

November 3, 1947.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has been speaking a good deal at the U.N. recently about the free press. She wants to see other countries with as free a press as the commercial papers are alleged to be here.

In a recent issue of the *World-Telegram*, in which Mrs. Roosevelt's column is printed, she criticized Gov. Dewey for using the state police to bar a delegation of working mothers from his Pawling home, when they

came to plead for continuance of child care centers in New York.

That column was pulled out of the *World-Telegram* after it ran for just one edition. It was killed in all subsequent editions that day.

In the space usually occupied by her column the editors substituted another story headlined: "Russians Admit Own Coal Crisis!"

December 7, 1947.

Dear Barney, writes a well-known

theater man, I was traveling on the Broadway Limited last week when I met a Hollywood starlet and we went into the dining room for lunch.

The steward sat us at a table with two florid business men, complete with Sulka ties and "convervative" diamond rings.

During the conversation, one of the men said that the ambition of his life was to shoot a Communist.

My starlet companion turned a dazzling smile upon the business man and murmured seductively, "I'm a Communist, why don't you shoot me."

The business man began to stammer and goggle, and at last he said, with heavy gallantry, that he'd rather have a date with her than shoot her.

The starlet mulled this over dreamily and then finally murmured, "I'd rather be shot."

November 13, 1947.

Chester Bowles last night at the dinner meeting of the New York Chapter of Americans for Democratic Action at the Hotel Commodore, addressed his speech to those he called "fellow liberals."

He told them fervently: "We can work within the Democratic Party, with all its liabilities and inadequacies. The skeptics will remind us that the Democratic Party is the party of Rankin, of Byrd, and McKellar, and that, in some parts of America it represents black réaction in its lowest form.

"But," he reminded his listeners triumphantly, "the Democratic Party is also the party of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland, Wilson and Roosevelt."

I wonder if it would be discourteous to remind Mr. Bowles that the

only examples of liberals he mentioned as belonging to the Democratic Party—are all dead.

November 18, 1947.

Right the first time: The WNYC news broadcaster last Friday on the 8:55 A.M. program was reporting the General Meyers mess.

"The investigation," he slipped, "of high banking officers of the Army Air Corps—I mean high ranking officers—is still going on."

November 23, 1947.

The November 5 *New York Post*, in its Washington Memo column, very tentatively hinted that there are times when J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. tends to abuse its powers.

The column stated, "It has been revealed, for example, that during the probe of the State Department employees, an F.B.I. investigator photographed one of them lunching with a feminine colleague and showed the picture to the man's wife (in his presence)."

The way the commercial press handled, or didn't handle this story (a quite common example of the low caliber of the F.B.I.'s activities) is a shameful example itself of how publishers and editors presstitute themselves to the petty, power-mad J. Edgar Hoover.

The big money papers simply haven't the guts to call the F.B.I.'s tactics by their right names—cheap, vulgar, intimidating, blackmailing. . . .

April 14, 1948.

Henry Luce and his *Time* and *Life* magazines are celebrating the 25th anniversary of those publications with



“Excuse me, sir—I’ve been working in the shipping department thirty-one years—”

“By God! I KNEW you looked familiar!”

a flood of literature, advertising material, etc.

In this material the entire history of *Time* and *Life* is gone into with great detail—and a lot of bragging is done.

One fact, however, isn’t bragged

about and, as a matter of fact, isn’t even mentioned.

The fact that it was J. P. Morgan money which started the publications—and still controls them. Such coyness from the brashest propagandists for U.S. big money and its policies!

October 27, 1947.

Four years ago in London an American movie actor attended the premiere of the Soviet play, "The Russians," and had himself photographed proudly with the then Soviet Ambassador Maisky.

"Without the Red Army," said Adolphe Menjou, "I don't know where the world would be today!"

September 7, 1948.

One store we hear about is meeting the high price situation head-on. Its advertisement reads: "Gigantic Sale! Great Reductions! Prices Slashed From Outrageous to Unreasonable!"

February 25, 1948.

Something else for the State Department to broadcast overseas to convince the world of its democratic intentions.

That its application blank for inter-department transfers has a space to be filled out titled—COLOR.

February 10, 1948.

Einstein, as you probably know, loves to relax with his violin and a Mozart composition.

The greatest mathematician of them all once invited the renowned pianist, Arthur Schnabel, to his home for a musical session.

They were running through a rather involved section of a Mozart sonata and Einstein was having difficulties.

Finally, after several explanations, Schnabel got irritated.

He banged his hands down on the keyboard and groaned, "No, no, Albert. For heaven's sake, can't you count? One, two, three, four."

March 3, 1948.

That was an interesting story recently in the New York *Times* about the destruction of records concerning I. G. Farben, the giant Nazi cartel with Wall Street connections. The story came to light in the current war criminal trials in Nuernberg.

The *Times* story mentioned how important papers and documents containing vital information were systematically destroyed and concealed.

However, there was one fact the *Times* story didn't make quite clear.

The fact that the documents were in the custody of the U.S. Army.

VICTORY FEAST

BY ART SHIELDS

November 14, 1946.

I saw Big Business fascists and gutter anti-Semites celebrating the Republican victory at a closed banquet in the Jade Room of the Waldorf-

Astoria Hotel Tuesday night. Lamot du Pont, the head of the munition family clan, and his company buddy, John J. Raskob, were laughing arm in arm with Merwin K. Hart, the Ameri-

can Action, Inc., leader, who was giving the \$10-a-plate party.

And Hart, who has been calling for firing squads for liberals in his fascist news letter, was gleefully shaking the hand of Joe Kamp, the raucous Jew-baiter.

Ed Rumely, who did time as a German agent before he went to work for Frank Gannett, the G.O.P. publisher, was snickering with delight.

Mrs. Livingston Schuyler, the Social Registerite, who used to shout herself hoarse at the meetings of Bundist Fuehrer Fritz Kuhn, and give money to mobster Joe McWilliams, seemed to be silly all evening.

Father Coughlin's financial adviser, Robert M. Harriss, the old cotton broker, seemed particularly happy as he chatted over the coming drive against the trade unions with ex-Congressman Sam Pettingill, who runs Gannett's fascist Committee for Constitutional Government with the help of Ed Rumely.

Two Bank of Manhattan vice-presidents almost wore out their palms applauding a vicious attack on the late President Roosevelt by Upton Close, the radio commentator, who goes on the air for Merwin K. Hart every week.

I thought that the American flags, which backdropped the dais where Close was standing by Raskob, would collapse as the fascist spieler called Roosevelt, the great leader of the American people, a filthy name.

I have never heard anything like this at any meeting in the United States in my life.

It was just before Close went on the

air for a 10-minute broadcast. He was letting himself go to his friends freely, since all reporters had been officially barred. He was telling the audience of dinner-jacketed capitalists and pearl-necklaced dowagers why he had quit the National Broadcasting Co. He was too extreme in his attacks on the President for the radio company's safety, they told him.

"You know, Upton," he quoted them as saying, "we feel the same about that 'son of a —— as you.'" But please don't go quite so far, they insisted.

Hart's commentator pronounced the whole epithet in his most articulate fashion.

A bejeweled old dame beside me crooned with delight. A ripple of laughter broke from the whole fascist crowd.

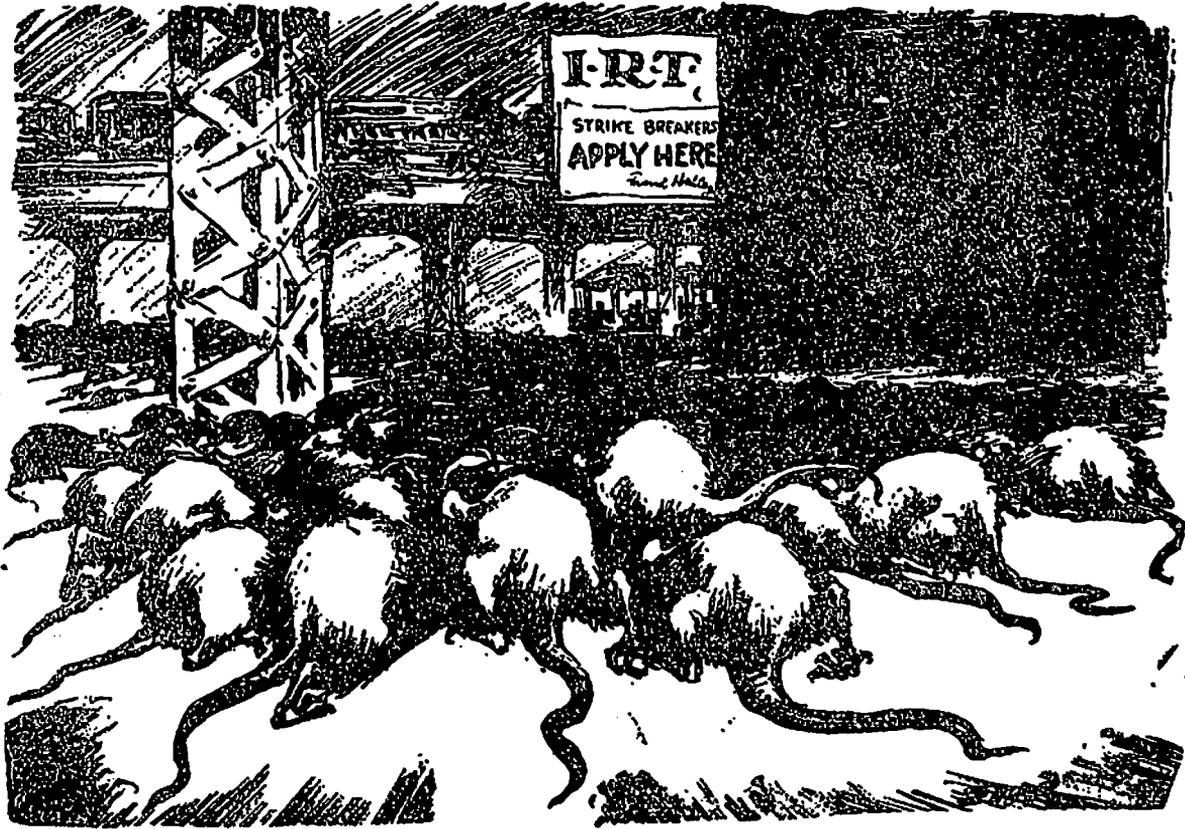
It was an ominous reaction, which I give because it was such a spontaneous expression of the hatred for everything liberal and progressive in the ranks of the Hart-du Pont crowd.

Men and women who enjoy such vile gutter abuse of President Roosevelt would enjoy seeing the shootings that Hart is inciting.

America Firsters in the crowd grinned as Close sneered at the "fruitless" war against fascism through which America had just passed. And they nodded with pleasure at the assurance that "this country and its atom bomb belongs to us again."

The line the American Actionists emphasized was that a mere Republican victory wasn't enough. The Republicans must be swung to the most extreme rightist position.

That is, to fascism and war.



To Take the Place of Men

A TROTSKYITE'S SLUMMING TRIP

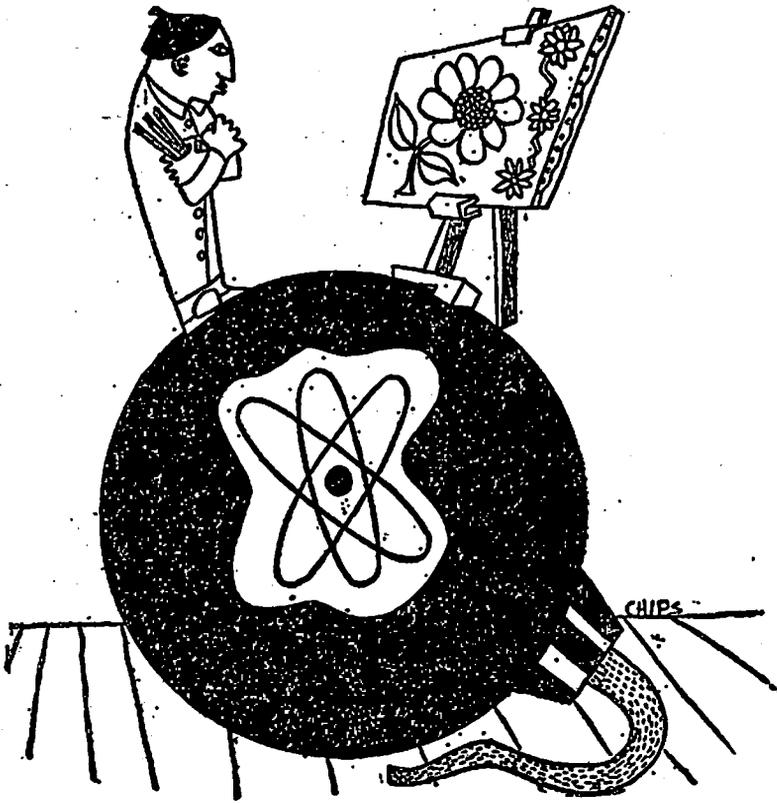
BY SAMUEL SILLEN

November 26, 1947.

The editors of *The New Yorker*, with grotesque humor, financed a sort of intellectual slumming trip by Edmund Wilson through postwar Europe. He left his Baedeker home, but not his Trotskyism. His report,

published in his new book, *Europe With Baedeker*, unutterably dull, is worth nothing except as a symptom of the moral decay of capitalist apologists.

Wilson felt most at home in a convent cell at the Hospital of the Blue Nuns in Rome, where he discussed



Art for art's sake.

with George Santayana his quaint "weakness for Mussolini." Wilson's militant, unabashed hatred of people naturally accompanies a hatred of the democratic upsurge in post-Hitler Europe. The author laments his departed friends Trotsky and Tukhachevsky, waxes homesick for Alexander Barmine, consoles himself that De Gaulle's big brain, Andre Malraux, is one of "the most valuable forces still alive on this devastated continent."

Then he scoots back to America with a dazzling proposal. He wants us to set up a Board of Breeding. We

should not be so "foolish" as to allow Nazi failures to "discourage us with eugenics." Wilson offers this bright vista: "If we can produce, from some cousin of the jackel and the wolf, the dachshund and the Great Dane; the Pekinese and the poodle, what should we not be able to do with man?"

Fortified by this dog-theory of history, Wilson finds a new key to what is "wrong" with Socialist ideas. It is that Karl Marx was a Jew, "and, being a Jew, from a family that had included many rabbis, he identified the situation of the factory worker with the situation of the Jew."

Marx, says Wilson, mistakenly assumed that workers released from capitalism would behave in terms of "Jewish tradition." He did not foresee that "what happens, when you let down the bars, is that a lot of gross and ignorant people who have been condemned to mean destinies before, go rushing for all they are worth after things that they can eat, drink, sleep on, ride on, preside at and amuse themselves with."

Thus, in one stroke, the Trotskyite tourist for *The New Yorker* combines the Nazi view of Marxism as a peculiarly "Jewish" philosophy, the Bourbons' contempt for the masses as wild animals, and the hoary capitalist

warning that we must not "let down the bars" to the working class.

This leads up to the inevitability-of-war thesis. Wilson goes a step further than your run-of-the-mill warmonger. Not only can't we get along with the Soviet leaders, but Americans "will never be able to co-operate as peoples" with the Russians. It is "ridiculous," says Wilson, to think of the Russian people today as "civilized."

Wilson, borrowing a cue from De Gaulle's Malraux, evidently aspires to be a braintruster of the fascist forces. It is not only moral and intellectual rottenness that we find in his book, but the savagery of desperation.

THE ADVENTURES OF RICHARD

THE KIDS TAKE A BEACHHEAD

BY MICHAEL SINGER

February 11, 1945.

Mr. Pepper, Apt. 5C, aged 64, adjusted his muffler, turned up his coat collar, opened the door and prepared to take a walk. "Be careful how you cross the street," his wife warned.

"Why, I'm not a baby," he scoffed, "what can hurt me?" And he began to walk to the landing. Suddenly his body stiffened. Every nerve in his being rang like telephone bells. He heard the roof door open and the beginning of an avalanche. Instinctively

he knew that it was a matter of seconds before he was to live or be doomed. The kids were coming down the stairs. They were rolling down the stairs, they were rushing, roaring, streaming and hurtling down the stairs.

Mr. Pepper tried to find safety against the bannister. The first wave of the assault was No-Nose, who bounded off Mr. Pepper's shoulder with a fiendish war whoop. "Out of the way, Mr. Pepper, we're storming the beaches," the juvenile robot

shouted. Mr. Pepper had already ricocheted off the wall back to the banister, when his hat was knocked off his head by a broom handle wielded by Menash who made up the second wave of the assault.

"S'cuse me, Pepper old boy," Menash apologized while skipping down two stairs at a time, "your hat was in the way."

"You crazy hooligan," Mr. Pepper managed to get out, "you almost took my head off."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before Mr. Pepper's fears were almost realized. For behind Menash and his broomstick came the third wave. The now desperate Mr. Pepper edged toward the window. Who knows? Maybe if he threw himself out he might escape only with a broken neck, but this was murder.

He hugged the wall as Flekel, with an aluminum pot on his head and a wooden rifle, tore by shooting in all directions and scraping off a good part of Mr. Pepper's left ear. Behind Flekel was Fritzik, brandishing an old indoor baseball like a hand grenade and yelling:

"Kill 'em, moider 'em, slice 'em up, boys!"

To Mr. Pepper this was practically a personal, face-to-face threat. "Please boys," he started to say, "at least let me get out of this building alive."

But no one heard him. Certainly not Richard, who was putting into practice Fritzik's Order of the Day. He had a football helmet on his head and was making with a machine gun, rat-a-tatting all over the hall. He tried to get out of Mr. Pepper's way, but couldn't quite make it and when Richard untangled himself, Mr. Pepper was standing over him, his face twitching and his brain fast working out some modern twist to the Inquisition.

He had little time for mayhem, however, for he heard the fourth and fifth waves of the gang's assault. "Stick 'em in the belly," shouted Fatso, who made up what the kids called the heavy tank division.

Once downstairs and barely alive, Mr. Pepper met Mr. Solario, the superintendent.

"For this I pay rent too?" he asked, "it's worse than living in a foxhole."

BABY-SITTERS

BY MICHAEL SINGER

November 2, 1947.

Every Thursday and Friday the kids make the rounds to get their baby-sitting appointments. Last week No-Nose and Flekel divided a four-hour shift at Mr. Moran's house. After figuring out what they ate in candy, fruit, cake, sandwiches and the clean-up bill they forced on him,

Moran has decided it's cheaper to stay home.

So when the kids asked him whether he needed them this week, Moran said: "If I go out, the baby goes with me. You kids give me the jitters while I'm away so I can't enjoy myself, and when I come home I got nothing to eat for a week."

"Whatsamatter, didn't we watch

Baldy all right?" No-Nose asked.

"Don't call him Baldy," Moran said irritably. "Expect a kid 8 months old to shave too?"

"What's the beef?" Flekel queried.

"You kids watched him OK, but you also burned out the light in the refrigerator opening and closing that door so much."

"Well," Flekel challenged, "so we ate five bananas or a couple sardine cans, so what? You need nourishment to stay up all night."

"I'm not going any place this weekend." Moran said.

"There's a good picture at the Kings," No-Nose suggested, "whyntcha see that?"

"Look, I haven't reached the point yet where I have to get movie reviews from you," Moran responded. "Your idea of a good picture is somebody getting killed in every reel."

"You know, Mr. Moran," Flekel said, "once when Ronny was coughing we stopped him quick and he went to sleep. We're pretty good babysitters."

A look of fright came into Moran's face. "What did you kids do. Step on his neck?"

"We picked him up and then we rolled him over. I slapped his back and covered him up," Flekel said proudly.

No-Nose was disgusted with Moran's attitude. "We save the kid's life, and lookit the thanks we get. The way you talk you'd think we're Murder, Inc."

They walked off. Outside the house Flekel turned to No-Nose: "He didn't have no light in his refrigerator. That's how I got my hand in the goulash."

THE BOTTLE BUSINESS

BY MICHAEL SINGER

June 1, 1948.

When the kids came into Pripit's grocery store lugging big bags loaded with bottles, Pripit groaned. "Once a month I gotta go through with this," he told Mrs. Lund, who was waiting patiently for her order.

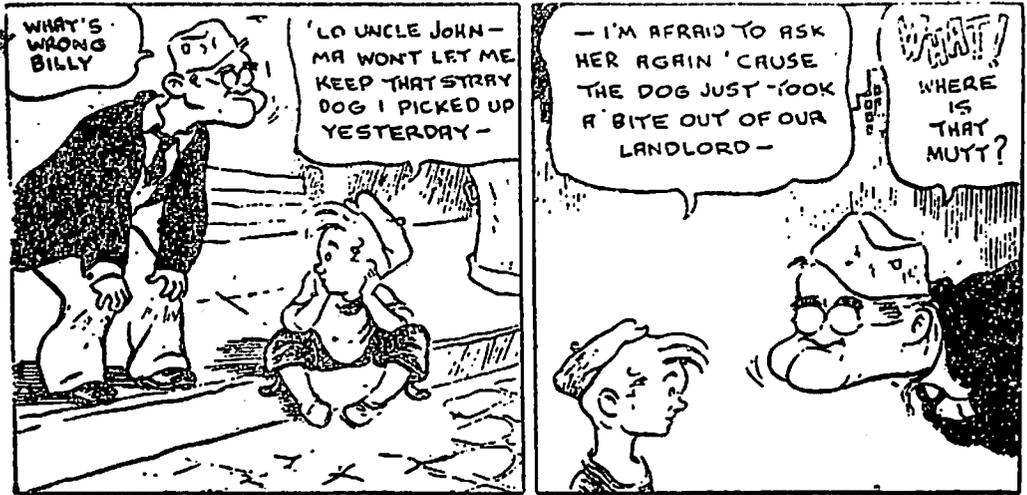
The kids moved the cream cheese, the cookies, the cheese cutter, the assorted odds and ends of groceries from the counter while Pripit waved his arms in the air. "See, now they take up the whole counter. Watch, maybe five of those bottles belong to me. The rest . . . God knows where they pick up such bottles. Once they

brought in a bottle of milk sold only in California. For three cents deposit they want a nickel. Even Calvert's whiskey they once brought in. They said they switched from milk."

No-Nose counted the bottles. "There's 45 bottles here, Pripit. We get five cents on each. That's \$2.25."

"Don't be such an Einstein so quick," Pripit shouted at him.

He counted the bottles, assorting them as he went along. Those that didn't belong to him he put aside and finally there were 21 bottles discarded. "I told you," he said to Mrs. Lund, "they bring in 45 bottles. Only 24 belong here. They got bottles from



Little Lefty: Uncle John to the Rescue!

Furth's store; they got bottles from Hoonihan's; they got bottles from the milk wagon; they got soda bottles here I never even saw. I think they put the labels on themselves."

Mrs. Lund chuckled. "Some business men they'll be," she said.

"Some racketeers they are already," Pripit asserted.

He gave them 92 cents for 10 bottles with 5-cent deposits, and 14 with three-cent deposits. "Who gets this graft?" he asked. "All of you bring in bottles. What is it, a collective bottle farm?"

"Why can't you pay us for all the bottles and exchange with the other stores?" Flekel wanted to know.

"Because I'm not in the deposit bottle exchange service," Pripit

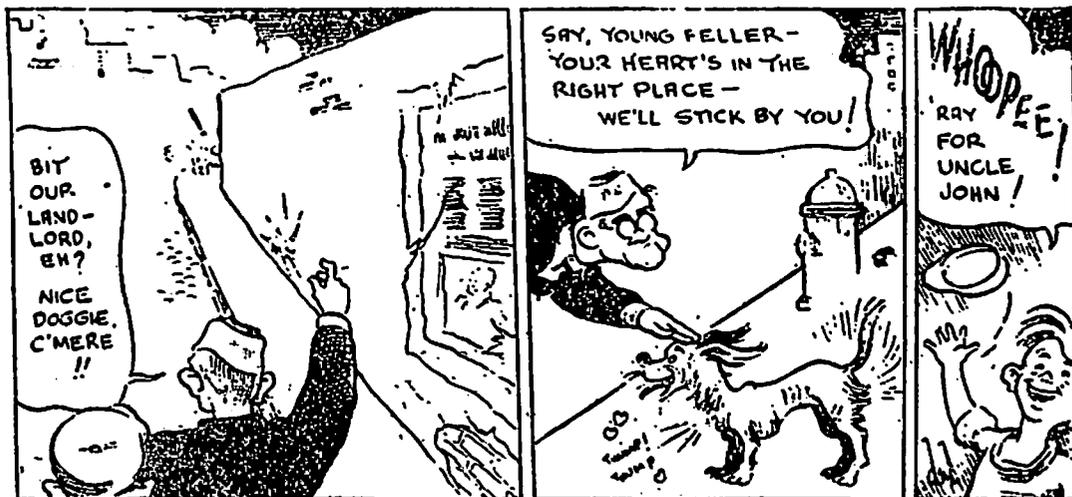
snarled. "Because—don't bother me with stupid questions. Take those bottles before I launch your new business by breaking them over your heads."

No-Nose carefully assembled the discarded bottles in a bag. "OK, OK," he said. "I hope all your butter melts. You don't know how to treat customers."

"Customers!" Pripit shrieked in anguish. "Customers!"

"Yeh, look at Mrs. Lund," Flekel interjected. "She's been waiting 15 minutes for service. All you do is argue about bottles."

The kids walked out while Pripit clutched the edge of the counter and Mrs. Lund shook her head in pity.



WE PHONE MR. ATTLEE

BY ARNOLD SROOG

November 9, 1946.

We read in last Saturday's *Daily News* about how one of their reporters (with nothing better to do of an afternoon, we guess) tried to call up Joseph Stalin a couple of times. The reporter couldn't get through and got peeved and passed a lot of cracks about iron curtains and freedom of the press and Moscow party lines—well, anyway, you get the drift.

So we got the idea from the *News* that if you want to talk to some Prime Minister, or any other kind of head of a foreign government, all you have to do is ring him up on the telephone and start talking. And if he doesn't talk, then that's an iron curtain.

We tried to call Attlee Thursday afternoon. We wanted to ask him what he thought about the U.S. elections. AT 2:55 P.M. (7:55 P.M. in London) we called the overseas operator and told her:

"This is the New York *Daily Worker*. We would like to talk to Prime Minister Clement Attlee in London."

She asked us a lot of questions about our name and phone number and told us she would call us back when she got the Prime Minister. (From here on in we'll call him P.M. for short.)

We were a little worried about understanding the P.M. because none of us is very strong on British accents. We hunted around for an interpreter for a few seconds, but the best we

could turn up was someone who got off the Boston bus at the wrong stop once and spent a half-hour wandering around the Harvard campus.

Pretty soon we looked at the clock and it was 3:15. Twenty minutes and still not a word from the P.M. Well, we thought, these marvels of science we've been hearing about sure are overrated, if you can't put through a call to London in 20 minutes.

We chewed the fat some more and finally the phone rang. It was 3:31 P.M., 36 minutes after we put the call in. It was the overseas operator again.

"Is this the party that wanted to talk to Prime Minister Attlee?" she asked.

"Yes," we said, "Prime Minister Clement Attlee."

"Prime Minister Attlee will not accept the call," she told us coldly.

Well!

You can imagine how we felt—just like that *News* reporter.

What crust! Not a word for the American people who want to know how the other half of the Anglo-American bloc feels about their election. Not even a polite "no comment."

Well, we know better now. We'll never trust the *Daily News* again.

P.S. In case any of the readers think they might have better luck and want to give the P.M. a ring it costs \$12 for three minutes and \$4 for every minute more.

P.P.S. There's no charge if the call does not go through.

BLOOD BANK PROFITEERS

BY ARNOLD SROOG

May 27, 1947.

Profiteers are cashing in on blood transfusions to sick and dying people in the private hospitals of the city. The profiteers are the hospitals that run the blood banks in this city. They make their rakeoff on blood donated voluntarily to aid people needing transfusions.

This racket is so big that an investigation by the *Daily Worker* showed one blood bank, the Post-Graduate Hospital Blood Bank, is hauling in an estimated \$500,000 annual profit.

Controlling this racket in blood is the smooth-running, tightly-knit medical oligarchy that operates through

the Greater N. Y. Hospital Association and the governing boards of the five county medical societies of New York.

It is they who set the conditions under which the banks operate and it is they who blandly label these money-grabbing outfits "non-profit." They set the prices for blood, and they are the ones who are supposed to see that no profit is made on this blood.

The *Daily Worker* investigated the workings of the Post-Graduate Blood Bank as the one most typical of the situation. Post-Graduate is by far the biggest bank in the country, dominating all the others. Under the name of Blood and Plasma Exchange, Inc.,

Post-Graduate supplies blood exclusively to more than 200 hospitals all over the country. It has also shipped blood to hospitals in Turkey, Egypt, and Nova Scotia.

Smooth is the way in which Post-Graduate puts over this money-grab. The process has two ingredients—a monopoly of the blood supply, and unctuous double-talk about “community service.” The rest is straight, ordinary grab-it-as-usual business.

All blood donors are paid \$5 per pint of blood, which is sold to other hospitals for \$15. The profit comes in the spread of \$10 between the purchase and sale prices, which is far beyond the cost of processing the blood.

We questioned Dr. Lester Unger, the head of Post-Graduate’s bank on this subject. Dr. Unger, a leading authority on blood transfusions for the past 30 years, was one of the American pioneers in blood banks, which originated in the Soviet Union. A small man, with thin, greying hair, he is a rapid, smooth talker and slightly hard of hearing.

Dr. Unger took us on a tour of the blood bank, showing us all the equipment. The 90 employees are laboratory technicians or clerks and a few doctors.

According to Dr. Unger’s own figures these employees receive a wage averaging \$125-\$150 per month — a “high-priced staff,” Dr. Unger called it. If one adds to this figure the salaries of the few doctors working at the clinic, a high estimate of the average monthly wage per person at the blood bank would be \$200.

This represents an expenditure of approximately \$18,000 monthly. To

this must be added the price of the blood, \$5 per pint for 7,000 pints processed monthly at the blood bank, or \$35,000.

After wages, costs of processing blood are negligible. Checks with several authorities in the field showed agreement that a top figure for the additional processing costs would be \$1 per pint of blood. All authorities questioned, who must be nameless because of the so-called ethical code of the medical profession, agreed that \$1 was a very high figure, since all equipment is used over and over again.

All that is really included in these costs are the few inexpensive chemicals used for testing the blood, breakage of equipment and transportation costs for delivering the blood. There is no waste, since the blood is processed into plasma after it is two weeks old.

Thus the total figure for costs amounts to \$60,000 per month.

But this blood, which costs Post-Graduate \$60,000 per month is sold at \$15 a pint for 7,000 pints—a cool \$105,000 per month.

An approximate net profit of \$45,000 a month! Not bad for a non-profit outfit.

To Dr. Unger these figures were all a mirage, a figment of our imagination. We just did not understand the costs involved. He went into a lot of suave chatter (half in Latin and obscure medical terms) to show how expensive it was to process blood. But it all added up to the number of people he had working there and all added up to the same \$18,000 a month cited above.

And even by Dr. Unger’s own fig-

ures the Post-Graduate Blood Bank would show a concealed monthly profit of \$17,500, or \$210,000 a year!

It's all clear profit, which is pocketed by Post-Graduate Hospital and its high-salaried executives at the expense of sick people who have no choice but death.

It might be a different matter if Post-Graduate used the money it made in this deal to hand out free blood to people who cannot afford it. But here, too, Post-Graduate's concern for the sick is limited to \$\$\$\$.

According to Dr. Unger, in 1946 the bank handed out a total of \$24,000 worth of blood absolutely free to people who could not afford to pay or who could not secure donors to replace the blood. This \$24,000 represents 5 per cent of Post-Graduate's profit on blood.

A further example of how profitable the trade in blood is to Post-Graduate is seen in its policy of requiring a person who received blood without pay-

ment to replace the pint of blood received with two pints from voluntary donors who get no payment. The bank, Dr. Unger told us, prefers this to buying blood from donors.

It's not hard to see why.

When two pints of blood are bought from donors, the bank pays out \$10. When two pints of blood are received free to replace one pint for which \$5 has been paid, the bank gets two pints of blood for \$5 instead of \$10.

All that is money in the bank—Post-Graduate's bank.

Post-Graduate has such a good thing in its blood bank that other hospitals are muscling in on the deal. Seven other private hospitals in the city have already started blood banks, and others are considering it. The six hospitals—New York, St. Luke's, St. Vincent's, Beth Israel, Joint Diseases and Lenox Hill—all follow the same policy as Post-Graduate.

And the patient pays.

THE TEXAS BLAST TELLS TRUTHS ABOUT AMERICA

More than 700 men, women and children were killed and 3,000 more were injured in Texas City, Texas, on April 16, 1947, when a ship carrying explosive nitrates blew up in the harbor. There were widespread charges of willful negligence on the part of the shipping companies and local authorities. Negro, white and Mexican workers co-operated in fighting the ravages of the disaster.

BY JOSEPH STAROBIN

April 18, 1947

It's a powerful thing the way that
214

explosion in Texas sweeps all other news off the front page. Politicians like Sen. Vandenberg, with all their

big talk about the horrors of Communism, suddenly seem very small. We flip the radio dials, and pass up the faraway stuff like Korea. A lot of things don't seem to matter much compared with what happened in Texas City.

But it's a strange thing: the more the mind is occupied with the details of the explosion, the more it does bring you back to the issues of foreign policy, to war and peace.

Nobody says it, but everybody thinks: "This is what war is like. This is what our soldiers must have seen." Nobody says it out loud, but everyone thinks: "Suppose it was atomic bombs, instead of ammunition nitrate?" And maybe it was munitions. For whom? Where?

Here it is, the war on our own soil. And then you remember Henry Wallace, and you make a mental note that our country and the world must avoid war. Then you remember Sen. Vandenberg and the crowd hankering for another war, and forcing policies on us that mean explosions in other lands. And maybe our own?

Another thing: Notice how the average, ordinary people drop the routine of their lives, and out-do themselves in helping their fellowmen. The explanations and the statements for the press are left to the factory-owners, the mayors, the ship-owners.

The masses are supposed to be money-grubbing; "each man for himself," is the motto of capitalism. But a Catholic priest gives his life, tending the wounded. Girls become volunteer nurses. People are dying, and The People comes to the rescue.

No, the A.T.&T. didn't grant wage

increases, vacations, pension funds and the union shop in view of the disaster, so that the telephones could function. It was the telephone operators themselves who manned their posts, and showed that, whether strikers or not, they are front-line fighters for their neighbors. A.T.&T. doesn't have that kind of ethics. No telephones would work if it was left to them.

All of a sudden a veil is lifted from the lives millions of ordinary workers lead—always at the edge of danger. The stockholders clip their coupons; the company directors are far away; the bankers hold week-long conventions in French Lick, Ind.

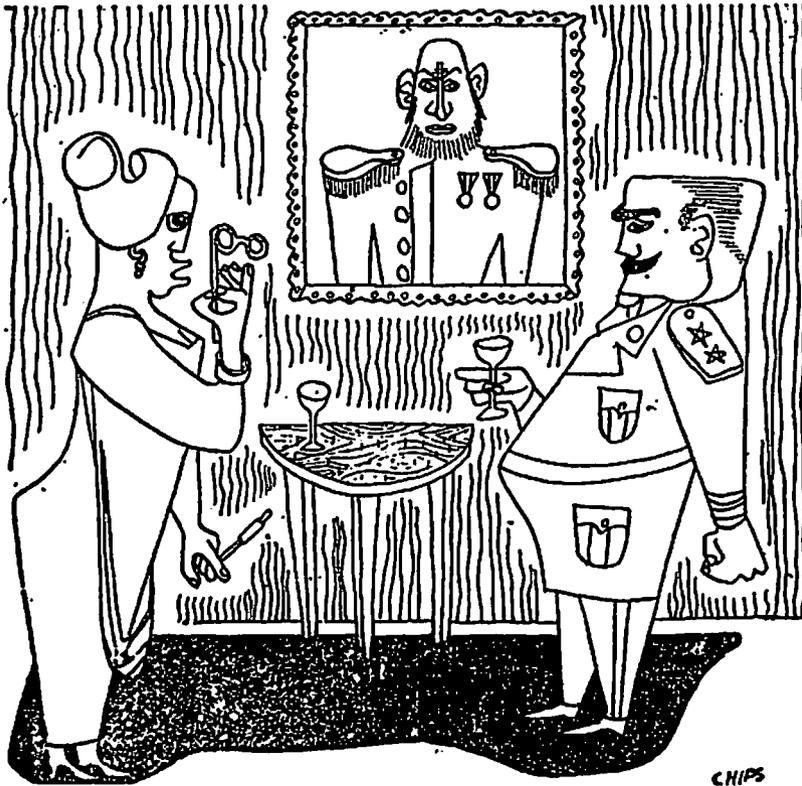
But every minute of the day, our workmen are loading dangerous cargo, are swinging on rafters of steel, are climbing ladders alongside of explosive oil tanks.

Capitalism, we are told, is a system of "risk-capital"—the bosses take the risks. Yeah, but who really took the risks in Texas City the other day? Who took them in Centralia, Ill.?

We also see little things about America we didn't see before. For instance, the homes of those Mexican-American and Negro workers right in there among the factories, refineries and ships. Those homes are ashes now. Ashes, also, the great hopes of the Mexican who comes to the fabulous America to escape the miseries of home.

They live on the margins of our society—the immigrant millions, the Negro millions of our people. You don't see their lives in the movies. You see it only in the klieg lights of these explosions.

It must have been quite a factory,



"Why the way Henry Wallace talks about war you would think there was something wrong with it."

the Monsanto Chemical Corp. plant which produced styrene, an intermediate chemical for synthetic rubber. It must have been a honey, with the complicated distilling columns, the automatic controls, the valves and pressure-tanks: a tribute to our designers, our technicians, our working-class skill.

But notice that this plant was built by the government early in the war. The free-enterprisers didn't invest their money in those days when we needed styrene. It cost the govern-

ment \$19,500,000—money out of your pocket and mine and the dead workers of Texas City.

Then a year ago, the War Surplus Administration sold this plant to Monsanto (which made profits from it all these years) at a cost of \$9,500,000—a discount of 50 percent. A bargain, don't you think, for a plant that supplied 50 percent of the raw materials for that kind of synthetic rubber?

Yes, you learn a lot, don't you, even from explosions?

EUROPEAN LABOR CONFIDENT

BY JOSEPH STAROBIN

January 2, 1949.

The war-minded men of our country came off second best in 1948, and they will have just as tough a time of it in 1949—that's the single most important impression I bring back from a five-month visit to Europe. The peoples of both eastern and western Europe have bolixed up the war-mongers. They did it, thanks to their splendid working class and Communist parties. And it goes without saying that the stubborn wisdom of the Soviet Union plus the terrific breakthrough of the Chinese People's Revolution made it that much easier.

I don't mean that the wolves of Wall Street and Washington have become little lambkins. There will be a war danger so long as this wonderful American economy, built by the sweat and genius of our workingmen, continues to be monopolized and mismanaged by a handful of capitalists. And there is dynamite in everything they do—whether it's this new dummy corporation for reviving the Ruhr, or this Atlantic alliance, or the redoubled efforts to keep the democratic armies of China and Greece from their inevitable and approaching victories.

But the fact is that the reconstruction of eastern Europe plus the magnificent battles of the French and Italian peoples for their national independence, taken together with Soviet strength and China's liberation,

are all changing the relationship of forces on a world scale.

The forces of peace and progress have gained time. The "big money" may be more desperate about this in Wall Street and some office-buildings in Washington. But just exactly what can they do about it?

I was especially impressed with the working people of Europe and their Communist leaders. They are accomplishing miracles. Formerly backward nations zooming forward. Without benefit of the Marshall Plan, and by a combination of their own efforts plus their alliances among each other and the Soviet Union, they are healing the wounds of war.

There is a new moral atmosphere in eastern Europe: that respect for hard work, that boundless confidence in the future, that faith in Mankind which used to characterize America's early days (before the blight of the trusts) is now to be felt in Warsaw, Prague and Budapest. That was the biggest single thing about the unification congress of the Workers Party and the Socialist Party, which I had the privilege of observing two weeks back.

As for France and Italy, you see there the terrible effects of what happens when peoples' revolutions are frustrated—the revival of fascist formations and fascist ideas, the collapse of economic life, the smell of treachery and demoralization. If some Americans think they have reliable

allies in the upper classes of these countries, they are kidding themselves. They are cowards, crooks, blackmailers, from their phony Socialists to their would-be strong-men like De Gaulle.

On the other hand, both countries have magnificent working class movements: the French miners' strike, or the general strike following the attempt on Togliatti's life last July showed that. They are holding their own with great skill, and it's no wonder that most Americans in western Europe today are on the defensive. They feel on all sides that the hatred of America is rising; if it weren't for the reactionary policies of our own mis-rulers, the French and the Italians and all other peoples of Europe could have been marching toward Socialism today.

Eight, nine months ago, the French working class had suffered setbacks like the split in the labor movement, and the Italian Left was hurt by the intervention which produced the right-wing victory in the April 18 elections.

But the skill and power of the Communists has changed that. By concentrating on every-day, bread and butter

issues, by organizing and leading economic battles, they have reunited the ranks of the people. They have kept morale high, and prepared themselves for new battles.

Europe's working classes are self-confident; they look to their own strength to save their own national independence and they have few illusions about American progressives. They see our labor movement split, and the Roosevelt legacy abandoned.

That's why the case of the 12, the American Communist leaders, has echoed so widely in western Europe. And the protest is only beginning. The peoples of Europe have been through all this witch-hunting before, and they know where it leads. And they know that it will not only hurt American democracy, but is felt in the form of reviving fascism in their own countries.

I feel, upon returning home, that we are lagging behind Europe in defending the 12, just as we are falling behind the rest of advancing humanity in so many other ways. It's high time for American democracy to hurry up, and catch up with a fast-changing world.

"SCOOPS"

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS
(died Aug. 9, 1936.)

October 16, 1934.

"Scoops" are what I read the *Daily Worker* for, news and views I can't get anywhere else. Call it labor news, if you will. I have a more penetrating

conception of the exclusive, sensational thrills I read day by day and digest month by month in these labor class papers. They understand and they make me understand the news they print, as no other paper does.

Their "strikes" are not merely "la-

bor troubles"; their arbitrations are clearly "strikebreakings" and their "settlements" are never victories or defeats. They handle these aright as but battles in the war upon which they keep their eyes, and mine—the continuing struggle which they, and apparently they alone, are forever aware of.

The uncelebrated editors of these inconspicuous labor sheets are intelligent; not only "intellectual." They are history-conscious. They believe, verily, as our intelligentsia do not, that this is an "evolutionary" world that changes every minute of the day, and their news is a record of their conscious history. We are literally on the

way and they, amazing me, have a definite, prophetic sense of where we are headed for. They, and their reporters, and their readers—and nobody else. I am not a citizen of Tennessee. I like to be in on this—new culture. See? It's as big as that to me.

The news they report are the unbearable miseries, the inciting wrongs, the smothering emotions, and the gradually organizing acts of an awakening, rising, powerful young world, rising slowly but surely to take the place of an old world, which the other, the capitalist class papers, tell us day by day, month by month, year by year, is sinking out from under us in despair, confusion, and violence.

A NEGRO SCIENTIST AND THOMAS JEFFERSON

BY PETER STONE

September 7, 1948.

It was slightly more than 150 years ago that a Negro freedman, Benjamin Banneker, sent a scientific almanac which he had written to Thomas Jefferson. The Negro scientist forwarded his work to "eradicate that train of absurd and false ideas and opinions, which so generally prevail with respect to us [the Negro people]."

Jefferson was so deeply impressed with such a solid body of facts about weather, astronomy and mathematics that he forwarded it to the French naturalist, Marquis de Condorcet, of

the French Academy of Sciences. The American Secretary of State noted:

"We now have in the United States a Negro, the son of a black man born in Africa and a black woman born in the United States, who is a very respectable mathematician. I procured him to be employed under one of our chief directors in laying out the new Federal City on the Potomac, and in the intervals of his leisure, while on that work, he made an almanac for the next year.

"I shall be delighted to see these instances of moral eminence so multiplied as to prove that the want of

talents observed in them, is merely the effect of their degraded condition, and not proceeding from any difference in the structure of the parts on which intellect depends."

Banneker's job as assistant to the architect for the new city of Washington proved to be highly important for the future national capitol. In 1790 President Washington began the work of laying out the city and engaged Major Peter L'Enfant as director of operations. The Army man was highly temperamental and abandoned the entire project after a row with Jefferson. Fortunately Banneker had been keeping a complete set of notes about the new city. It was the calculations and field notes supplied by the Negro scientist that enabled the new architects to build the city of Washington along lines originally approved by the President.

As a child, Banneker had little more than a rudimentary education in mathematics and reading. Life for a free Negro boy in Maryland, in the middle of the 18th century, was confined to farm chores. There was little American manufacture and less literature that came to the backwoods of his county. Yet at the age of 22, Banneker took apart a watch and constructed a clock which struck the hours. This was the first striking clock made in America.

The fame of this device spread through the countryside and attracted much attention. The successful invention brought him the friendship of the Quaker family, Ellicots. They brought their scientific treasures to Banneker and the latter was soon devouring Ferguson's *Astronomy*, Mayer's *Tables* and Leadbeater's *Lunar Tables*. The

Ellicots loaned him some astronomic instruments which he immediately turned on the heavens.

It is interesting to note that Banneker's first calculations about eclipses proved wrong, but only because the scientific books he used were incorrect. The Negro scientist prepared a memorandum to show how the authors had erred in their publications. Ellicot was also amazed to find that Banneker had advanced unaided in the preparation of arithmetic logarithms for his calculations.

The Negro scientist (or the Afro-American astronomer as he was called by Jefferson) was interested in all nature. His almanac was a compendium of information about the "motions of the sun and moon, the true places and aspects of the planets, the rising and setting of the sun, eclipses, and judgments of the weather." His book contains the observation that "the velocity of sound is greater than that of a cannon-bullet because I heard the discharge of a gun and only four or five seconds later did I see the small shot rattling about me." In 1800 Banneker noted that locust years were spread 17 years apart.

The scientist was keenly aware that his contributions to American life could be of considerable aid to his people. He reminded Jefferson of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and condemned the fact that "so numerous a part of my brethren remain under captivity and oppression."

Banneker notes in this remarkable letter that "if your love for yourselves, and for those inestimable laws which preserve to you the rights of human nature, was founded on sincerity, you

could not but be solicitous that every individual of whatever rank or distinction might with you equally enjoy the blessings thereof; neither could you rest satisfied, short of the most ac-

tive diffusion of your exertions, in order to their promotion from any state of degradation to which the unjustifiable cruelty and barbarism of men may have reduced them."

MME. CHIANG—CHEESECAKE AND CORRUPTION

BY ILONA RALF SUES

December 10, 1948.

Lina, my hairdresser, told me that it was drowelled, or winchelled, in her favorite paper that Madame Chiang had just bought an estate in Connecticut. My mind flashed back to a conversation in Madame's camouflaged bungalow at Nanking headquarters, in October, 1937. Big checks were pouring in from abroad for "Madame's" war refugees. W. H. Donald and I were discussing publicity with her. "How did you distribute the last \$50,000?" he asked, pencil in hand. "Oh," said Madame, "I didn't give them any money; I gave them Victory Bonds. Like that, they will have money when the war is over."

"If there's anything left then, to redeem them with!" remarked Donald, sarcastically.

"What do you mean, Don?" He grinned. "If nothing is left, we will all bust!" she continued, acting juvenile and horrified. He grinned. "Well," she said, suddenly flippant, "if we're bust, we'll all go to America."

And here she is. Not exactly bust—the Family has laid in umpty billion

dollars over here. But rather worried that the Chiang clique's best source of income—U. S. aid to China—might dry up if the Chinese people take over.

It is really a business trip of a veteran racketeer. Just as it was in 1943. But then the Chinese people were still fighting the Japanese; she could pretend to be pleading for them. She came like a triumphant queen, with real retinue and paraphernalia. White House, press and public acclaimed the First Lady. But it didn't last. She snubbed the Roosevelts; she tried to set Congress against FDR; she was all for Dewey; the Luces, the Bullitts, the Judds were her crowd.

She had no time for any of the organizations—American and Chinese who had collected millions of dollars for her China relief. She had to go up to Bear Mountain to see the Dodgers training; and she had to do some shopping, too. Soon the papers linked her name with fashion more often than with China. She was washed-up politically. In China, she had never played any political role outside Chiang's headquarters. With Chiang, she had a certain influence—

she was the modern, western element, and she could be bewitching, when she wanted something. Also she could fly into terrible tantrums if she didn't get what she wanted.

Her popularity in America was engineered by W. H. Donald—that romantic old rogue who enjoyed putting over the unbelievable on a gullible public. When he became her adviser in 1934, Madame and the world suddenly discovered that she was the First Lady, a great power for Christianity, a devoted wife, a courageous fighter for democracy. When Donald left, the greatness fizzled out. But the seductive charm, the oomph remained.

Charm and cheesecake were and are Soong Meiling's most effective and most dangerous weapons, and she wields them today, as she did in 1934.

Earl H. Leaf reported on Madame's New York press conference, where 70 "most uninhibited, hard-boiled guys and gals in the world, completely lost their heads and hearts when they were confronted with 90 pounds of feminine fragility."

"For a moment, nobody spoke and the Great Lady looked about her adoring slaves." She didn't say anything of importance. Then Leaf read over the shoulder of a *Daily News* correspondent: "Her hands speak as eloquently as her dulcet voice. Her skin is bluish-olive. Her eyes are onyx laughter. Her hair is a sweep of jet-black. Her's is an ageless beauty. . . ." And, looking over the shoulder of a *New York Times* reporter, he read: "Her eyes are limpid pools of midnight inkiness. Her teeth are visual symphonies of oral architecture. Her hands are lotus fronds swaying in a

summer breeze. . . ." (*Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*, March 12, 1943.)

Cecelia Ager took her to task after her Los Angeles conference. "Madame's own eyebrows reveal the delicate ministrations of a woman not too intellectual to traffic in feminine blandishments. . . . She wore American shoes of the utmost frivolity, high-heeled, platformed little black nonsense with bows. . . . A movie trade reporter at the conclusion of the conference paid her his highest tribute. 'That,' he said reverently, 'is a hot dame.'" (*PM*, April 10, 1943.)

And this is the type of person sent to us by Chiang Kai-shek, as his last trump card! Nobody invited her. Nobody wants to see her. Washington and Wall Street are almost through with Chiang Kai-shek. They are looking for another puppet, or group of puppets. Even the reactionary press is hostile. But the lady is tough, shameless and determined; she had nothing to lose, and perhaps something to win. Marshall is in the hospital? So what? She got to see him twice already. And she wangled an invitation to have tea with the Trumans.

Ostensibly, she wants \$3,000,000,000 and a high-ranking American officer to head Chiang's armies. What armies? The last 250,000 trapped below Su-chow? Or the ones Chiang promises to take out of his hat?

And what inducement does she offer in exchange? Bases in China. Formosa as a U. S. base, with the Chiang government carrying on there, like Hirohito in Japan?

What it amounts to is that the Chiangs offer to sell China to American imperialism—lock, stock and bar-



Drill Sergeant

rel. The trouble is they're selling something they haven't got. "Ah, du lieber Chiang Kai-shek, alles ist weg!"

China belongs to the Chinese people. The sweeping victories of the People's Liberation Armies must have made this clear to the most pig-headed American reactionary. But Madame speaks the language of these

reactionaries, and who can tell what she, what they, may yet have up their sleeves. We, the American people, have already contributed \$6,000,000,000, and are asked now to contribute more to help fight the friendly Chinese people. And we refuse to be swayed by charm and cheesecake.

The Chinese people are winning

the war. No amount of American help can prevent this. But it depends upon up to stop our reactionaries from interfering, from retarding the people's

victory. For the victory of democracy in China is our own victory here and throughout the world.

THE ALIEN PLATYPUS

BY OLIVE SUTTON

April 30, 1947.

We went up to the Bronx Zoo yesterday to find out how the chill spring weather is affecting the morale of the three little platypuses, Cecil, Penelope and Betty Hutton, who have just arrived from Australia.

Back in Australia, they said, the delicate little foreigners were given a whole course in how to behave when they met up with the great American public, and how to keep from having nervous breakdowns. Only the press-soft-spoken newspapermen and patient, understanding photographers—were invited for their debut here. But the public and his brother had turned out.

Penelope, riding a ripple in the corner of the pool right under our gaze, didn't seem delicate. She gained on the voyage over, they said, and in general had more of a flip attitude toward this Great Adventure than her two companions.

We concentrated on Penelope.

Came a wee voice:

"Are you a foreign agent, too?"

I jumped (who wouldn't?). I looked at Art. He was flirting with Betty Hutton, who was billing a worm from some important person's hand.

"Huh." There it was again, and this time I looked down, and Penelope's little wise eye met mine, and she tweaked a left web-foot.

"Why uh—" we started.

"That's where Cecil is," and it was Penelope yapping all right. "They're still grilling him. We been here since Friday, you know—resting, and darned if they haven't had one of J. Edgar Hoover's boys up here every time we're awake."

"You mean," we asked somewhat shakily, "you birds—I mean—you are registered as foreign agents?"

(How do you call these creatures web-footed, billed, like ducks, furbodied like muskrats, and egg-laying like hens?)

"Yep," came the pert reply. "It's better that way, too. After all, we're a minority here. We were a minority back home, too. And from what I hear—" at this point a patient photographer got me in the ribs with his camera, and careened over the pool.

"Hold it, little girl, hold it," he shouted at a blond kid across the pool with a brown little platypus done up by some toy manufacturer to hit the market right on this day.

"Don't mind him," Penelope advised us. "Just look over the material

they gave you. See what it says there. Naturally, we're registered as foreign agents. Come to spread good relations, didn't we?"

She flipped a pretty flip and slid off toward the sunny side of the pool, waving that left web-foot.

So we went away, and we figured that was one conversation we wouldn't report. But just for the heck of it, we looked at that material like Penelope said.

Sure enough, The Australian News and Information Bureau's statement, introducing the platypus family to

its American friends, had this tacked on:

"A copy of this material is being filed with the Department of Justice, where the registration statement of the Australian News and Information Bureau is available for inspection. Registration under the Foreign Agents Registration Act does not indicate approval or disapproval of this material by the U. S. government."

So, maybe it's better they're registered after all. It would be tough for the U. S. to have to approve or disapprove of platypuses.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY HERB TANK

December 25, 1946.

"Red" was what we called him. I don't think I ever knew his real name. I was shipmates with him in 1942 on an old rust-bucket tanker. That was the last trip he ever finished. The next trip finished him. I heard he got torpedoed in the Mozambique channel off the east coast of Africa.

"Red" was an oldtimer. A rank and filer. I don't know how long he had been going to sea. Before the strike in 1921, I know, because he told me all about that strike once. I don't know exactly what his politics were either. At various times he called himself a radical, a "Red," and a philosophical anarchist.

I remember coming up to relieve him one night on lookout when we were in the Indian Ocean. He was standing up on the bow, staring

straight ahead, and cussing softly to himself. "What are you cussing about, Red?" I asked. "I'm not cussing," he said, "I'm protesting. It's a long time a-coming." I asked him what was a long time a-coming. "Socialism," he growled. "I'm rotten ripe for it."

Christmas time is what made me think of Red. I got to thinking about the story Red told me about the Negro messboy whose father was a preacher. I don't know whether Red made up the story himself, or whether he read it someplace. Maybe he picked it up when he was a "wobbly." It has the flavor of a "wobbly" story.

"This is the story of Jerusalem Slim," Red said, slowly rolling himself a cigarette, his gaunt face staring at the floor intent on his story. "Jerusalem Slim," he repeated, "and the Twelve Bindlestiffs.

"A long time ago there was this

Carpenter, a tall slim fellow. That's why I call him Slim. Well, this Carpenter Slim plied his trade somewhere around the Mediterranean ports. In some burg called Nazareth, I think. He was a good head. It didn't take him no time at all and he knew what the score was.

"This Carpenter saw the way the world was, and the way working stiffs like Himself were getting kicked around, and he got to thinking about it. Got to thinking maybe poor people ought to stick together a little more. Got to thinking two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor.

"'For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow.' Something like that. What I mean is, this Carpenter found out about the necessity of the brotherhood of man. The necessity, you understand. Well, like a lot of good stiffs when they find out what the score is, this guy Slim didn't want to keep it to himself. He got to preaching about these things. First thing you know He was organizing.

"Slim the Carpenter was going around to the fishermen and the farm-

ers and the other working stiffs, talking to them and organizing them. Pretty soon He had an organization with other guys organizing, too. Twelve organizers, He had. Twelve Bindlestiffs who went around preaching the line that the Carpenter had figured out. After a while it began to have some effect.

"The fat boys began to get worried. The big boys over in Rome didn't like it at all. 'Got to get rid of this agitator,' they said. 'Got to put an end to this radical talk.' One of the big wheels among the fat boys put his goon squads on the job. They went fishing around the twelve bindlestiffs figuring they ought to be able to buy at least one of them off.

"Sure enough, one the twelve bindlestiffs was ready to rat for a price. And his price was cheap, too, Thirty pieces of silver bought him off and he informed on the Carpenter. Then the vigilantes, the stormtroopers, turned on the radical Carpenter and they lynched Him."

Red nodded his head and scratched his chin thoughtfully. "They lynched Him all right," he said softly.

AND SATYRS SHALL DANCE THERE (Isaiah: 13)

A SHORT STORY BY SPIKE TARR

May 30, 1948.

A deep pot of oil was boiling on the galley stove and Cooky, wearing a fresh white chef's hat and apron, stood close by, agitating a wire

strainer of thinly sliced potatoes. As each batch grew tender, he hauled it out of the oil, let it drain several minutes, then emptied it on top of the growing pile of golden brown French-fries that stood in an enamel

pan on the stove. At the other end of the range the second cook, a tall, graying West-Indian Negro, was broiling steaks on the hot stove top, sliding the sizzling meat about so that it would not stick to the iron. The aroma of cooking meat and potatoes was so warm and delectable that when the half frozen sailor stepped into the galley it went to his head like wine.

"The mate told me to tell you," he said, edging closer to the French-fries, "that we won't tie up for another forty minutes, and that the deck gang'll be late for chow."

Cooky grunted in reply, but did not take his eyes off the frying spuds.

"Man, it's cold out there," continued the sailor, and removing his thin work gloves he held his reddened hands up to the stove. "The river's chuck full-ve ice." The seaman cast a hungry glance at the heap of French-fries. "Why'd the Heinies want to fight so hard for this loused-up country? For my money they can have it."

"Go ahead," muttered Cooky, pointing to the pan of potatoes.

Greedy the sailor dug his hand into the hot French-fries; burning himself he let out a yell and dropped what he had taken hold of.

"Get outa my way, boy," said the second cook, moving over to the butcher's block for more steaks.

This time the seaman was more cautious. Picking up one piece of potato at a time, he blew on it before putting it into his mouth. "You oughta go out and take a looksee at the submarine pens along the river, Cooky," he said, shoving another French-fried into his already loaded cheeks. "No wonder they gave us a hard time."

Cooky mumbled something under his breath and continued with his work.

"Go on and clear outa here, boy," bellowed the second cook.

"What a racket you've got," replied the sailor, pulling his stocking cap down over his ears as he prepared to leave. "Nice and snug in here. Out there even the sun's frozen fast."

"Go on," yelled the second cook, grabbing one of the glistening pans off the overhead rack.

"Cooky," pleaded the sailor, turning to the chief cook, "can't I stay a little longer?"

With the pan the second cook took a pass at the sailor, who ducked out of the galley door. Once in the thwartship's alleyway, he yelled, "Belly-robber, stinking belly-robber." Then he cut forward and out of the watertight door that led to the open deck.

"Useless sheepshank gimmicks," growled the second cook, "eat like they been starving all their lives."

"I like them to have all they want," said the chief cook, moving away from the boiling oil.

"You've got enough steaks here for two crews," continued the second cook. "What do you intend to do, feed all the Heinies in Bremen?"

Abruptly the chief cook stopped what he was doing and turned to face his shipmate. For a moment his pale blue eyes lit up with anger, then he grew calm once more and said, "Arsenic I'll feed them."

"Better to let them have what's left over than throw it away. Man, I know what it's like to go hungry."

"Before they get a crust of bread out of this galley," said Cooky, bitterly, "every German can sink into his

cursed frozen earth and rot there."

"The way you talk," continued the second cook, "you must have a personal beef against the Heinies."

"Yes," barked Cooky, belligerently. "You got any objections?"

"What're you getting angry about, Cooky?"

"After you've been hounded to death for about twenty centuries," said Cooky tensely, "you get so you're born angry."

"Now that don't make sense," said the second cook, a serious expression coming into his round, good-natured face. "I ain't no scientist, but even a black man like me don't inherit anything like that."

"Anger's a thing you suck in with your mother's milk," insisted the chief cook.

Wiping his hands on the snow-white towel he always kept tucked under the cord of his apron, Cooky left the galley and went out on deck. Carefully making his way over the slippery ice, he walked forward to No. 3 hatch. The ship's rigging was sheathed in gray ice and long, tapering icicles pointed down from the crosstree like fantastic fingers. Out of the fire-hydrant mouths hung more icicles, clustered together in intricate festoons and curling arabesques.

All about the vessel the Weser River was alive with moving ice, and as the ship nosed through it Cooky could hear it crunching and groaning against the vessel's sides and under her keel. Dead ahead, in the cold, misty sunlight, lay Bremen, with her mutilated buildings appearing like a continuation of the river's polar architecture.

Looking out over the terrible devas-

tation, Cooky waited for a feeling of satisfaction to come over him; all during the voyage across he had primed himself for that sensation; it was the logical conclusion of his hatred. He told himself repeatedly that the beast grew fat and strong amid the ruins and misery, that the swastika was stamped in the hearts of the German people. But no matter how insistently he reasoned with himself, the sight of so much devastation failed to inspire in him anything but a sickening melancholy void.

Slowly the vessel made her way into the inner harbor, passing between two gray stone towers, before which stood several German guards, resplendent in the flowing dark blue cloaks of their Nazi uniforms. Up on the bow the sailors stood by, jumping from one foot to the other and swinging their arms, while the breath coming from their mouths vaporized as soon as it struck the air.

Soon the bitter cold penetrated Cooky's thin clothing and despite the fascination of the scene before him he was forced to return to the warmth of the galley.

"How's it look out there?" asked the second cook.

"Beautiful; everything's laid flat for miles around." As Cooky spoke his voice sounded strangely hollow.

Cooky and his assistant had hardly begun to feed the crew when the German longshoremen piled into the passageway. They crowded about the galley, staring at the steaming food, with eyes that were wide with hunger. Most of them still wore parts of their Nazi uniforms and they had rags tied about their heads, reminding Cooky of the pictures he had seen of them

when they were fighting on the frozen steppes of Russia. They carried little tin cans with home-made wire handles made fast to the edges.

Out in the passageway the messmen were yelling that they could not get through to the galley, where they wanted to have their orders filled.

"Goddamn it," shouted Cooky, and he elbowed his way through the crowd of Germans to the officers' mess. Piling into the saloon, he went up to the captain's table. "If you don't get those damn Heinies the hell away from the galley I'll close it down altogether. We can't work, see? We can't feed three meals a day stern-deep in Heinies."

The old man became highly indignant and sent the chief mate for the German police who were standing by on the outer decks. Starting aft, the police drove the longshoremen out of the passageways, and Cooky returned to the galley.

After the meal had been served, the chief cook still remained on the job; he wanted to make certain none of the left-overs were given to the Germans. With his own hands he dumped the stuff into a big garbage can and waited until the pot-walloper hauled it out on the after deck, where there was already a great heap of garbage, some of it so ripe that it stank to the high heavens. The pot-walloper intended to leave the can as it was, but Cooky made him dump it on the reeking pile. Then as the chief cook climbed up to the boatdeck, the Germans turned to on the garbage, digging into it with their hands, bolting like wild dogs the pieces of meat and bread they found there.

Hurriedly Cooky made his way

into his fo-c-sle. The sight of the men digging in the garbage was too much for him, and when he lay down on his bunk he could not dispel the painful sense of guilt that had come over him. Putting on some warm clothing he went out to the boatdeck and began pacing back and forth. Down below on the dock stood a crowd of children, all of them carrying the same pathetic little cans with home-made wire handles made fast to the edges. The children waited there patiently, looking up at Cooky every now and then. The expressions on their thin, pale faces were a mixture of hope and bewilderment, and to Cooky it looked no different from that which he had seen in the countries the Nazis had conquered. Apparently the face of hunger was the same the world over, among the pursued and the pursuers.

Going down to the galley he filled a tray with slices of ham and bacon and took it down to the kids on the dock. Now he went back to his bunk thinking he would rest easily. But Cooky had not been lying down long when there came a knock at his door. Getting up he opened it and a tall, stiff-backed German wearing a white turtle neck sweater under his jacket came into the fo-c-sle. He spoke good English and opening his coat he removed a pair of high-powered binoculars.

"Sixteen cartons of cigarettes," he said.

"I don't want any glasses," mumbled Cooky.

"You can do business with them in America," said the German, his voice hard and domineering. "They're very fine U-boat binoculars."

"Where the hell'd you get U-boat binoculars?" growled Cooky.

"From a friend."

"You look like a U-boat officer yourself," said Cooky.

"Oh, no sir. I am an anti-Nazi."

"Now you're all anti-Nazis," shouted Cooky angrily. "Clear the hell outa here."

The German, still maintaining his military bearing, moved toward the door. "I don't always do this, you know," he said, his voice taking on a tone of supplication. "My family is home in bed. They must stay in bed because that's the only way they can keep from freezing."

"I said," yelled Cooky, "to clear the hell outa here, didn't I? For all I care they can bury you and your family ten feet deep in the earth."

After the German left the fo'c'sle, Cooky closed the door, but before he could lie down again someone else knocked. Once more Cooky went to the door, and another well-dressed German came into the room. This one was wearing a Homburg hat and a fur-lined coat, and to Cooky he looked like an extremely prosperous business man. Placing his brief case on the bunk, he opened it and took out several straight razors.

"These," he said, speaking in the cultured voice of an Oxford man, "are pre-war. We are not permitted to manufacture this kind of steel now. It is the finest steel in the world, you know."

"Where'd all you guys learn to speak English?" asked Cooky suspiciously.

"I was educated in England," said the German, smiling. "Then I worked in the German Embassy in Washington for many years."

Cooky's face suddenly went crimson. "Clear the hell outa here," he shouted.

"Both my father and mother," said the German pitifully, "were killed in the bombings."

"They can both move over in their graves and make room for you," muttered Cooky. Taking hold of the German's brief case he heaved it out into the passageway.

Cooky now realized he could get no rest. Putting on his white clothes he went below to prepare dinner. There was a tall, bald-headed German standing in the thwartships alleyway. He was wearing blue denims and by his hands Cooky could tell he was a workstiff. Near him, clinging frightenedly to the edge of his jacket, stood a little girl of about ten. Her beauty was so unusual that Cooky could not take his eyes off her. The lobes of her exquisitely shaped ears were pierced and in them she wore tiny earrings. But it was her hazel eyes that were most striking to Cooky; they gave her pale face the delicate quality of a tulip.

"What's that guy got to sell?" asked Cooky, as he stepped into the galley.

"Same thing as you and me, his labor. He wants to work in the galley. Says he's a first-class cook and butcher and that he'll work for the bones we've got left over."

"He's the first Heinie I've run across," asserted Cooky, "that didn't want cigarettes." As he spoke the chief cook saw the little girl peer hungrily at the meat on the butcher's block.

"If you let him turn to," continued the second cook, "I could go ashore for a couple of hours now and then."

Again Cooky glanced at the child,

the unusual beauty of her face all but taking his breath away. "All right," he said to the German.

Pulling his coat off and washing his hands, the German turned to the butcher's block with a will. In a moment Cooky could tell the man was competent, that he had at one time probably worked in a large European hotel. Taking the little girl by the hand, Cooky sat her down at the long work bench, then he fried some bacon and eggs, stood watching as she hungrily devoured the food.

During the first three days in Bremen the little girl's father turned to in the galley, showing up for work each morning at five-thirty, when he got the galley stove going. By the time Cooky and his assistant came down everything was spotless and ship-shape for breakfast; the cereals were prepared and the hotcake batter and corn bread ready. Then the German took to remaining on board nights, baking the most delicious bread and rolls the crew had ever eaten.

It was not until the holds were more than three quarters discharged that Cooky permitted himself to become friendly with the German, and the fellow invited him to his home. After all, reasoned the chief cook, there must be some workers among them who did not swallow Goebbel's line.

A full moon was in ascension when Cooky and the German left the ship; it hung immobile in a sky as cold as gun-metal, casting pale columns of light over the frozen river.

As they walked through the underpass that led from the docks to the street they were accosted by men who were bartering various items for

cigarettes. To Cooky they appeared as unreal and shadowy as the night. One of them had an old camera, another a crucifix, another a pair of battered binoculars, and still another knew where there were some very clean girls who would entertain a sailorman for a pack of American cigarettes. Shaking off the peddlers, Cooky and the German, carrying several bundles of food, continued along the underpass until they came to the main street, where they boarded a tram. After riding for about ten minutes, they climbed down and Cooky found himself in the heart of a dead city. Across the street the battered walls of a bombed-out cathedral were etched sharply against the sky, casting hard, jagged shadows across the snow. Over the entire vast area of devastation hung a monastic stillness.

The street they walked down was clear of rubble, but nothing resembling a dwelling was visible to Cooky. The German told him he had constructed a shelter by digging in the debris for building material and that there were thousands of dead still buried in the ruins.

Finally the German led Cooky up a narrow path and they stopped near a shack. There was a garden in front of it where the stems of frozen cabbage plants were still visible.

Inside the shelter it was totally dark. The German, striking a match, lit a candle. The floor of the room consisted of hard packed earth and the four walls were covered with gunny sacks. The lovely little girl and her mother were lying in a bed made of old timbers; they were fully dressed and had a pile of blankets and coats over them. Lisa, the German's wife,

immediately rose and after shaking Cooky's hand started a fire in the makeshift stove. She was painfully thin with the grayish skin of a person long suffering from anemia. Because of the poor light cast by the candle and because of the purplish bags under her eyes it was difficult for Cooky to determine her age; she might have been 45 or 25.

Soon the stove was red-hot and the smell of cooking food filled the shack. Some color came into Lisa's face as the room grew warm and she joked with Cooky about his faltering German. The child scolded her mother for making fun of him and taking a grammar book from a corner she began correcting his pronunciation.

When Lisa had finished preparing the food the German broke a bottle of prewar Rhine wine he must have been saving for barter and they all sat down to the table. The little girl's hazel eyes grew animated and she chattered away as though she had completely forgotten the bombings she had been through.

Raising the first glass of wine, the German said, "Peace." They clinked glasses and downed their wine.

Cooky was about to offer a toast to world democracy when he reconsidered and said, "Freedom."

Again they drank.

Now with the bottle of wine more than half gone the air of conviviality grew complete and the squalor and poverty surrounding Cooky relegated itself to the background. The German began to sing the Lorelei in a rich, deep voice, and Cooky, having learned the song when he was carrying prisoners during the war, joined in on the chorus.

Not until the bitter cold began creeping back into the room did Cooky realize the meager supply of wood had run out. The grayish, sickly pallor returned to Lisa's face and she was taken with a painful spasm of dry coughing. Once more Cooky became aware of the misery and squalor about him and the same disturbing sense of guilt he had felt on seeing the long-shoremen rooting in the garbage returned. But this time he understood its origin; it seemed to come from the genuine pity he felt for the little family, and no longer was it confused with hatred.

"I've got to get back to the ship." he said, rising from the table.

"Eric," Lisa said, speaking to her husband, "you must show him through the rubble."

The child took hold of Cooky's hand and would not let go. As a parting gift he gave her several bars of chocolate he had kept in his pocket. Dancing up and down she clapped her hands, jumped into his arms and covered his face with kisses.

"And you will return to Bremen?" asked Lisa, smiling wanly.

"I think," answered Cooky, "we're chartered to deliver two more loads of Canadian grain."

"We have little to offer," continued Lisa, "but you are always welcome."

Then as Cooky got into his coat, he said warmly, "It's good to know there are German families that can sit and talk with a Jew."

Immediately a strained silence fell over the shack, the word Jew seeming to remain suspended in midair. Cooky, the blood surging in his temples, could literally feel the tension augment itself within the room.

In a horrified voice, the little girl cried, "But mother, it can't be true."

Awkwardly Cooky stood near the door waiting, but Eric made no move to accompany him. Opening the door he strode out into the night. And now the vast stretch of ruins lay be-

fore him in the pale moonlight like a field of bleached bones; it was another planet, one devoid of life and frozen with glacial ice and he had been standing there a thousand years.

TED TINSLEY SAYS

ABC LESSON FOR VICTOR

BY TED TINSLEY

March 14, 1948.

I don't want to keep on writing about Victor Riesel, "labor" columnist, but every time I'm about to swear off something happens to change my mind. I was shocked when J. Edgar Hoover wrote a guest column for Riesel. But when I picked up the *New York Post* the other day, read the column-head, *Inside Labor*, and then saw underneath: "By Charles E. Wilson, President of the General Electric Company," this was too much for me to bear. The cost of food being what it is, I like to keep my dinner down.

Riesel simply handed Wilson the column to express G.E.'s views on the current wage campaign in the trade union movement. Wilson had a heart-to-heart or rather a knife-to-heart-talk with a certain mythical Casey, a rank and file union member.

Wilson coyly advised Casey not to press for a raise. And Wilson ended by saying: "Truly, the individual union member, like Casey, has commanding influence this year, if he will only use it to strengthen the hand

of his local." Wilson thinks that not asking for an increase is "strengthening" the local.

Now, Riesel, I want to have a cozy chat with you. Victor, this is not nice, not nice at all. I want to speak to you in simple language. Your column is a "labor" column. You are supposed to be a "labor" man. Let me explain what this means.

Now, Victor, "labor" means most of those funny people who work for a living. Maybe you've seen a couple in your day. They work in shops or plants, push buttons, run machinery, and that sort of thing. For this they get paid (more or less), usually by the hour, sometimes by the week.

Are we clear? All right, Victor. Now you are confusing Wilson for "labor" because Wilson has two ears, just like Casey. But Wilson does not work in a shop. He does not get paid by the hour. He gets a yearly take. He also gets handouts—dividends, tax rebates, and other odds and ends.

Are you following me, Victor? If this isn't clear, just stop me and I'll try to explain it better.

Generally speaking, Victor, a union

is an organization made up of a lot of wage-workers. C. E. Wilson is *not* a union member.

I must explain, Victor, that General Electric is not a union, nor an Army officer. It is what we call a "corporation," Victor. (Is this getting too deep for you?)

A "corporation" hires "labor" and pays "labor" its wages. Now when "labor" forms a union, it is not for the purpose of doing what C. E. Wilson suggests. It is for the purpose of making C. E. Wilson do what the union suggests. Here is where you should come in, but don't.

Are you with me, Victor?

Now, C. E. Wilson tells Casey "we must not increase the supply of money by hiking payrolls."

All right, Victor. As a "labor" columnist you are supposed to ask: Whose supply of money?

We can all agree that we should not increase C. E. Wilson's supply of money. I should like to see such a suggestion in your column, if I should live so long. But when you suggest that Casey shouldn't increase his supply of money, well, Victor, all I can

say is that we're all disappointed in you, and terribly, terribly hurt.

Wilson says Casey must "do his part by working more efficiently, by more careful shopping for cost-of-living items and banking the difference."

Listen, Victor, while I explain. "Working more efficiently" means "speed-up." You must learn this, Victor. "Careful shopping for cost-of-living items" means "Buy junk. Eat dog food."

Victor, dear, C. E. Wilson does not buy cheap shoes. He may throw them away every six weeks, but they would last three years. I cannot say the same for the seat of his pants. When he talks of Casey "banking the difference," C. E. Wilson is just being cute. Casey couldn't buy a pack of gum with the "difference."

I think you should know these things, Victor, because you're a big boy now and you can no longer get by on your curly hair alone. Promise me faithfully you won't give your column to Senator Taft! In the meantime, why don't you go away some place and study?

HOW ANYONE CAN BE A CAPITALIST

BY TED TINSLEY

March 28, 1948.

I am a capitalist. Don't take my word for it. Take the word of Warner & Swasey, a Cleveland outfit that manufacture machine tools. Their ads in the Feb. 10 issue of the *United States News* states very bluntly that

IF YOU OWN A HAMMER, YOU ARE A CAPITALIST.

I own a hammer.

Before I owned that hammer, I was a poor working stiff like many of you readers. But I decided to advance myself in life. I struggled hard. I fought my way up. Every

week I put aside one or two cents in preparation for the day when I would become an industrialist and be my own boss. I suffered a lot. I had a great many setbacks. But I stuck to it, determined to make good.

Finally the great day came! I slit open the mattress and spilled my shiny hoard on the table. How the money glistened as it ran through my fingers! I counted it carefully, treasuring each. My fondest wishes were fulfilled. I had twenty-five cents.

I took the 25 cents and rushed across the street to F. W. Woolworth's where I bought a small claw hammer with a fine oak handle and a head of tempered steel. At last! I was a capitalist!

The next day I hung a sign on my window: TINSLEY NAIL-DRIVING WORKS, INC. Since I could not afford ads in the *N. Y. Times*, *Business Week*, *United States News*, and a few steel industry publications, I passed out leaflets advertising my services to the industry.

I will never forget my first contract. I answered an ad placed by a firm that wanted three nails driven in a loose floorboard. Contractors were asked to submit sealed bids. Well, to make a long story short, my bid was the lowest and I was awarded the contract.

I might have made my bid a little too low because I had to cut corners to make a profit. I considered using thumbtacks instead of nails to save on expenses, but this was not feasible. I managed to salvage three old nails from a broken bookcase.

Then I interviewed a number of nail drivers. Most of them wanted to work by the hour, but I finally found a man who consented to do the job on piece rates. I offered seven cents per nail. My bid for the contract was twenty-seven cents. I figured that labor would cost me twenty-one cents. I would allow two cents for depreciation of the hammer, and this would leave me with a net profit of four cents. A small beginning, but a good one.

Unfortunately, after the job began the worker who used my hammer bent one of the nails. There were no more nails in the broken bookcase. I had to invest in new nails, and the hardware store would not sell less than four. This cut another cent from my profits. The big blow, however, came when my worker charged me at the same rate for the bent nail as the ones he drove straight. This raised my labor costs to 28 cents, and the contract therefore represented a net loss of four cents to the Tinsley Nail-Driving Works.

But I was raised in the school of hard knocks and nothing like this could get me down. I took out a 10-cent mortgage on my hammer from the local bank. I am now back in business. By the end of the year, I hope to have two hammers.

I used to be a radical when I was young. Youthful exuberance I suppose. But that's all behind me. Now that I am a hammer-owner, Harri-man and I both agree that we cannot afford to give up control of the Mediterranean.

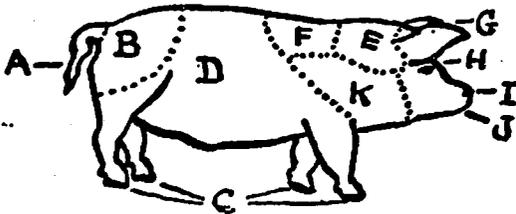
CARE AND FEEDING OF CAPITALISM

BY TED TINSLEY

January 29, 1948.

For some time I have been asked to reproduce my illustrated lecture on the care and feeding of capitalism, but I have desisted on the theory that my column should not be too scholarly. In thinking it over, however, I have decided that some positive good can be done, in an educational way, if I reveal my own methods of instruction to others. I have always found that the illustrated lecture is best.

Now, you will observe the picture immediately below. This is a picture of capitalism. You will see that it is divided into its component parts. If you follow the key letters, you can have a comprehensive understanding of this phenomenon. We shall work from the back to the front because capitalism makes more sense when you approach it this way:



CAPITALISM

A—This is the pump handle. The pump handle, as the name implies, is that which is pumped by followers of the “pump-priming” school of economics. A good pump-primer seizes capitalism firmly by this pump-

handle, and hangs on for dear life.

B—This section is known as the “Riesel.” It is an indispensable part of capitalism. Its function is to back up everything the front end does.

C—This is the “Harriman Transportation System,” which gets capitalism around.

D—This section is known as “Prof-its.” At times it is incorrectly called “Earnings.” Part of it, not shown here, is made up of “Dividends.” This section, you will notice, is the major part of the whole.

E—This section, where the brain is located, is called the “Hoover,” or, at times, the “Dulles.” Immediately following the “Hoover” or “Dulles” and attached to it, comes—

F—The “Truman.”

G—This part is known as the “F.B.I.” It is in close contact with “E” (“Hoover”).

H—This is the “Thomas-Rankin,” the section which looks in the direction which Capitalism as a whole is moving.

I—This section is called the “Winchell.” It is usually hidden by a garbage trough.

J—“J” has no specific name. It is through this part that capitalism feeds itself. As food goes through, the major part remains in “D” while that which is indigestible goes on to “B” (the “Riesel”) which seems to be able to live on anything.

K—This is called the “Press,” part of which is composed of the “New Leader.” From this section emanates the voice of capitalism.

While this is not a comprehensive

lecture on capitalism, I believe it is enough to give you the fundamentals of the subject. In closing, I would re-

mark that the care and feeding of this animal is a burden imposed upon all of us. Let's give up the job.

MESSAGE FROM LONDON

BY REVEREND ELIOT WHITE

February 25, 1945.

The first information that I heard, several years ago, that Professor J. B. S. Haldane was a member of the Communist organization in England, influenced me strongly toward applying for membership in the Party here.

Although such step was not taken immediately, yet it was markedly hastened by the example of so eminent a scientist, whom I had admired for a long time. And desiring to make some acknowledgement of the debt gladly owed him in this regard, I wrote to him recently expressing appreciation and enclosing a copy of the pamphlet in which Mrs. White and I gave some of the reasons for our decision to join in 1943.

In the same letter I invited Professor Haldane to send a message from London, which he would give me permission to include in the column that I contribute to the *Worker*. His generous response to this request follows:

"Department of Biometry,
"University College,
"Gower St, 27 January, 1945.
"Dear Mr. White:

"Many thanks for your letter and enclosures. Here is my message:

"Many people are surprised that a clergyman should be a Communist,

particularly as the leading Communists have been, and are, materialists.

"Such critics forget that the Christian Church originated as a movement among the slaves, proletariat, and oppressed races of the Roman Empire. Unfortunately, the Emperor Constantine managed to use it for the support of the state, and ever since then it has been used to prop up things as they are, rather than to establish the Kingdom of God on earth.

"However, throughout the history of the church, numbers of clergymen and laymen have gone back to the primitive church for inspiration. Some of them were mainly interested in getting back to sound doctrine, but others, like John Ball, were more interested in preaching the brotherhood of man once more, not as an abstract theory but as a practical proposition. You seem to be in the line of John Ball, and may well get bumped off, as he was.

"I disagree with you on theoretical questions, but I realize that the answers which both you and I give to these questions are largely determined by the kind of society in which we live. This is a bad society, and that is probably part of the reason why one or both of us give bad answers.

"I think that in a classless society

where affection was regarded as the normal relation between two human beings, and envy as pathological, one would be in a vastly better position to answer these questions, and the divergence between our answers might be a good deal reduced.

"For this reason it is possible for

Christians and materialists to work together for a classless society, in the hope that, among other good things, it will enable both of them to think more clearly than they do now.

"Your sincerely,

"J. B. S. Haldane."

LIFE BEGINS AT 2 TIMES 40

BY ART YOUNG (died Dec. 29, 1943)

October 18, 1942.

I used to hear of a certain woman in our town who was always ready with a positive answer to any question put to her. Once, she was asked if she believed in infant baptism. She replied:

"I certainly do. I have seen it done."

So, if any one asks you if you believe life (with all its frustrations and sorrows) is worth living, you can think of Ella Reeve Bloor and say, "Surely, I've seen it done."

Ella Bloor can hark back to the days when we were members of the Socialist Party. A party that began to disintegrate about 20 years ago . . . till today it is—well, I don't like to be facetious about it, but an old comrade put it this way, he said: it's "something to sweep up."

In those early days, however, we learned the fundamental principle of our faith: "The social ownership of the means of production and distribution." We talked, we wrote, we cartooned for that principle.

Came the revolution in Russia,

when the people of that country, under the leadership of the immortal Lenin, started to put that theory into practice. To many of us comrades of that time it made no difference . . . if the Russians called it Socialism, or called it Communism, which is another word for community or common ownership. All we asked and hoped for was that they could keep going in the direction of their goal. It was a theory taken from the high realm of discussion and put to work. The hardships they encountered from the start, to build up a backward industrial country . . . attacks by ruthless invaders . . . betrayals among their officials, would have discouraged a less determined people. But they kept on socializing railroads, power plants, hospitals, medicine, farms, education . . . everything.

Of course, the business-as-usual press, and even the liberal magazines and newspapers, gave the cynical critics the right of way (and often paid good money) for their sniping at Soviet Russia. One writer, supposed then to be a liberal, wrote a

book (I think it was seven years after the revolution) called *Red Smoke*, to prove that there were no resources worth developing in all Russia.

He had figured it out that the whole socialist set-up within the borders of the U.S.S.R. was sure to be a failure. Thus wrote one Isaac Don Levine, who had been there, and so had others of his journalistic kind, looking for pay-dirt to sell to American editors who wanted unfavorable reports about the new experiment in social-economics over one-sixth of the earth's surface.

But today, their sophistry, their lying, their ridicule and their statistics, have been found out. Truth is on the wing.

So here we are, old timers and a later generation, who have survived the air raids of the radio commentators, the poison-pen writers, and the politico-misleaders. So here we are, with our flag of faith still flying: collective security of nations, and freedom from want for all humanity.

But we all know that the killing of Hitlerism is the vital duty of this period in our journey toward the better day.

Mother Bloor is at her best at 80 years of age . . . and in spite of everything, with the same staunch devotion to a cause that won her mind and heart at an early age.

When I was a boy, I used to know some retired farmers living in our Wisconsin town. If they could sell their farms when they felt themselves too old to carry on, they would buy a house in town and thereafter sit on

the porch and watch the world go by. Our village wag said:

"A retired farmer comes to town to die, and then forgets what he came for."

Yes, the philosophers have had much to do with the conception of old age as a time for retirement and tranquility. I'm not opposed to the idea. God knows, most workers . . . men and women . . . of brain or brawn (or both) . . . should have the right to slow up—and the right to economic security, and comfort, when the physical machine which has been put through long years of arduous work begins to crack.

Well, it all comes down to this:

Our own Mother Bloor is at her best now that she is 80 years old, and her devotion to an ideal has helped her to get that way. This devotion we all recognize as the courage to lose her own life, if need be, that it may be gained for others . . . the people.

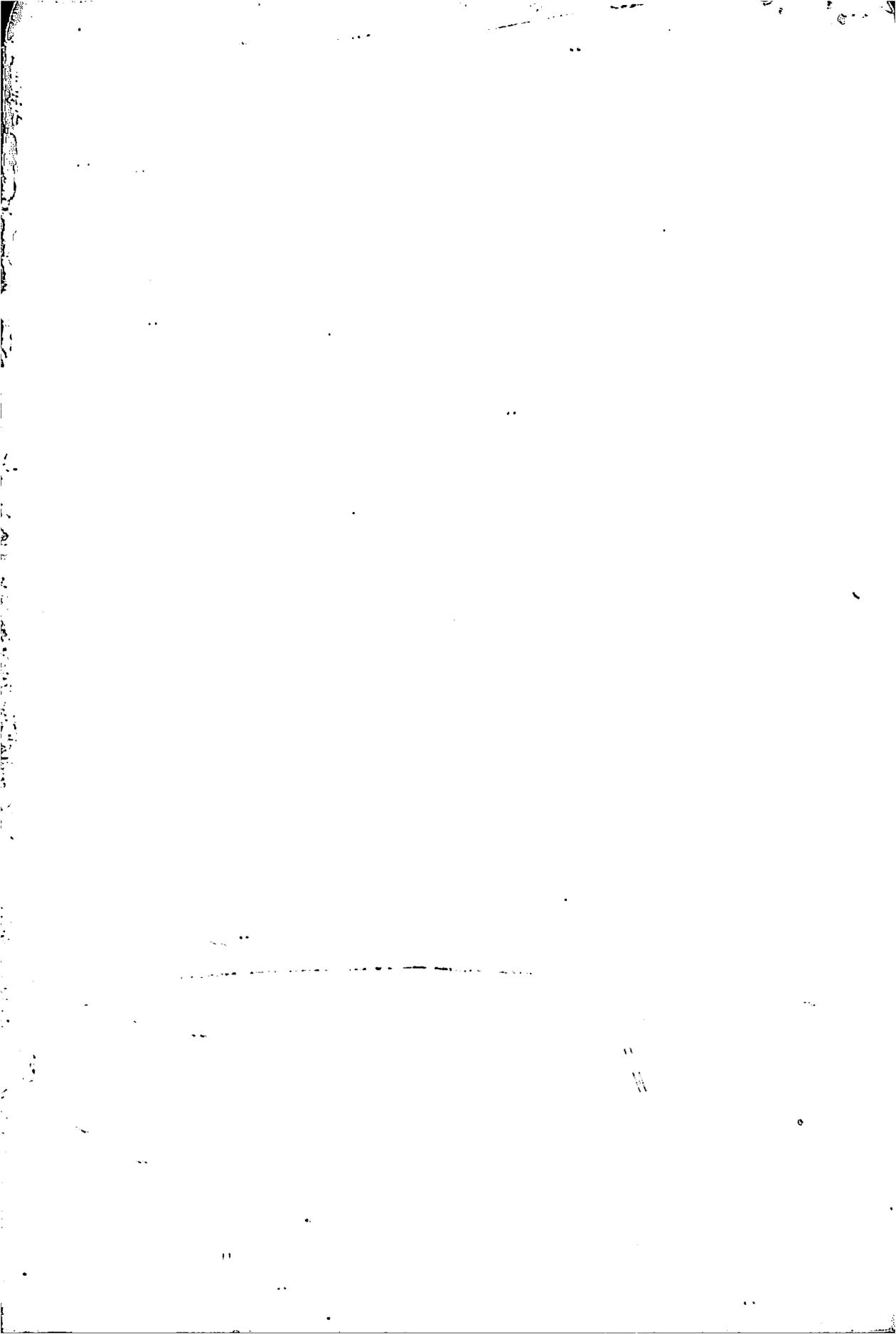
I have no doubt that by the turn of the next century, science will have discovered the way of real longevity for all of us. Not just the three score and ten as an average limit, but a hundred or more. And the social environment will have been created which will make all of these years worth living . . . for everybody. Then our dreaming and our ideals will function without the cruel restraints we and our forebears have endured through the centuries. Then what we now call old age will be a misnomer. We will all be youngsters at 80—like Ella Reeve Bloor.

January 29, 1926

Clive Weed



"I know what this Bolshevism means, Bill—it means us!"



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