

JOBS, NOT GUNS!

FAKE CONTEST NYA REPLY TO JOB DEMANDS

Graduates Must Fight For Right to Live

Within the next month, from high schools and colleges all over the country this year's graduates will pour into the world. Still ringing in their ears they will hear the florid phrases of the commencement addresses—"Young men and young women, go forth! You possess those peerless prizes, youth, strength, ability. Make a place for yourself in the world!" Still fresh in their minds is the knowledge and training they have gained. All they need now are jobs at which to put their abilities to work. They still hope "to make their way in the world".

How cruel is the disillusionment which awaits them. The greatest majority of these graduates are condemned in advance to enter into and further swell the ranks of America's now 7,000,000 unemployed youth.

This is not to imply that these new graduates are blind, that they are not aware of the widespread unemployment which exists. They know it—but hope springs eternal. . . They are young, they have special talents, they have received the most modern training. Each feels—"even if only a few of us get jobs, surely I will be one. . ."

But like those who graduated last year and the year before, like those who will never be able to go to school long enough to graduate, they will soon learn differently. They will know the gnawing demoralization that sets in with continued unemployment. They will feel their knowledge fading from their brains, their talents shrivelling within them. They will know the horror of feeling useless, scraps of humanity consigned to the dust heap before they have even started.

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Condition of Youth Revealed by Reports

'No Place for Youth' Crisis Bars Youth's Chance of Marriage

There is no room for youth in the United States under capitalism according to Dr. Caroline B. Zachry of the Progressive Education Association.

"There is no place for youth in industry, in the professions, or in other areas," Dr. Zachry stated in a speech revealing the results of five years of study. "As a result we now ask young people to go back and remain children until we are ready for them."

A significant finding of the study was that few youth were free of worry. Above everything else youth is worried about its eventual place in society.

As a result, a grave situation has arisen, youth are afraid that they cannot be used in society in a constructive capacity. They are just shuffling along, without any sort of philosophy, without any hope for the future, according to the study.

Youth Want Own Homes The personal problems that entered the lives of the youth studied were all more or less connected with making a living. They are worried about getting jobs so that they can get married and set up their own homes.

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According to Homer P. Rainey of the American Youth Commission, the prospect of marriage, home and family is becoming increasingly impossible for thousands of youth. In a discussion of this question at the University of North Carolina, Dr. Rainey called it a "major depression problem." He said that every year about 2,250,000 young people reach the age of "marriageability." In the last five years, 750,000 young people who wanted to get married, were unable to, because they didn't have jobs or the money for setting up a home.

Swell Way to Start! The time when Joe Jones went through school, walked into a job, and then naturally got married, is long past. Today when Joe Jones leaves school he's got to be ready to wait around for a few years for a job. As a result, he has to ask the girl to wait for a couple of years. Very often when the girl has waited for two or three years, there's still no chance of starting a home of their own. So Joe and his girl take a long chance on getting married and living with the in-laws. A swell way to start married life!

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3-POINT PROGRAM FOR JOBS

- 1. Youth WPA Projects instead of NYA handouts; a 20 billion dollar housing program.
2. \$40 per month to needy college students; \$20 per month to needy high school students WITHOUT RELIEF BUREAU CERTIFICATION.
3. Transfer the two-billion dollar war budget to provide youth with jobs and a chance to live, instead of guns and death.

JOB CAMPAIGN BULLETINS

ST. PAUL, Minn.—The local branch of the Urban League, Negro civic organization, has gone on record endorsing the "Jobs-for-Youth" campaign initiated by the Young People's Socialist League.

NEWARK, N. J.—The "Jobs-for-Youth" campaign spurred ahead on the local front in the last weeks with endorsements by the Workmen's Circle branch 107, the Liberal Club of the University of Newark and the Workers Relief and WPA Union.

The latter organization is circulating the "Jobs-for-Youth" petition. Its organ, THE HUNGER FIGHTER, calls upon jobless youth to throw their support behind the campaign.

CHICAGO—With endorsements from Locals 1, 16, and 35 of the Illinois Workers Alliance and from the Jane Adams Club of the Young Circle League, the "Jobs-for-Youth" campaign locally has become a serious factor in the jobless and youth movements.

MINNEAPOLIS—Acting upon the recommendation of the Job Stewards' Committee, the Youth Section of the Federal Workers of Truck Drivers Local 544 went on record supporting the three-point "Jobs-for-Youth" program of the Young People's Socialist League.

New Deal General For Conscription

"It might not be a bad thing to imitate one thing in the totalitarian states, and to force every youth whether rich or poor, to give six months to a year of his life to the state, either in labor service or in military service or a combination of both." Thus spoke General Robert E. Wood in a speech to the Young Men's Supper Club of Boston.

And who is this General Wood who is for tossing six months to a year of the lives of the youth to the defense and slave labor of a rotten capitalist system, which cannot feed nor supply jobs for the millions of jobless youth? Perhaps a dyed-in-the-wool Tory? No! He is adviser to Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins, first New Dealer in the land.

When it comes to defending their system, all capitalists, whether they voted for Roosevelt or Landon, sing the same song.

CHICAGO—The National Youth Administration of Illinois, under the supervision of William J. Campbell, has begun its own "Jobs for Youth" campaign. The action followed close on the heels of the uproar created at the recent West Side NYA conference held in this city, at which the three-point program of the Young People's Socialist League to provide jobs for youth was enthusiastically greeted and attempts to gag the discussion of it led to an uproar.

Known as the "Job-Creation Contest," the NYA campaign is an obvious fake and fraud. It cannot solve—or even slightly improve—the condition of unemployed youth.

That the scheme offers nothing for youth has been secretly admitted by the leading figures who supervise the Illinois NYA. Among themselves, these NYA heads quite frankly admit that they are up a tree as far as doing anything for jobless youth is concerned. The only reason they have begun such a campaign is to further befuddle the youth and to advertise the NYA to prevent its liquidation, which would include the jobs of the bureaucrats.

Although those NYA heads who know of the YPSL "Jobs for Youth" program have publicly denounced it as "impossible" at the NYA meeting at which it was presented, they

THE ROOSEVELT SMILE



BUT WE CAN'T LIVE ON IT

have admitted in private conversations that "these boys (the YPSL) have something there!"

The "Job-Creation Contest" is open to any person under the age of 25 years who is a resident of the state. All one has to do is to submit some new idea on how to make a living for yourself. This, according to Mr. Campbell, will make "hundreds of unemployed youth think their way to economic independence, while at the same time making definite contributions to the national unemployment problem."

Thus the "Job-Creation Contest" will attempt to solve the unemployment problem by offering "valuable prizes" to 300 youth who have submitted the best ideas. But it will not award a single one with the most valuable prize of all—a job, even an NYA job. The only jobs it will create are jobs for the NYA officials.

Aubrey Williams, national (Continued on Page 4)

Drive For Twice-Monthly CHALLENGE in Final Lap

The drive to secure a \$500 reserve fund and 350 special subscriptions in order to insure the publication of the CHALLENGE OF YOUTH as a twice monthly paper instead of the present monthly is entering its final stage.

The energies of the YPSL have been concentrated on realizing the organizational basis of which the last National Council meeting of the YPSL called a political necessity—the doubling of the frequency of the appearance of the CHALLENGE. The National Council declared that the imminence of the next imperialist war and the necessity of propelling the youth to fight for its right to live demanded that the CHALLENGE double its frequency of appearance.

The remaining several weeks must see a successful termination of the \$500 fund campaign. With the next issue, which will be the first twice-a-month CHALLENGE, the YPSL expects to have raised every penny of the

fund, and to publish a list of greetings and ads in the special gala issue being planned for the inauguration of the twice monthly.

This expectation is based upon the support which branches of the Socialist Workers Party, units of the YPSL, and friends of the revolutionary youth movement are expected to give to the drive. Members of the YPSL are visiting SWP branches with ad blanks and personal greeting lists. Fifteen hundred copies of the present issue of the CHALLENGE OF YOUTH are being mailed to a select list of SOCIALIST APPEAL subscribers with a covering letter asking for contributions and subscriptions.

With the present issue, the CHALLENGE OF YOUTH reaches a new high in circulation. Beginning last August, with a new format and use of two colors, the circulation has steadily mounted from a paid circulation of less than 2,000 to over 5,200 for the May issue.

I Almost Expected a Raise!

My Kind-Hearted Boss

By J. LAWRENCE

When I first came to work for the Amalgamated Shoe Co. my boss called me to one side. "If I pay you the \$15 a week that I offered," he said, "I'll only be able to keep you for a short time. If you'll accept \$12 though, I can promise you a permanent job. And if you make good and if things get better you can be sure that I "take care of you."

I must have looked the way I felt. After all, the job had been advertised for \$15. . . So he continued, "I'm a man of my word and I'll pay the \$15 if you insist. But, believe me, that would be a very short sighted view."

WHAT TO DO? What could I do? If I said I wanted the 15 bucks I knew that he'd keep me a few days and then let me go. I was tired of walking the streets, of trying to sell magazine subscriptions and household gadgets. I needed the job. So I took the \$12. What else could I do?

When I had worked for the Amalgamated three full years I was making \$18 a week. And

when I say worked, I mean just that. We put in 8 hours a day, six days a week and that's not counting the nights we worked overtime up to ten and eleven o'clock for a lousy 50c worth of supper money, or the Sundays we came in to get stuff ready for early Monday shipment for which he'd give us an extra buck. But Mr. Ross—that's my boss—was forever telling us how good-hearted he was.

I GET SORE "Look, Jay," he'd say to me, "what other employer in these times would have raised your pay 50% in three years?" (He always talked in percentages, it sounded better). Once he got me really sore and I pointed out that actually he'd only given me \$3 in raises in the three years I'd worked for him because he had started me at \$12 instead of the \$15 I should have gotten. And besides the way we had been working and putting in overtime, he was probably making out all right, hard times or no hard times. He didn't have any come-

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Y. C. L. Convention a Patriotic Gab-Fest

NEW YORK—A typical example of the devotion of the Young Communist League to the democratic principles it so loudly preaches was seen here when a group of Stalinist hoodlums pounced upon and severely beat members of the Young People's Socialist League (4th Int.) who were distributing leaflets to the delegates of the 9th national convention of the YCL.

The YPSL, responding alertly to the issues facing the Stalinist youth convention and its New York division was present at the Madison Square Garden mass meeting which opened the convention with a printed leaflet exposing the reactionary and jingo nature of the speech which Earl Browder was to make. The leaflet predicted Browder's speech to a T. At this distribution one member of the YPSL was separated from his comrades and attacked by a Stalinist goon squad and slashed across the forehead. He required hospital treatment.

Reject Browder's Invitation

At the final session of the YCL convention, several members of the YPSL were present distributing a statement of two former YCLers, Ruth Powell and Lillian Brown, who declared that they "reject Earl Browder's invitation to collective suicide in the coming imperialist war" and announced their adherence to the YPSL (4th Int.). One of the distributors was so severely pummeled by a score of "democratic" YCLers that he was prostrate on the sidewalk for several minutes, dazed from the blows he had received.

The convention itself, in which lectures on "democracy" by the Stalinist leaders were interspersed with hot swing sessions, was characterized by the typical Stalinist unanimity in "accepting" the pro-war and pro-capitalist line which was handed down by the leadership. There was absolutely no free or critical discussion at any of the sessions. At those sessions where important political issues were taken up, the CP and YCL leaders laid down the line. The rank and file delegates were allowed to participate vocally only in those sessions where routine organizational matters were discussed.

Keynote Speech

The keynote speech to the convention was made by Earl Browder, in which he called for a third term for Roosevelt. It is significant that in the very same speech he was forced to admit that it was precisely the same Roosevelt who was responsible for the "shameful" embargo on Loyalist Spain. Browder also issued what resigning YCLers were later to call his invitation to collective suicide in the coming imperialist war of Morgan and Rockefeller.

The report of the YCL National Secretary, Carl Ross, was another masterpiece of flag-waving. Ross declared that "we (the YCL) are patriotic Americans guided by a desire to defend our country."

Three months after the YPSL had initiated its Jobs for Youth Campaign, Ross suddenly woke up and raised the slogan of the Youth's Right to Work. But he did not suggest the far-reaching and comprehensive points embodied in the 3-point program of the YPSL.

Enter Foster

By the time the third day of the convention rolled around, the YCL delegates were beginning to become restless. They had been inflicted with long dull lectures on "democracy," with innumerable swing exhibitions, and with boring organizational panels. Becoming jittery, the YCL leadership suddenly paraded out William Z. Foster, who in the eyes of the YCL represents the good old days "when we talked about socialism," and had him give a speech where for the first time Socialism was a prominent point. The enthusiastic response he received showed that many YCLers, especially the rank and filers, still retained hopes about achieving Socialism even if they didn't realize that the YCL was the last organization in the world through which to get it.

At the final session the YCL went the whole hog in dressing

itself up as a respectable bourgeois organization.

It passed a by-law providing for the expulsion of any YCLer "guilty of association with Trotskyites." And it also passed a by-law declaring that "any YCL member who advocates the overthrow of the American government by force" (Daily Worker) would be expelled. With these by-laws it served public notice to any YCL members who still believe in such ideas as revolution that they had better go elsewhere.

Negroes' Chances Slim, Report Says

By MAE SHERMAN

Are you a Negro trying to get an education? And are so misguided as to want to become a doctor, dentist, or mechanical engineer? Do you have the childish illusion that you could make a good chemist, if given half a chance?

Well, if there is any basis for the annual report of the New York Urban League you might as well forget it. It points out that the educators say in effect, "since the door of opportunity is closed to you, there is no justifiable reason why you should prepare yourself for that which goes not exist."

Negroes Earn 50% Less

That this policy of discrimination, this policy that says the Negro doesn't need an education, doesn't deserve a white-collar job, is effective, is shown in the Urban League's report that "the average annual earnings of the poorer half of the Negro families of New York City is less than 50% of the average annual earnings of the poorer half of white families." When the Negro is given a job, he is paid half the starvation wages which they pay their white workers.

The Urban League found further that among the Negroes as among the white workers, it is the youth who are the hardest hit. "Of the more than fifteen thousand who registered at the Urban League for guidance or employment, more than half were under 25 years of age. Many of them had to drop out of school in the fourth and fifth grades, without any technical training, and for the most part were unprepared for placement, even if jobs were available."

Begging Brings Nothing

It is in itself noteworthy that the Urban League, conservative to the hilt, supported by "upper" class charity, is forced to make these damning admissions. Their understatement and half-apologetic tone cannot weaken the power of the facts their experience has disclosed. The Negro youth together with young people everywhere have learned that begging and bending the knee will get them nothing. The report itself indicates what they are headed for:

"The despair and tragedy of Harlem today is its vast army of young men and young women, unemployed, adrift, lolling about street corners, no place to go, nothing to do. Perhaps never at any time or any place has there existed a more fertile soil for breeding delinquency, crime, and totalitarianism."

Crime and fascism, this is the path onto which American capitalism is pushing the negro and white youth alike.

But this is not the only alternative. For it is not true that the Negro youth have "no place to go, nothing to do." Their place is with the revolutionary Socialist movement, and their job is to join the Young Peoples Socialist League in its fight for the right to live.

GIRLS FORCED TO WORK AS 'HOSTESSES' BY RADIO FIRMS

What of the youth who have been lucky and have found a job in this era of the "Locked-Out Generation"? How lucky are they? Are they much better off than the 7,000,000 jobless youth? Let's see what's happening to some of these lucky working youth.

One of the largest industries employing mostly youth is radio; he age of the overwhelming majority of the workers being from 18 to 25. Fifty-eight percent of these workers are young girls. Of the 50,000 or so radio workers employed in the non-union shops throughout the country, about 15,000 of them work in the center of the open-shop industry—Chicago.

Today there exists in the non-union radio parts field an unbelievable amount of brutality and exploitation at the lowest possible wages. In these plants young girls, threatened with the loss of their jobs in case they protest, are forced into working outside of their regular hours and submit to the slightest whims and desires of the bosses and their henchmen.

Forced to be "Hostesses"

Frequently during Radio Association conventions and exhibitions the girls are forced to work at these conventions as hostesses until all hours of the night. The companies also run private parties for the buyers at which the plant girls are used as nothing less than unpaid prostitutes! Salesmen are conducted through these plants by the superintendants and pick out the girls they want to spend the night with! If one girl refuses to submit to this legal rape there are always thousands of other desperate young girls in the army of unemployed youth ready to step in and take her job.

Wages in these shops are very low. Eight to twelve dollars a week is the average wage of the young radio worker. For this unlivable wage the girls and boys of the radio industry undergo the most severe conditions. The tiring and nerve-straining speed-up system plus the worst of health standards are a part of the open-shop plants.

One of the operations along the line in producing a radio is the coil dipping process. Here the workers have to dip coils into a certain chemical which has an injurious odor that burns the lungs, produces fainting spells in the hot summer months, spoils the digestive system and produces other such "industrial diseases." These conditions can very easily be remedied by the installation of ventilation fans. But workers are cheap and fans cost money.

Many Injuries

Safety devices are rarely attached to the punch-press and riveting machines. As a result of this it is an everyday occur-

rence for the workers who operate these machines to meet with some sort of injury. In innumerable cases fingers are smashed by the machines or amputated outright.

Some of the worst plants, where all of the above conditions exist, are in Chicago where a vigorous campaign is being conducted to unionize these plants by the United Electrical Machinists Radio Workers Union (C.I.O.).

One of these plants, which employs from 300 to 500 youth, has been nicknamed the "whorehouse of the radio industry" by the radio workers of Chicago. Radio workers claim that it is guilty of all of the above evils—speed-up, bad working conditions, long hours and the previously described "legal" rape. Similar conditions existed at the Climax Radio Corp., until they were stamped out by the militant union that won the plant.

The Belmont Radio Corp., employing 500 youth, uses what is known in the Chicago radio industry as the "bell system." That is, between a two second interval (after which a bell rings) each worker is supposed to finish the particular process of his. If a worker is slow and he or she slows up the line a number of times the worker is fired outright. Bad health conditions along with a terrific speed-up leaves the worker too exhausted for any type of recreation after work.

Use Stool-Pigeons

One of the most infamous Chicago plants is the Zenith Radio Corp., which is known as the "Ford of radio." Here in this enormous plant employing 3,000 young workers there exists a nerve-wracking speed-up, a large and well trained force of stool-pigeons, and employment qualifications which includes an anti-union blacklist. It is next to impossible for Jews to get a job in this plant. Workers are afraid to talk and are distrustful of one another. Union organizers attempting to distribute leaflets at the plant are beaten up by hired thugs. An example of the cruel efficiency employed by this plant is the following:

In the summer of 1938 a girl worker wrote in chalk on one of the loading trucks: "Don't Be a Sucker! Join the C.I.O.!" The stool pigeons unable to find the culprit fired 90 of the girls working in the vicinity of the loading truck.

These are but a few examples of what the "lucky" job-holding youth in the non-union radio industry have to contend with. Until these young workers organize into a powerful and militant union and force the bosses to give in and abolish all of the above conditions there remains nothing left for them but continual employment as slaves to their unscrupulous, profit-mad bosses.

My Kind-Hearted Boss

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back to that, he just gave me a dirty look and walked away. It didn't stop him any though because when I asked him for a raise a couple of months later he started giving me the business about being the only employer in the world who had raised his employee's wages 50% in such a short period.

So you can understand how I felt about what happened only a few weeks ago: It was slack in the shipping room and he had brought me upstairs to work on some records in his office. While we were sitting there, him puffing his cigar and me checking lists of figures, he suddenly asked me, "Jay, what sort of an income does your family have?" I figured it up. There's the \$15 I give in to the house and the

\$7 that my sister Anne who works in the 5 & 10 gives in. Counting what my father was able to pick up in odd jobs. . . "About \$25 to \$28 a week for the six of us," I said. And you can bet that I emphasized that word "six". I thought maybe he was figuring on giving me that raise and I wanted him to know that I needed it bad.

"What!", he said. "Maybe a dollar more or a dollar less," I said.

He just looked at me. "Unbelievable," he said, "How do you do it? God knows I'm not an extravagant man but I don't see how anyone can get along on less than \$100 a week."

That's all he said. No mention of a raise. Just admiration for our ability to get along on 28 bucks a week.

IN THE LEAGUE

By IRVING BERN
National Organizational Secretary

JOBS FOR YOUTH CAMPAIGN

Chicago is doing the best job on this campaign, as one can see from the many articles in this and previous issues of the CHALLENGE. Newark is also doing a bang up job. They have returned more filled out petition blanks than any other section. The return of petitions from other sections is comparatively slow thus far. An immediate check up should be made because from all reports there are many completed petitions in the local offices of the League.

TWICE-A-MONTH CHALLENGE

The comrades seem to take for granted the Twice-a-month CHALLENGE by July. We all know that this step will tremendously aid our work and that all our readers desire such a step. But unless we raise \$500 it will be impossible to get it out. So—to work all you laggards and stragglers.

DUES—By checking the financial reports we note a growing

laxity in dues payments. Any loss of revenue to the National Office cripples our efficiency. And since our main income is dues, we have been severely handicapped several times during the past month. It is also important for every comrade to remember that if you are three months behind in dues you lose all privileges of membership.

UNIFORMS—Due to the many other financial demands that our organization has made on the membership, we haven't been stressing payment on the uniform. But we will soon turn on the steam to put the League in uniform in time for summer activities.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LEAGUE—Only 2,000 "Youth Want Jobs" pamphlets left. . . . Are all the comrades wearing the official YPSL button? . . . A very successful convention was held by the Chicago Division several weeks ago. . . . We are informed that A. Leibeck, at last, made his first speech and it was pretty good.

The Challenge Brigade

By RUTH WILNER

The bank balance in our check book shows that we are approaching the \$200 mark in the Drive for the Twice a Month CHALLENGE OF YOUTH. This is a good starter, but the next three weeks will have to see some real whirlwind activity on the part of every comrade in the League to raise the rest of the \$500 revolving fund.

Many sections have set themselves quotas to be achieved by June 1. The New York Division pledges \$175 by that time. Los Angeles intends to make up for its delinquency in the Fund Drive by raising \$50 for the Twice-A-Month. Philadelphia, a comparatively small section, puts places like Boston to shame by pledging \$25 for the CHALLENGE, and puts Newark's pledge of \$15 in the shade. Max Weinrib writes from Chicago that his division will raise a minimum of \$50. And in a letter from Frisco we find \$10 in cash and a total pledge of \$35 for the Twice-A-Month. Other sections have written that they will do everything they can to raise money, but haven't made definite pledges.

A comrade in N. Y. who doesn't make much more than \$20 a week, personally contributed \$25. . . . A seaman comrade walked off his ship and into the N.O. and left with \$15 less in his jeans. . . . The Downtown Branch of the Party in N. Y. C. is the first Party branch to send greetings to the Twice-A-Month, to the tune of \$5. Other amounts have been contributed by various individuals.

If, during the next weeks, division, unit and individual comrade make the Campaign for the Twice-A-Month the major activity of the League, we'll go over the top with a bang. Contact every friend and sympathizer for greetings, donations and special offer subs, plan af-

fairs for the CHALLENGE, shake your collection cans under everybody's nose. . . . Get behind the Drive!

We haven't had many reports of sales of the May issue. But we were sure that Sammy PORTNEY wouldn't let us down. And sure enough, Sammy reports that he sold 150 copies this month—50 better than last time, and, so Sammy says, 50 less than next time. We're rooting for you, Sammy! (Anyone who wishes to challenge Sammy's title of Star Salesman of the League can do so by writing to the Business Manager.)

Flash from the Anti-Fascist Front!—On Friday, May 12, the Joe Hill Unit of the New York Y.P.S.L. met the challenge of the brazen Coughlinites in the neighborhood by conducting a militant counter-demonstration. Three Coughlinites were selling the anti-semitic, anti-labor rag, "Social Justice" at 181st St. and St. Nicholas Ave. when several members of the Joe Hill Unit came upon them. Fortified with a supply of CHALLENGES they swung into action. 33 of the papers were sold to the tune of anti-fascist slogans. A fist fight would have broken out if the large crowd which gathered had not scared away the Fascists by its evident hostility.

Fifty Stalinists or Stalinist sympathizers have been wondering how come the "Trotsky-Fascists" are conducting a militant campaign for Jobs for Youth. At the leaflet distribution and CHALLENGE sale conducted by the New York Division at the Madison Square Garden rally of the Young Communist League, which preceded the opening of their National Convention, more than 50 papers were sold to the Stalinists entering the meeting.

CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

Young People's Socialist League of America

(Affiliated to the Youth Section of the Fourth International)

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FIVE TINTYPES

Graduation Day Interviews

ON HIS WAY UP

My name is John B. I am graduating from high school with a 94% average. I have my future all planned out. I am going to go to college, of course, even if I have to work my mother to her last bone for it. (She really doesn't mind.) I will, of course, get brilliant marks. After graduation from college I will then proceed to go to law school.

By this time I expect to have found a millionaire who will adopt me as his protege, even if I have to marry his daughter to get him to do it. I will not go to any ordinary law school but to an exclusive one as befits a person of my talents and upbringing.

ing. (It will not be generally known that my mother washed dishes and my father stopped smoking to send me to school, for even I will have forgotten about it.)

I will then become a corporation lawyer and will positively be making \$75,000 in a few years. If I feel so inclined, I shall perhaps become a U.S. Senator and I will vote to cut relief. I shall make a patriotic speech each Fourth of July. If you want to, you can work your way up in the world, if you have the right connections. And I'm going to have them. Now really, don't you think I have a bright future?

W.P.A., HERE I COME!

My name is Bill S. To tell you the truth, I really don't know what I'm going to do after I graduate. I was a pretty good student but I won't be able to go to college. You see, Dad's been out of work now for several months since he lost his job as a bookkeeper (he'd had it for onwads of 17 years now) and I guess I won't be able to go to college.

But there really isn't much a fellow like me can do. Dad sort of hoped I'd be able to become an educated fellow or some sort of professional, so he made me take the general course and as a

result I don't even know any typing or steno with which to get that kind of a job. And I'm not too strong, so it would be sort of tough to get a job as a truck driver or something like that, especially when there are so many really husky fellows waiting for it.

I guess there really isn't much ahead of me. Some times you feel like running away into the country and lying down near a little river and forgetting all about your troubles—but I guess you just can't do that. Say, you wouldn't happen to know where a fellow can get a W.P.A. application?

HOLLYWOOD-BOUND

My name is Mary J. I hope you don't think I'm boasting if I say I'm considered sort of pretty. I was voted "loveliest girl in the class" as well as "best actress." That was a real thrill. I felt just the way a famous actress must feel when she sees her name in lights on Broadway. I know it's sort of silly but I think this proves that some day I'm going to be an actress too. I really do have talent.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if I were to go out to Hollywood and maybe I wouldn't always have

to be an extra—although that wouldn't be so bad—and I might some day be a star. You know, there's nothing quite as thrilling as the idea of my being in a movie and being the star too.

Of course, mother says that I should stop dreaming and that I should go to a beauticians' school so that I can learn to earn my keep and be able to buy my own stockings. She says I ought to keep my eyes open for a nice fellow. But I'm not interested in the local yokels. I want to go to Hollywood and be a star. If I could only bump into the right director I'd take care of the rest.

SCIENTIST'S PIPE-DREAMS

My name is Sam T. I got fair marks in everything except my science courses. I got straight 95's or 100's in those. Did you ever read Arrowsmith by Sinclair Lewis? He describes the quest of a disinterested, pure scientist who works solely for the love of science. That's the kind of person I want to be. I want to study chemistry and find out everything there is to know about it.

I want to go to a college—may-

be I'll get a scholarship—where they have a good science department. And then I want to work in a laboratory where I can get the technique of lab work down pat. I want to do research work. I want to find out things. I want to sink into the mystery of things, of why they exist and how they exist.

And perhaps I might discover something, perhaps I might become known as a great scientist. That would be wonderful. Sam T.—the American Pasteur, the American Koch.

THE ONLY WAY OUT

My name is Arty L. I've been a member of the Y.P.S.L. for a year and a half. I've found out what makes our life so rotten and empty—it's this cockeyed economic system. I'm out to fight it together with everyone else who's willing to join in with me. It's the only chance we've got.

I know that these four other kids aren't going to get what they want. Sam won't get a chance to solve the relief problem because he'll have to work as a shipping clerk. Mary will never see Hollywood except in a 10-cent movie. Bill won't even

get his W.P.A. job—Roosevelt's cutting them now. And John, biggest sucker of all, won't find his sugar daddy.

Poor saps, all of them, they'll probably be knocked off in the next war for "democracy" or tramp the streets from one employment agency to the other. Unless, of course, they fight. Unless they join with me in the Fourth International, which fights for a new kind of life where there won't be any wars and where everyone will have a chance to live. What do you say, John and Bill, Mary and Sam? What about joining up with us? It's our only chance.

with plans for a picket line.

The Mayor, however, threatened to physically suppress a picket line. At the time of writing, the YPSL is planning a mass rally in a park adjacent to the hall in which the Legion rally is to be held in order to protest both against the Legion rally and the ruling of the Mayor.

EDUCATION UNDER CAPITALISM



LaGuardia-Quit Playing With Future of Youth!

To Mayor La Guardia:

We believe that young people should have the right to learn a trade. An examination of your proposed 1939-1940 budgetary appropriation for education seems to show that you disagree.

Thousands of Jamaica youth were turned away from Jamaica Vocational School last year because of lack of facilities. Flushing elementary school graduates are in desperate need of a trade school. Classes of the Queens Vocational High School are meeting in hallways and boiler-rooms. Queens needs a minimum of two new trade schools. One for Jamaica and one for Flushing. The New York City Board of Education, however, has enough money for only one new vocational school in Queens. In an attempt to find a compromise which will satisfy both Jamaica and Flushing residents, President Marshall, your appointee to the Board of Education, and Mrs. Lindlof, Queens member, propose to build the school midway between Jamaica and Flushing on the Parental school grounds which adjoin the Queens College Campus.

AN IDIOTIC SOLUTION

This is an idiotic solution. It is almost as bad as cutting a shirt in half to divide between two needy men. Jamaica youth, many of whom come from families on Home Relief, will be forced to pay four fares every day. Flushing youth in most cases will have to do likewise. Students of Queens College feel that their campus is being mutilated and the future expansion of the college endangered.

The students and their parents do not intend to take such a proposal lying down. And we will support them and fight with them to see that it isn't carried out.

New York is one of the richest cities in the world. It was once unable to pay its obligations to the banks who hold its bonds. Your administration has remedied this at the expense of the workers and students of the city. You say no? If you would take the trouble to examine the trade school facilities in Queens you might be forced to admit otherwise!

USE ISSUE AS FOOTBALL

Your budget cut has created a football for the politicians and given them a grandstand packed with interested spectators. Councilman Quinn of Long Island City is agitating to locate the school in Jamaica. I suppose he thinks that Flushing trade-school applicants ought to move south. Judge Colden of the Queens College Board is protesting the invasion of Queens College land but offers no better remedy than Quinn. The Tammany bloc in City Council, when asked for more money, says it has no power to increase the budget and shifts the responsibility to you. And so they throw the issue back and forth, while the youth whose lives are being decided by this football game have to sit on the sidelines and watch.

You have the power to present a supplementary budget to the Board of Estimate. We are getting thousands of signatures from Queens students, young workers, parents and teachers supporting our demand for two new schools. Throwing these petitions in a waste paper basket will not rid you of our insistence. We are sick and tired of seeing the issue kicked around. We want action and we will get it if we have to picket the City Hall en masse!

Queens Section,
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE
(Youth Section, Socialist Workers Party)

'No Place for Youth,' Crisis Bars Youth's Chance of Marriage

(Continued from Page 1)

Dr. Zachry said that as a result many youth were forced to marry secretly and many others to delay their marriages for a long period of time.

Dr. Zachry painted a depressing picture of American youth and warned that they could become prey of the first American Hitler to come along with a program that sounds good to youth. "How very easy it would be for Hitler or anybody else who came along with a program involving youth to get hold of this group," Dr. Zachry said.

Above all, youth want a "sense of direction," a "philosophy of life." At present they have neither, according to the survey.

(Continued from Page 1)

The statistics which show the decline in the number of children per family won't surprise anybody who knows what it's like for two families to live in a house or tenement apartment that's already overcrowded when only one family lives in it.

The red-baiters, who never pay any attention to facts, will continue to chew the ear off anyone who will listen to their nonsense about the reds breaking up the family. In the meantime, ever increasing thousands of youth are denied their right to a normal married life by the capitalist system.

Graduates Must Fight Boss System For Right to Live

(Continued from Page 1)

This is the state to which capitalism has brought the youth of today.

But let us acknowledge an error. Though these youth may be unemployed today there is a job which is being prepared for them tomorrow. Let no one think that President Roosevelt who is so profuse with his verbal sympathies for the deplorable plight of youth will long permit these conditions to exist. He has his program and it is clear. Spend money to create jobs for the unemployed? How "short sighted!" Far better to pour huge sums into the construction of battleships, airplanes, guns and then drag America into a new imperialist war. Then the American youth will be given jobs—shouldering guns and being marched off to be killed in the hundreds of thousands and millions.

But we don't want war and death. We want peace and life.

We want jobs, real jobs paying a decent wage and not these miserable NYA hand-outs. We demand that the youth be recognized as individuals having lives of their own.

We want an end to the vicious

circle of being turned away from the factories and shops because of a lack of experience when at present these are the only places where experience can be gained. We therefore demand the right to be adequately supported during our period of training.

We want the right to an education thru high school and, for those who desire it, thru college and to receive adequate support while we are studying.

Is this too much to ask? The money for these things exists. The two billions which the Roosevelt Government is pouring into the construction of armaments would go far to realize this program. And if these capitalists will not willingly provide jobs, will not willingly permit us to live decently as befits human beings, why should we not force them to disgorge their wealth now before they can drag us into war? We have the strength and power to do this. Why should we wait?

This is the program which the Young People's Socialist League offers to the class of 1939, to all unemployed youth, to all unemployed youth whose position under capitalism is so precarious.

THE DIALECTIC DOPES

The following appeared in the University of Wisconsin Young Communist League bulletin: "Some people have the idea that a YCLer is politically minded, that nothing outside of politics means anything. Gosh, no. They have a few simple problems. There is the problem of getting good men on the baseball team this spring, of opposition from other ping-pong teams, of dating girls, etc. We go to shows, parties, dances, and all that. In short, the YCL and its members are no different from other young people except that we believe in dialectical materialism as the solution to all problems."

Feed Students Patriotic Hooley

EAST CHICAGO, Ind.—For the first time in the history of East Chicago a special holiday was declared for the observance of "Americanization Day." All high and grammar school students were dismissed for the day and a real rip-snortin' patriotic program was prepared for them.

Although the students were dismissed from attending classes they were obliged to report to their respective schools to receive further instructions as to their activities for the day.

At the various schools the students were told to form lines for marching and after a goodly number of American flags were distributed, they began the parade to the accompaniment of the local brass-bands.

The parade was led down all of the main thoroughfares of East Chicago and finally ended up inside the largest theatre in town.

Addresses by local American Legion big shots were followed by addresses from local leaders of the Veterans of Foreign Wars—which in turn were followed by the local church leaders—each trying to "out-patriotize" the other. After this curtain raiser the audience was obliged to contribute to the program with a group of patriotic songs, topped off with the oath of allegiance to the flag. A group of patriotic films were then shown.

The above preliminaries over, the main event went on—Mayor Frank Migas. The Mayor swung into action—he extolled the virtues of this great country—he talked of this "gr-r-rate" democracy—he told of the wonderful opportunities awaiting the audience—he talked. . . . When he finished the students were dismissed and all of the city elders beamed—"Americanization Day" was a success!

But "Americanization Day" wasn't such a success. Most of the students—sons and daughters of the East Chicago steel workers—knew the score; they knew that the "democracy" the big shots spoke of was that type of "democracy" that killed eleven of their fellow-citizen steel workers and wounded scores of others, that broke their strikes, that cut their relief—they knew; that's why they sat through it all and scoffed. And that's why many "bad" boys, while marching to the theatre, disappeared down the side streets—sneaked down the alleys and went to the corner poolroom where they listened to the ball-game—played poker and "celebrated" East Chicago's "Americanization Day" in the same surroundings to which capitalism condemns them on every other day.

WPA Forces Youth To Leave School

NEW YORK—A graphic example of how American youth is being deprived of its right to decent education by an oppressive economic system was seen here several weeks ago in the case of Gene Dauber, a 19-year-old student.

Dauber had been attending City College evening session, having been forced to quit the day session because of the necessity of trying to find a job in order to help his family out of a difficult economic plight.

His family had been granted relief because his father was unemployed and he had been unable to find employment. Several months afterwards, as part of the "economy drive" instituted by the Roosevelt government, he was suddenly called up to the Home Relief Bureau and told that he would have to take a job as a WPA laborer in Long Island or his family would be thrown off relief.

Take Job or Starve

When Dauber pointed out that the nature of the work and the fact that he would be liable to be called for work at any time, including the time when he was supposed to be in school, would make it impossible for him to continue his education, he was bluntly and rudely told by the relief authorities that a person in his economic plight didn't have the right to bother about an education.

This open declaration by the relief authorities that youth which is unfortunate enough to have been born into a poor working class family needn't bother about an education is further evidence of the way the capitalist class and its politicians are cutting down on the educational opportunities of American youth.

Akron Y.P.S.L. Protests Anti-Labor Rally

AKRON, Ohio—When the local American Legion planned an "Americanism" rally for the purpose of teaching the specially invited high school students anti-labor and pro-war bias, the YPSL unit of Akron countered

Y. C. L. Convention a Patriotic Gab-Fest

NEW YORK—A typical example of the devotion of the Young Communist League to the democratic principles it so loudly preaches was seen here when a group of Stalinist hoodlums pounced upon and severely beat members of the Young People's Socialist League (4th Int.) who were distributing leaflets to the delegates of the 9th national convention of the YCL.

The YPSL, responding alertly to the issues facing the Stalinist youth convention and its New York division was present at the Madison Square Garden mass meeting which opened the convention with a printed leaflet exposing the reactionary and jingo nature of the speech which Earl Browder was to make. The leaflet predicted Browder's speech to a T. At this distribution one member of the YPSL was separated from his comrades and attacked by a Stalinist goon squad and slashed across the forehead. He required hospital treatment.

Reject Browder's Invitation

At the final session of the YCL convention, several members of the YPSL were present distributing a statement of two former YCLers, Ruth Powell and Lillian Brown, who declared that they "reject Earl Browder's invitation to collective suicide in the coming imperialist war" and announced their adherence to the YPSL (4th Int.) One of the distributors was so severely pummeled by a score of "democratic" YCLers that he was prostrate on the sidewalk for several minutes, dazed from the blows he had received.

The convention itself, in which lectures on "democracy" by the Stalinist leaders were interspersed with hot swing sessions, was characterized by the typical Stalinist unanimity in "accepting" the pro-war and pro-capitalist line which was handed down by the leadership. There was absolutely no free or critical discussion at any of the sessions. At those sessions where important political issues were taken up, the CP and YCL leaders laid down the line. The rank and file delegates were allowed to participate vocally only in those sessions where routine organizational matters were discussed.

Keynote Speech

The keynote speech to the convention was made by Earl Browder, in which he called for a third term for Roosevelt. It is significant that in the very same speech he was forced to admit that it was precisely the same Roosevelt who was responsible for the "shameful" embargo on Loyalist Spain. Browder also issued what resigning YCLers were later to call his invitation to collective suicide in the coming imperialist war of Morgan and Rockefeller.

The report of the YCL National Secretary, Carl Ross, was another masterpiece of flag-waving. Ross declared that "we (the YCL) are patriotic Americans guided by a desire to defend our country."

Three months after the YPSL had initiated its Jobs for Youth Campaign, Ross suddenly woke up and raised the slogan of the Youth's Right to Work. But he did not suggest the far-reaching and comprehensive points embodied in the 3-point program of the YPSL.

Enter Foster

By the time the third day of the convention rolled around, the YCL delegates were beginning to become restless. They had been inflicted with long dull lectures on "democracy," with innumerable swing exhibitions, and with boring organizational panels. Becoming jittery, the YCL leadership suddenly paraded out William Z. Foster, who in the eyes of the YCL represents the good old days "when we talked about socialism," and had him give a speech where for the first time Socialism was a prominent point. The enthusiastic response he received showed that many YCLers, especially the rank and filers, still retained hopes about achieving Socialism even if they didn't realize that the YCL was the last organization in the world through which to get it.

At the final session the YCL went the whole hog in dressing

itself up as a respectable bourgeois organization.

It passed a by-law providing for the expulsion of any YCLer "guilty of association with Trotskyites." And it also passed a by-law declaring that "any YCL member who advocates the overthrow of the American government by force" (Daily Worker) would be expelled. With these by-laws it served public notice to any YCL members who still believe in such ideas as revolution that they had better go elsewhere.

Negroes' Chances Slim, Report Says

By MAE SHERMAN

Are you a Negro trying to get an education? And are so misguided as to want to become a doctor, dentist, or mechanical engineer? Do you have the childish illusion that you could make a good chemist, if given half a chance?

Well, if there is any basis for the annual report of the New York Urban League you might as well forget it. It points out that the educators say in effect, "since the door of opportunity is closed to you, there is no justifiable reason why you should prepare yourself for that which does not exist."

Negroes Earn 50% Less

That this policy of discrimination, this policy that says the Negro doesn't need an education, doesn't deserve a white-collar job, is effective, is shown in the Urban League's report that "the average annual earnings of the poorer half of the Negro families of New York City is less than 50% of the average annual earnings of the poorer half of white families." When the Negro is given a job, he is paid half the starvation wages which they pay their white workers.

The Urban League found further that among the Negroes as among the white workers, it is the youth who are the hardest hit. "Of the more than fifteen thousand who registered at the Urban League for guidance or employment, more than half were under 25 years of age. Many of them had to drop out of school in the fourth and fifth grades, without any technical training, and for the most part were unprepared for placement, even if jobs were available."

Begging Brings Nothing

It is in itself noteworthy that the Urban League, conservative to the hilt, supported by "upper" class charity, is forced to make these damning admissions. Their understatement and half-apologetic tone cannot weaken the power of the facts their experience has disclosed. The Negro youth together with young people everywhere have learned that begging and bending the knee will get them nothing. The report itself indicates what they are headed for:

"The despair and tragedy of Harlem today is its vast army of young men and young women, unemployed, adrift, lolling about street corners, no place to go, nothing to do. Perhaps never at any time or any place has there existed a more fertile soil for breeding delinquency, crime, and totalitarianism."

Crime and fascism, this is the path onto which American capitalism is pushing the negro and white youth alike.

But this is not the only alternative. For it is not true that the Negro youth have "no place to go, nothing to do." Their place is with the revolutionary Socialist movement, and their job is to join the Young Peoples Socialist League in its fight for the right to live.

GIRLS FORCED TO WORK AS 'HOSTESSES' BY RADIO FIRMS

What of the youth who have been lucky and have found a job in this era of the "Locked-Out Generation"? How lucky are they? Are they much better off than the 7,000,000 jobless youth? Let's see what's happening to some of these lucky working youth.

One of the largest industries employing mostly youth is radio; the age of the overwhelming majority of the workers being from 18 to 25. Fifty-eight percent of these workers are young girls. Of the 50,000 or so radio workers employed in the non-union shops throughout the country, about 15,000 of them work in the center of the open-shop industry—Chicago.

Today there exists in the non-union radio parts field an unbelievable amount of brutality and exploitation at the lowest possible wages. In these plants young girls, threatened with the loss of their jobs in case they protest, are forced into working outside of their regular hours and submit to the slightest whims and desires of the bosses and their henchmen.

Forced to be "Hostesses"

Frequently during Radio Association conventions and exhibitions the girls are forced to work at these conventions as hostesses until all hours of the night. The companies also run private parties for the buyers at which the plant girls are used as nothing less than unpaid prostitutes! Salesmen are conducted through these plants by the superintendants and pick out the girls they want to spend the night with! If one girl refuses to submit to this legal rape there are always thousands of other desperate young girls in the army of unemployed youth ready to step in and take her job.

Wages in these shops are very low. Eight to twelve dollars a week is the average wage of the young radio worker. For this unliveable wage the girls and boys of the radio industry undergo the most severe conditions. The tiring and nerve-straining speed-up system plus the worst of health standards are a part of the open-shop plants.

One of the operations along the line in producing a radio is the coil dipping process. Here the workers have to dip coils into a certain chemical which has an injurious odor that burns the lungs, produces fainting spells in the hot summer months, spoils the digestive system and produces other such "industrial diseases." These conditions can very easily be remedied by the installation of ventilation fans. But workers are cheap and fans cost money.

Many Injuries

Safety devices are rarely attached to the punch-press and riveting machines. As a result of this it is an everyday occur-

rence for the workers who operate these machines to meet with some sort of injury. In innumerable cases fingers are smashed by the machines or amputated outright.

Some of the worst plants, where all of the above conditions exist, are in Chicago where a vigorous campaign is being conducted to unionize these plants by the United Electrical Machinists Radio Workers Union (C.I.O.).

One of these plants, which employs from 300 to 500 youth, has been nicknamed the "whorehouse of the radio industry" by the radio workers of Chicago. Radio workers claim that it is guilty of all of the above evils—speed-up, bad working conditions, long hours and the previously described "legal" rape. Similar conditions existed at the Climax Radio Corp., until they were stamped out by the militant union that won the plant.

The Belmont Radio Corp., employing 500 youth, uses what is known in the Chicago radio industry as the "bell system." That is, between a two second interval (after which a bell rings) each worker is supposed to finish the particular process of his. If a worker is slow and he or she slows up the line a number of times the worker is fired outright. Bad health conditions along with a terrific speed-up leaves the worker too exhausted for any type of recreation after work.

Use Stool-Pigeons

One of the most infamous Chicago plants is the Zenith Radio Corp., which is known as the "Ford of radio." Here in this enormous plant employing 3,000 young workers there exists a nerve-wracking speed-up, a large and well trained force of stool-pigeons, and employment qualifications which includes an anti-union blacklist. It is next to impossible for Jews to get a job in this plant. Workers are afraid to talk and are distrustful of one another. Union organizers attempting to distribute leaflets at the plant are beaten up by hired thugs. An example of the cruel efficiency employed by this plant is the following:

In the summer of 1938 a girl worker wrote in chalk on one of the loading trucks: "Don't Be a Sucker! Join the C.I.O.!" The stool pigeons unable to find the culprit fired 90 of the girls working in the vicinity of the loading truck.

These are but a few examples of what the "lucky" job-holding youth in the non-union radio industry have to contend with. Until these young workers organize into a powerful and militant union and force the bosses to give in and abolish all of the above conditions there remains nothing left for them but continual employment as slaves to their unscrupulous, profit-mad bosses.

My Kind-Hearted Boss

(Continued from Page 1)

back to that, he just gave me a dirty look and walked away. It didn't stop him any though because when I asked him for a raise a couple of months later he started giving me the business about being the only employer in the world who had raised his employee's wages 50% in such a short period.

So you can understand how I felt about what happened only a few weeks ago. It was slack in the shipping room and he had brought me upstairs to work on some records in his office. While we were sitting there, him puffing his cigar and me checking lists of figures, he suddenly asked me, "Jay, what sort of an income does your family have?" I figured it up. There's the \$15 I give in to the house and the

\$7 that my sister Anne who works in the 5 & 10 gives in. Counting what my father was able to pick up in odd jobs. . .

"About \$25 to \$28 a week for the six of us," I said. And you can bet that I emphasized that word "six". I thought maybe he was figuring on giving me that raise and I wanted him to know that I needed it bad.

"What!", he said. "Maybe a dollar more or a dollar less," I said.

He just looked at me. "Unbelievable," he said. "How do you do it? God knows I'm not an extravagant man but I don't see how anyone can get along on less than \$100 a week."

That's all he said. No mention of a raise. Just admiration for our ability to get along on 28 bucks a week.

IN THE LEAGUE

By IRVING BERN
National Organizational Secretary

JOBS FOR YOUTH CAMPAIGN—Chicago is doing the best job on this campaign, as one can see from the many articles in this and previous issues of the CHALLENGE. Newark is also doing a bang up job. They have returned more filled out petition blanks than any other section. The return of petitions from other sections is comparatively slow thus far. An immediate check up should be made because from all reports there are many completed petitions in the local offices of the League.

TWICE-A-MONTH CHALLENGE—The comrades seem to take for granted the Twice-a-month CHALLENGE by July. We all know that this step will tremendously aid our work and that all our readers desire such a step. But unless we raise \$500 it will be impossible to get it out. So—to work all you laggards and stragglers.

DUES—By checking the financial reports we note a growing

laxity in dues payments. Any loss of revenue to the National Office cripples our efficiency. And since our main income is dues, we have been severely handicapped several times during the past month. It is also important for every comrade to remember that if you are three months behind in dues you lose all privileges of membership.

UNIFORMS—Due to the many other financial demands that our organization has made on the membership, we haven't been stressing payment on the uniform. But we will soon turn on the steam to put the League in uniform in time for summer activities.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LEAGUE—Only 2,000 "Youth Want Jobs" pamphlets left. . . . Are all the comrades wearing the official YPSL button? . . . A very successful convention was held by the Chicago Division several weeks ago. . . . We are informed that A. Leibeck, at last, made his first speech and it was pretty good.

The Challenge Brigade

By RUTH WILNER

The bank balance in our check book shows that we are approaching the \$200 mark in the Drive for the Twice a Month CHALLENGE OF YOUTH. This is a good starter, but the next three weeks will have to see some real whirlwind activity on the part of every comrade in the League to raise the rest of the \$500 revolving fund.

Many sections have set themselves quotas to be achieved by June 1. The New York Division pledges \$175 by that time. Los Angeles intends to make up for its delinquency in the Fund Drive by raising \$50 for the Twice-A-Month. Philadelphia, a comparatively small section, puts places like Boston to shame by pledging \$25 for the CHALLENGE, and puts Newark's pledge of \$15 in the shade. Max Weinrib writes from Chicago that his division will raise a minimum of \$50. And in a letter from Frisco we find \$10 in cash and a total pledge of \$35 for the Twice-A-Month. Other sections have written that they will do everything they can to raise money, but haven't made definite pledges.

A comrade in N. Y. who doesn't make much more than \$20 a week, personally contributed \$25. . . . A seaman comrade walked off his ship and into the N.O. and left with \$15 less in his jeans. . . . The Downtown Branch of the Party in N. Y. C. is the first Party branch to send greetings to the Twice-A-Month, to the tune of \$5. Other amounts have been contributed by various individuals.

If, during the next weeks, division, unit and individual comrades make the Campaign for the Twice-A-Month the major activity of the League, we'll go over the top with a bang. Contact every friend and sympathizer for greetings, donations and special offer subs, plan af-

fairs for the CHALLENGE, shake your collection cans under everybody's nose. . . . Get behind the Drive!

We haven't had many reports of sales of the May issue. But we were sure that Sammy PORTNEY wouldn't let us down. And sure enough, Sammy reports that he sold 150 copies this month—50 better than last time, and, so Sammy says, 50 less than next time. We're rooting for you, Sammy! (Anyone who wishes to challenge Sammy's title of Star Salesman of the League can do so by writing to the Business Manager.)

Flash from the Anti-Fascist Front!—On Friday, May 12, the Joe Hill Unit of the New York Y.P.S.L. met the challenge of the brazen Coughlinites in the neighborhood by conducting a militant counter-demonstration. Three Coughlinites were selling the anti-semitic, anti-labor rag, "Social Justice" at 181st St. and St. Nicholas Ave. when several members of the Joe Hill Unit came upon them. Fortified with a supply of CHALLENGES they swung into action. 33 of the papers were sold to the tune of anti-fascist slogans. A fist fight would have broken out if the large crowd which gathered had not scared away the Fascists by its evident hostility.

Fifty Stalinists or Stalinist sympathizers have been wondering how come the "Trotsky-Fascists" are conducting a militant campaign for Jobs for Youth. At the leaflet distribution and CHALLENGE sale conducted by the New York Division at the Madison Square Garden rally of the Young Communist League, which preceded the opening of their National Convention, more than 50 papers were sold to the Stalinists entering the meeting.

CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

Young People's Socialist League of America

(Affiliated to the Youth Section of the Fourth International)

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FIVE TINTYPES

Graduation Day Interviews

ON HIS WAY UP

My name is John B. I am graduating from high school with a 94% average. I have my future all planned out. I am going to go to college, of course, even if I have to work my mother to her last bone for it. (She really doesn't mind.) I will, of course, get brilliant marks. After graduation from college I will then proceed to go to law school.

By this time I expect to have found a millionaire who will adopt me as his protege, even if I have to marry his daughter to get him to do it. I will not go to any ordinary law school but to an exclusive one as befits a person of my talents and upbringing.

(It will not be generally known that my mother washed dishes and my father stopped smoking to send me to school, for even I will have forgotten about it.)

I will then become a corporation lawyer and will positively be making \$75,000 in a few years. If I feel so inclined, I shall perhaps become a U.S. Senator and I will vote to cut relief. I shall make a patriotic speech each Fourth of July. If you want to, you can work your way up in the world, if you have the right connections. And I'm going to have them. Now really, don't you think I have a bright future?

W.P.A., HERE I COME!

My name is Bill S. To tell you the truth, I really don't know what I'm going to do after I graduate. I was a pretty good student but I won't be able to go to college. You see, Dad's been out of work now for several months since he lost his job as a bookkeeper (he'd had it for onwads of 17 years now) and I guess I won't be able to go to college.

But there really isn't much a fellow like me can do. Dad sort of hoped I'd be able to become an educated fellow or some sort of professional, so he made me take the general course and as a

result I don't even know any typing or steno with which to get that kind of a job. And I'm not too strong, so it would be sort of tough to get a job as a truck driver or something like that, especially when there are so many really husky fellows waiting for it.

I guess there really isn't much ahead of me. Some times you feel like running away into the country and lying down near a little river and forgetting all about your troubles—but I guess you just can't do that. Say, you wouldn't happen to know where a fellow can get a W.P.A. application?

HOLLYWOOD-BOUND

My name is Mary J. I hope you don't think I'm boasting if I say I'm considered sort of pretty. I was voted "loveliest girl in the class" as well as "best actress." That was a real thrill. I felt just the way a famous actress must feel when she sees her name in lights on Broadway. I know it's sort of silly but I think this proves that some day I'm going to be an actress too. I really do have talent.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if I were to go out to Hollywood and maybe I wouldn't always have

to be an extra—although that wouldn't be so bad—and I might some day be a star. You know, there's nothing quite as thrilling as the idea of my being in a movie and being the star too.

Of course, mother says that I should stop dreaming and that I should go to a beauticians' school so that I can learn to earn my keep and be able to buy my own stockings. She says I ought to keep my eyes open for a nice fellow. But I'm not interested in the local yokels. I want to go to Hollywood and be a star. If I could only bump into the right director I'd take care of the rest.

SCIENTIST'S PIPE-DREAMS

My name is Sam T. I got fair marks in everything except my science courses. I got straight 95's or 100's in those. Did you ever read Arrowsmith by Sinclair Lewis? He describes the quest of a disinterested, pure scientist who works solely for the love of science. That's the kind of person I want to be. I want to study chemistry and find out everything there is to know about it.

I want to go to a college—may-

be I'll get a scholarship—where they have a good science department. And then I want to work in a laboratory where I can get the technique of lab work down pat. I want to do research work. I want to find out things. I want to sink into the mystery of things, of why they exist and how they exist.

And perhaps I might discover something, perhaps I might become known as a great scientist. That would be wonderful. Sam T.—the American Pasteur, the American Koch.

THE ONLY WAY OUT

My name is Arty L. I've been a member of the Y.P.S.L. for a year and a half. I've found out what makes our life so rotten and empty—it's this cockeyed economic system. I'm out to fight it together with everyone else who's willing to join in with me. It's the only chance we've got.

I know that these four other kids aren't going to get what they want. Sam won't get a chance to solve the relief problem because he'll have to work as a shipping clerk. Mary will never see Hollywood except in a 10-cent movie. Bill won't even

get his W.P.A. job—Roosevelt's cutting them now. And John, biggest sucker of all, won't find his sugar daddy.

Poor saps, all of them, they'll probably be knocked off in the next war for "democracy" or tramp the streets from one employment agency to the other. Unless, of course, they fight. Unless they join with me in the Fourth International, which fights for a new kind of life where there won't be any wars and where everyone will have a chance to live. What do you say, John and Bill, Mary and Sam? What about joining up with us? It's our only chance.

Akron Y.P.S.L. Protests Anti-Labor Rally

AKRON, Ohio—When the local American Legion planned an "Americanism" rally for the purpose of teaching the specially invited high school students anti-labor and pro-war bias, the YPSL unit of Akron countered

with plans for a picket line.

The Mayor, however, threatened to physically suppress a picket line. At the time of writing, the YPSL is planning a mass rally in a park adjacent to the hall in which the Legion rally is to be held in order to protest both against the Legion rally and the ruling of the Mayor.

EDUCATION UNDER CAPITALISM



LaGuardia-Quit Playing With Future of Youth!

To Mayor La Guardia:

We believe that young people should have the right to learn a trade. An examination of your proposed 1939-1940 budgetary appropriation for education seems to show that you disagree.

Thousands of Jamaica youth were turned away from Jamaica Vocational School last year because of lack of facilities. Flushing elementary school graduates are in desperate need of a trade school. Classes of the Queens Vocational High School are meeting in hallways and boiler-rooms. Queens needs a minimum of two new trade schools. One for Jamaica and one for Flushing. The New York City Board of Education, however, has enough money for only one new vocational school in Queens. In an attempt to find a compromise which will satisfy both Jamaica and Flushing residents, President Marshall, your appointee to the Board of Education, and Mrs. Lindlof, Queens member, propose to build the school midway between Jamaica and Flushing on the Parental school grounds which adjoin the Queens College Campus.

AN IDIOTIC SOLUTION

This is an idiotic solution. It is almost as bad as cutting a shirt in half to divide between two needy men. Jamaica youth, many of whom come from families on Home Relief, will be forced to pay four fares every day. Flushing youth in most cases will have to do likewise. Students of Queens College feel that their campus is being mutilated and the future expansion of the college endangered.

The students and their parents do not intend to take such a proposal lying down. And we will support them and fight with them to see that it isn't carried out.

New York is one of the richest cities in the world. It was once unable to pay its obligations to the banks who hold its bonds. Your administration has remedied this at the expense of the workers and students of the city. You say no? If you would take the trouble to examine the trade school facilities in Queens you might be forced to admit otherwise!

USE ISSUE AS FOOTBALL

Your budget cut has created a football for the politicians and given them a grandstand packed with interested spectators. Councilman Quinn of Long Island City is agitating to locate the school in Jamaica. I suppose he thinks that Flushing trade-school applicants ought to move south. Judge Colden of the Queens College Board is protesting the invasion of Queens College land but offers no better remedy than Quinn. The Tammany bloc in City Council, when asked for more money, says it has no power to increase the budget and shifts the responsibility to you. And so they throw the issue back and forth, while the youth, whose lives are being decided by this football game have to sit on the sidelines and watch.

You have the power to present a supplementary budget to the Board of Estimate. We are getting thousands of signatures from Queens students, young workers, parents and teachers supporting our demand for two new schools. Throwing these petitions in a waste paper basket will not rid you of our insistence. We are sick and tired of seeing the issue kicked around. We want action and we will get it if we have to picket the City Hall en masse!

Queens Section,
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE
(Youth Section, Socialist Workers Party)

'No Place for Youth,' Crisis Bars Youth's Chance of Marriage

(Continued from Page 1)

Dr. Zachry said that as a result many youth were forced to marry secretly and many others to delay their marriages for a long period of time.

Dr. Zachry painted a depressing picture of American youth and warned that they could become prey of the first American Hitler to come along with a program that sounds good to youth.

"How very easy it would be for Hitler or anybody else who came along with a program involving youth to get hold of this group," Dr. Zachry said.

Above all, youth want a "sense of direction," a "philosophy of life." At present they have neither, according to the survey.

(Continued from Page 1)

The statistics which show the decline in the number of children per family won't surprise anybody who knows what it's like for two families to live in a house or tenement apartment that's already overcrowded when only one family lives in it.

The red-baiters, who never pay any attention to facts, will continue to chew the ear off anyone who will listen to their nonsense about the reds breaking up the family. In the meantime, ever increasing thousands of youth are denied their right to a normal married life by the capitalist system.

Graduates Must Fight Boss System For Right to Live

(Continued from Page 1)

This is the state to which capitalism has brought the youth of today.

But let us acknowledge an error. Though these youth may be unemployed today there is a job which is being prepared for them tomorrow. Let no one think that President Roosevelt who is so profuse with his verbal sympathies for the deplorable plight of youth will long permit these conditions to exist. He has his program and it is clear. Spend money to create jobs for the unemployed? How "short sighted!" Far better to pour huge sums into the construction of battleships, airplanes, guns and then drag America into a new imperialist war. Then the American youth will be given jobs—shouldering guns and being marched off to be killed in the hundreds of thousands and millions.

But we don't want war and death. We want peace and life.

We want jobs, real jobs paying a decent wage and not these miserable NYA hand-outs. We demand that the youth be recognized as individuals having lives of their own.

We want an end to the vicious

circle of being turned away from the factories and shops because of a lack of experience when at present these are the only places where experience can be gained. We therefore demand the right to be adequately supported during our period of training.

We want the right to an education thru high school and, for those who desire it, thru college and to receive adequate support while we are studying.

Is this too much to ask? The money for these things exists. The two billions which the Roosevelt Government is pouring into armaments would go far to realize this program. And if these capitalists will not willingly provide jobs, will not willingly permit us to live decently as befits human beings, why should we not force them to disgorge their wealth now before they can drag us into war? We have the strength and power to do this. Why should we wait?

This is the program which the Young People's Socialist League offers to the class of 1939, to all unemployed youth, to all employed youth whose position under capitalism is so precarious.

THE DIALECTIC DOPES

The following appeared in the University of Wisconsin Young Communist League bulletin: "Some people have the idea that a YCLer is politically minded, that nothing outside of politics means anything. Gosh, no. They have a few simple problems. There is the problem of getting good men on the baseball team this spring, of opposition from other ping-pong teams, of dating girls, etc. We go to shows, parties, dances, and all that. In short, the YCL and its members are no different from other young people except that we believe in dialectical materialism as the solution to all problems."

WPA Forces Youth To Leave School

NEW YORK—A graphic example of how American youth is being deprived of its right to decent education by an oppressive economic system was seen here several weeks ago in the case of Gene Dauber, a 19-year-old student.

Dauber had been attending City College evening session, having been forced to quit the day session because of the necessity of trying to find a job in order to help his family out of a difficult economic plight.

His family had been granted relief because his father was unemployed and he had been unable to find employment. Several months afterwards, as part of the "economy drive" instituted by the Roosevelt government, he was suddenly called up to the Home Relief Bureau and told that he would have to take a job as a WPA laborer in Long Island or his family would be thrown off relief.

Take Job or Starve

When Dauber pointed out that the nature of the work and the fact that he would be liable to be called for work at any time, including the time when he was supposed to be in school, would make it impossible for him to continue his education, he was bluntly and rudely told by the relief authorities that a person in his economic plight didn't have the right to bother about an education.

This open declaration by the relief authorities that youth which is unfortunate enough to have been born into a poor working class family needn't bother about an education is further evidence of the way the capitalist class and its politicians are cutting down on the educational opportunities of American youth.

Feed Students Patriotic Hooey

EAST CHICAGO, Ind.—For the first time in the history of East Chicago a special holiday was declared for the observance of "Americanization Day." All high and grammar school students were dismissed for the day and a real rip-snortin' patriotic program was prepared for them.

Although the students were dismissed from attending classes they were obliged to report to their respective schools to receive further instructions as to their activities for the day.

At the various schools the students were told to form lines for marching and after a goodly number of American flags were distributed, they began the parade to the accompaniment of the local brass-bands.

The parade was led down all of the main thoroughfares of East Chicago and finally ended up inside the largest theatre in town.

Addresses by local American Legion big shots were followed by addresses from local leaders of the Veterans of Foreign Wars—which in turn were followed by the local church leaders—each trying to "out-patriotize" the other. After this curtain raiser the audience was obliged to contribute to the program with a group of patriotic songs, topped off with the oath of allegiance to the flag. A group of patriotic films were then shown.

The above preliminaries over, the main event went on—Mayor Frank Migas. The Mayor swung into action—he extolled the virtues of this great country—he talked of this "gr-r-rate" democracy—he told of the wonderful opportunities awaiting the audience—he talked. . . . When he finished the students were dismissed and all of the city elders beamed—"Americanization Day" was a success!

But "Americanization Day" wasn't such a success. Most of the students—sons and daughters of the East Chicago steel workers—knew the score; they knew that the "democracy" the big shots spoke of was that type of "democracy" that killed eleven of their fellow-citizen steel workers and wounded scores of others, that broke their strikes, that cut their relief—they knew; that's why they sat through it all and scoffed. And that's why many "bad" boys, while marching to the theatre, disappeared down the side streets—sneaked down the alleys and went to the corner poolroom where they listened to the ball-game—played poker and "celebrated" East Chicago's "Americanization Day" in the same surroundings to which capitalism condemns them on every other day.

Action--Camera

By MARTIN EDEN

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" has been widely hailed as Hollywood's challenge to the dictators. It has been received in "liberal" quarters as a great stride to cinematic realism and courage. Since this, then, is the picture that places Warner Brothers on the side of the "democracies," it is necessary to analyze it carefully.

That the picture openly attacks the Nazi Bund development in this country is true. It is likewise true that the picture attacks the Hitler regime in general, and its United States spy network in particular. However we have become accustomed to the easy flow of Hitler denunciation from the lips of various political fakery and Fourth-of-July orators. It is necessary to find out who is making the noise and what motives the anti-fascist screen may conceal.

The motivation of the picture is revealed by the concentration of the plot on only one phase of the Hitler forces in America—the "spymenace." The star of the movie is the federal investigator who tracks down the spies. The villains are villainous because they are obtaining army secrets. The entire struggle element in the film is the conflict between the insidious espionage ring and its nemesis, the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

EXPLOIT ANTI-FASCIST SENTIMENT

That the picture entirely skirts the real struggle against fascism, that it represents only the imperialist antagonism to Hitler is proven in a scene portraying the Berlin military board at work. Here, Goebbels explains the purpose of the spy ring in the Americas. He points to a map of South America and says that there lies Hitler's goal—the rich markets of South America.

This is the evil that the picture denounces in such eloquent disguise. The Nazis want South America. They want to steal it from "us." That is why Hollywood flails Hitler. Not over the issue of democracy, but because he menaces American imperialist domination. The attack on the German-American Bund is only incidental to the task of whipping up hatred against Germany because it is the imperialist competitor.

WHY LABOR FIGHTS FASCISM

All real anti-fascist fighters will reject this pot-calling-the-kettle-black approach to the problem. Labor fights fascism because the shirted hordes are union-smashers. Labor fights the fascist thugs because it knows that fascism is only a new demagoguery for exploitation and war-mongering of the old school. And this fight includes not only the Bund, but also the American brand of jingo and anti-union movements.

But this fight against fascism is slightly beyond the scope of Hollywood's latest mock tilt with the windmill.

An English importation, "Goodbye Mr. Chips," rolled lightly off this reviewer's shoulders. It is the story of an English school teacher, his trials and tribulations. Robert Donat ages as gracefully and more capably than most handsome actors. See this one at your own peril. The sentiment is very English and very thick.

Don't go to see "Let Freedom Ring" because it doesn't.

LOU COOPER SAYS . . .

Mothers Day, 1939—I consulted my mother and she refuses to trade me for a gold star.

You're In The Army Now

By JOE CARROLL

When I came back after three years in the Army, everybody said, why did you do it. I couldn't give them a good answer because I guess I didn't know myself. So I started to think, why did I do it?

When I was a kid my father sent me to an Orphan Asylum in New York City. My mother died some time before that, I can't remember exactly when. I don't remember anything about my mother, but I got a nice picture of her that my old man gave me.

I don't even want to remember what it was like in the O. A. We'll just skip that part of the story. I was 16 years old when I got out of the place. The asylum got me a job in a doll factory down on Bleeker St. All day long, nine hours a day, six days a week, I packed kewpie dolls and lifted cartons. On Saturdays



I collected my pay—nine bucks, grand total.

I lived at a place in downtown Manhattan where the orphan asylum sent us "graduates." It's a sort of Y. For \$6.50 per week I got a room and 2 meals a day.

After the O.A., this place seemed pretty good to me. I didn't have to have my life regulated by a bell. I could come and go pretty much as I pleased. The meals wouldn't make anybody write home, but they were better than the slop they dished up at my alma mater.

TO THE FLOPHOUSE

I lived at the "House" for a year when I lost my job. For a month I managed to stall off the "head guy" while I looked for a job. The last week I was afraid to come down to meals. The kids in the House helped me out with two bits now and then, but most of them just got by on their wages and couldn't do much for me. Finally, the "head guy" caught up with me. He told me to get out. When I told him I didn't have a place to go, he said, "What can I do? Go to the Municipal Lodging House, they'll take care of you."

Well, there was nothing to do but to pack and go. After two nights in that crummy flea joint they call the Municipal Lodging House, I wasn't going back there again.

BACK TO THE HOUSE

I was sitting in the Automat on 14th Street thinking what I could do next. I knew my old man was someplace in the state of Pennsylvania but even if I knew his address I couldn't get anything from him. I guess he and I never did hit it off. The only thing I could think of was to walk over to the "House."

Down at the "House" the fellows listened to my stories and set me up to a meal. After a while I went around to see the "head guy." I could see he wasn't tickled to see my face. He gave me the same story as last time, only this time, he gave me a letter to a "charitable in-

stitution" over on 21st. I went down there right away.

But it was the same old run around. A lady social worker asks me, "How old are you?" I tell her I'm eighteen. She says "You're too old to get help here. Why don't you try the Municipal Lodging House?" If she wasn't a lady I would've socked her.

I went back to the House to tell the boys my troubles. I had to talk to someone. One of the boys said that a guy could get a place to flop and three meals a day in the Army. That set me thinking.

The next day I went over to the Army Recruiting Office. I figured it couldn't hurt to just ask for information.

RECRUITING TECHNIQUE

The recruiting sergeant shook my hand and gave me a big smile. He asks me questions. Where were you born, how old are you, where's your folks, what've you been doing the last few years, did you ever have the flu, the —, any th. in your family? . . . All in a nice friendly way. And I talk my heart out. I begin to feel good. Here's a fellow in a uniform who doesn't growl at a guy, doesn't say keep moving, doesn't hold a club under your nose.

All the time the sergeant is writing and smiling and asking questions. I ask him, "Any chance of learning auto mechanics in the Army?" (I'd heard you could learn a trade in the army and I sure would like to know auto mechanics.) He stands up and says, "You can make something outa yourself in the Army, you can do what you want, you can learn what you want, you can be somebody." He puts his arm around my shoulder. "The more young fellows like you we have in this country, the better off this country is. We need more patriotic young men like you. We got to build up the army to show the other countries what good patriots we got in the U.S.A."

After this spiel I was feeling pretty good, almost ready to join up. The sergeant says, "Now, kid, you just go and let the Doc look you over." Before I could open my mouth to say yes or no, the sergeant talks me right into the doctor's office. I strip and line up with the other fellows. The Doc looks down your throat, knocks you on the back, listens to your heart, sees if you got flat feet, makes you read a chart to find out if you need glasses. While this is going on, a big fat slob of a sergeant comes in and looks us over. He pats a fat guy on the belly and says "That'll come off in the Army." He slaps a thin guy on the back. "We'll build you up in the Army." I think to myself, where does he get off, I'm not in the Army yet.

NO ESCAPE

I'm no sooner through with the Doc than the recruiting sergeant is talking to me again. Well, kid, he says, "Now all we need is your birth certificate." I jump at the chance to get out of the place and think things over. I say "I'll be glad to go down to the Board of Health and get it." But the sergeant tells me that it's not necessary, he'll phone up the Board of Health, that's the way things are done in the Army.

He points to a bench and says, "Just wait there."

While I'm waiting, another guy in a uniform comes in, lines up the fellows, and starts in taking their fingerprints. I get a feeling that I ought to make a dash for the door, but before I can make up my mind, this fingerprint guy grabs my hand and puts my fingers in the ink. I don't say a word.

I wait for another half hour. The recruiting sergeant comes over. He says, "You three fellows, you're okay. I just heard from the Board of Health. Now just go up to the third floor and report in room 4." And he gives us each a piece of paper with a lot of typewriting on it.

On the way up, the other two fellows are talking. I listen in. One of them says that a guy doesn't have a chance in the infantry during a war, its the field artillery for him, that's the safest place in the service.

"LOVE STORY" OATH

In room 4, the major, or whoever the hell he was, I don't know for sure to this day, was sitting behind the desk. His face was hidden in a Love Story Magazine. He looks up. With his free hand, he reaches for a book. He says, "Line up here, boys, and raise your right hand." Then he reads from the book. (All the time he's holding the Love Story in his other hand. It must have been some story!) "Do you solemnly swear to protect your country, and your flag, live up to all rules and . . ." We do. He says, sign here. We sign. After we sign, he gets up and says, "You boys know what you're doin', don't you? You know you're in the army now. Report to the recruiting sergeant downstairs." He sits down and starts reading the Love Story again.

By this time I was feeling punch drunk. I'd come just for information, you understand, but they give you this slick line of talk, they smile, they pat you on the back, they say please and excuse me, and you haven't been treated like a human being in a year. Well, you're grateful,



you'd feel like a heel to run out. You don't want to sign up, you're not ready, but you don't know how to get out of it.

So, in daze, I walk over to the recruiting sergeant's desk. He asks, "What branch of the service you want to join up with?" I remember what the fellow said on our way up to be sworn in. Well, I don't want to die any sooner than I have to. I say, "Field artillery." "Okay, he says, here's your papers, you can report right away." And he gives me my papers and a one-way ticket to Watertown, N. Y. I walk towards the door, my knees are caving in under me, my throat is dry, my head reeling. I hear the sergeant's voice, like it was coming from far away, "Well, Bud, you're in the Army now!" (To be continued)

Books . . . and their authors

By IRVING HOWE

Out on a section of Flushing, Queens which was once profitably utilized as a garbage dump, there are concentrated these days a prize collection of petty and grand fakery, stuffed shirt diplomats and other kinds of crooks, city officials and pickpockets, short change artists, skilled bull throwers, phoney culture salesmen who make speeches to which visiting literary ladies from Oshkosh, Missouri try their best to listen—in short the Grover Whalens of various sizes and descriptions who run America's greatest gyp-joint: the World's Fair.

If nothing else, this Fair proves what a limited imagination P. T. Barnum had when he said that a sucker is born every minute. His backwardness in this respect may of course have been due to lack of acquaintance with mass production methods. In any case I must confess a certain sadistic pleasure in imagining to myself how this poor Barnum, who was once called America's greatest showman, must be turning over in his grave with envy when I read that another half million Suckers (that word is definitely capitalized) have paid six bits for the privilege of being able to pay 35 cents for a hot dog and beans and of looking at all the wonderful exhibits which show what wonderful things could be provided for the masses of the people . . . if capitalism were the kind of system interested in the masses of people.

PUT BARNUM TO SHAME

Why really, the comparison is staggering. Here this poor fellow Barnum got little Tom Thumb to strut and Florence Nightingale to sing for him and he was called a master showman who filched more dollars from Americans than anyone else in his line—that is, legally. But the Grover Whalen "Follies" gets a whole crew of Kings, Princes, Diplomats, and Famous People to act as drawing cards. Why just imagine if Barnum had had the Prince of Norway in his museum!

But the most fascinating exhibit, at least to this gaping spectator, which Grover arranged, was the World Congress of Writers, which met right in the midst of the World of Tomorrow. This Grover Whalen, who arranged for the World of Tomorrow personally, must really be credited with a splendid imagination. Just think of the idea of getting a whole crew of the world's most famous writers to meet on the Flushing Dump under Grover's auspices—Lin Yu Tang, Sholem Ash, Jules Romains, Pearl Buck, Zweig, Vincent Sheean. It sort of adds a cultural touch to the whole affair, doesn't it?

And especially when the assembled literary worthies take the opportunity to reiterate their faith in capitalist Civilization and Democracy (pronounced in the most cultured of accents) why then it makes it even more delightful. For after all, we can't be altogether altruistic about this culture stuff, can we Grover, and a little bit of war-mongering here and there is very helpful.

Now authors are really, for the most part, decent sort of chaps (even if usually rather dull) especially when they've been obliging enough to write a good book. But there's no one quite as ignorant as an ignorant author. And there is no one quite as dangerous as a writer who combines this ignorance with a vocal desire to have the Ordinary People go out and make the World Safe for Democracy.

DRUM UP WAR SPIRIT

That's why these writers who came to the Fair to beslobber each other with gentle phrases, the only meaning of which could possibly be that the workers and youth should support the coming imperialist war are in reality so reprehensible. For it was only yesterday that such men as Zweig were writing books in which they exposed the whole rotten system that led to the war in 1914. Only yesterday Romains was writing of the decay of French bourgeois life. And today they are busy beating the drums of war-hysteria, serving as the literary procurers of capitalism.

BOSS PARTIES' 'ECONOMY' WRECKS NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

NEW YORK—The drive of the New York capitalist parties against educational facilities has taken on a vicious form of cutting the state budget for education by \$10,000,000 and the city budget by \$8,000,000. According to James Marshall, President of the Board of Education of New York, this will result in the wreckage of the New York educational system.

Specifically, it will mean the scrapping of evening elementary and trade schools, the wiping out of vacation playgrounds and recreation centers. It will also mean the dismissal of 7,000 teachers and the increase of the average class to 40-50 pupils,

which all educators admit is too large for efficient teaching. Summer sessions of the free city colleges may also be abolished.

At the time of a recent City Council meeting, 7,000 students came down to City Hall to voice their protest against the budget cuts but due to the fear of the American Student Union leadership of alienating Mayor La Guardia they succeeded in moving the students from City Hall to Foley Square which is four blocks away. Members of the YPSL who were present succeeded however in rallying a number of students to march back and voice their protest where it would have meaning—City Hall.

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FAKE NYA JOB CONTEST

(Continued from Page 1)
NYA big-wig, complimented his local flunkies during a recent stop-over here, for their initiative in thinking up this fraudulent solution to unemployment.

The NYA has published a mimeographed pamphlet advertising its contest, entitled, "Think Your Way to a Job." It promises to furnish all the ideas produced by the contest to jobless youth as tips on how to make a living. It indicates the sort of jobs it has in mind by offering a few examples of jobs created by enterprising youth. Among its more or less sane examples are the following:

"You will feel free and self-supporting like a boy in St. Louis who travelled the highways at night on his motorcycle, stop-

ping each car with only one head-light working and selling the driver a new bulb." Is this all that Campbell sees left for the jobless youth to do—ride around on a motorcycle all night looking for guys with one head-light on the bum!

Brilliant Suggestions
The pamphlet staggers on: "If you couldn't engage in that kind of work, perhaps you could collect coat hangers and sell them back to dry-cleaning establishments." One has to admit that this Campbell has a real sense of humor.

Among the other bright ideas suggested by the pamphlet are: chasing after people on a rainy day with a raincoat or umbrella to rent them, organizing quartettes to sing "Happy Birthday"

over the phone, collecting lady bugs, and cleaning tombstones (a business that will be a real money-maker once the war begins.)

The pamphlet ends with some helpful advice: "Find out what you have that someone else is willing to buy." And then "This puts the responsibility squarely up to you—you've got to make your own job and you've got to succeed in it."

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