

HITLER VERSUS THE GENERALS

by COLONEL T.

AUGUST 1
1944

NEW MASSES

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WHY THE DEMOCRATS CHOSE FDR AND TRUMAN

A first-hand report from Chicago

By **A. B. MAGIL**

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *O. John Rogge—Fascists' Nemesis, by Virginia Gardner; Russia and the Peace, by Bernard Pares, reviewed by Corliss Lamont; A Churchman Reads Browder, by the Rev. William H. Melish; Marcantonio and Powell Must Win, by Doxey Wilkerson; Berlin and Tokyo: Cracking Axis, by the Editors.*

BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE'RE pleased this week, and hope you, are the same, the occasion being NM's new size. We found we had a chance to conserve paper and give our readers a more attractive and functional magazine, all at once. The shorter, narrower columns, less margin space, the fact that your NM will be much easier to handle on the subway, on trains from the week-end; that we aren't cutting down on, or leaving out, a single feature—we think it all totals up to something new



Bill Gropper

that's added. And here's a tip—this is only the beginning of a number of things. In the next couple of weeks Editor Joseph North will have some interesting ideas for you, which will appear in these pages in the form of a personal letter. Watch for it—and then write us.

A FEW weeks ago, we told you a little something about Edith Glaser, whose drawings and cartoons have appeared in our pages for some time. We had lots of letters, afterward, requesting more such thumbnail profiles of NM's contributors, both writers and artists. And the majority of readers yelled to hear about another artist, whom they've grown to look for and love over a period of years—Gropper.

There are so many things to say about Bill Gropper that it's a little hard to sift them down. He's one of the busiest people in this part of the country, and that wouldn't be difficult to prove. He does regular cartoons for the *Daily Worker*, *NM*, and *Freiheit*. (He is staff artist for the last, and every day he has visitors from among its readers—and their families—who are eager to see him in person, and talk.) He also finds time for such jobs as illustrating Ben Gold's recent novel and Sender Garlin's new pamphlet, "Is Dewey the Man?" Lives in Croton on the Hudson, with his wife and two children, where for the past eight years his

house has been the center for annual parties which have practically become traditional—affairs held every summer for the benefit of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the organization which has done so much for the people of republican Spain. His wife, incidentally, is very active on this committee the year round.

Gropper has always been in the center of political events—most times ahead of them. Many of you will remember the controversy over his Mikado drawings in *Vanity Fair* in 1935. His hobbies? In his spare time he refuses to draw, and goes in for real relaxation: he paints. Once somebody caught him standing still long enough to snap his picture, which is reproduced elsewhere on this page. We personally think he's very photogenic.

He's done a number of murals for the government—at the New Interior Building, Washington, D.C., Freeport, L.I. Post Office; and the Northwestern Postal Station, Detroit, Mich. His paintings are on exhibition at a number of museums, including, in New York, the Metropolitan, Modern Art, and the Whitney; besides, at the Chicago Art Institute, St. Louis Museum, Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, Hartford Museum, in Arizona, Minnesota, and in the Soviet Union.

INADVERTENTLY, we failed to give credit to the artist who did our last week's cover drawing of President Roosevelt. Most of you, anyhow, will have recognized the style of Hugo Gellert. The drawing originates from a pamphlet Mr. Gellert did for the International Workers Order, "Century of the Common Man." No, you can't buy a copy. It was in such demand that all copies were sold out immediately and today it is out of print.

M. DE A.

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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* Or leave with the armed forces.

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WHY THEY CHOSE FDR, TRUMAN

By A. B. MAGIL

Chicago.

THE story of the Democratic convention begins for me with an incident on the train to Chicago. I was having breakfast and reading a newspaper. Three men in uniform also sat down at my table, but I was so engrossed in reading about President Roosevelt's letter on Vice President Wallace, I hardly noticed them. The one next to me turned to me and said something which I thought sounded like "Nice letter." "Yes," I said, "it is nice." But I soon discovered my mistake: it was the weather he was speaking of. "This is the first blue sky I've seen in months," he said looking out the window. He was a tall, goodlooking redhead with a slight mustache. Opposite sat his companions, one a dark blond, the other blackhaired and slight of build. Each wore the single silver bar of a first lieutenant and the wings of the Air Force. They had just come from England where they had spent nine months flying. "You never see a blue sky like this where we were stationed," said the redhead, "unless you go up high." He was looking out the window again. "Were you with the invasion on D-Day?" I asked. "Not with it, but over it." Yes, and during nine months, over Berlin many times and Stuttgart and Hamburg and other cities, on thirty missions of danger and death.

I asked the inevitable question about how things looked here after being away so long—not long in time, but very long in intensity of experience, in the lashing of nerves. "People are too confident," the redhead said. "They think the war is gonna be over tomorrow. They'll find

out they're wrong." "Yes," said the dark blond, "wait till those telegrams start coming to families. There's lots of dying gonna be done before this thing's over."

All three appeared to be in their early twenties. The redhead was a pilot of a B-24 Liberator bomber. He was from the state of Washington and he was going home to his young wife—for twenty-one days. The dark blond was a navigator. He was returning to his native Oregon to marry that girl and snatch twenty-one days of happiness with her. The blackhaired fellow was a bombardier from Utah. He was just going home.

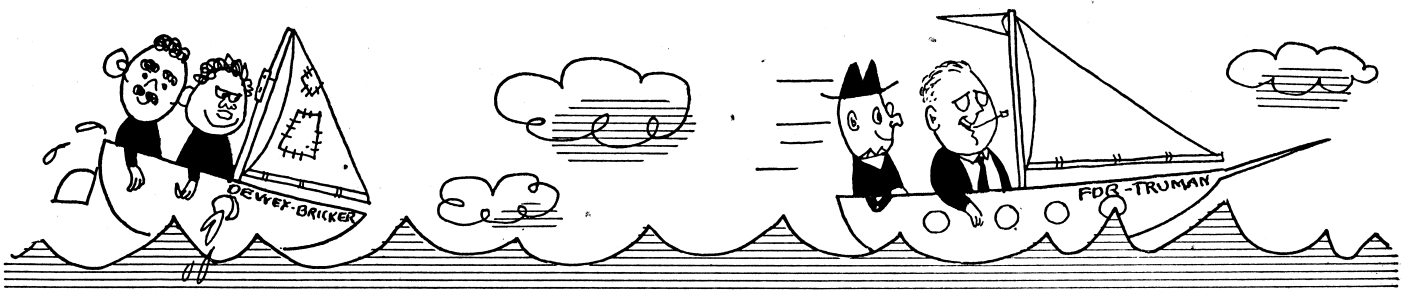
The talk turned to politics. Their minds were made up: they were for Roosevelt without question. "I can't see putting in a guy like Dewey at this time," said the navigator. "Roosevelt's done the job all along the way it ought to be done," said the pilot. "He's the only man who can handle the problems of the war and the peace. I can't imagine Dewey sitting down with Churchill and Stalin." The little bombardier from Utah said nothing. The pilot kidded him. "His family's Republican, but he's for Roosevelt all right." And he thought most of the men in the service felt the same. After breakfast they invited me to their compartment for a drink, and our first drink was to the President's reelection.

I asked what they thought of the vice presidential battle. To my surprise they weren't interested. They had been out of touch with American politics and the storm blowing up around the Demo-

cratic vice presidential nomination meant nothing to them. These men had been on thirty missions of death, and all they knew was that they wanted Roosevelt to continue to lead the country and be their Commander-in-Chief.

And that for me is the true measure and meaning of this election campaign. Even the lack of interest in the vice presidential contest had something instinctively right about it. I am not suggesting that the question of the second place nomination was unimportant, and I think it likely that had these Air Force men been stationed in this country during recent months, they would have had opinions as to the relative merits of Wallace, Truman, and the other candidates. Yet what was so right in their attitude, and what was in danger of becoming engulfed in the passions of the convention struggle, was the sense of proportion: no matter who is the nominee for Vice President, what is all-important is that Roosevelt must be re-elected. For Roosevelt is more than the Democratic candidate: he is the voice and will of America.

THIS was a convention unique in our history, for the vice presidency, hitherto regarded as a political graveyard, emerged as a great prize. Delegates who were united on the presidential candidate and on the platform fought over the vice presidential nomination as if it were the first place on the ticket. I will not hide my own keen disappointment at the defeat of Vice President Henry A. Wallace. In the heat of the

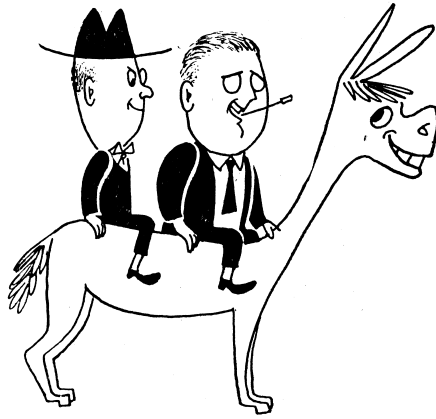


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convention battle the traditional detachment of the reporter melted away and I found my emotions as deeply involved as those of the delegates. And when it was all over, I had to shake myself mentally in order to disentangle sober judgment from the maelstrom of sentiment. Perhaps some liberals are now wringing their hands and saying that all is lost. It would be foolish to assert that all is won or to deny that some aspects of the convention were decidedly nasty. Yet the fact remains that had there been no such personality as Henry Wallace in the picture, Senator Truman would have been regarded by the labor movement and other progressive forces as the most desirable of the serious candidates and potential candidates. He has supported the Roosevelt administration, his record on foreign and domestic questions is excellent, and his work as chairman of the special Senate committee that has investigated the national defense program has been outstanding. Sidney Hillman, head of the CIO Political Action Committee, revealed a sure grasp of the realities when he stated immediately after the nomination that PAC's support of Wallace "did not carry with it our opposition to another candidate," and that Senator Truman was "eminently qualified for the office of Vice President." Perhaps it can be said that Wallace added something to the Roosevelt symbol, while Truman will neither add nor subtract. But he will help rivet it down, and that is much.

I ALSO covered the Republican convention for NEW MASSES three weeks earlier. The contrast between the two gatherings was so towering that it is difficult to think of them as stemming from the same tradition. Where the

GOP convention moved like a sleep-walker, the Democratic conclave was lusty and sparkling and full of the juice of life. It was amusing to read the painful efforts of Bert Andrews, correspondent of the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, to minimize the demonstrations for Roosevelt and Wallace. Mr. Andrews is the gentleman who a couple of weeks ago distilled out of his private meditations the stink-bomb tale that FDR was planning to deliver his acceptance speech from Normandy. His reporting of the Democratic convention is of the same vintage. When Vice President Wallace first walked into the convention hall to take his seat with the Iowa delegation, the audience broke into applause and thousands stood up to cheer him. But according to the *Herald Tribune* man, "It is only factual reporting to say that his reception was anything but enthusiastic. There were cheers and some whistles from perhaps a thousand or two thousand in the crowd. . . ." Of course, this first ovation was a mere ripple compared to the later demonstrations for Wallace, but the Republican bosses would have given their eye-teeth to have generated anything half so warm and spontaneous for Dewey.

Of the tumultuous thirty-eight-minute demonstration for the President after he had been nominated by Senator Barkley, Andrews wrote: "To men who had been at many conventions, it [the demonstration] seemed an apathetic one. There was little cheering from the galleries. Many of the delegates stayed in their seats. However, many of them joined in the parade. . . ." One gathers the impression from Mr. Andrews that the delegates were pretty evenly divided. The "many" who stayed in their seats refers to the corporal's guard of southern

poll taxers who voted for Senator Byrd instead of FDR. The "many" delegates who participated with great gusto in the demonstration refers to the 1,086 who cast their ballots for the President. As for the galleries, it's evidently a case of mistaken identity: Mr. Andrews has got his conventions mixed up.

The platform adopted by the Democratic convention is much closer to the principles that the *Herald Tribune*, Wendell Willkie and other win-the-war-and-peace Republicans have advocated than is the Janus-faced GOP product. But this will not deter those who have sunk principles in partisanship from telling us what a beautiful administrator Dewey is (which is about as relevant to the problems of the war and the peace as Dewey's mustache). The Democratic platform is able to rest on the record of the Roosevelt administration. The Republican platform is compelled to puff and pant in an effort to conceal the record of the overwhelming majority of the Republicans in Congress. On the war and on postwar organization the Democratic platform is forthright and realistic, speaks the language of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran accords. In these planks there are no yes-buts, no exorcising of "world state" hobgoblins, no weasel phrases like "peace forces" by which the GOP defeatists seek to nullify postwar commitments, no obstructionist and extra-constitutional provision that every agreement of any kind with a foreign nation must risk the veto of one-third of the Senate.

The Republican reactionaries, despite the fact that they are in allegiance with the anti-fourth term Democrats whose chief strength is in the South, will attempt to make capital out of the vagueness of the Democratic plank on racial equality. No doubt taken by itself this plank is weak—though it was far too strong for the anti-Roosevelt poll tax delegates who directed at it their choicest abuse. But here again we must look for the real Democratic platform in the record of the Roosevelt administration: its establishment of the Fair Employment Practice Committee, an act of major historic meaning; its support of anti-poll tax legislation, its enlargement of opportunities for Negroes in the armed forces, its fostering of a climate in which Negro rights, despite the many restrictions that still remain, have been able steadily to grow.

Nor should we be misled by the cry that this was a boss-controlled convention. Both conventions were run by professional politicians who used machine

methods. There is no need to defend the methods of either set of politicians. There is need to differentiate between the political forces in control of the Democratic Party, the forces centering in the Roosevelt administration, and the political forces in control of the Republican Party: the Tafts, Vandenberg, and Hoovers—not to speak of that highly influential patron of sedition and fascism, Col. Robert R. McCormick. In this regard one has but to compare the Republican platform committee, headed by Senator Taft and packed with people of his stripe, with the Democratic platform committee, headed by the administration leader in the House, Rep. John W. McCormack, and including such progressives as Senator Pepper of Florida, Senator Truman of Missouri, Rep. Mary Norton of New Jersey, Senator Green of Rhode Island, and Josephus Daniels of North Carolina.

IT IS in this framework that the dramatic Wallace-Truman contest must be set. This was not in any sense a struggle between progress and reaction within the Democratic Party. That struggle had been decided in advance of the convention when the renomination of President Roosevelt was assured. And when the leading conservative candidate for Vice President, War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes, retired because of the opposition of the labor movement, the Negro people, and other progressives, the hate-Roosevelt Democrats suffered a further defeat (though it would be unfair to Byrnes to put him in the same class with them). The opposition to Wallace came from four principal sources: the Byrd-for-President crowd, who sought to strike at Roosevelt by removing Wallace; most of the southern pro-Roosevelt delegates; the big-city machines of Mayor Kelly of Chicago, Mayor Hague of New Jersey, Edward J. Flynn of New York, Tammany and Frank V. Kelly of Brooklyn; and the leadership of the Democratic National Committee headed by Robert E. Hannegan. The hostility of the southerners was due to Mr. Wallace's advanced social and political views, particularly his condemnation of discrimination against Negroes, which he courageously reiterated in his speech seconding the President's nomination, and his sympathetic attitude toward labor. The machine bosses were also inclined to regard Mr. Wallace as too "radical," but they and the leadership of the Democratic National Committee were primarily actuated by fears that his nomination would alienate the

South, as well as potential business support, and would promote disunity in the Democratic Party.

I believe the professional politicians underestimated the strength and fervor of the movement behind Mr. Wallace. The Gallup poll showed him the choice of sixty-five percent of the Democratic voters, a jump of nineteen points from a previous poll in March. This was only partly reflected at the convention. For example, though a special poll of Democratic voters in the lower and middle income groups in New York City had shown that 78.2 percent of the Roosevelt backers wanted Wallace as his running mate, the New York City delegates were predominantly against him. Wallace's remarkable showing despite the formidable forces arrayed against him (his maximum vote was 474—115 short of the number required for nomination) testifies to the vigor of the liberal spirit in the Democratic Party.

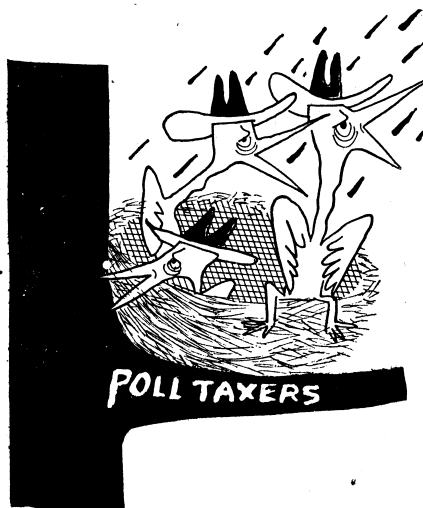
The Vice President's support at the convention came largely from the labor delegates, particularly those of the CIO, the Negro, and the farm delegations. On the second night of the convention, when some 35,000 persons were shoehorned into a stadium intended to hold no more than 25,000, I was standing next to a husky alternate from Pennsylvania. We got to talking. Perhaps I do the man an injustice, but I doubt very much that he was filled with any particular passion for the century of the common man. Yet he was for Wallace. "He's a man of courage," he said. "I don't agree with everything he said in that speech he made, but he's got guts."

Nor was the Vice President without backing in the South. One of the surprises was the unanimous vote for him by the delegation from the poll tax

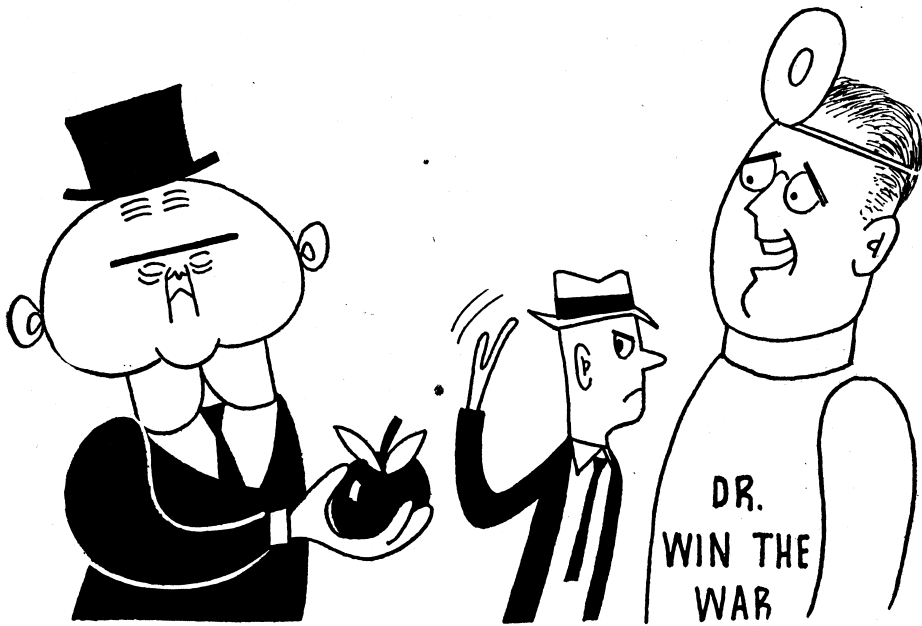
state of Georgia, whose chairman, Gov. Ellis Arnall, made an eloquent seconding speech for Wallace. Another surprise came when the pro-Roosevelt delegation from Texas, which included such conservative stalwarts as Sen. Tom Connally and Speaker Sam Rayburn, cast its twenty-four votes for Wallace. And even more astonishing was that the Vice President received three votes from the anti-Roosevelt Texas delegation!

BUT when Wallace failed to make it on the first ballot, the conclusion was foregone. A few feet from where I was sitting I saw Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania, the Wallace floor leader, Secretary of Interior Ickes, also a Wallace supporter, President Phil Murray of the CIO, and a number of others gather for an informal caucus. They were solemn-faced: they knew that the fight had been lost. The fact is that Wallace had practically no political organization—at least, nothing to compare with the streamlined machines working for Truman. The CIO did much of the hard spadework at the convention and undoubtedly helped swell the Wallace vote, but it could not make up for the lack of advance organization on the part of the Wallace forces. On the opening day of the convention I dropped in at the modest Wallace headquarters at the Hotel Sherman, which were also the headquarters of the Iowa delegation. On the walls were pasted handbills with the words: "If I Were a Delegate to the Convention I Would Vote for Henry A. Wallace—Franklin Roosevelt," and there was a large photo on the wall of Roosevelt and Wallace together. But there was no other evidence of a campaign, not a button or a ribbon. Men and women were standing around talking in low tones. They looked like friendly farm or small-town folks passing the time of day. There was a studious-looking young man with a copy of the *Nation* in his pocket. And there were two Negro members of the Iowa delegation together with another Negro, a visitor from Des Moines. But completely absent was anything suggesting the professional touch.

Yet, making all allowances for the organizational weaknesses of the Wallace campaign and for the manipulations of the professional politicians, I think there is a deeper reason for the choice of Senator Truman: he was the only candidate on whom both the conservative pro-Roosevelt elements and the most advanced labor groups could agree. His candidacy represents therefore a larger



Byrds of a Feather



An Apple a Day **WON'T** Keep the Doctor Away

unity both within the Democratic Party and within the country than Wallace, for all his magnificent qualities, could command.

OF HENRY A. WALLACE it can be said that he was bigger in defeat in 1944 than in victory in 1940. I think he is likely to stay big. For like Roosevelt, he has felt the pulse of history and shaped his thinking to its rhythm. And today he is no longer merely a man raised to eminence by his chief. He has won stature in his own right and a large popular following. And he has aroused among that following an evangelistic fervor such as few other men have evoked: one thinks of William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, the elder La Follette, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. I covered a midnight meeting of some four-hundred delegates and visitors from western states that was called in behalf of Mr. Wallace. The meeting was chaired by Helen Gahagan Douglas, the former actress who is a Democratic candidate for Congress from California. Mrs. Douglas, let it be stated, wisely resisted efforts to make of her a Democratic Clare Boothe Luce. Hers is a beauty less glittering but more warm than that of the Republican lady. Her tongue was employed for something other than stabbing American soldiers already dead. Mrs. Douglas was among those who spoke up for Henry Wallace. I saw the spirit of the people at that meeting. America needs that spirit. And America needs the services of Henry Wallace.

Mr. Wallace has his weaknesses. I don't think it is a compliment to call him a good man, but a poor politician. The word "politician" has become badly tarnished and in the public mind is associated with duplicity and corruption. But it is possible to be a different kind of politician. Jefferson was a good man, so were Jackson and Lincoln, and so is Franklin D. Roosevelt. But all were also good politicians. Mr. Wallace has shown a capacity for learning and growth. The art of politics is one field where he needs to do some homework.

ONE of the striking new developments at this convention was the part played by labor. It has been traditional in both major parties for each to have an AFL leader as its labor front. That has in the past been the extent of organized labor's participation in their councils. This is still the case in the Republican Party, where the ex-America Firster, William Hutcheson, czar of the Carpenters Union, does the fronting for reaction. It is significant as indicating the character of the dominant forces in the Democratic Party that the man who has for years been acting as its labor front is the one member of the AFL Executive Council who has actively supported the Roosevelt policies, has fought for labor unity and has recently raised the question of cooperation with the Soviet trade unions—Daniel J. Tobin, head of the Teamsters Union. But something new has been added. Never has there been a major party convention

with so many labor delegates as this one: 125 delegates and alternates who were members of the CIO, and about fifty AFL men. The CIO delegates included such leading figures as President Murray; R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers; Richard Frankenstein, vice president of the UAW, who was chairman of the Michigan delegation; George Addes, secretary-treasurer of the UAW; Sheldon Tappes, Negro secretary of Ford Local 600, UAW; John A. Phillips, president of the Pennsylvania Industrial Union Council; Jack Kroll, president of the Ohio Industrial Union Council, and others. And the CIO delegates worked together, played an independent role, threw their weight around.

The Negro delegates too, probably for the first time at a Democratic convention, emerged as an independent factor. Their activity was limited because of their small numbers (eighteen delegates and alternates) and because of the continued influence of the poll tax South, but they nevertheless made themselves heard. On the eve of the convention there was held under the leadership of Rep. William L. Dawson of Illinois, sole Negro member of Congress, a meeting of the Negro delegates together with about two hundred Negro leaders from seventeen states. This meeting gave its unqualified endorsement to President Roosevelt and Vice President Wallace.

Now that the Democratic convention is over the real work begins. When I ask myself: is it possible that in the midst of this greatest war in history, with so much at stake for ourselves and all mankind, the American people will turn Roosevelt out and place a Dewey at the helm, my emotions say: impossible. But when I taste the hard facts with my mind—such facts as that the states with the largest electoral vote, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California, Michigan, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, are all controlled by the Republicans—I am not so sure. The emotionally "impossible" can become the politically possible. Unless we the people wrest the pattern of the future from reaction's hands. And I think of my friends of the railroad train: Lieutenant Pilot, Lieutenant Navigator, Lieutenant Bombardier, these heroes who are fighting for our freedom—what will we say to them next November? *We must keep them flying. And we must keep their banner flying—Roosevelt.*

ROGGE: FASCISTS' NEMESIS

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

PROSECUTOR O. JOHN ROGGE has estimated the Nazi plot trial would last into December. It has been in progress since early in April. When you consider that the efforts of certain of the twenty-two defense lawyers—twenty since James J. Laughlin was removed from the case by Chief Justice Edward C. Eicher, and Henry Klein walked out, defying the court—have resembled nothing so much as Christian Front hoodlum tactics, you begin to get an idea of what a large amount of calm pervades the big frame of Mr. Rogge. Yet it is not calm alone which accounts for his imperturbability in the face of constant onslaught and abuse in the courtroom. It is more a grim determination to see that the jury gets the case.

A visitor to the courtroom who had not attended the trial for several weeks noticed that the defense attorneys often let Rogge get through a sentence without being interrupted. Were they slipping? It developed that they had merely altered their strategy. They had given up hope of delaying the trial. They had concluded that the government was going to put on its case come hell or high water. So they settled down to the bold strategy of defense through a sort of repeat performance. At one point Attorney Maximilian St. George, counsel for the anti-Semite Joe McWilliams, declaimed: "The President campaigned four years ago on the promise, 'Your boys will not be sent to foreign battlefields,' but when these defendants point it out—"

Rogge, who by no stretch of the imagination could be said to have a poker face, revealed an angry flush but spoke quietly when he arose and objected. However, Eicher was addressing himself to St. George. "Excepting in the event of aggression," the judge was saying. Immediately defendants and lawyers joined in shouting "No! No!" There was an obscene grin on the mug of Lawrence Dennis. "Except in event of attack' was the statement made," Justice Eicher continued. But the defense lawyer went on haranguing: "All this is a useless expenditure of money—"

Others declared that in this country "anti-Semitism and anti-Communism and anti-administration" expressions were permissible as "free speech." The vindictive old Ira Chase Koehne (it

was he who shrieked "Kike" at a man in uniform one day in court when the judge happened to be off the bench), munching over the dazzling legalisms he had evolved, slowly rasped: "Does this bill of particulars charge a crime? No! All it charges is the attempt to overthrow democracy, and this isn't such a government. This is the government of a republic. There is a substantial difference." Maybe it was against the law to cry "Fire!" in a crowded theater, free speech or no, as Mr. Rogge had claimed; but not if the theater was full of deaf and dumb people, he said triumphantly. Apparently Koehne thinks a democracy—sorry, a republic—is inhabited by the dumb.

Except for Rogge and the defendants—and the judge, despite Laughlin's efforts—few persons have lasted out the trial to date. Even the deputies shift. Although there is usually an indignant female delegation present to extend sympathy to Elizabeth Dilling, the Clare Luce of another era, the personnel changes. At times one set of lawyers' wives are there, casting sidelong glances at McWilliams, at times another. No reporter has lasted out the trial except Art Shields of the *Daily Worker*. On certain days the press tables are so empty, or so devoid of familiar faces, that Mrs. Dilling, who cultivates the press, resorts to ogling and smiling at Shields, to his apparent consternation.

"How can you stand it, day in and day out?" I asked Rogge. Rogge was walking from the courthouse to the

Department of Justice building. He was walking with his usual stride and his interrogator was heaving along at a fast trot to keep up with him. Not that he walks hurriedly. He saunters—with some of the longest legs extant outside of the carnival tents of the Strong Man or Weight Lifter.

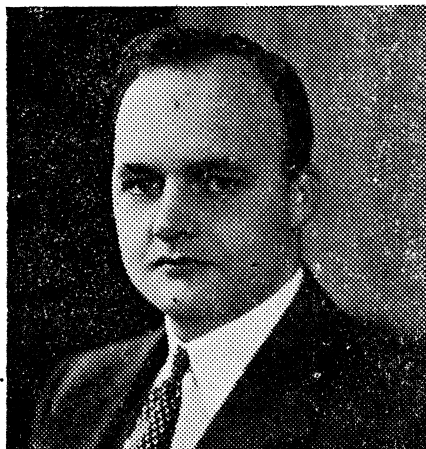
"I don't know," Rogge ruminated in reply, absently increasing his stride. "I guess it's just that they've got me in a fox-hole, and it's like any other fox-hole, except it's air-cooled and more pleasant. But it's for the duration, I mean. For as long as it is necessary."

Mr. Rogge's questioner recalled that the newspaper fraternity around the old Federal Building in Chicago used to think Mr. Rogge (when he was on the Dawes bank litigation in 1934—the bank to which Herbert Hoover lent ninety million dollars) an excellent beer-drinking companion. But Mr. Rogge did not attribute his stamina as a prosecutor of Nazis and accused conspirators to beer-drinking. I was determined to be helpful. "Well, it's a good thing you're big and healthy and tough-skinned."

"Look at the judge," said Rogge. "He's an innately kind person—it really was cruel to wish this case on him. I think he's standing up well under the strain, though. I know that people have criticized the judge for being too patient, but I think he has handled this case as it should be handled. I agreed they should have a completely fair trial—but that didn't include letting them obstruct justice—" He began to slow his pace and fish in his pockets. "As prosecutor, of course, I'm just trying a lawsuit. But we can't get around the implications of this trial—the educational effect it may have on the public—may have or may not have—if only the press doesn't forget about it. Or bury it." He stopped at a newsstand. "Let's see if we made page one today. No," he said, buying a *Washington Star*.

Now reporters are usually allergic to anyone who admits he wants publicity. Yet I found myself looking over the papers as avidly as Rogge, for the same reason, I think. "Here, the *Times-Herald* has it on page one," I said. "Oh, all right, I'll buy the *Times-Herald* for a change," he muttered.

There is no question that Rogge



O. John Rogge

scans the papers not from any desire for personal glory but out of a real and haunting concern over the apathy of the press in general. It was Washington's defeatist paper, part of the Patterson-McCormick axis, which carried the story on page one that day. The Chicago *Tribune* likewise has not neglected it. Surprisingly, the New York *Daily News* played the trial "straight," but the *Tribune* prior to the taking of evidence ran long stories by Arthur Sears Henning, expert in what the Colonel wants. The Washington papers are better than most in giving the story space, but in general the defense attorneys' attacks on the New Deal and their various well-staged moves for delays have had more attention than the evidence presented by the government.

I remembered the incredible remark I had heard from a newspaperman a few days earlier. "The government is letting the *Tribune* get the best of 'em," he said. "Look at the amount of page one space Henning rates." I told this to Rogge, twitting him because he didn't meet with the *Tribune's* approval. The reporter claimed Rogge wasn't "smart" in press relations.

Rogge groaned. "All I'd have to do is go into court and ask for a directed verdict declaring them not guilty and the *Tribune* would approve," he said. "I've done everything I could except hire a public relations expert. And can't you hear the *Tribune* holler if I did that?"

I remembered that my newspaper friend had expressed admiration for Rogge's predecessor, William Powers Maloney. And reliable Department of Justice people had intimated, despite the editorial hullabaloo raised when Maloney was taken off the sedition case and "kicked upstairs" by Attorney-General Francis Biddle, that Maloney tended to be a "newspaper prosecutor."

ROGGE refused to tell me the full story of how he was appointed as a special assistant to the Attorney-General on this case. I suspect that he did not want to go into it too fully for fear of reflecting on his predecessor. After a few tight-lipped minutes, though—it was the one question Rogge refused to answer—he did tell me enough to scotch the preposterous claim made the previous day by St. George. When Rogge was asked to take the case, St. George claimed, "with tears in his eyes he begged them to give him some evidence—."

He wasn't working for the DJ in

those days, it so happens. He had been serving as a special counsel in the Associated Gas and Electric Co. case in New York. This was some years after his sensational work in bringing to justice the remnants of the Huey Long gang in Louisiana. He was growing restive, wanting to be in something more closely identified with the war effort. A phone call came from Biddle one night in February 1943. He said to his wife he had a hunch that he was going to be asked to handle the sedition case. He didn't hesitate a minute. "It was the answer to my wanting to get closer to the firing line," he said.

"What do you mean, Mr. Rogge?" I persisted. He shot a quizzical glance at me. I think for a minute he wondered if this was an impostor, saying she worked for *NEW MASSES* and asking such a question. For Mr. Rogge is no innocent—he is very much aware that the readers of *NEW MASSES* know the score when it comes to racism, the core of Nazi propaganda. He is aware that race hatred has been wiped out in the Soviet Union, with the result of strengthening her unity. But I wanted to hear his own explanation.

"I can't help but feel," he said simply, "that one of the reasons we're fighting this war is not only to destroy the Axis powers but to do away with the effects of this organized propaganda setting people against each other on terms of race. It seems to me that if only the American people can see the origin of it, see the aim of it—to destroy our democracy, to set up Nazism here—that they will learn something. I think then they will pause before they slur the Negro or the Jew or the Catholic. But if I say these things then the defendants will say that shows that I'm a Communist. Of course, the fact I once investigated the Communists is forgotten—"

"Oh, no, Mr. Rogge—not by everyone," I assured him.

He smiled. Anyone who has followed the case and knows the theme of Mr. Rogge's opening argument—that the fascists were trying to raise the scare of Communism as a smoke screen in order to promote their own fascist revolution—is aware that Rogge considers the fascists as the real danger, not the Communists.

I DON'T pretend to have any pipe line to Mr. Biddle, but I have been informed that some of the lesser fry in the Department of Justice got the idea once that Rogge was spending a long time preparing his case against the

Nazi conspirators. They began to wonder if it ever would go to trial. What he was doing all that time is now apparent. He was building up an impregnable case. There is but one element which he inserted in the record which was not in it before—and it is the element which makes the government's case unshakable both politically and legally, as it happens. This is the international element: it is a "world-wide Nazi conspiracy," not just a movement confined to the United States. "The sole interest of the defendants was to further the Nazi cause," said Rogge in his opening statement. "When they talked about local problems they did so in line with the Nazi propaganda technique for softening up and disintegrating the existing social structure and in order to help the Nazi cause. . . . In our country every citizen . . . has the right to criticize the President or the Congress and to ask that they do things in a different way. . . . But there is a big difference between such a person and the defendants, who were cooperating with people publicly known to be avowed Nazis or fascists in Germany, in England, in the Union of South Africa, and in Canada. . . . The evidence will show that the defendants were all part of the same movement with Hitler, Goebbels, Beamish, Arcand, Oswald Mosley and many others." He identifies each of these fascist leaders thoroughly. Arcand was Adrien Arcand, who headed a fascist organization in Canada. Henry Beamish was a leader of the same English fascist organization headed by Mosley, but in about 1936 Beamish went to the Union of South Africa, "where he carried on a Nazi program."

"We anticipated the Hartzel decision of the Supreme Court," Rogge said. "We studied that case and decided its weakness was that it did not link Hartzel with any foreign organization. You won't find anyone saying directly, 'I intend to cause these soldiers to be disloyal,' but when we find the defendants distributing a postcard to soldiers, 'Dear Pal, Hope you're in the best of health, I saw a woman acting up in a car with a Jew and she looked just like your wife,' and when we have three defendants telling Gen. George Van Horn Moseley about the strong representation they have in the Army, and their cells in veterans' groups—and we have the additional fact these people are dealing with a worldwide organization which was plotting Nazi revolutions elsewhere—it tells the story."



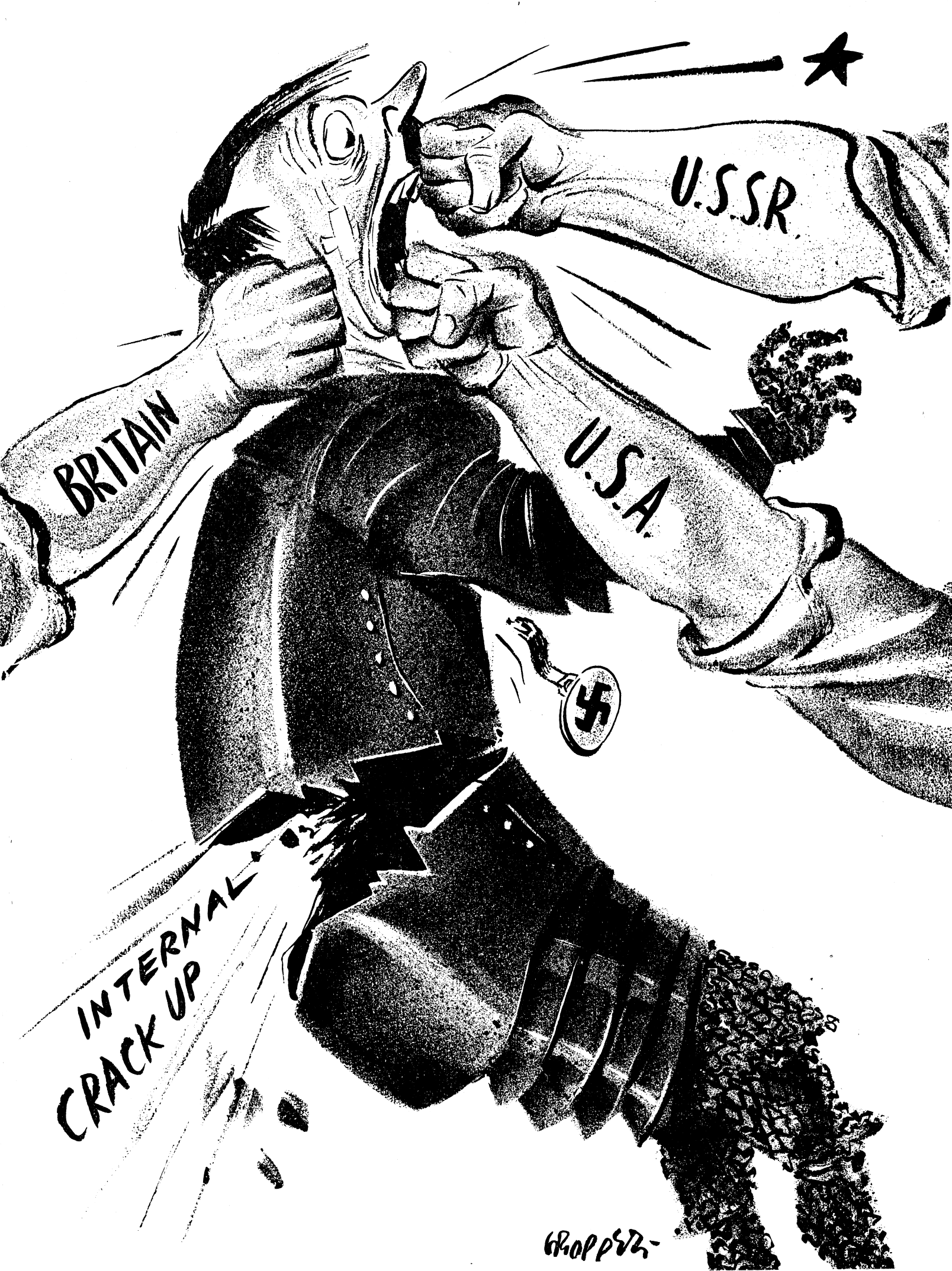
BRITAIN

U.S.S.R.

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INTERNAL
CRACK UP

Groppski



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He alluded to the Supreme Court decision to set aside the conviction of Elmer Hartzel, of Chicago, on the grounds that insufficient evidence had been presented for a jury to find him guilty of attempting to subvert members of the armed forces. Justice Eicher overruled defense motions to withdraw a juror and declare a mistrial or direct a not-guilty verdict because of the Supreme Court decision.

ROGGE not only looks like a sunburned farmer dressed up in his Sunday clothes, but he retains the nasal "country" twang of speech found in southern Illinois, where he was born and brought up on a farm near Springfield. His only diversion during the trial, and it amounts to a passion, is to work in his victory garden. He grows lyrical about his eggplant, and becomes technical, and a little tedious, on just how to grow tomatoes. "I mulch mine," he begins, seizing pencil and paper to draw little hills representing soil, his large wide-apart hazel eyes taking on a dreamy quality behind their glasses.

Growing up in southern Illinois, the son of Lutheran parents who were, he recalls, anti-Catholic, Rogge was subjected to a good many racial and religious prejudices. "There were almost no Jews around where we lived," he said, "but occasionally one would come through, and I remember hearing boys taunt him, and I took it for granted, just as I did my parents' remarks against Catholics. I've tried to think back and see just when I did free myself of those prejudices. They probably weren't very deep. In Harvard Law School, I roomed with a Catholic, and later, in the Dawes bank litigation, I worked closely with Harold Rosenwald, a Jew. But I cannot say that I remember when my prejudices fell away. I was greatly influenced toward tolerance by Prof. Zachariah Chafee Jr.'s 'Freedom of Speech' in law school. It gave richness and meaning to the freedom clauses in the Constitution."

This is the same Constitution a copy of which defendant Edward James Smythe carries with him daily in the courtroom, and which the defendants construe to mean *carte blanche* given them by the founding fathers to spread Hitler propaganda. As Atty. E. Hilton Jackson put it, it wasn't exactly anti-Semitism the defendants were spreading, but anti-Communism, and the government's trial of them "constitutes an assault on the undying language of the First Amendment."

Neither can Rogge remember the exact time he became interested in the growth of fascist groups spreading race hatred, but for years he has found it an absorbing study. But more than that, he wants to do something about it. While much educational work can be done, he believes that only in establishing an economic base for the world which incorporates the much-berated pint of milk a day for every Hottentot, can racism be done away with. "For racism is organized, it is fomented. It is inspired by the Hitlers who are keeping in power certain small cliques among the powerful and wealthy. Sure, we see the propaganda these defendants spread appealing to the little, bitter, twisted souls. It is the voice of destruction appealing to everyone who is maladjusted in some way—the brutal, those who are failures, the spiritually warped. We don't see, because they're well protected from view, the powerful figures, who are also at outs with society, even with their own class—who have become frightened and think they cannot keep their wealth or power unless they put these fascists into the saddle."

Rogge was asked if the trial will disclose the identity of some of the powerful men in the United States who if the Nazi plot had succeeded would have played the role of the Thyssens and the Schachts, the Krupps and the Stinnes of Germany, who conspired with Hitler to overthrow the Weimar Republic and foist Nazism on the German people. He was silent a moment. He doesn't smoke, but he reached for a chocolate and munched it slowly. "They will be brought into the testimony," he said then. "Not because I want to smear anybody, but because certain names are part of the documentary evidence which I have no choice but to present."

This is all he would say on the subject. Reporters on the trial, however, are predicting that a letter alluded to by Rogge in argument on the Hartzel decision will contain the names of three important principals not indicted for plotting with the Nazis. The letter was written to Gen. George Van Horn Moseley, at one time second in command in the US Army, who was the chosen potential fuehrer for the United States so far as defendants Deatherage, McWilliams, Pelley, True, and Edmondson were concerned. In so many words it declared everything hunky-dory "if I can only get four outstanding men," including Moseley, to "convince the Army personnel of the integrity of our campaign." Three others

are named in the letter—that much is known. And those who have followed the trial closely predict they will include Henry Ford and Charles Augustus Lindbergh, and a well-known Senator. Once named, the chances are they will be subpoenaed as witnesses by the defense.

Asked directly if there was any effort to protect Charles Coughlin, the pro-fascist priest, Rogge gave assurances that every trace of evidence was followed, but that "while it was evident that these defendants made use of his material in furthering the conspiracy, there was no proof of his receiving any money or of any direct connections with the Nazis other than the printing of Nazi propaganda in *Social Justice*."

ALTHOUGH Rogge's favorite eating place for supper is a little cafeteria on C street for government employes where Negroes and whites mix unaffectedly—"It gives me a good feeling to go there, I become more hopeful about America's beating this accursed race hatred"—he eats luncheon when the trial is on at another cafeteria. Here, too, come newspaper people, defendants, and defense lawyers. A visiting foreign journalist expressed shock and surprise at seeing such casual intermingling of accused and accusers.

While some distinction must be made between defendants and defense counsel, the extent to which even the lawyers appointed by the court have been infected by the defendants is seen in Rogge's singling out one for praise. P. Bateman Ennis, he said, "is one court-appointed lawyer who is standing up and keeping his integrity." Ennis, appointed to represent Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, former national leader of the German-American Bund, recently told the court he could see no point in urging the same defense objections to the same type of government evidence over and over again interminably.

Even Rogge was at a loss to explain what had happened, for instance, to J. Austin Latimer, appointed as counsel to George E. Deatherage and James True, and a respected member of the Washington bar. Deatherage rated as a "pauper," but apparently was a pauper with postage money. A slick-paper pamphlet signed by Deatherage, his "defense," entitled *Jews vs. Gentiles*, was mailed out in quantity from St. Albans, W. Va., during the early days of the trial. Not, of course, that Latimer is in the same class with the worst of the lawyers,

(Continued on page 31).

HOW HEALTHY ARE AMERICANS?

By **POLITICUS**

Washington.

FOR sheer horror the Pepper War-time Health hearings held in Pascagoula, Miss., last December, printed copies of which are now obtainable, may surpass your favorite mystery story. So far no solution has been found for the almost intolerable inadequacies of medical care, housing, child care, recreation, etc., for war workers in countless communities for which Pascagoula acted as guinea pig. But the sequel in the series of hearings held by the Senate Education and Health Subcommittee, headed by Sen. Claude Pepper (D., Fla.), offers us a clue. The Army and Navy are taking care of problems never seriously tackled on a national scale in civilian life, and give us a glimpse of what can be done for the Pascagoulas in the postwar world with a proper national health program. Forced by a mounting number of rejections and a scarcity of manpower, the Army has found solutions for illiteracy, bad teeth, and syphilis.

In addition, with an inadequate staff of psychiatrists (there just aren't many anywhere) the Army is showing the way in prevention and early treatment of psycho-neurotic ailments on a mass scale. Col. Leonard G. Rowntree, chief of the Selective Service medical division, estimates that "somewhere in the neighborhood of one and one-half million to two million men have been rehabilitated by the armed forces" and that while this does not meet the national need for rehabilitation, it indicates what is possible.

GI Joe is getting his teeth fixed and being given the most remarkable medical care ever provided in the country, and the Army is concerning itself with what he will need when he goes out as a civilian. Senator Pepper made it clear that the veterans are only a part of the people who must have clinics, hospital care, and psychiatric guidance. The nation as a whole needs these services in both town and country.

The Pascagoula hearings show the shape and the depth of the problems we have to solve. Here Chairman Pepper questioned shipyard workers, management spokesmen, and public authorities: among others Clara Herrin and Katherine Guice, Jackson County welfare agents. The questions and their answers tell the story:

SENATOR PEPPER: What would you

say is the average number of hours worked by children employed in the community?

MISS GUICE: I wouldn't know, but they're too long. I know one girl fifteen years old who goes to work at 6:30 AM. We also feel that we need a mental hygiene program here. . . .

Q. What would you suggest, specifically? **A.** A child guidance center, or some beginning of general mental hygiene instruction in the schools—something to help these children. Some of them are really sick emotionally from the strain they have been put under due to moving, parents who are discontented and who work long hours, and are irritable. . . . We have children who could be helped if we could get them to a psychologist who would know how to solve their problems.

THE CHAIRMAN: Have you other recommendations or suggestions, Miss Herrin?

MISS HERRIN: I think we are stressing recreation for children, and we're leaving out the adults. I haven't heard anyone say anything about adults. Don't you think a lot of this is caused by unhappiness in the homes? I go into the homes. . . . One woman said she went to work because she got tired of four walls. I don't think there's really so much complaint about the food and heating and everything. I think when they come from work they don't have anything to do except look at the four walls. . . . I think if these people had their homes here we wouldn't have to consider recreation for the adults. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN: Then you believe it would be to the advantage of the community to provide some means of wholesome recreation for these people.

A. Yes; I think so.

Q. Were you born in Mississippi?

A. Yes, sir; I've always lived here.

Q. A lot of folks would say, if you

suggest something like that, that you were a Socialist or a Communist. Do you consider yourself a dangerous person? **A.** No; I don't.

Q. You are simply thinking about wholesome community life and those things pertaining to it? **A.** Yes, sir.

At another point Miss Guice recommended that "we have more adequate police protection, and we need a better place to detain children. . . . Fortunately, the community is now more willing than formerly to leave them at home until they can come into court. . . ."

SOME of the testimony by military authorities in the recent hearings before the Pepper subcommittee would have made Miss Guice and Miss Herrin feel less lonely in advocating such things. In testimony concerning the government's responsibilities for health facilities, the following dialogues took place:

SENATOR PEPPER: Do you see any relationship between good health for the American people and full employment and economic security for the nation?

A. . . . Yes . . . more than fifty percent of the beds of the nation have been devoted to nervous and mental diseases . . . (there is) nothing in life so disrupting to the nervous and mental system as insecurity or bad health. . . . Full employment is the best medication and the best prevention that the nation can have for its people.

A postwar program of extensive clinics was recommended by Admiral Ross T. McIntire, surgeon general of the Navy and personal physician to President Roosevelt. He also agreed that some hospital and medical equipment belonging to the Navy would be left over after demobilization even after the Veterans' Administration had obtained all it could use. It was his testimony Senator Pepper alluded to in questioning Col. W. C. Menninger, director of the division of neuro-psychiatry of the Army Medical Corps, a man widely known to both professionals and laymen in his field.

THE CHAIRMAN: Yesterday Admiral McIntire spoke of the establishment of clinics even in rural areas, so that the institutions would be closest to the people. Should there be available for public consultation or for the consulta-



Findings of the Pepper Hearings

1. Six million out of our twenty-two million men between eighteen and thirty-seven years can't be used.

2. Of the 4,200,000 disqualified, one million were for things "from the neck up."

3. Army dentists treated fourteen million cases, with thirty-one million fillings, a million and a half bridges and dentures.

4. Mental disease and insanity recoveries in the Navy are "unbelievably high" (and the problem as a whole is not nearly as serious as it is in civilian life even for the age group involved). Of those who end in mental hospitals, eighty-five percent have recovered, most of them in six months.

5. Colonel Menninger of the Army believes "the state of organization, or disorganization, of attempts to help the veterans in communities is still extremely spotty." "Say I discharge a man in Camp Shelby. He lives in Kalamazoo. What can I tell him to go to there in Kalamazoo to obtain help? I don't know where to tell him to go."

6. Of the present 4-F pool of 4,200,000 men, a conservative estimate of those rejected for remediable defects is 700,000—or one out of every six.

7. The Army claims to have taken 1,500,000 men who would have been rejected by the higher standards of peacetime. Added to the 700,000, this makes a remediable pool of 2,200,000, of which 1,000,000 were dental cases, and 300,000 illiterates. This means one out of every six examined had a remediable medical, dental, or educational defect.

8. More than a third of the rejections are for neuro-psychiatric reasons. This is in addition to psychosomatic diseases, which are "appearing in increasing frequency in the Negro," although he was relatively immune before the war, "as well as in the white." Mental disease incidence is much less in Negroes than in whites.

9. More than 725,000 cases of syphilis were revealed in 15,000,000 examinations, according to Dr. Thomas Parran, surgeon general, US Health Service. When the pool of venereal diseases approached 400,000, the Army began to induct the men and treat them as rapidly as it could. There still are 283,000 in the 4-F pool.

10. In the first 2,000,000 examined, 188,000 were rejected for bad teeth. Then the Army began inducting these men and treating their teeth. Otherwise a million would have been so rejected.

11. "Only after the hernia 'pool' reached more than 200,000 were they found acceptable. . . . Even after the correction of thousands upon thousands of hernias, and their acceptance in the last two years, there remain 229,000 in the pool."

12. In the first million rejectees, 100,000 were illiterates. These are now being inducted and educated. But the number continues to mount, now being in the neighborhood of one-quarter of a million—without other disqualifying defects.

13. Because of the large number of rejectees (and the Tydings law deferring agricultural workers), premedics are being drafted. War Manpower Commissioner Paul McNutt termed it "a decision that can be very harmful." He went on: "When you have no premedics very soon you will have no medics and we can rapidly reach the point when the problem will be very serious."

14. "Even if he is discharged it does not mean he is unfit for civilian life," said Commander Francis J. Braceland of the Navy's division of neuropsychiatry, speaking of the victim of mental troubles. He urged employers not to refuse these men their old jobs.

tion by the people a psychiatrist who can make a mental and nervous diagnosis as well as take an X-ray and make other diagnoses of the patient? A. Undoubtedly that is so. . . . I am sure certain things ought to happen. First, we should have public education covering the field of mental health, because there is no field in which there are more misconceptions, more bugaboos, more mysticisms than there are in the field of mental health; everybody's fear of mental ill health in himself, the curious attitude that prevails against a man who has had a mental breakdown—as if the other person felt that he was impervious to such difficulties, not knowing that he probably has just as many eccentricities as the man who had sense enough to get help about it.

SENATOR PEPPER: . . . Now, do these psychiatric problems that present themselves later show up in the youth of the person? A. Yes, sir. We feel that the earlier they have started the more malignant they may become. (Alluding to child guidance clinics now established as "very great progressive steps," he said parents send children to the clinics when they're concerned about thumbsucking, truancy, or temper tantrums or disobedience.) Ninety percent of the time the trouble is with the parents, but the fact remains that they must have the facilities to obtain such help. Facilities in existence are far from adequate, touching, I think, a small segment of our total population.

Colonel Menninger reported that there were about 150,000 physicians in the country, and about 3,000 psychiatrists, "the scarcest category" in both military and civilian life. Menninger believes that the average doctor should have more psychiatric training. "It is he who is going to have to practice most of the psychiatry involved in minor difficulties. We know that fifty percent of all patients who go to all doctors go because of difficulties that have their origin in emotional problems. . . . Many, many times the root of the difficulty is some small maladjustment in the home situation, business situation, friends, Army, wherever a man is, and his body, after all, is a set of mirrors that reflect him. So I think the great burden of psychiatry is going to be carried always by the man that sees the average patient."

Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, at the outset pointed to "the very large group of registrants who have been rejected because of mental diseases and mental de-

ficiencies." Mental disease and mental deficiency accounted for about three in every ten rejections up to January. There is also a "very high rate of discharges because of mental diseases," as General Hershey points out. The 250,000 rejected for lack of education or mental capacity could probably be made acceptable, Hershey said, if we had time and facilities. Rowntree adds that "Illiteracy exists throughout the nation," and that "in the vast majority of instances, it is correctable, preventable, and in nearly all cases, inexcusable. In the southeastern states, illiteracy is found in company with mental deficiency and venereal disease. This combination calls for a program of vigorous rehabilitation and, above all, a program of prevention in the future."

June 1, 1944, figures show rejections for mental disease were 701,700, or 16.6 percent of the 4,100,000 men in 4-F (out of some thirteen to seventeen million examined—figures differ). According to Menninger there was nothing "alarming" in the neurotic or neuropsychiatric conditions existing in the civilian population, and it was "erroneous to assume that mental illness has shown any great increase." He reminded the committee that the Army is "a tough assignment." In the Army, if a man has a headache or a series of back pains which, it develops, are "definitely related to his emotional attitude," he can't take the afternoon off and go fishing, so if he isn't on duty, he goes to the hospital. "In civilian life the same man would never even go to a doctor, so that in the Army we get the illusion of a great increase in this problem. That it exists in civilian life I haven't any doubt, and I think perhaps it is like the invisible taxes. It costs us very greatly and I think it has a tremendous sociological significance, but I don't believe that it is any reason to be alarmed about the state of the mental health of the nation."

TO PREVENT breakdowns the Army set up a consultation service in each of our forty basic training camps, and psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers are provided to help the initial stages of adjustment, which are usually the most difficult. A psychiatrist has been attached to the surgeon's staff in every combat division. Where there are hospitals, out-patient clinic facilities are contributing greatly to the prevention of breakdowns. The Morale Service, which is not psychiatric, provides another important means of pre-



Pen and Ink drawing by Edith Glaser

venting breakdowns. Colonel Menninger reminded the committee that for the man who does not "know what it is all about," who does not understand the war, "the chances of (his) breaking down are much greater than if the war is extremely important" to the man. Thus the orientation of a man in the reasons for his fighting is of supreme importance medically, "because we find that every time the morale is low, where the orientation of the man to his job is inadequate, we have a high neuro-psychiatric casualty rating."

The Army's point of view is that "every man is salvageable until we have proved otherwise." Colonel Menninger urged civilian education to eliminate the stigma against a man discharged for psycho-neurotic causes. Psycho-neurotic illnesses are, as Colonel Menninger de-

scribes them, "a type of personality adjustment in which the individual develops his symptoms entirely unconsciously to gain needs that he otherwise can't gain. Now, that may mean just more attention. It may be more affection. It may be to escape a problem that seems insoluble to him. It may be the sick baby. It may be the mortgage. It may be the Army, but the fact remains that all of us can respond with those sorts of symptoms." At the same time, he said, if a man is broken down because of a neurotic psychiatric difficulty "it is just as real as if he had a bullet going through his leg, and I think he deserves that consideration which a man with the bullet would obtain."

These men need pensions, but they need treatment even more, Colonel Menninger declares.

PARTISANS ARE YOUNG AND OLD

By VLADIMIR NAZOR

The story below was first published in the Yugoslav paper "Zena Danas" (The Woman of Today) circulated in the liberated territory held by Marshal Tito. Its author, Vladimir Nazor, is among the most eminent of Croatian poets. Pavelich's quisling government offered him a high place in the administration of Croatia. He refused, and although he is seventy years old he joined the Partisans. He is now one of the leaders of Yugoslavia's National Liberation Committee.—The Editors.

I DON'T remember where it happened but it must have been in Bosnia, in the south, quite near the border. There was a burned out village. Our battalion was supposed to rest there for a few days and it was necessary to find shelter for the sick and old ones among us.

They found something for me—a cottage among stables and sheep fences and a little orchard and a haystack. It was an old cottage, grey on the outside and full of black soot inside. There were only two rooms. In the front room was the stove. In the rear room, where there had formerly been sheep, now there were women and children. The men had left the village. Some of them had joined the Chetniks, had gone over to the enemy. Others had taken the cattle to the mountains. But all of them had taken away whatever they thought usable. I was the only one to be billeted in the cottage, but five others went with me. There we stood freezing and looking at the stove. It was very cold.

"Come, light a fire," we said to the young woman who seemed to be the mother of a small boy at her side and of an infant being hugged by an old woman in a corner of the room. The young woman stared at us. We could see that she was not enthusiastic about the uninvited guests. "There's nothing with which to make a fire," she said. "Logs should be cut in the woods and brought in."

The old woman who had looked at us in silence, suddenly rose and came close. She was very old, half bald, with almost no teeth, and her clothes were mere rags. "Go on, Lazar, cut some logs," she told the boy, "you know where to find them." Then she set a few chairs

and stools around the stove and invited us: "Sit down. You're welcome."

A while later, a fire was burning in the stove. One of our boys said: "I'd love to have something hot to drink!"

The young woman—she was the daughter-in-law of the old one—hastened to answer: "We have no milk."

The old one jumped to her feet and cried: "We have. Take the cradle into the other room, Ruza, and you, Lazar, come with me."

Five minutes later, the milk was boiling. We opened our knapsacks to take out something to eat. The old woman jumped again to her feet and fetched some food. Then she joined in our conversation. "You poor Partisans," she said, "you have to march and ride through the forest at night, all wet and hungry and freezing. But wait, I'll find something for you even if it costs my life. After all, you are human beings, aren't you?"

She continued to speak in her deep voice. How much life was in that old bent body, tired from hard work! Suddenly she came over to me, sat down and looked at my face. "But you are old, my friend," she said softly.

"YES, mother, but I am still younger than you are."

"Maybe, but I don't roam with the Partisans as you do. And at your age . . . so weak . . . you'll perish, my dear."

"Oh, I'll stand it all right."

"You won't. Believe me. You are too old to get used to it. What have you for shoes and clothes? You must not just leave like that and go to the mountains. You are not young. Where do you come from?"

"From far away. From the sea."

"Oh, the sea. I don't know the sea. But the place where you came from is the place where you should have stayed, my friend, my old friend."

"I could not stay, Mother Spasenia, I had to go. My heart told me to go, I had to."

"So. Well, maybe you're right. But wait a minute." She again jumped to her feet and ran to a corner of the room where she removed a plank. From a hole underneath the plank she fetched a package. It contained coffee. The old woman began immediately to make coffee for me.

I remained in Mother Spasenia's cottage for the three days. She pushed everything out of the large room. I slept in one corner on a field cot, and she slept in another corner on a broad, bare bed, keeping the cradle with her grandson at her side.

She worked all the day long with the axe and with the spinning-wheel. She worked in the garden, she took care of the goats, she hugged the infant, she admonished Lazar to help the Partisans. She even induced her daughter-in-law to make the fire for us, to cook meals, to bring milk, to bake bread, and to mend our shirts.

It seemed as if the cottage (which had been left unharmed) had served as a Chetnik inn, but the old woman did not look at us as Partisans, enemies of the Chetniks, but as human beings. She had a sharp tongue, but her heart was filled with love. Once she said to me: "My old friend, if you should return to the big salt water pond which you call the sea, don't forget Mother Spasenia."

WE LEFT the village. We made our way under enemy fire. From time to time we had to retire; it was a hard time. We marched and rode without respite through the damp forests, we traversed wild streams. We ate horse meat, often uncooked.

One day I remained at our camp while the others went out reconnoitering. I rested near a fence for cows and sheep. Suddenly I heard someone ask me: "Hey, old friend, what about some milk?"

I turned around, very surprised. It was Mother Spasenia. She had her cow with her. I asked her how she happened to come to this place.

"After you left us, the others came. Then we saw what kind of people you were. We closed the cottage. My daughter-in-law went to her folks, and I'm going to join you. What an old fellow like you can do, I can do too. I heard that my grandson Sreten is with the Partisans. I thought I might find him."

During the next three days I saw her, always ready to milk her cow, to help everyone who needed something. I don't know if she managed to cross the wild river and pass the straits. I did not see her again.

A CHURCHMAN READS BROWDER

By WILLIAM H. MELISH

This is the first of a series by prominent Americans discussing the proposals contained in Earl Browder's book, "Teheran: Our Path in War and Peace." Mr. Melish is the associate pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, New York. He is a vice chairman of the American Labor Party in New York State and a contributor to such magazines as the "American Sociological Review," the "Witness," and the "Churchman."

NEW MASSES has asked me to write my reaction to Earl Browder's *Teheran: Our Path in War and Peace*. From the foreword, the size of the initial printing and various references throughout the text, I gather that this book is not one man's opinion but his statement of his movement's position, and that it is intended for wide public circulation. I have tried to approach it without prejudice. Not being a specialist in the spheres with which it deals, I can only give a personal opinion, simply, frankly—perhaps naively. Inasmuch as I am an active clergyman in a downtown parish in the heart of Brooklyn's nearly three million population, where we are trying to relate a ministry to urban social realities, it is possible that my reaction may have value.

Mr. Browder's thesis is that the series of conferences culminating at Teheran has opened up a new era in which there is the concrete prospect of healing the twentieth century schism between Russia and the West. The Munich period is ended, the Anti-Comintern is expiring, and a constructive relationship between the great powers of the coming period is in existence and already beginning to pay dividends. The issue before the American people is whether they are clear-sighted and wise enough to throw their full weight behind this grave commitment of their government or whether they will withdraw into their shell at the very threshold of the new world.

With this definition of the immediate issue I completely agree. Apart from the firm continuance and the logical development of the commitments made at Moscow and Teheran, I can see no possibility of peace ahead, no serious chance of any useful international organization emerging from the war, no likelihood

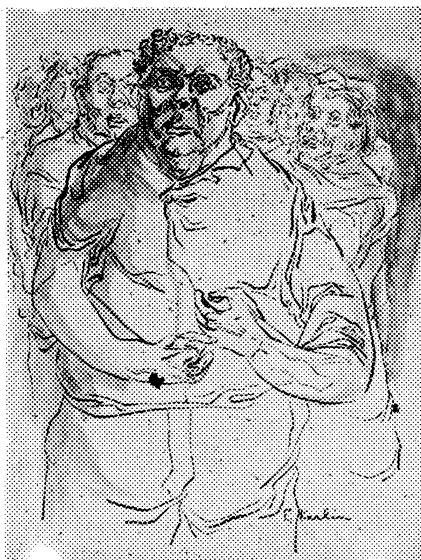
of the demobilization of the vast armies and navies now drawn up side by side, and the probability of a heart-breaking postponement of that essential process of industrial conversion to consumer goods production upon which the satisfaction of human needs—and human hopes—ultimately depends. Those individuals, whatever their motive or rationalization of motive, who are coniving to undermine or reduce to a minimum the kind of cooperation implicit in the Teheran agreement, are playing fast and loose with the one real hope of peace, mutual security, and economic well-being that we have. No words are too strong to brand the shortsightedness and the essential nihilism of their cynical and sinister work.

Furthermore, I frankly share Mr. Browder's feeling that the November elections are imposed upon us at a most unfortunate and inopportune moment. Another year would so confirm the advantages of Anglo-American-Soviet cooperation that it could never be made a partisan political issue. Things are now moving so rapidly that it is possible that by next November the progress of events will have brought this happy state of affairs to pass, but no one dares take that chance. Years of successful Red-baiting have done their work. From the speeches of Herbert Hoover and Clare Luce in Chicago, and the more recent local outbursts of Paul Windels, it is clear that the Republicans are still toying with the "Red Terror" as a campaign weapon. At this point they do

not dare to challenge the commitments entered into by the Roosevelt administration but they snipe away at them with deadly backhand shots that indicate only too well what would result were the signal given to remove the lid. Within the Democratic fold are parallel elements at work, seeking to embarrass the President and hamstring his program. They have eliminated Henry Wallace, the man who has been one of the most refreshing personalities on the recent American scene and the individual next to the President who most thoroughly understands the relationship between the national self-interest and international good-neighborliness. In the days ahead, as the election draws near, the American people will be face to face with decision. Nothing can be left unturned that will influence the right choice. We dare not let the tragic withdrawal of 1919 be repeated in 1944.

THIS premise colors the whole of Mr. Browder's book. If you accept it, the arguments that follow make sense. If you neglect it, or forget it, the remainder of the book seems pointless, even a reversal and a back-tracking. The Communists naturally wish to make their full contribution to this main decision from which all else stems. With singular clarity they see that if the American people support the present administration's commitment of the United States to a policy of permanent peaceful collaboration with the Soviet Union in concert with other powers, then immediately innumerable consequences may be expected to follow. Our foreign policy will become clearer and less hesitant, our relations with our neighbors to the south will be simplified, our attitude towards the seething colonial areas of the world will become constructive rather than retrenching and predatory, and our own war-deferred domestic problems will be greatly eased. Mr. Browder pleads that the American people accept the help of the Communists at this crucial hour, and take advantage of this opportunity for cooperation as a useful schooling in how to work with foreign Communists on the world stage. It is a reasonable request which only long-term prejudices and ignorances will brush aside.

I realize that there is an important



Eugene Karlin

bloc of public opinion which is now friendly towards Russian collaboration but apprehensive of cooperation with domestic Communists. In theory this is a distinction which seems to have merit, but in actual practice it is precisely the same fears in respect to domestic Communism that are hampering and undercutting cooperation abroad. The psychological jacket is all of one piece; it is rather useless to wear the back without the sleeves.

The truth of this was driven home to me a little over a year ago when I was shocked to discover that my appearance on various public platforms in behalf of closer relations with the Soviet Union, coupled with an interest in the Bridges' Defense Committee and my acceptance of an invitation to address the national convention of the National Maritime Union, had interested the Police Department of the City of New York to the extent that they opened a file on me. I wasn't so ignorant that I had never suspected the existence of such records but somehow it is hard to believe that what is true about some other fellow may be true about you. One of the organizers of this information system smilingly informed me that he personally considered our wartime association with the Soviet Union nothing more than a temporary accommodation to military necessity, that times would quickly change, that fellows like Harry Bridges and Joe Curran and Blackie Myers would get what was coming to them, and then it wouldn't hurt the Department to know just where certain other people stood.

That experience did much to convince me that you cannot easily separate domestic and foreign issues. It is impossible to draw a line on one side of which you marshal the so-called "legitimate" forces working for international understanding and cooperation and on the other side of which you list the individuals and trade unions whose policies are "dangerously" militant, because in most cases they are one and the same. Similarly, on the reactionary side, those who snipe most at international cooperation nine times out of ten are those who snipe at militancy of every kind on the home front. Thus, such seemingly dissimilar and unrelated matters as the Bridges' case, the Schappes' case, Proportional Representation in New York City, militant labor unions, the Political Action Committee, neighborhood councils, and so on, all involve a common denominator. More and more non-Communists are sensing this truth and want



"Family," by Helen West Heller

to come to terms with it. They are slow to act upon it, but one cannot altogether blame any personal hesitancy, if they fear, for example, that some Woltmann will let loose his lightnings to blast them and render their social usefulness nil in their own communities.

NEVERTHELESS, there are straws in the wind that indicate an improvement. The election of a Davis and a Cacchione to the New York City Council is heartening. My father and I happen to have advocated Proportional Representation in both Cincinnati and New York, and have helped introduce its use into various Church conventions with good results. The election of Communists to the City Council is constantly thrown in our teeth as a rebuke to the method. We cannot see it that way. To us it seems healthy that substantial blocs of our people should have representation of their viewpoint. Furthermore, we know that here in Brooklyn Mr. Cacchione was elected not as a Communist but as a coalition candidate, representing a far larger number of citizens than the Brooklyn membership of the old Communist Party. He won his following by virtue of intense personal industry, tireless footwork among community organizations, sound publicity, a solid win-the-war program, and a general competence in political dynamics. Compared with a John Rankin in the Senate whom the nation complacently accepts although he represents only a fraction of his real constituency, who survives by a crude appeal to a privileged minority and the disfranchisement of an underprivileged majority, who is uninformed on foreign affairs and on domestic issues is strictly ante-bellum, a Cacchione (whom the average American dismisses as a Communist) is a genuine product and instru-

ment of democracy at work. The emergence of a Vito Marcantonio, whom many would classify in much the same way, is actually the result of a similar combination of the times, the needs, the people, and the man. His contribution to the war effort has been of inestimable importance, holding out real hope to those sections of the populace who are kicked around and forgotten until a foreign war requires their manpower. If the new Communist Association's policy of non-partisan backing for such dynamic personalities can assist in getting more such men in public office, America will not be the loser.

IT is probable that many well-meaning citizens for some time to come will hesitate over this matter of Communist participation in local political movements, committees, neighborhood organizations, and the like. There is still a considerable hangover from the past when Communists were not easily identifiable and their infiltration methods had unpleasant consequences. I feel certain that many non-Communist readers of Mr. Browder's book will disbelieve his pledge that the Communists will work in all such united organizations on a basis of free discussion, democratic balloting, and majority rule. I know that many will raise their eyebrows at his assertion that Communists are not persons who conceal their identity. At this point, I agree; we should let bygones be bygones. I haven't read the thousands of pages of the Bridges' and Schappes' proceedings not to see and feel the background which led to some concealment of affiliations and some measure of infiltration tactics, even to legal perjury. It is certainly to be hoped that the new organization of the Communist Political Association, the publication of its officers, the placarding of its meeting places, the wider circulation of its literature, and the general disclosure of its membership will result in scotching these old apprehensions.

I am glad to testify that in my own experience in Brooklyn (which is fully corroborated by some of my most respected Clerical associates) the Communists have worked consistently with non-Communists on a sound democratic basis without any violation whatsoever of the accepted democratic canons. It is as a result of this experience that we have counseled the authorities of our own Church organization to take a cordial and generous attitude towards the participation especially of youth organizations with Communist members in the

over-all youth movement, wherever there are clearly defined social goals capable of general acceptance.

ALL readers of Mr. Browder's final chapters will take note of the extraordinary accommodation of Communist thinking to American industrial trends and many will charge that the Party is capitulating on its major plank of social ownership. Here again one must be fair enough and honest enough to remember the basic premise. The immediate issue is international unity. Without this, all is lost; chaos and conflict are inevitable; all suffer—and not least those values in which the Marxists are especially interested! If this particular crisis is weathered and this decision correctly resolved, the postwar picture is certain to demonstrate a very different correlation of factors than any one foresaw before the war. The doubling of our own productive capacity, the drive towards combination and monopoly, the requirements to provide nationwide employment, the need for an enormous domestic and foreign market—such factors are influencing the thinking of management and capital no less than the social critics. The mere fact of the survival of the Soviet Union after this war is of tremendous significance. So is the awakening consciousness of the native and colonial areas of the earth, with their reaching out for a higher standard of living.

Such things alter the perspective of the times. The public should recognize that Marxists are not revolutionaries for the sake of revolution. They are concerned with the organization, in whatever form is necessary, of a successfully integrated and functioning society of abundance. It is healthy that their immediate program is optimistic, encouraging, irenic. If that fails, they are free agents intellectually and morally to try another tack.

It is at this point that the Communists are certain to be accused of betraying their vision in another "The Dream We Lost." The public is encouraged in supposing this by the spate of books now pouring from the presses interpreting Soviet trends as a reversal of the Revolution. Whether it be a Sorokin at Harvard pontificating about the misspent energies of the catastrophe between 1918 and 1934 or a Sir Bernard Pares painting stern portraits of Marshal Stalin as the Great Counter-revolutionary, the effect is the same.

One is tempted to use kid gloves with these academicians because their mini-

mizing of Soviet differences may help sections of conservative America to rationalize cooperation with the Soviet Union; but, basically, it can only serve to complicate the issue. It is all very well to note the emergence in the USSR of the family, puritanical morality, the Church, wage incentives, and so forth—but one ought not to evade the fact that this emergence is within a socialist environment to which these basic institutions have adjusted and from which they now draw added strength. It is not sufficient to clap our hands at the emergence of something familiar in Russia; to live and work constructively with the Soviets, we must learn the clue to the context. Here our American Communists and those non-Communists who are cordially familiar with Marxist principles and aims can be of very great help. To bespeak friendship and cooperation with the USSR and at the same time to rule out all converse and intercourse with Marxists is to deprive the end of one of its chief means. This is not to claim that America must espouse Communism. I have my own views as to that. It does mean that an acceptance of the Communists as one counter on the domestic political and intellectual scene can be of genuine service and profit to the country. As I understand it, this is what Mr. Browder is asking. I believe it should be granted.

AS ONE who was influenced in his formative years by Socialists of the Norman Thomas-Harry Laidler-Reinhold Neibuhr school, and as one whose first experience of a successful trade union was obtained from the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, it has been something of an awakening for me to discover increasingly across recent years that the dogmatism which my early mentors had always charged to Communists is today the hallmark of the Socialists and the Social Democrats who have misjudged events, gone sterile, and are now bitterly sniping to right and to left from their sour-smelling ivory towers. Interestingly enough, it is the Communists who are demonstrating the dynamic approach. They are sometimes



From "Migratory Urge"
by Helen West Heller

highly irritating people, as are all men who feel convinced of the correctness of their analyses and the inerrancy of their methods, but the tide is running with them and they know its movements. Their newspapers and magazines do not supplant the old-line press but many of us have found real help in our directives from the *Daily Worker*, some of the foreign language papers, and the so-called "Communitic" journals. Their organizational material for the non-Communist is irrelevant and sometimes annoying, but when they strike gold, it is likely to be a high percentage vein.

IN CONCLUSION, I suspect that the Communists run a certain danger of which they are quite aware in their attempt to meet the present situation realistically. This acceptance of American corporations, the sacrosanctity of the "free enterprise system," the quest for fabulously large markets, constitute an accommodation to Mother Necessity which could lead to a forfeiture of the position of trenchant critic of the American social scene that has been a real element of strength in the old Communist Party. That is a threat which the CPA must meet by its internal educational and organizational programs and policies; it is not one with which the outsider need primarily be concerned, in spite of some nostalgia for a past period when it was easy to let some one else lift high the torch of social ownership.

So, all told, I am not impressed by the charges of betrayal, whether they come from right or left. It strikes me that Mr. Browder and the movement he interprets have a common cause with all non-Communist anti-fascists. We are equally engaged in a profound and deadly struggle to preserve some measure of sanity and decency and opportunity for our world in the midst of the frightful vortex and backwash of the Nazi eruption.

What Europe has learned the bitter, bloody, tortured, hard way—that men of decency and good will must stand together in the common democratic cause—we are asked to learn the easy way: by emulation and common sense. Our bitterest and bloodiest battle will be with our own accumulated and irrational prejudices. Mr. Browder has made the overture from the Communist side. It is obviously made in good faith. It deserves to be listened to with sympathy and understanding. In my humble opinion, it will be a shrewd and a wise and a self-interested America that acts upon it affirmatively.

THE CRACKING AXIS

By **THE EDITORS**

IT WAS a year ago, July 25, that Mussolini toppled from his balcony. And it is almost within twelve months time that a crisis begins to envelop Germany threatening to consume Hitler. Mussolini withered away a few days before the Sicilian campaign was completed and before the Allies began hammering at the boot itself. And Hitler shakes and quakes as the Red Army approaches the cradle of German militarism while in the West Allied troops slowly but steadily slaughter the Wehrmacht. The impending debacle on the continent infects the Far East, throwing fear into Japanese ruling circles. It is as though a large rubber ball were squeezed from one side and the pressure stretched the other side almost to the point of rupture.

The news from Germany can only mean that a most serious opposition force is rapidly emerging. If it were not serious every effort would be made to hush it up in order to give the world the impression that except for some dissidents already apprehended Germany is still united behind Hitler. We do not know what degree the dissension has reached or how large are its supporters, but undeniably there is a cleavage in the Wehrmacht command. And it is of ominous extent. Reports continue to filter through of mutinies, of clashes between the Wehrmacht and SS troops. Everything points to the most drastic "blood purge" in the history of Hitler vs. the generals. The split is wide open; the attempt on Hitler's life was proof of it.

The cleavage expressed itself a few weeks ago in Hitler's speech on the occasion of General Dietl's death. There the ragged Fuehrer called on commanders to show greater "fanaticism" in the prosecution of the war. It became apparent again when the Gestapo's Himmler replaced General von Falkenhause in the Netherlands and Belgium. The cleavage expressed itself with terrific impact in the statement issued in Moscow by General Hoffmeister a few days after he was captured at Bobruisk. And finally the dissension becomes clearest in Goering's speech that

only his orders are to be obeyed, and those "criminal" commanders, those "usurpers" as Goering calls them, who are recalcitrant will be arrested at once and shot.

What does all this add up to? A group of generals are beginning to act to extricate themselves from the web of doom in which Hitler's "talentless command," as Hoffmeister called it, has enmeshed them. Not only has the German army deteriorated to a shadow of its past, but many of its leaders fear the political consequences of association with Hitler's failure. We saw the beginnings of this fear in the rout at Stalingrad, but Stalingrad was still hundreds of miles away from German borders. Now the inevitable strikes the military men between the eyes and they must move quickly if they are not to go down in even greater disrepute.

HITLER is replying by strengthening the Gestapo and pitting it against the dissidents. It is Gestapo terror against military disaffection. Will the Gestapo prevail for the time being or will the dissidents succeed? The coming days and weeks will tell the tale. What is certain is that the opposition having leaped forward cannot leap back and the many intransigents among the high and low commands who hitherto accepted instructions without questioning will now begin to ask questions. This then is the beginning of the denouement, and whether this opposition will get anywhere in terms of the overthrow of Hitler depends on factors many of which are unknown. Can the military opposition unite with the forces of the underground? How really strong is this opposition and this underground? Here are two of several pivotal queries the answers to which will determine the speed with which internal affairs move. Certain it is that the Allied triphammer is widening German fissures and the course of events in Nazidom is no longer predictable on the basis of the past.

If the situation in Germany indicates the presence of a real fissure it should not be assumed that the collapse of the

Tojo cabinet reflects the same kind of crisis in Japan. Events in the two Axis countries are closely connected but they are not identical. Of the many reasons for the failure of Tojo's government a paramount one is the retreat of the Wehrmacht throughout Europe. And from this the Japanese see that their ally is about to go under leaving the imperial armies with the staggering burden of defending by themselves the tattered fascist banner. Even if Hirohito's forces had suffered no defeats in recent months the wretched condition of Berlin would have produced a crisis in Tokyo.

But the fact is that Hitler has not been alone in experiencing military upheaval. Such tremendous blows have been launched against Japan in the Pacific and with such startling success that no Japanese can doubt the overwhelming superiority of the United States. The Japanese army's new and partly successful land drive through the center of China in itself reflects the general staff's resignation to the inevitable loss of the naval war. And Tojo's cabinet resigned, after the loss of Saipan, because it failed to make headway at sea against our flotillas. It failed to achieve its objective of crushing our units and positions.

While any political upset among our enemies is just cause for rejoicing, we must not delude ourselves with the thought that the end is thereby in sight. Nothing has happened in the Japanese picture to suggest impending collapse or a relaxation of their war effort. Perhaps they see the handwriting on the wall, but their reaction, and it is reflected in the new government which is being formed, is to fight more desperately, to make victory long and costly, to play for time, to maneuver for a negotiated peace.

According to the skimpy and carefully censored news from Tokyo, the Emperor called on two military men to form a new government. They are Gen. Kuniaki Koiso, a firebrand from the Kwangtung Army, the same outfit that produced Tojo, and Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, a so-called "moderate" who headed the government in

1940. The new cabinet was headed by General Koiso as Premier, with Admiral Yonai as Navy Minister. Thus the "liberal" elements, in the past so falsely lauded by ex-ambassador Joseph Grew, are now officially harnessed with the militarists. And herein lies a grave danger—that Yonai or a successor of similar reputation may be influential in persuading certain American and British officials to modify the pledge of unconditional surrender.

There is much that is heartening in the international scene. Let no one, however, think that the turn of affairs in Germany or Japan means easy sailing for us and our allies. As Ilya Ehrenburg commented: "Hitler Germany will be driven to her knees not by insurgent officers, but by ourselves and our allies. We don't trust the Germans, neither the intelligentsia nor the silly ones, neither the blind nor those who have recovered their sight. We trust our tanks and bullets." It was unrelenting warfare which brought these enemy crises to a head and it is unrelenting warfare which will finally crack their skulls and throw them down the drainpipe of history. This bright moment can only be made to glow and radiate by untiring effort behind the President and the plans he has projected to end this final chapter of the conflict.

Ten Percent Disfranchised

UNLESS you do something about it—and fast—ten percent of the New York State electorate will fail to vote this November for reasons not of their own making. GI's, USO and Red Cross personnel, and merchant mariners absent in the service of their country find either no provisions at all or face such a complicated procedure for securing ballots and such a stringent time limit that not more than 200,000 out of the 900,000 eligible voters in the armed services of this state are expected to qualify, an estimate which comes straight from the State War Ballot Commissioner, William T. Simpson. According to Simpson, a Dewey appointee, the 700,000 will not vote because they don't want to vote. He calls the vigorous activity to simplify the GI ballot an "unnecessary fuss." "The young people today are blase about their right to vote," he claims. "They say 'Let the next fellow do it. The world's going to the dogs anyhow.'" This series of insults has unleashed a surge of activity in New York State. The Citizens Non-Partisan Committee for the

The Arts Go to War

THOSE who dream—and labor—for a better life have manifested no overwhelming desire to cluster about the little man in the Governor's mansion at Albany. In fact, the Republican platform and its proponents have failed to capture the minds and hearts of the leaders in the arts, sciences, and professions. They see the measure of the GOP's cultural appeal in the scurrilous craftsmanship of a Benjamin de Caseres of the Hearst stable, or his fancier counterparts of the Clare Luce, Louis Bromfield variety.

It is, therefore, of utmost significance that the foremost protagonists of a cultured America have fired their first gun in the political campaign this past week. Every lover of a richer life will welcome the new Independent Voters Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, headed by Jo Davidson, prominent sculptor, and dedicated to the reelection of our President. The opening shot was a telegram sent by sponsors of the committee to Mr. Roosevelt, congratulating him on his renomination and pledging support in the coming campaign, which read:

"On behalf of hundreds of artists, writers, and scientists, who have initiated our Independent Voters Committee to work for your reelection, please be assured of our support and of our untiring efforts to make certain your continuation in office. We have joined together in this committee because of our conviction that your continuation in office is necessary to the speedy winning of the war and to the establishment of a just and durable peace. It is our belief that under your leadership we will win an early victory and that we will see the formulation of world peace and a stable economy. It is our belief that in this way we can fulfill ourselves as a nation and as a people enjoying our rightful heritage of peace and prosperity. For these reasons and because we feel that those who have died in battle and are now giving their lives have placed in us a sacred trust, we have joined in an Independent Voters Committee to work for your reelection. Please accept our support."

What a different approach from that of another writer—Clare Luce. Here on the part of the members of the war committee is a deeply felt responsibility to the GI Jims and Joes—as Quentin Reynolds put it in his speech at the convention, "I do not propose to speak for your son" abroad, and I would never commit the unholy sacrilege of speaking for his dead brother. . . . We can only accept his sacrifice humbly. . . . They will look to their government for help, not for a dole or a dollar, not for pity or patronage, but for a concrete program. . . . Such a program is conspicuous in the Republican platform—by its absence."

It is with such a program in mind and the knowledge that only the present Commander-in-Chief can carry it through that the Independent Voters Committee establishes itself. Campaign headquarters will be opened within a few weeks.

The initiating sponsors of the committee include Louis Adamic, William Beebe, William Rose Benet, Ernst P. Boas, John Malcolm Brinin, Bennett Cerf, Aaron Copland, Cheryl Crawford, Adolf Dehn, Eddie Dowling, Olin Downes, Guy Pene du Bois, Mark Ethridge, Jose Ferrer, James Montgomery Flagg, John Golden, Ruth Gordon, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Oscar Hammerstein, Lillian Hellman, Fannie Hurst, Josef Hofmann, Alice V. Keliher, Alexander Kipnis, Canada Lee, Emil Lengyel, Julian Clarence Levi, Helen Lynd, Percy Mackaye, William McFee, Francis E. McMahon, Nathan Milstein, Alfred E. Mirsky, E. George Payne, Waldo Peirce, John P. Peters, Quentin Reynolds, Richard Rodgers, Artur Schnabel, M. Lincoln Schuster, Herman Shumlin, Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, Sigmund Spaeth, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Mark Van Doren, Dr. Gregory Zilboorg.

IN PASSING . . .

A rumor spread around that the NAM and the US Chamber of Commerce had invited thirty-seven nations to take part in the International Business Congress they're sponsoring in Atlantic City next November, and that they didn't include the Soviet Union. The press department of the Soviet Embassy was asked about this. It developed that the NAM had written, not a letter of invitation, but an exploratory letter to see if there were any association or organization in the Soviet Union they could ask, because it was a conference for private business only. "No one knew what to do about it," said the Soviet spokesman. But everyone wanted to be nice apparently and agreed to have further conversations later. It seems that all these reports we've been hearing about how socialism has been abandoned in the Soviet Union just aren't true. At any rate, although the embassy seems very sorry about it and doesn't want to be rude, there's simply no NAM in the USSR.

President Eric Johnston of the US Chamber of Commerce misunderstood a question put to him at his recent press conference on his visit to the Soviet Union in a way it is easy to understand. Johnston has been interviewed before and knows all about labor-baiting and Soviet-baiting questions no doubt. In this case it happened that it was a bona fide labor reporter who asked him whether he found the Soviet trade unions to be voluntary organizations. But Johnston, possibly thinking he worked for Scripps-Howard, began, "I see you smirking behind your question." Then he went on to say aggressively that he found Soviet trade unions "strong organizations with membership on a voluntary basis." However, he said acidly, "workers hardly can afford not to belong to them, because of the inducements they offer—they include extra social insurance, better housing, better vacations, and better hospitalization." The reporter on whom Mr Johnston's sarcasm was poured sent these comments in full, without the personal allusions, in his Federated Press service to the labor press.

The Chicago "Tribune" doesn't like "Time" magazine, which has said some unkind things about Col. R. R. McCormick, and it doesn't like Rep. Clare Boothe Luce, although you'd think it would. It ran an indignant editorial July 15 about her comments to the press after being closeted with Dewey. She said Dewey favored a world organization "to use force if necessary" to maintain peace. "If she thinks American fathers and mothers are for that she's batty," says the "Tribune," and says she and others "may be doing Governor Dewey a grievous and it may be an irreparable injury." They call the editorial "A Little Globaloney of Her Own." Another title suggests itself, however: "Goebbeloney by Trib, Luce & Co."

Frank B. Keefe (R., Wis.), testifying before the House Appropriations Committee, was trying to ferret out examples of "impingement on the functions" of other agencies by the Children's Bureau. Without meaning to he brought out statements from Katharine Lenroot that the Bureau had spent a great deal of attention on a survey showing "many young children, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years old in this country, who are detained in jail." Rep. Malcolm C. Tarver found it difficult to believe there was "any state in the Union . . . where a child nine or nineteen years old is put in jail." He went on: "I am sure Georgia would not have anything to fear if you are conducting a study to show there is some maltreatment of children either in industry or by those having charge of the courts. Now let us see what you claim to have found out in Georgia?" To which Miss Lenroot replied: "In Georgia, in 1941, there were 1,043 cases of children under sixteen years of age held in county jails." This "Judge" Tarver pooh-poohed. Miss Lenroot went on: "I have a report of a case of a nine-year-old boy held four or five days in jail in Columbus, O." Tarver didn't believe it. In North Carolina, they found 500 under sixteen, and eighty-four were twelve years old or under. But Virginia sent 3,530 children to jail with jail terms of one year!

Servicemen's Vote, with the help of stage and screen stars, distributed half a million soldiers' applications during Soldier Ballot Days last week-end, days officially set aside by Mayor La Guardia. The ALP and other groups did their share, and it's not over yet.

At present the New York law requires the GI to mail in an application, whereupon he will be mailed a ballot which must then be returned by November 3, four days before civilian ballots are required to be in. Then the ballot goes through a complicated series of handlings until it reaches the election district where it is counted. Ballots will not be mailed from the commission before September 7, and fifty-seven days is a short time for a trip out and back to New Guinea or Saipan even to a soldier who is in the same place from which he mailed his ballot application. So far New York State has a scandalously lower percentage of ballot applicants than states where applications may be filed by friends or relatives.

This is a state of affairs for which Gov. Thomas E. Dewey is directly responsible. He has withstood all pleas to accept the federal ballot, letting the deadline pass in that active silence he uses as his chief political weapon. He refused even to see a major citizens' delegation, headed by Moss Hart, which travelled to Albany at the eleventh hour to beg him to accept the federal ballot. So far he has refused all urgings to call a special session of the state legislature to liberalize ballot procedures, a step effectively taken in several other states.

That this is not endearing Mr. Dewey to honest citizens of New York is beginning to penetrate even the careful vacuum around the Governor's Mansion at Albany. Mr. Dewey has now broken his silence, safely enough after the July 15 deadline for the federal ballot, and bitterly complains of a campaign of "deceit" on the issue. He did not, however, answer the public statement of Judge Edward Maguire, president of the New York Lawyers Guild, that that organization had investigated the matter thoroughly and went on record that the federal ballot was not unconstitutional. Mr. Dewey's injured innocence was not convincing. New Yorkers are coming to the only conclusion that is sensible: Mr. Dewey and his managers are afraid too many of the 700,000 missing ballots might not be for the Republican standard-bearer and are doing everything they dare to prevent those votes from being in the ballot boxes on the crucial November 7.

TWO FIGHTING MEN



Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.

THE congressional campaigns of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., and Vito Marcantonio have much more in common than the fighting progressivism of their principals. These campaigns emerge from strikingly similar political foundations—the struggles of exploited peoples to win freedom and security through progressive political action.

Powell and Marcantonio are real fighting men of the people, and their campaigns are a true expression of the growing political maturity and militancy of the underprivileged masses for whom they speak.

There can be no doubt that the youthful and colorful Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., is, indeed, of the people of Harlem. Observe how they flock to his services at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, which boasts "the largest membership of any Protestant church in the world." Watch the crowds which jam Harlem traffic every day in enthusiastic acclaim of the Powell-for-Congress band-wagon and its distinctive slogan, "Let My People Go—now!" Note how leading Republicans, Democrats, Laborites, and Independents, both white and black, hasten to endorse this candidate who they know has won, and deserves the support of the masses of "little people" of Harlem.

Nor can there be any doubt that the fighting and hard-working Vito Marc-

antonio is, likewise, of the people of East Harlem. Witness the hundreds of men-on-the-street who go to him for help every week—and get it! Recall his unprecedented reelection in 1942 as the unanimous choice of three political parties, having won decisively in contests for nomination on the Democratic, Republican, and American Labor Party tickets. Observe the hundreds of eager volunteers who now ring doorbells for his reelection in 1944—working day in and day out, almost as if their own and their nation's future depend upon returning "Marc" to Congress—which in large measure they do.

This deep popular enthusiasm for Powell and Marcantonio springs from something far more basic than their personal characteristics. Both are vigorous and courageous fighters, powerful speakers, highly intelligent, and keenly alert to the issues of the day. But these qualities by no means explain their remarkable political influence.

Powell and Marcantonio are strong because their public careers have been grounded upon the strength of the masses. Refusing to play machine politics, both have given effective expression to the true and immediate interests of the common man, organizing the masses of people for militant struggles in their own behalf.

The southern Negro masses who came to Harlem during and after World War I were rapidly approaching political maturity by the 1930's, and the leadership of Powell did much to hasten the process. As early as 1930, he led 6,000 Negroes to City Hall in a victorious fight for general improvement and the elimination of Jim Crow at the Harlem Hospital. In 1933, he managed and maintained a free kitchen which fed a thousand jobless citizens every day. Throughout the decade which followed, Powell has been at the head of rent strikes, picket lines, bus strikes, publications and campaigns which have brought jobs, security, freedom, and political influence to the masses of people in Harlem.

This is the man-of-the-people background from which Adam Clayton Powell emerged in 1942 as the first

Negro ever to sit in the Council of the City of New York. He ran as an independent, and was elected through the support of the white and Negro people of all political parties. His fight in the Council against the Jim Crow Stuyvesant Town housing project not only laid the basis for Public Law No. 20, recently signed by the Mayor, but it gave impetus to a continuing struggle which is destined soon to rid New York City completely of the imported plague of Jim Crowism.

THE low-income groups of various nationalities who inhabit East Harlem began their effective political stirrings even before their darker neighbors to the west, and they found in Marcantonio a leader who expressed their basic aspirations. This it was that enabled him to manage a series of victorious LaGuardia-for-Congress campaigns during the 1920's, and himself to succeed Congressman LaGuardia (then become Mayor) in 1934, and again in 1938, 1940 and 1942.

In Congress, Marcantonio has continued to distinguish himself as a fighting representative of the common man. Price and rent control, progressive labor legislation, anti-poll tax legislation, FEPC, federal soldier vote legislation, the GI Bill of Rights—these and hosts of other people's measures have had no more consistent, skillful, or effective champion than the Representative from New York's 17th Assembly District.



Vito Marcantonio

Nor have Martin Dies, John Rankin, Howard Smith, and other such enemies of the people been confronted with a more implacable and uncompromising foe.

It is more than coincidental that popular enthusiasm for these two men of the people extends far beyond the immediate groups from which they emerge. None attracts greater crowds and sells more war bonds at the Times Square Cash Register than the Negro Adam Clayton Powell. None received a more tumultuous ovation at the recent Madison Square Garden Negro Freedom Rally than the white Vito Marcantonio. They people recognize and respond to those who give expression to their true interests, be they black or white. Even the poisonous chauvinism which permeates our culture cannot forever overshadow the basic community of interest which increasingly unites the masses of men of all races and creeds in the common struggle for freedom and security.

Now, at the most crucial stage of this people's war, and in the midst of the most important national elections since Reconstruction, Powell and Marcantonio seek to carry forward *together*, in the halls of Congress, their fights for the people of East and West Harlem and the nation. Both have excellent chances of winning the November elections, but this is not enough.

It is of national importance that both Powell and Marcantonio win all three party primary contests in which they are entered the first of August. Then they will go to Congress, not as Democrats, or Republicans, or even Laborites, but in their true character as representatives of *all* the people.

Powell and Marcantonio are uncompromising fighters for the complete defeat of our fascist enemies and the strengthening of that coalition of democratic states which alone can bring enduring peace to the world.

Powell and Marcantonio are firm supporters of Roosevelt and Truman,

whose election in November alone can guarantee that our nation will remain true to the progressive course which was charted at Teheran.

Powell and Marcantonio are staunch champions of the rights of labor, the Negro people, and the great masses of all Americans whose political unity alone can assure victory for the progressive forces in the coming elections.

Few developments could now more strikingly symbolize and consolidate the progressive unity of the people than decisive victories for Powell and Marcantonio in all three primary contests this coming Tuesday. Few developments could more greatly influence the progressive outcome of the November elections than their three-primary triumph—*now*—in the greatest city of the nation.

Let us send these fighting men of the people to Congress. But let us send them as real people's representatives—through a smashing people's victory at the polls on August first.



FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

BOMB-THROWING GENERALS

IN AN article written fully five days before the bomb inexpertly planted by Col. Count von Stauffenberg exploded within two yards of His Intuition Hitler, we said: "Brushing aside the gibberish of . . . German propaganda, the important thing to consider is the indication that the Nazi Party appears to be taking over for the coming showdown. General Dittmar's blast at the High Command is significant." The showdown now is at hand, even if Himmler has succeeded in temporarily regaining control of the immediate situation (which is far from being apparent).

The determination of the German "professional generals," or men reared and bred in the traditions of the Prussian military caste, to stage a coup and overthrow the Nazi Party depends almost wholly on the actual military situation. These gentlemen represent a class which, fearing radical political and economic changes in Germany, hitched itself to Hitler's bandwagon in the middle thirties. They also felt at the time that they were too isolated from the German

masses to rally them for a new war of conquest and, spoiling for conquest and the aggrandizement of Germany for their own glory and benefit, rallied to Hitler as a rabble-rouser who would provide them with docile and enthusiastic cannon fodder.

Thus the generals expected glory and booty from their association with the terrible little vulgarian from "despised Austria."

Early in 1940 the generals (we are using this word as a sort of collective symbol) presented to Hitler a detailed plan for a thorough and methodical conquest of France, preparations for an invasion of England to be made in the meantime. It is said that the conquest of France was supposed to take about six months according to what might be called a slightly modified Schlieffen Plan. Hitler laughed at the plan and said that if Germany did not use its blitz-weapons in blitz-fashion it would be "trailing behind its historic destiny." Hitler ordered the conquest of France within a period of several weeks. Some-

what abashed, the generals (who still were to a certain extent under the hypothesis of French military superiority) nevertheless obeyed. France fell in a matter of less than six weeks.

Hitler was right and the generals had to admit it. His prestige rose. Then came the lightning stroke in the Balkans. More prestige for His Intuition. Riding on his newly won strategical reputation, Hitler ordered the invasion of the Soviet Union. Some generals dissented, but did not dare resist. Ritter von Leeb, who is reported to have been one of the staunchest opponents of a blitz campaign against the USSR, meekly led his armies to Leningrad.

Then came the blow at Moscow and the generals muttered. Some got "heart trouble."

A year later came Stalingrad and the generals grumbled. Some were dismissed, others died of various "strokes."

Now, since Stalingrad, except for the short-lived counteroffensive in the Kharkov-Belgorod region in February, 1943, the German armed forces have not

achieved a single strategic success. In fact they suffered nothing but defeats. The long chain of failures, for which Hitler's decision to "hang on at all cost to every meter of conquered land" is the reason best visible to the naked eye, naturally increased the generals' anxiety. They had hoped for glory and booty. They were losing the booty and acquiring disgrace.

Staring at the map they saw their painstakingly erected barriers go, one after the other. The Dnieper, the Ilmen system, the Southern Bug, the Dniester, the Prut. The fortified belt around Leningrad. The Mannerheim line. Then the great "breastplate" of fortresses covering the road to Germany—Vitebsk, Orsha, Moghilev, Zhlobin, with the flank-guards of Polotsk and Bobruisk and the hub of the system—Minsk. Finally, on July 15 the last barrier before the cradle and stronghold of Junkerism—East Prussia—went crashing. General Chernyakhovsky had crossed the Nieman (or the Memel as the Germans call it). Five days later Colonel Count von Stauffenberg's bomb exploded almost in the Fuehrer's face.

THE German hereditary military caste had had enough. They knew that the time to "negotiate" themselves out of total defeat had come. They knew that nobody would (*and those who would couldn't*) negotiate with Adolph Hitler. They hoped that somebody would negotiate with them. The Generals, the Ruhr, the Deutsche Bank & Company, Ltd. set the machinery of the plot a-grinding.

At this writing (July 23) we don't know what is going on inside Germany.

But we can read Hitler's speech, which shows that the plot has not been liquidated. We know of the orders of the day issued by Hitler, by Goering, by Admiral Doenitz, by Field Marshal von Kluge on the Western Front, and by Guderian entreating the soldiers and officers to remain loyal. There is not much threatening going on. It is mostly supplications and appeals.

While Hitler, Goering, Guderian, and Doenitz are appealing to the men commanded by the Prussian generals of the "old school," Himmler is shooting the very heads of that "old school." It may be assumed that von Brauchitsch and von Runstedt are "not among the living." We know that von Beck isn't.

Who are these men? Let us look up the rolls of the Wehrmacht, going back intentionally to the "good old days."



RUNSTEDT. General of Infantry, with seniority as of Jan. 10, 1932. In 1936—Commander-in-Chief of Army Group 1. First on the list of full generals in 1936. BECK. General of Artillery, seniority as of Jan. 10, 1935. In 1936—Chief of the German General Staff. BRAUCHITSCH. General of Artillery, seniority as of Jan. 4, 1936. In 1936 Commander of Military Area 1 (East Prussia). The rolls of the Wehrmacht show only nineteen generals of such caliber in 1936 (the other sixteen being von Leeb, von Bock, Halm, Wachenfeld, Liebmann, Adam, Kaupisch, List, Lutz, Knochenhauer, Dollmann, von Kleist, von Blaskowitz, Geyer, Grun, von Kluge), of whom at least eight have been identified during this war as holding top commands.

So here are the men who are directing the plot. Is it probable that they will fold up just because the first bomb did not do the trick? Hardly so. Especially in view of the fact that the very aims which made them hold Hitler's stirrup ten years ago are at stake, and he is the one who (in their eyes at least) is compromising them.

It should be noted here that the German officers as a class are highly disciplined. But they are terroristically inclined when the need arises. Almost as good as Russian Socialist-Revolutionaries were in their heyday. Just remember the "Feme" murders in the Weimar Republic and the officers' secret "court-martials," and all the crimes and assassinations perpetrated by German officers' secret societies. So we see that the men who are leading the conspiracy in the Wehrmacht are men of high authority. Men who are not likely to give up simply because some of them have been eliminated.

These men—don't kid yourselves about it—are now preparing for World War III when they hope they and their pupils will not make the mistakes that were made by Germany in this war. In view of this they understand that every German killed, every factory bombed,

every ton of metal expended, weakens Germany for the next struggle. They are militarily literate and can read the signs of the times.

And what signs do they see? They see that two of their armies are cornered in the Baltic region with Soviet troops in Panevezhis (Ponevezh) which means that Dvinsk is virtually gone and that General Lindemann has only one safe second-rate line to get out of Riga and Tallinn into East Prussia. They see that their Scandinavian flank is about to collapse because of Finland's precarious military position. They see that the Nieman barrier is no more. They see that the Western Bug barrier is no more. They see that between Marshal Konev and Silesia there are no more natural barriers and that the key stronghold of Lvov is about to fall.

RED ARMIES are 375 miles from Berlin and eighty miles from Warsaw. Only a month ago they were 675 miles from Berlin and 380 miles from Warsaw. They see that the ratio of Germans taken prisoner on the Eastern Front to the number killed is steadily increasing. They know that a German soldier is dying or surrendering on the Eastern Front *every five seconds*, a German tank is destroyed every twenty minutes, a German plane shot down every half an hour. They see that the Red Army is steadily advancing towards them at the rate of 700 yards *an hour*. They see that in the West, while no imminent catastrophe threatens them, they have been unable to solve the basic problem of throwing the Allied armies back into the sea, that the Allies are in France to stay and that they will grow stronger and stronger.

They see that their entire position from the North Cape to Cape Matapan is a strategic monstrosity becoming flatter and flatter with every hour. They know that time is of the essence if they, these German professional officers, are to start another world war of *revanche*. Therefore, there is little doubt that they will persevere in their efforts to get rid of the paperhanger who promised them victory, but who, in their opinion, gummed it up. No Himmler will stop them. Things are popping, even if we don't hear them at times. A good, strong shove from the West could act as a midwife to a Germany pregnant with capitulation.

In any case, from the United Nations' point of view, Nazis destroying Junkers and vice versa, is a favorable development.



A BRITON LOOKS AT RUSSIA

By CORLISS LAMONT

FIFTY years ago in the eight-nineties an alert and vigorous young Englishman by the name of Bernard Pares began questioning the generally accepted theory that Russia was the natural enemy of Great Britain. In 1898 Rudyard Kipling summed up the official doctrine in his famous symbolic poem "The Truce of the Bear," with its central message: "Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that walks like a Man."

It was in this same year, 1898, that Sir Bernard Pares went to Russia for the first time; and ever since he has made the country and people of the Czars and then of the Soviets his special field of study. Sir Bernard was in Russia during the war with Japan and the vast revolutionary movement it set in motion, during World War I, and during the first years of the Communist Revolution. And he has made four visits to the Soviet Union, the last one on the eve of the present conflict.

Hence the author of this book, *Russia and the Peace**, comes to his task with a wide, first-hand knowledge of his subject, a thorough mastery of the Russian language, a broad personal acquaintance with leading figures in both the Czarist and Soviet regimes, and a long experience in the complex realm of international affairs. Furthermore, though Sir Bernard lost close friends in the Revolution and is both politically and temperamentally opposed to socialism, he has never become bitter or disillusioned and has remained basically friendly toward the Soviet regime.

Now, in my opinion a sympathetic, though not uncritical, attitude toward the Soviet Union makes for reliability and impartiality in the observer. I stress this point because in many quarters in America the feeling still prevails that only a writer hostile to the USSR can write a trustworthy book about that country. Yet it is precisely this position that has so obscured our knowledge of Soviet socialism and so played havoc with American-Soviet relations in the



Sir Bernard Pares

past. The great moving incentive in the lives of Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons, William Henry Chamberlin and others of their stripe has become an overwhelming hatred of the Soviet Union. We would hardly expect a bitter enemy of democracy to produce an unbiased study of the American way of life. So why should anyone expect men and women whose whole profession (and a well-paid one, too) is to hate Russia and express that hate, to be reliable guides on the subject of the USSR?

Sir Bernard Pares, then, is friendly toward Soviet Russia and, what is more, friendly toward the reader of his book. He takes you into his confidence and lets you share his personal experiences. He writes so simply and informally, a genuine scholar without being a ponderous pundit, that in reading this brief work I almost felt he was over there in a chair talking to me, as he so often did when both of us were teaching Russian civilization at Cornell last summer. This is decidedly not a typical college professor's highly organized and heavy-handed treatment of Soviet war

aims. It is something much better than that: a lively, intimate discussion, full of engaging anecdote as well as essential facts and dates that will positively not put you to sleep during the summer's heat.

YET when you have finished the book, you realize that Sir Bernard has covered the ground pretty thoroughly. His approach is primarily historical and he opens up new territory for the average American reader all the way, as in his illuminating discussions of "The Russo-Polish Duel," "The Gates of Leningrad," "German Designs on Russia," "The Russian Middle-West," and "Russia, Turkey, Persia, India." He is clear enough that the Byelorussians and Ukrainians of what was formerly eastern Poland belong with the Soviet Union, just as the minority of Poles in this area should go back to a strong and independent Poland. One of the best ways to make a new war, says the author, is for Poland to insist that "she must have some Russian territory, and lead a new confederation which will permanently undo the work of Peter the Great and cut off Russia from Europe." That work of course was the acquisition of the Baltic provinces and thereby a window toward the Atlantic on the Baltic Sea.

Sir Bernard wholeheartedly supports the decisions of the Moscow and Teheran conferences; and he minces no words with those who have tried to disrupt Anglo-American unity with the Soviet Union and who have volunteered in Hitler's Foreign Legion by attempting to stir up the old Communist bogey. He finds it "a good omen that the three major allies in the present struggle all pay tribute in their title to the federative principle—the United States of America, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. . . . All are, in character, multi-national; and Stalin's own settlement of this problem is, in its ethnic justice, the most comprehensive and far-reaching of all. All three—America, Britain, and Russia—have alike had to

* *RUSSIA AND THE PEACE*, by Sir Bernard Pares. Macmillan. \$2.50.

grapple with the inescapable problem of reconciling a federal system with regional independence."

As a teacher and scholar, Sir Bernard Pares is particularly interested in the exchange of information and students between Soviet Russia and the rest of the world. In his stimulating chapter, "Study and Access," he tells of his own twenty years' work as head of the London School of Slavonic Studies and as chief editor of the *Slavonic and East European Review*. With his experience in England and in America, especially teaching at Cornell's Intensive Study of Contemporary Russian Civilization, Sir Bernard is keen on seeing a permanent Institute of Russian Studies set up in this country. And we must agree that such an academic venture would be a splendid thing.

While finding myself in accord with so much in *Russia and the Peace*, there are nonetheless a number of points upon which I am compelled to take issue with the author. For instance, an old argument between us is the extent to which Allied intervention was justified in the USSR during the years immediately following the Revolution, Sir Bernard in my mind tending to gloss over both the motives and the harmful effects of the British and other interventionists.

BUT more fundamental still is my feeling that Sir Bernard over-stresses the resurgence of nationalism in the Soviet Union and the modifications in Soviet policy at home and abroad. Though he is certainly correct in asserting that the Soviet regime under Stalin's leadership has not fomented world revolution, that does not mean that the Soviets would not be pleased if other countries decided to follow their example in instituting socialism.

Again, since Sir Bernard appreciates to such a degree the enlightened Soviet nationalities policy, it is strange that he does not see that the growing awareness of Russia's past is a natural part of the cultural renaissance in the Russian Republic, by far the largest and most populous of the sixteen Union Republics. Surely there was never any idea that the Armenians and Ukrainians and Uzbeks had a right to develop their cultural heritage, but that the Great Russians didn't. And the Union Republics' recently acquired power to have their own diplomatic representatives in foreign countries and their own army formations hardly seems like a concession to Russian nationalism.

Most important of all, while obviously the Communists have made numerous temporary retreats and compromises during their efforts to establish Soviet socialism, they did after all establish it and attain their basic goals for the public ownership of the main means of production and distribution. And after functioning so successfully in the war against the Nazis, the planned socialist system of the USSR is undoubtedly entrenched more firmly than ever. No talk about the Soviet workers getting unequal wages, quite according to Marxist theory for the socialist stage, or the peasants having a small kitchen garden can offset the actual functioning of the fundamental economic principles of socialism in the Soviet Union.

There is widespread misunderstanding in the United States as to what socialism really is. Thus, if the Soviet educators decide that coeducation in secondary schools is not the best method, a great outcry takes place here that the revolution has been abandoned again. Recently a tightening up of Soviet divorce laws has led to the same sort of comment. But let me say categorically that neither the extent of coeducation nor the facility of divorce is a fundamental issue as between a socialist and a capitalist society. Capitalist America has many educational institutions that are coeducational and many that are not. In some of our states divorce is easy, in others difficult. So I suggest that these particular problems are secondary to underlying Marxist principles that discriminate between a socialist and a capitalist economy.

Even Mr. Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, who joked about "you Soviet capitalists" when he first arrived in Moscow, stated when he returned to America, that "Russia is operating under a completely different economic system than we are. She is the most collectivized state the world has ever seen. But I see no reason why we cannot cooperate in spite of that." I think that Sir Bernard Pares would agree on the whole with Mr. Johnston's statement, since he himself writes "that the people as a whole are the owners of the means of production, and this is in no way likely to be reversed." The point is that this book, in trying to eradicate the fear of Soviet Russia, goes too far in assuming a swing to the right in the internal affairs of the country. Yet other great educators on the USSR make the same mistake, including the eminent ex-ambassador to whom Sir

Bernard appropriately dedicates his volume, "The Honorable Joseph E. Davies, who opened that Door."

The French Catastrophe

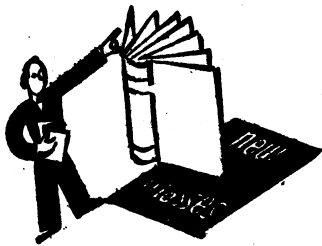
THE SIX WEEKS' WAR, by Theodore Draper. Viking. \$3.

A FEW months back many American readers would have manifested slight interest in a study of France's military collapse in 1940. But the recent Allied invasion of Normandy, the unfolding struggles of the French underground fighters of the Maquis, and the emergence of a de facto provisional government of France under the leadership of Gen. Charles de Gaulle have all set in high relief that six weeks' war in 1940 when French fortunes were at their lowest ebb in modern history.

These circumstances will win more readers for Theodore Draper's absorbing and very able study than would otherwise have been the case. This is good, for Mr. Draper has written a sober, carefully and thoroughly documented analysis of the military defeat of France. He has mastered much of the military literature of a good many nations, neutral and belligerent, and shows himself well acquainted with the vast body of literature on contemporary France that has accumulated since 1940. Indeed, some of the most valuable sources of his information are volumes printed in occupied France by men of Vichy seeking to justify or explain their collaboration with the German conquerors.

The chief purpose of the book is to give a detailed picture of the military campaign which began on May 10, when the German army attacked Belgium, Holland, and France simultaneously. But as Mr. Draper points out: "It is hard, if not impossible, to tell where politics ended and strategy began in the French defeat." Hence there is included a discussion of political events inside France, insofar as they influence the military course of events. For how can one understand the strategy of the Maginot Line or "Plan D" without a proper understanding of France's system of alliances in Europe?

Mr. Draper marshals the evidence calmly and deliberately, and the net effect is overwhelming. He throws much-needed light on the role of Gen. Andre Corap in the German breakthrough at Sedan, illuminates the brief but heroic role of the then Col. Charles de Gaulle and his handful of



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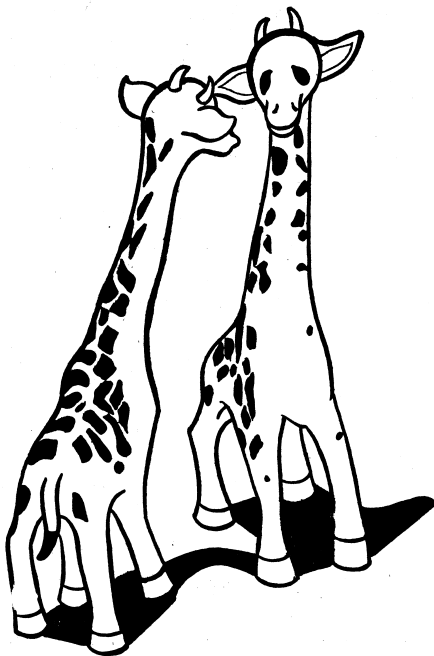
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tank crews, and discusses at length the Gort-Weygand "duel," in which British and French strategic conceptions were sharply at variance, with tragic consequences for ensuing Anglo-French relations.

Obviously Mr. Draper could not have access to all of the military and political documents which must await the end of the war—and perhaps much longer—for publication. But it is doubtful whether these confidential or secret papers will turn up any sensational surprises in the period he has treated. In fact, the wonder is that he has covered the ground so painstakingly and with such a high degree of objectivity, without lapsing into dullness or pedantry. He seems to have narrowed his choice of subject deliberately and perhaps he has been wise to act thus, for his volume thereby gains in depth. It is as if he preferred to take one corner of a gigantic fresco and paint that with concentrated skill rather than attempt a much broader surface.

This is a book that will interest both the military specialist and the general reader. The military specialist will find in it a highly circumstantial chronology of the French military campaign of 1940. And both the specialist and the general reader will realize all the more clearly the intimate relations between diplomacy, military strategy, and politics, the relationship expressed in the classic phrase of Clausewitz: "War is a continuation of politics by other means."

In this sense, the author has perhaps failed to weave sufficiently into the pattern of his book the play of social forces

within France. I have the feeling that this aspect has been blunted, perhaps because Mr. Draper felt that it would detract from the objectivity of his work. But in this I think he is wrong. The lessons of his very admirable book would have been borne out even more clearly if he had treated more fully the anti-Soviet and anti-Communist phobias of the French ruling classes as definite factors in the military unpreparedness and subsequent collapse of France. Certainly the evolution of events since June 1940, in France and elsewhere, has proved that military strategy cannot and does not exist on some lofty plane, independent of the class alignments within any given country.

J. B. DAVIDSON.

Inside Versailles

UNFINISHED BUSINESS, by Stephen Bonsal.
Doubleday Doran. \$3.

THIS is a timely book. Colonel Bonsal, who witnessed the fights among the peacemakers of the last war, has previously thought it indiscreet to publish frankly what he saw. Bonsal was used to concealing backstairs information but now he thinks it may help us in our perspective if he gives "an unvarnished story of the failures last time." "Here are recorded," he says, "the little mistakes that punctured a great hope, and prepared the way for war instead of peace."

Bonsal was President Wilson's confidential interpreter; as such, he talked with all the key men at the Paris Peace Conference, and kept notes on ultra-private conclaves where no secretaries were allowed. This book consists of extracts from his notes and diary written at the time, allegedly unchanged in any way. And the core of the book, relating to the sessions in which the League of Nations covenant was drafted, is a document of outstanding importance. Sometimes, owing to the rush of business, Bonsal had to write up his diary entries several days after the event, but these are no Thucydidean speeches written from hearsay much later. There is no hindsight here, no polishing or covering up; it has a unique value among the books on the subject. Bonsal omits the superficial pageantry of Paris in 1919, which others have recorded, but he reveals to the world many debates which went on behind the scenes, and clarifies many matters hitherto obscure, even though he perhaps does not change the picture fundamentally. It is unfortunate that the account is still a partial one;

many records were apparently destroyed, or not retained, at the time, and so what we do not know now we shall probably never know.

The standpoint of the author is that of a loyal follower of Colonel House, and a strong Wilsonian, save where Wilson differed with House. There are traces of racial prejudice which disfigure the book and which need not surprise us too much, when we remember the complaisant attitudes of House himself toward Hitler at one period, as disclosed in Ambassador Dodd's diary. Bonsal has no comprehension of the imperialist character of World War I; to him World War II is a mere continuation of it, and he hopes to aid in pushing to completion the tragically "unfinished business" of establishing a lasting peace. Nor does he grasp the underlying social and economic forces; but he has real human sympathy and compassion for the miseries of war-torn Europe; and he has some historic sense as well as commonsense.

The opening chapters of the Bonsal book are tragic reminders of the high hopes entertained after the war of 1914-18. There can be no doubt that the masses of all countries shared the hope of a lasting peace, to which Wilson had given expression, but the politicians who worked behind the scenes negotiating peace represented primarily the privileged classes, and Wilson was not the man to make any revolutionary appeal over the heads of the others.

Ever and anon seething revolutionary Europe appears in the background of the green baize conference tables of Paris, so reminiscent of the Jooss ballet, "The Green Table." These scenes are the real backdrop of the peace conference. Hungry and disillusioned nations were calling for peace and bread and freedom, frightening almost out of their wits some of the little men who were shaping the destiny of the world in gilded salons in Paris. There was mutiny in French garrison towns, and fighting was still going on in the Baltic region and in the Balkans. It was touch and go, all over Europe, in 1919, and the peace delegates knew it. The specter of Lenin seemed to haunt the *coulisses* of Versailles, and to be reflected in every glass of the long Hall of Mirrors. The League of Nations was meant as a sop to this war-weary Europe and at the same time it would constitute, so it was hoped, a new Holy Alliance, a kind of glorified *cordon sanitaire*. Nothing seemed quite so pressing, in 1919, as schemes to encircle and crush revolu-

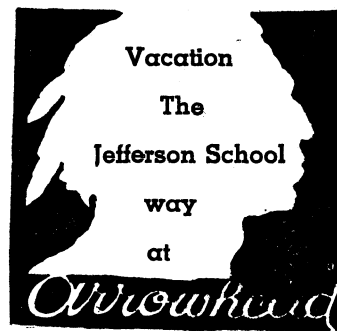
tion, whether in Russia, Hungary, Germany, or anywhere else, to feed the right-thinking and starve the forward looking.

It seems clear that the governments of the European allies hoped to use Wilson's prestige with liberal groups in all countries in order to win the war, while they themselves dictated the peace. The "Fourteen Points" put forward by Wilson were unacceptable to the other powers at the time of the Armistice negotiations, and Colonel House had to threaten a separate peace in order to secure their acceptance. Each power was willing to accept those of the Fourteen Points that did not refer to itself, but all balked at sacrifices, and Britain actually inserted a "reservation" opening to any interpretation the point regarding "freedom of the seas." The British Empire rested on naval power and the British were quite frankly unwilling to "break or even blunt" the weapon of blockade, which had proved its sovereign efficacy in the war. Britain's Tories were primarily concerned with imperial interests on which their power and profits depended; and the other British parties, sharing some crumbs from the imperialist table, were not indifferent to those interests either. So the shadow of Anglo-American naval rivalry already loomed behind the scenes at the Peace Conference.

The British dominions were represented at the peace conference—their first major appearance at an international gathering. They were to have seats in the League of Nations Assembly; and Britain was anxious that even India should secure such a seat. By pushing this through, she secured an apparent international stamp of approval for British government there. American isolationists were loud and long in their complaints about Britain's having six votes in the League to the United States' one, ignoring the unimportance of numerical voting in such an Assembly and the number of Central American republics influenced by the United States; it was like the recent agitation about the Soviet Union having "sixteen votes at the peace table" for its sixteen constituent republics.

Bonsal's book is a story of failure and defeat. By it we can measure the tremendous changes which have taken place in the international situation, especially since Teheran; changes which give us a real prospect of finishing the "unfinished business" of establishing a lasting peace.

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NO BEAUTIFUL NIGHTS, by Vassili Grossman. Messner. \$2.50.

THE reluctance of some book critics to admit that any good can come out of Nazareth has been amusingly illustrated by their reaction to *No Beautiful Nights*. Had the book been written by an American, these gentry would no doubt have praised it, and praised it honestly, as much as the comparable *A Bell for Adano*. And being unable to dispraise it honestly even though it comes from the Soviet Union, the hard-pressed reviewers must needs object that it contains "too many long and difficult Russian names!"

We've sunk pretty low if a book is to be judged not by the achievement of its author but by the illiteracy of its reviewer. Outside of the phonetic objection, which ought not to bother a country whose maps contain Lakes Winnepesaukee and Mooselukmeguntic, there is little to say against *No Beautiful Nights*, and it deserves far brighter wreaths than the pale funeral lilies our critics have tossed its way. Of course it is no *War and Peace*—it does not try to be. There are people who would reproach Shakespeare's best sonnet for not being *Hamlet*. Novels of the scope of Tolstoy's take a long while and a detached perspective; but that does not mean that nothing good can be written white-hot.

And *No Beautiful Nights* is white-hot indeed. It is an episode in the long, bitter retreat of 1941, involving a small force and a brief space of time; moreover, it is not a long book. But it manages to create a dozen or so vivid characters, unite several plot-lines, and add its diverse material up to a single theme—the inner significance of the struggle. "If Hitler should win this war, there would be no sun for the world, no stars, no beautiful nights. . . ."

Shifting its focus like a motion picture camera, the book shows you its battle from many angles and through many eyes—another source of complaint for some of the reviewers, whose minds presumably follow but one track and that one slowly. These separate images, nonetheless, combine into the single shape of Russian resistance, and all are part of it, soldiers, officers, old women and children, even the dying horse in the air raid, whose "dark, tear-filled, agonized eyes seemed to epitomize the whole night. . . ." And even the Germans are part of it. One sees the German soldiers through the eyes of Russians watching from the woods, while through the eyes

of German commanders one evaluates the Russian battle plan. And while this kaleidoscopic shifting is going on, the thing observed—the Russian resistance—itsself changes. The character of Ignatiev the private, a merry, tough youngster who likes the girls, matures before your eyes. And so does the Russian strategy of battle; with each encounter the Red Army becomes stronger and more subtle.

All this is very simply written. There is no fanfare of rhetorical trumpets to warn you that someone is about to be a hero. When the Russians retreat they do not cloak bitterness with any fine pompous phrases; and when they attack they do not take time out to marvel "What a big boy am I!" No one in this book is particularly surprised or impressed by what is ordinarily known as heroism. It is accepted as a commonplace, whereas cowardice is the surprise; when the men find one deserter they gape in amazement—before they shoot him. Another significant point is the comparative absence of gloom and mental confusion.

It should be emphasized that these Russian soldiers are no impossible supermen. They have most of the familiar patterns of soldiers' behavior—the grouching, more or less good-natured; the girl-chasing; the preoccupation with food and tobacco and letters from home. Their mental harmony seems extraordinary. Yet it may be simply stated; they know what they want and how to get it. What they want just now is the destruction of the invader, and they are already knocking on the gates of Prussia.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

From Berlin via Madrid

ARGENTINE DIARY, by Ray Josephs. Random House. \$3.

ARGENTINE-BASED fascism today constitutes the greatest threat to the peace and democracy of the Americas. More than that, it threatens to become the starting point from which the defeated Nazism can attempt a comeback. "While the fight to rid the world of fascism draws closer to victory, the battle to root it from our hemisphere has hardly begun," writes Ray Josephs in this excellent account of the day to day development of fascism in Argentina since it seized power in June 1943. And he also asks, "Are we going to win the war and lose Latin America to the fascists?"

Josephs, a careful observer of Argentine events since 1940, was forced to

flee the country when the controlling colonels got wind that this diary would be published. In it he clearly shows how, paralleling the methodology of Hitler Germany, the Argentine brand of fascism developed. Following the Hitler-Mussolini-Franco pattern, it started off by abolishing everything it didn't like by labelling it Communistic. Local democratic groups, organizations formed to aid the United Nations and the Free French group in Buenos Aires, were quickly closed down, while fascist outfits continued to flourish with the help of government leaders.

Political parties were dissolved; the press, education, freedom of assembly and of expression controlled. The trade unions were either disbanded or taken over. Measures were taken against Argentina's 300,000 Jews. Josephs presents a devastating picture.

And just as Hitler Germany embarked on a program of expansion, so too has Argentine fascism, although, of course, on a smaller scale. Beginning with the *coup d'etat* in Bolivia, the straitjacketing of Paraguay and increasing threats to Chile, Uruguay, and Peru, the Buenos Aires colonels have been attempting to build up an anti-United States bloc in the Americas and "to turn the people of Latin America against the things for which we are fighting."

Josephs says that while we are determined not to return to the old system of dollar diplomacy, of *yanqui* imperialism, "we still have not reached or dynamically inspired our true friends in Argentina, and the task, especially now, is no longer easy." It is clear that the determination of which Josephs speaks and our ability to reach and inspire our friends are dependent on the continuation and extension of the Good Neighbor policy, possible only with the reelection of President Roosevelt in November.

Josephs criticizes our policy toward Franco Spain and points out how it has "strengthened the hands of the fascists and brought disillusion and disunity to the anti-fascist ranks in Argentina." Fascism in Latin America, he says, marches "to a tune played by the band in Madrid—and the tune is called by Berlin." And although Germany is defeated, "this march will not end until Spain is once again a democratic nation." *Argentine Diary* is packed with information on the operations of the fascists in that country. What may at first glance seem to be madness and confusion in some of their actions is clearly shown here to be carefully planned—

there is method to the madness. The fascists know what they are doing and why. They also know where they are going or would like to go.

Josephs tells of the desire of Argentinians for a return to democracy and mentions instances where college professors, trade unionists, and others have forcefully stated their democratic position. He touches on the underground, but fails to assess its strength and potentialities. Likewise, little is said of the efforts of the labor movement, of sectors of the Radical and Conservative parties, of the Communists and Socialists to overthrow the fascist system. He makes it clear that we have allies in Argentina, but who they are concretely, how many, how they function, what they want from us and what we can and should do to aid them is never clearly discussed.

More important, Josephs fails to assess fully the disastrous effects on Argentina and other pan-American nations of the continued Anglo-American rivalry in Latin America. Britain is clearly worried about losing her Latin American markets to the United States after the war, a fear which United States interests do little to discourage. Only a clear-cut, thoroughgoing understanding between the two great powers can lead to the formation of that solid front so essential to prevent the spread of fascism in the hemisphere and to help the people of Argentina destroy it in its lair.

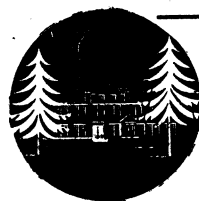
Despite these criticisms, *Argentine Diary* is perhaps the most valuable recent contribution to an understanding of what is happening in that country. Josephs, an able reporter, has not written a travelogue; he knows Argentina and is intensely realistic about her meaning to us. His book is must reading and its value will become ever greater as forthcoming events unfold.

MARTIN T. BROWN.

Mississippi Dawn

THE RED COCK CROWS, by Frances Gaither. Macmillan. \$2.75.

IN THE history of American literature there have been but six novels whose plots have revolved about an American Negro slave rebellion. Harriet Beecher Stowe's massive *Dred*, published in 1856, was the pioneer, followed two years later by *The Old Dominion*, from the pen of the English novelist G. P. R. James, then a consular agent in Richmond. Nothing further of this character appeared until 1899 when Mary Johnston's *Prisoners of Hope* and Pauline C.



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Bouve's *The Shadows Before* were published. Then ensued another long interval terminated in 1936 by Arna Bontemps' magnificent *Black Thunder*. The sixth, now under review, is from the pen of a white lady born and bred in Mississippi.

The James, Johnston, and Bouve books were trivia, and, significantly, rather unsympathetic to the Negro rebels. The Stowe, Bontemps, and Gaither works are important, and each is profoundly aware, as Jefferson remarked to Monroe concerning the great Gabriel Plot of 1800, "of the rights of the two parties, and the object of the unsuccessful one."

Mrs. Gaither's novel is based, principally, on the actual slave conspiracy which was discovered and crushed in Madison and Hinds counties in Mississippi in 1835. Its hero is the Negro leader of the plot, Scofield, modeled by the author on the historical character of Nat Turner whose insurrection in 1831 in Virginia rocked the nation. Scofield, like Turner, feels, and tells his captors, that he was moved to his act by the same spirit that moved the Prophets of old. And when the slaveholders taunt him with the collapse of his dreams and the fate they have in store for him, he, like Turner, hurls at them the terrible warning, "The Lord Jesus was crucified."

Minor characters, too, are faithful to recorded history. The Negro woman who says she is "bone-tired waitin' on white folks. I ready right now, go to cleanin' up my own house, waitin' on my own self the rest of my days," is the same as the historical character whose remarks, "that she was tired of waiting on white folks, and wanted to be her own mistress the balance of her days, and clean up her own house" were the first inkling of the actual conspiracy of 1835. And the house slave who refused to give her mistress the keys to the pantry and "said she would soon pay us all for old and new," is the slave described in the Gerry diary of 1813 who "went so far as to steal her mistress' keys, and refused to return them, saying she would soon pay her for old and new." The Negro who Mrs. Gaither has tell the Vigilance Committee investigating the plot to "go ahead and hang me, white folks, you wastin' yo' time, astin' me all such as that. I got nothin' to say. . . . Burn me. I ain't talkin'," is the same Negro who actually defied the same Vigilance Committee though he was "severely whipped . . . allying all the time . . . they might whip on until they killed him."

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Indeed, bold as Mrs. Gaither is, history was even bolder. For where she has five or six Negroes hanged, history records at least sixteen, and where she has one white man executed for participation in the revolt, history records six. Nevertheless, Mrs. Gaither is bold, and does battle for the truth. Such a novel as she has produced is almost unique in American literature, though the type of incident with which she deals fills American history. Such Negro characters as she has drawn—intelligent, courageous, striving for liberation—almost never appear in historical fiction, though precisely such characters make up the exceedingly rich and stirring history of the Negro people.

The author's appreciation of the mask of shiftlessness, irresponsibility, and stupidity worn by the Negro slaves for the deception of their masters is profound. And her discernment of the hollowness of the slavocracy's pretended exaltation of women and the reality of their degradation is keen, and bravely enunciated.

It augurs well, in these days when history is traveling with seven-league boots, that the two outstanding novels of the year concerning the South and the Negro have been produced by white women from Georgia and from Mississippi, and that each has become a best-seller.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Rogge: Fascists' Nemesis

(Continued from page 10)

who are close to being co-conspirators. These are: Maximilian J. St. George of Chicago, a native born German, attorney for Joseph E. McWilliams; William J. Powers, also of Chicago, a giant bruiser type of man whose travels abroad might well be scrutinized—of all the defense attorneys they are the most brazen in their adoption of the defendants' line—; Koehne, the most impassioned anti-Semite of them all, except for Henry H. Klein, renegade Jew, for whose arrest a warrant was issued after he defied the court and quit the case without permission, and Laughlin, who was tossed out when he demanded Congress impeach Eicher. He was one of the worst obstructionists among them.

"I think it's true that defense tactics are changing," said Rogge. "Smythe said today, 'I thought this was just a big joke, but it's beginning to look serious. I only hope that the issues involved in this case will begin to look serious to the American public as well.'"

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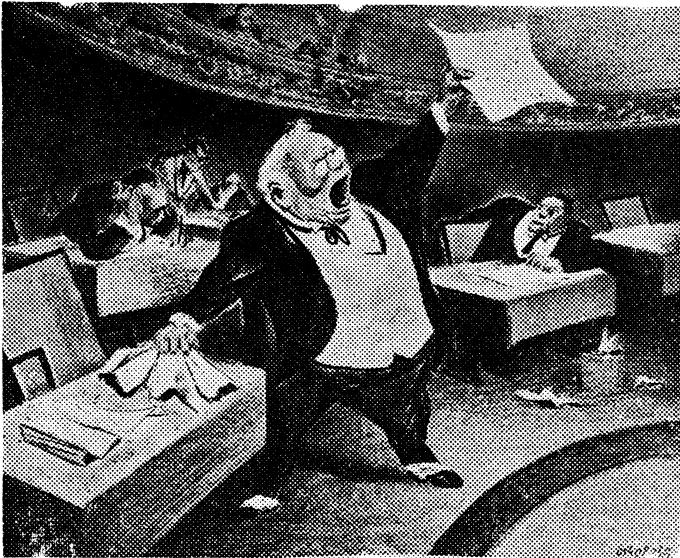
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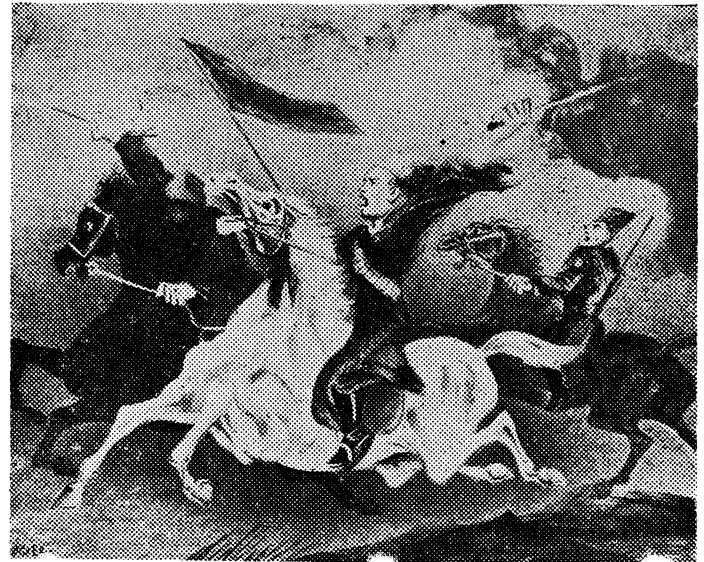


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